

# The Day Draco Malfoy Dies, Harry Potter Is Holding Him Tightly Against His Chest

*by mrs\_nott*

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## The Day Draco Malfoy Dies, Harry Potter Is Holding Him Tightly Against His Chest

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Beta'd by Raisinous Fiendling

Draco Malfoy has never thought about dying. Not even during the war. Yes, he has thought of people dying. But it's always other people and never him. He has thought about Harry Potter dying. Draco has lost count of how many nights he has lain awake, the thought of Harry Potter dying tormenting him endlessly. Draco used to think about his parents dying. He now thinks of how they died. Draco Malfoy has never thought about dying, so when the mediwitch tells him he is, in fact, dying, Draco's mind draws a complete blank.

\* \* \*

When he was little, Draco's mother used to tell him everything returned to where it belonged. Draco did not understand the half of what that meant. Until his bird died. That was the first time Draco cried over another living thing. He cried openly and loudly. He cried until his eyes had no tears left and then some. Draco thinks he probably would

have cried a lot more if his mother hadn't told him his bird was now in the earth. It had returned to where it belonged. In Draco's feeble mind, that was bloody brilliant.

When Draco's mother died, he had already forgotten how to cry. He had forgotten how things always returned to where they belonged. Draco just felt a growing hole inside him. He would have liked to say the day his mother died he felt his world had ended. Draco would have liked to say he cried for weeks because the kind of sadness he felt was just that wrenching. If Draco said that, he would be lying. The truth is, by the time Narcissa Malfoy died, Draco Malfoy had forgotten who he was.

\* \* \*

It feels surreal. His whole life feels surreal. Sometimes, Draco likes to think he's floating about in his dreams and that he'll eventually wake up. And when he does, his mother will be there. But he goes to sleep every night and wakes up to the same room. There are days when he would like to throw everything he owns out the window, and then maybe he won't wake up to the same fucking room every time. Sometimes, Draco wakes up and Harry is smiling at him and he thinks, maybe, just maybe, this life is somewhat great. Then Harry whispers in his ear and there's no doubt in Draco's mind; his life is great.

\* \* \*

As the mediwitch hands him back his exams, trying to explain how to proceed, his options, the treatments, Draco just stares out the window. It's a beautiful day outside, and Draco cannot believe he is wasting it away in a Healer's office. He should be outside with Harry, planting some magnolias, or roses or whatever it is that Harry likes to plant. Now, this gets Draco thinking. He can't possibly have forgotten Harry's favorite flowers. He goes on and on about those, and Draco listens and listens because it's Harry and Harry's mere breath makes Draco's heart stop. So he thinks and ignores the mediwitch.

Daisies. Yes, Harry likes daisies the best.

"Mr. Malfoy, are you listening to me?" There's worry written all over the mediwitch's forehead.

"Yes." Draco does not mean to sound cutting, but he does.

"Well, then, here's a packet. You may want to review your options. Go over them with your family and take some time to decide. When you've made up your mind, schedule an appointment," the mediwitch says calmly, almost businesslike, and Draco has to wonder whether this person has any tact at all. "If you haven't made up your mind a month from now, schedule an appointment with me anyway." She smiles softly, pityingly. "You can get through this, Mr. Malfoy."

"I thought you said I was dying." Really, this is no time to be playing smart. What *thehell* is he doing?

"Yes, your case is pretty grave, but with the appropriate treatments you can live much longer," the mediwitch says as she rises from her chair, walking Draco to the door. What is he now, a bloody child? He's supposed to be dying, not getting younger. Draco is seriously going to have to talk to St. Mungo's manager or whoever is in charge of this pathetic, feeble, little excuse of a mediwitch.

\* \* \*

During the war, Draco was scared shitless. He lived with his heart in his throat, and today he still wonders how he managed to survive like that. Draco constantly worried about being caught and tortured until he lost his mind like Longbottom's parents. He had nightmares where he woke up in a dirty dungeon in the middle of nowhere, starving and smelling like he hadn't showered for a century and a half. And then there were those nightmares Draco hates to think about because every single time he does, he can feel a cold grip on his heart. These are the nightmares he still has. These are the nightmares of the blood, of the dead. Of those he killed and those he loved. These are the nightmares where Harry Potter's life ends in a pool of blood, his eyes devoid of all emotion. These are the nightmares where Draco watches Harry die. Draco doesn't like to think about them.

\* \* \*

Draco has never arrived home wishing Harry weren't there. Except now, when he's holding his exams and is too tired to take the trouble of explaining what that dense excuse of a mediwitch told him.

\* \* \*

Draco's mother said that if you wished for something really hard, your wish would come true. Once, on Christmas, Draco wished for his first broom. He concentrated on the broom for a whole week, doing everything he could think of to send a message to the mysterious power that would bring him his broom. It turned out this mysterious power was his parents. But Draco didn't find that out until much, much later.

\* \* \*

With his keys in his hands, Draco wishes really hard Harry is not waiting for him on the other side of the door. Maybe his parents are still fulfilling his wishes every now and then.

Opening the door has never felt so depressing. Seeing Harry on the other side has never made him want to run the opposite way like it does now.

"Where have you been?" To someone who has not lived with Harry, this might seem like a pretty standard question, simple curiosity. To Draco, this is worse than an interrogation with Veritaserum.

"At the Healer's." There's no point in lying, not to Harry, anyway.

Harry's eyes widen in panic. "Wha-Why? Are you feeling sick?"

"No." He isn't *feeling* sick. That he is indeed sick is an entirely different matter.

"Then why'd you go?"

"Routine check up. Had to make sure all my bits and pieces were still intact after all the sex you've forced on me." Draco smirks as he moves closer to Harry and plants a kiss on Harry's lips.

He hopes this will distract Harry. He hopes this will make Harry think about having sex with Draco and the whole Healer issue will be left forgotten in the bin along with the exams he's going to get rid of as soon as he can.

Harry is not so easily persuaded. Draco should have known better. "So, still got all your bits in place?" Harry's voice is playful as he unbuttons Draco's shirt. Harry's eyes, however, tell another story. A story where Harry is scared because he senses, somehow, that Draco is ill beyond cure.

"Oh, yeah. If I didn't, you'd be dead, Potter."

Not telling Harry that there's this new, threatening disease growing inside of him is most definitely not lying. That's just omitting for the sake of saving them a long, boring explanation.

\* \* \*

After the war, Draco volunteered to help in St. Mungo's. The horrors he saw during that time is something he never talks about, not even to Harry *Especially* not to Harry,

who's got too many horrors of his own to start carrying Draco's around, too.

Draco remembers visiting ground zero. He remembers how everything seemed dead and broken. He remembers the day of the final battle, too. He remembers the green grass and the bright blue sky. It had seemed like such an irony at the time. A bright blue sky in the middle of a senseless war. A bright blue sky hanging above them as witches and wizards killed each other mercilessly. He remembers how the red blood looked against the green grass. Draco can't remember when the battlefield with the green grass and blue sky became ground zero. He was there... Why can't he remember?

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It takes Draco two months, one week, three days and about six hours to see the mediwitch again. It takes Harry two months, one week and two days to find out Draco's sick.

Draco is on a hospital bed, staring at his pale hands, and *not* staring at Harry, who is hovering over him like he might just drop dead. Which Draco almost did, which is why he is there in the first place.

Draco was in the kitchen, making breakfast, when, suddenly, he started feeling a little light-headed. He walked to the bathroom, and, upon seeing his pale reflection, he collapsed on the floor. That's as far as he can remember. Harry has a much more detailed account of the events of that day. According to Harry, he gets out of the shower and nearly calls the firemen because it smells like Draco just burned their breakfast. Then he sees Draco on the floor. After, Harry Apparates them to St. Mungo's. The rest history.

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After he became a spy for the Order, Draco swore to never again make Harry angry on purpose. Then again, he also swore to never let go of Harry's lips. Still, Draco can't help feeling guilty whenever Harry's mad at him because Draco's being too childish or too stupid. But that's just who Draco is, childish and stupid, with an exceptional gift for verbal witticisms.

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Draco wishes, when he wakes up in the hospital bed, not to see anger in Harry's eyes. When Draco finally looks up, he does not see anger. What he sees is much worse. What he sees is something he hasn't seen since the war, and that's not right. That's not how their story goes.

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Now the war's over and boy asks boy to move in together. Boy says okay, after boy has exhausted all persuasion techniques known to mankind. Boy lives with boy happily ever after. This is how their story goes. See how there is no 'boy sees that look of 'my blood's running cold in my veins because I am just that afraid something might happen to you and I won't be there to make it better' on boy's face' in between? There is no look of pure, unadulterated fear after the war.

That's how their story is supposed to go.

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If Draco weren't the one on the bed, he might have thought it was Harry who was sick. Really, by the look on Harry's face, anyone would think someone had just died. No one has. Not yet, at least.

"How long have you known?" Harry asks quietly.

"Two months."

"Two bloody months! Did you ever plan on telling me, or was I just going to come home one day and find you dead on our bed?"

Draco had forgotten how Harry likes to turn his fear into anger. It makes the fear go away for a precious moment.

"No."

"Then when? The mediwitch said you missed your monthly appointment. Are you even aware of how sick you are?" Harry's face is flushed; his voice is rising with each passing second. "For fuck's sake, Draco, you're *dying* and you act like nothing's happening!"

That's all it takes for the anger to be gone. Harry screaming at Draco. Harry saying Draco is dying. This is all it takes for Harry to slump on a spot on Draco's bed.

"I love you so much it hurts, Draco." Harry's voice is breaking with each word.

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The first time Draco saw Harry cry was during the war. Draco was supposed to be back at his hiding place by eleven. However, the severely retarded wizard he was dealing with took longer than expected. By the time he came back, it was nearly one o'clock. Harry was there, waiting for him, ready to bite his head off. Draco heard Harry's screams, accusations and everything else he threw at Draco. Draco listened patiently, barely blinking, as Harry ranted on and on. At Harry's first pause, Draco sucked in some air, to try to explain himself. That was when he realized Harry was sobbing.

"She's dead!" Harry kept screaming in between sobs.

Despite Draco's urgent need to know who it was, he limited himself to patting Harry's back. "Shh, it's okay, Harry. I'm sure she's better off."

So yeah, Draco was crap at consoling people. He was so useless, Harry actually laughed at his attempt.

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Harry sobs more quietly now. In fact, except for the occasional hiccup, Harry makes no noise when he's crying. Draco guesses that's what happens when you have cried so much. Practice makes perfect, after all. This is why Draco only notices Harry is crying when Harry turns to face him.

"I hate it when you cry, Harry."

"Then don't give me any reason to do it."

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Being sick, dying, is not what bothers him. What bothers Draco is how everybody else treats him. He is not going to break if you make a joke or bring him pizza. Draco

especially hates how Harry acts. Harry looks at him as if that were the last look he would give Draco. Harry locks himself up in the bathroom and cries when he thinks Draco is asleep and can't hear him. Harry stops going to work and devotes himself to being Draco's nurse. Draco does not need a nurse. He still has a good six months to go.

\* \* \*

Sometimes, when Draco has convinced Harry to go get some air and groceries, Draco likes to muse on what his mother would say to him if she were still alive. He plays these long conversations in his mind. They are varied and exciting. Yet, all conversations end with his mother saying, 'It's okay, you'll just return to where you belong.' It occurs to Draco, as he ends his fifth conversation, that he belongs *with* Harry and not away.

That day it's Harry who finds him crying at the kitchen table.

\* \* \*

Draco occupies his hours with cleaning. Harry helps, or rather takes over the job and doesn't let Draco anywhere near cleaning when he's home. But Harry has to work even if it's just four hours a day. So Draco takes advantage of his time alone and arranges all their boxes. Nine years kept in boxes is a long time and a lot of boxes.

\* \* \*

On a Wednesday, Draco finds a Polaroid of them sitting on a bench. There are a lot of photos from that time, when Harry decided he wanted Muggle photos as well as wizard ones. Draco thought that was extremely pedestrian, even for Harry. Still, Draco granted himself the pleasure of being common for once and indulged in Harry's new diversion. He has thrown many of those photos out. Maybe he'll keep this one. It's a really nice one.

\* \* \*

Draco can't tell when it starts. He was feeling tired one day. The next he was at St. Mungo's. Now, he is in hospital, day in, day out. It isn't nice. It isn't what his life is supposed to be like. Not after what he's put himself through. Not after the war. Not after confessing to Harry. Not after loving Harry. Yet this is how it is and Draco refuses to mope over it. And it is not like he has a lot of time to mope over his illness, in any case. After all, Draco is dying and there's nothing he can do about it. Moping over it would just be ridiculous and childish and so second-year.

\* \* \*

During a week Draco is feeling particularly fine, he resumes his cleaning. Draco doesn't get much of the cleaning done because he gets distracted by the old Polaroid. Staring at it, examining it, Draco decides to hang it on a wall. He would like to write something on its back before hanging it. A sort of reminder perhaps, that Harry and Draco did exist. That they were happy. He wants to write something that will make Harry look at this picture and remember how they used to be. He would like Harry to remember that day in the park, when it was just them and the sun and the bright blue sky. He wants Harry to remember how deep their love runs. Draco wants Harry to remember him like he was.

With a clear handwriting, Draco scribbles down:

*"We were real, you and I. I have passed, you shall pass. This, however, shall forever remain."*

\* \* \*

Draco knows he is about to die the day he asks Harry to take him home. He has been lying on a hospital bed for a whole week, and there's no way he'll stay another. Plus, if he does die, Draco would rather it be at home, under his covers, and not in this ugly hospital.

"Harry, please." Draco's voice is scratchy. It almost does not sound like Draco.

"No, Draco. I'm not taking you home."

When Draco initiated this discussion, Harry was looking straight into his eyes. Now, Harry's gaze is on everything but Draco.

"I don't want to die here, Harry," Draco pleads softly, squeezing Harry's hand tightly.

Draco feels the tension in Harry's body, knowing the other man is trying really hard not to break. Draco has seen Harry crying a lot lately. The number of times does not make it any easier to tolerate. He wishes it could all just disappear. He wishes Harry did not cry.

"Harry," Draco is so weak this small discussion has left him short of breath. His voice is now barely above a whisper. "I want to fall asleep next to you." Gasping for air, Draco waits for Harry's reaction. When it doesn't come, he keeps prodding. "I want to snuggle." Draco can feel his throat closing in, preventing air from flowing in. "I want you to hold me and... rub circles on my back." Harry finally looks at him, but that probably is the marvelous work of his panting, rather than his actual words. "I want to fall asleep to the drumming of your heart."

"You can't even talk properly, Draco."

Draco squints at Harry. He did not want to do this. It looks like he has to; otherwise Harry will never get him out of here. Inhaling deeply, Draco says, "Are you really denying me my death wish?"

Harry's head snaps immediately. He looks petrified, and Draco is sorry he had to go this far.

"Fine." There is sadness and resignation in Harry's voice. There is worry and anxiety. There is realization of death.

Harry carries Draco to the bed like a bride, and Draco would have made a comment except he is too tired to even talk. When Harry says he needs to take a bath, Draco knows that's code for 'I'm gonna shut myself in the bathroom and cry my eyes out.'

Harry comes out smelling like their usual soap and aftershave. The smell fills Draco's nose, making him dizzy in a way he hasn't felt for a while. It makes him dizzy with the love and desire that twist in his stomach. It's the twist only Harry can cause. Forgetting how sick he actually is, Draco wraps two lazy arms around Harry's neck before his mouth demands a hungry kiss.

They haven't kissed like this since forever, and Draco loves the sheer intensity of it. He loves the way Harry makes him see blinding red behind his eyes with just a twist of his tongue. Draco loves the way he's breathless a few seconds after they draw apart. His heart nearly stops when they go at it again. The drumming of his heart gets faster and louder until it is drumming loud enough to shut out all other sounds. And, there's only Harry and Draco in the room; there is only the two of them and the only real things are their mouths colliding in delicious agony against each other. The kiss only ends when Draco feels his cheek wet.

Wrapping his arms fully around Harry, Draco says, "I'm still here, Harry."

Harry only smiles against Draco's mouth before he settles both of them on the bed. Harry spoons behind Draco, holding the blond man by the waist, as if Draco would just wake up and leave him. Harry's grip is possessive and firm; it holds Draco steady. Harry's heart is drumming against his back while Harry's breath invades his neck. Drifting slowly into slumber, Draco hears Harry whispering a soft 'I love you', and he thinks maybe this is not so bad. Maybe this is Draco getting what he wants. Maybe this is how Draco will stay where he belongs. And maybe, just maybe, their story is going how it is supposed to because Draco is lying in Harry's arms and life has never tasted so sweet.

The day Draco Malfoy dies, Harry Potter is holding him tightly against his chest.

**A/N:** So, how was that? I really hope you liked it since this is like the only decent piece of writing I've managed in *months*, and I'm sorta really happy with it. Anyway, pretty please, R&R!!