

# Love Will Lead Us

by DBZVegeta

When the pressures of the world are becoming too much, Harry takes a walk around the lake. He isn't the only one. Songfic - (The Dolphin's Cry by Live)

## One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

When the pressures of the world are becoming too much, Harry takes a walk around the lake. He isn't the only one.  
Songfic - (The Dolphin's Cry by Live)

**# of Chapters:** 1

**Beta:** Faire Weather

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A/N: Lyrics will be in italics.

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### Love Will Lead Us

\*\*~\*\*

*The way you're bathed in light*

*Reminds me of that night*

*God laid me down into your rose garden of trust*

*And I was swept away*

*With nothin' left to say*

\*\*~\*\*

Moonlight bathed the room with its silvery glow, illuminating the two figures on the large four-poster bed in the center of the room. One was happily cuddled up against the other, who was staring down at his companion, gently stroking his soft hair and enjoying the way the moonlight bathed his pale skin.

So much time had passed since that day, the day God himself showed him that he deserved his trust, and that trust slowly turned to friendship, and then suddenly into

love. The only love that kept him sane and gave him a purpose to live and survive.

Sitting back against the headboard and cradling his love close, he shut his eyes, clearly remembering that day as if it was only yesterday...

oo\*\*\*oo

He had had enough; he couldn't take it anymore. Everyone seemed to think that he had all the answers to the wrongs in their world, but he was only a seventeen-year-old boy, just on the verge of manhood, and yet they saw him as the savior to their world. Their hero, the one and only person to ever have defeated Voldemort and lived to tell the tale.

Stalking angrily out of the castle's front doors, he ignored the voices calling to him, pleading with him to come back. 'No,' he thought, 'I'm not going back. Not until I'm good and ready!' He snorted furiously, knowing that he sounded like a small child throwing a temper tantrum, but he had every right to be angry.

Once again, they had manipulated him into a situation that had caused him to have to save them from destruction. In all the years since he had started attending Hogwarts, he had to face life and death situations that would have killed any normal child. But of course, he wasn't normal, was he? No, he had to be the Boy Who Lived. He couldn't just be a normal teenager, enjoying life and hoping to meet that special person with whom he could spend the rest of his life.

Stomping down the path towards the lake, he let his mind wander back to the conversation he had only moments before with Dumbledore. The Ministry wanted to throw him to the frontlines of the war, to lead them to salvation. The bumbling Fudge wanted him to take command of the situation and wipe out the entire Death Eater resistance at once.

Alone.

With no help from him or anyone else.

They thought that since he had survived his numerous encounters with Voldemort, he could take him down on his own with no assistance from others. That way no one else would be harmed; that way they could hide their heads in the sand and ignore this situation around them. What would it matter if just one person was killed if it meant that they were safe, and if it was their savior, then he would become their martyr.

It was enough to make him want to puke.

Sweeping around the lake, he strode down towards the one place on Hogwarts' grounds that he went when he didn't want anyone to find him: an old rose garden at the far end of the lake. He had found it the year after Sirius had died, tangled and overgrown with weeds.

The flowers were wild and climbing over statues and fountains. He had slowly begun to set the garden straight; one of the few chores he had enjoyed when staying with the Dursleys had been the gardening. There was something about caring and nurturing flowers and plants that seemed to calm him.

Brushing aside the concealing ivy that grew over the secret wall that held the gardens, he sighed gratefully, knowing that even if they pursued him, they wouldn't find him until he was well and ready. He had never told anyone about this place, not even his supposed best friends. It was his sanctuary.

Sighing, he slumped down onto his favorite bench, lying back until his feet dangled over the end, and he crossed his arms beneath his head, staring up at the stars that twinkled overhead. The one thing that was constant in his world was the sky above him. He could always count on it to draw him away from his troubles, and he could feel his anger rapidly melting away.

A soft sound drew his attention away from his stargazing, and he sat up, looking around the garden cautiously. It had almost sounded like a muffled sob, as if someone was in extreme pain and trying to conceal it.

Standing quietly, he stealthily moved through the familiar paths, following the slight sound until he rounded the edge of a large hedge that surrounded a small moonlit fountain, and there, perched on the edge of the fountain was a person. The person's arms were wrapped tight around legs that were pulled up against the chest, head buried on top of those arms. Long, shoulder-length, silver-blond hair swayed gently with the slight breeze that blew through the arbor. The anguished sobs that he had heard were emanating from this lonely figure. He was startled, however, when he realized who the person before him was...

Draco Malfoy.

His enemy, his nemesis.

Was crying.

In his garden.

He opened his mouth, but words would not come forth. He couldn't get any words to come out; it was as if a dam had blocked his voice. His breath caught in his throat as he watched the silver moonlight glint off of the tracks of tears streaming down Draco's face. The agony he felt pouring off the solitary figure swept him away, and suddenly he was sitting next to him, his arms reaching out to gather the quivering boy into his embrace. He didn't know when he had moved or why, but that didn't matter suddenly. All that mattered was that the other boy had turned in his embrace and now was sobbing loudly into his neck, where he had buried his head. There was nothing left to say, nothing that he could say other than to hold him close and provide his strength and support.

To the one person who had always been honest to him.

To Draco.

To his love.

\*\*~\*\*

*Some helpless fool*

*Yeah I was lost in a swoon of peace*

*You're all I need to find*

*So when the time is right*

*Come to me sweetly, come to me*

*Come to me*

\*\*~\*\*

'His love...' and he'd only just realized the truth as he thought the words.

Suddenly he didn't care where that had come from, as a wave of peace crashed through his soul. He was just a helpless fool, holding onto the one person who had always

been there, challenging him, hating him, and causing him to stand up for himself and what was right.

"Draco," he said softly, as the boy in his arms finally quieted, his body drained and limp within his arms. At the sound of his voice, though, Draco stiffened, trying to pull back away from him. However, he would not let him escape his embrace, only allow him to move back far enough for his silver-blue eyes to stare confusedly up at him.

"Potter?" he said, disbelief warring with confusion. Suddenly he jerked back violently, breaking the hold Harry had upon him. He scrambled back off the ledge and stood staring down at him.

"Yes, Draco, it's me," Harry said gently. As if not to frighten a wild animal, he kept his voice and movements slow and easy.

"What are you doing here, Potter?" he spat, quickly trying to cover up his confusion with the mask of anger he performed so well. If Harry hadn't been looking directly into his eyes, he would have missed the surge of emotions that flowed though the boy in front of him. Many of the same emotions as he had been feeling lately.

Hurt, betrayal, grief.

"I could ask you the same thing, Draco. Why were you crying?"

"Hmph, me crying. You must be joking, Potter." Draco sneered. Then suddenly something occurred to him. "Wait, why are you calling me by given name?"

"I think it is time that we set aside these childish spats that we are prone to, Draco," Harry started, emphasizing his use of Draco's name. "We really actually have very much in common."

"Oh, do explain. This should be good. Me having something in common with the Golden Boy," Draco said as he crossed his arms over his chest and looked expectantly down at Harry.

"Yes, Draco, we do have a lot in common. Both of us used for another's purpose, pawns in a fight that started long before we were born. We were forced to grow up hating and trying to kill one another, never really having a childhood. Having to keep people at an arm's length for fear that they may become targets just to get to you," Harry said as he stood and walked closer to Draco. Draco tipped his head back slightly to look up into Harry's emerald green eyes, which were gleaming in the moonlight.

"Losing our families to the hatred of a madman," Draco said suddenly, arms uncrossing to hang limply at his sides.

"Yes, so many lost, so little time left in our short lives. For it will be short, for me at least," Harry said with derision, a self-deprecating smile tugging at his lips. Draco frowned at the emotion the words caused him, a shiver of fear racing up his spine.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, his voice no longer containing the normal venom usually associated with his dealing with Harry. "When did it suddenly become Harry?"

A wry smile crossed Harry's face as he spoke, "Oh haven't you heard, I'm to lead the battle against Voldemort--" He snorted suddenly. "--without the army."

"What!?" Draco shouted, his hands coming up to close upon Harry's arms.

"It's been decided. The final battle is here. I am to fight them all. A final match between the light and dark," Harry said, faint amusement in his tone.

"That's suicide," Draco said quietly.

"Yes, but they have decided to hide behind their walls and wait for the outcome. They have that much faith in a stupid prophecy." Harry shrugged his shoulders and looked up and over Draco's shoulders into the black night that surrounded them. "Live or die, that's our fate. If I win, we live on in the laps of luxury without a care in the world. If I die... so be it. Dying won't be bad though, since I have nothing to live for in the end."

"You have your friends," Draco said softly. Harry turned his head and looked back down at the boy in front of him.

"They have each other; I have only been the third wheel since the beginning of our sixth year." He chuckled sarcastically.

Draco swallowed suddenly, almost drowning in the green eyes that seemed to pierce directly through to his soul. He could see the resignation to his fate and the acceptance of it in those eyes. He also could see something else, but wasn't sure exactly what it meant.

"What about me?" he said, so softly that Harry almost missed the words.

"I'll miss our fights. They were the only truth I ever received from anyone."

"Po... er... Harry, don't give up. There are more people who care about you than them. They need you," Draco said, a rush of heat coming up to color his face as he turned his head and looked away. "I need you."

Harry reached out a hand and gently touched his face, slipping a finger beneath his chin to turn his face back to his. He brought up his free hand to run his knuckles against the smooth skin of his cheek.

"You're all that I need, Draco. When the war is over and the time is right for us, then come to me. We can see where this will go." With those soft words spoken, Harry leaned forward and gently placed a kiss on Draco's forehead. Draco's eyes closed as the warmth of Harry's lips lingered on his skin. Suddenly the cool night air replaced the warmth, and when he opened his eyes...

Harry was gone.

\*\*~\*\*

That night in the rose garden had given him a purpose to live, a reason to win the war. The next day, he had left but not before casting a powerful barrier on the Great Hall, where everyone was present for breakfast, to prevent anyone from following him. He could still remember the shocked looks on his friends faces when Draco had ran across the room, banging on the invisible walls screaming at him not to go.

He smiled softly at the boy through the wall, before placing his hands flat on the barrier, Draco immediately bringing his hands up to mirror his, as if they could touch each other once more. He had whispered softly to him, before suddenly turning and hurrying out the front doors.

While the rest of the hall was in shock, Hermione walked over to the huddled figure that had slumped to the floor when Harry had disappeared through the doors. She gently placed a hand on Draco's shoulder and felt the shudders that ran through his body.

"Malfoy, what did he say?" she asked quietly.

"That the wards will drop in forty-eight hours, and we will be free. No one will be able to break through them, not even Dumbledore," he said, his voice filled with pain. "He knows that he's going to die."

"No, he won't die, Malfoy. We have to believe in him and pray for the best," Hermione said gently as she knelt down next to him. "We just have to believe."

Draco stayed there leaning against the barrier as Hermione left him to tell Dumbledore about Harry's final message. What Draco hadn't told her was the final part of the

message that was only between the two of them; the final words that he had whispered, almost like the chorus of a song.

*\*\*~~\*\**

*Love will lead us, alright*

*Love will lead us, she will lead us*

*Can you hear the dolphin's cry?*

*See the road rise up to meet us*

*It's in the air we breathe tonight*

*Love will lead us, she will lead us*

*\*\*~~\*\**

When the wards came down forty-eight hours later, the world outside of Hogwarts was in chaos. A great battle had raged for most of that time, and bodies were strewn about the grounds. Literally hundreds of hex marks and curses could be found covering the ground, which was torn up as if a great cataclysmic event had spread its mark over the earth.

Voldemort was found, his body staring sightlessly up into the clear blue sky. His soul finally excised from the living world and into the dead.

However, no sign of Harry could be found anywhere.

Search parties were formed and dispatched, bodies cleaned up and disposed of, and Voldemort's ashes sent to oblivion, from whence he could never return.

However, still no sign of Harry Potter could be found.

It was as if he had disappeared from the face of the earth.

A year passed and life continued on, due to the sacrifices of their savior, their martyr... Harry Potter. All had given him up for dead...that was, all except one. Draco still searched for him.

*\*\*~~\*\**

*Oh yeah, we meet again*

*It's like we never left*

*Time in between was just a dream*

*Did we leave this place?*

*This crazy fog surrounds me*

*You wrap your legs around me*

*All I can do to try and breathe*

*Let me breathe so that I*

*So we can go together!*

*\*\*~~\*\**

Draco sat on the edge of the moonlit fountain, staring off into the darkness that surrounded him. Every year since Harry had disappeared, he had walked back around the lake to the secret garden on the very night that they had last seen each other here. Nearly five years had passed, and the garden hadn't changed since that last day he had seen him. It was as if it was in a stasis, waiting for the return of its master to bring it back to life.

To bring him back to life.

He drew his knees up to his chest and locked his arms about them, praying that he could hold back the tears that threatened to fall from his eyes. Five years since that day, five years since Harry had left them locked away in the Great Hall to protect them as he defeated Voldemort. Five years of endless searching.

His head fell forward as he cried out his frustration. He couldn't take it anymore. Were all the words Harry said to him lies? Wasn't it the right time for them to be together? Everyone had forgotten about him, except in the history books. Even his best friends, the Weasel and the Mudblood, had gone on with their lives as if he had never existed.

But not him.

As he sat there crying, he swore that he felt strong arms wrap lovingly around his shoulders. Turning in the embrace, he snuggled up into the arms that held him, burying his head in someone's neck. He inhaled the soft familiar scent coming up from the clothing as he clung to the person. The comfort offered by the arms was too much, and he let go of all the anguish in his heart, all the pain in his mind.

As he cried, a hand stroked up and down his back, and a quiet voice came through the darkness.

"Draco."

The voice, so familiar, coursed through him, startling him. He leaned back and looked up into unforgettable emerald green eyes, staring back down at him.

"Harry?"

"We meet again, my dragon," came the voice, so rich and full of life. Draco reached a trembling hand up to trace along his face, sure that when he touched him, he would vanish like a dream. However, as his fingers encountered his skin, he found that it was warm and firm.

"Oh, my God, are you really here?"

"Yes, I'm back," Harry said as he reached up and took Draco's hand from his face and brought it to his lips.

"Where have you been? Why didn't you come back sooner?" Draco whispered softly, "I never gave up searching for you when everyone else did."

"I never left, Draco. I was always here," Harry said mystically, a gentle smile gracing his face. "I was in a place where time stands still, and all I did was dream. You called me back to this place."

"Promise me, Harry, that you will never leave me again," cried Draco as he threw himself into Harry's arms, wrapping his arms and legs tightly around him. A soft gentle mist began to form around them, encasing them in a dreamy silence that enshrouded them like a glove.

"Never again, my dragon. We will never again be parted," Harry said softly as he breathed in the intoxicating scent of the man in his arms. Leaning back slightly, he hooked a finger beneath Draco's chin and lifted his face to his.

Leaning forward, he joined their lips, their breath mingling together as they poured out their lost feelings. Breaking their kiss, Harry leaned down to whisper into Draco's ear, repeating the words that he had uttered that last day, so long ago.

oo\*\*\*oo

*Love will lead us, alright*

*Love will lead us, she will lead us*

*Can you hear the dolphin's cry?*

*See the road rise up to meet us*

*It's in the air we breathe tonight*

*Love will lead us, she will lead us*

\*\*~\*\*

*Life is like a shooting star*

*It don't matter who you are*

*If you only run for cover, it's just a waste of time*

*We are lost 'til we are found*

*This phoenix rises up from the ground*

*And all these wars are over*

\*\*~\*\*

Harry opened his eyes and looked down at Draco, still sleeping peacefully, curled up in his embrace. It had taken five years for them to get here, and they had now been together for another five years. They had left Harry's garden the night he had returned and walked back around the lake to Hogwarts.

Dumbledore was no longer the headmaster, having long since retired, whereas Professor McGonagall now oversaw the proceedings of Hogwarts' administration. With some convincing, Harry was installed as the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor, of course under an assumed name and bearing a concealing charm for his famous scar. He wanted a quiet, peaceful life, one without the pressures of being a returned hero. The other professors, who had been in-residence during his days as a Hogwarts student, though few remained, agreed to keep his secret. Draco had been the Potions professor since Snape had retired two years before.

Life continued for them, shooting across the heavens like a falling star, bright and hot with their passion. It no longer mattered who they were, no longer rivals and enemies. It ended up having been a waste of their time for all of those years. In the five years since his return, they had gone from trust, turning into friendship and then suddenly into love. They had found what was lost to them all those years that they had fought during their time as students.

The war was over, and like the phoenix rising from the ashes of its destruction, so too did their love for one another. Harry smiled again softly as Draco stirred in his arms, clutching him tighter and mumbling in his sleep. He leaned down, placed a gentle kiss upon his brow, and whispered the words that had become their own song.

\*\*~\*\*

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