

In the House that Severus Built

by potteresque_ire

Guided by Harry's love, Draco learns about his soul as they journey through life.
Multiple drabble format.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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In the House that Severus Built

Could one really destroy his soul?

Asked a first-year Gryffindor, eyes wide.

The eighth years laughed.

You tell him, Harry, replied the Weasel.

Potter nodded, smiling.

His words were nonetheless caught on his lips.

For there, approaching the table,

was the lone Slytherin of their year.

The heartless, *soulless* bastard who had almost killed two of their own.

Thus the conversation ended.

Breakfast resumed in silence,

cold as the stares shot to the intruder,

who sunk further into the chair at each bite

the Quidditch Pitch was fragrant with the scent of fresh grass.

The Snitch fluttered in my hands.

Let's go to Hogsmeade, suggested Harry.

My treat.

Thus soon we sat,

our cups cradled all too tightly between us.

Not in Three Broomsticks.

I couldn't.

Not in Hog's Head.

I wouldn't.

I swatted the cherubs away.

You're pink, observed Harry.

I glowered at him.

Malfoys never blushed;

but I sensed the tingle,

the warmth spreading deep inside.

I downed my drink as his eyes bore through me,

his face the hue of Gryffindor red.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Could a soul bleed?

The summer's heat, so overpowering in the Great Hall,

besought a scheme to smuggle in Butterbeer.

The senior Gryffindors closed in, blocking my view.

I pretended not to notice.

Not until the vehement whisper.

Why can't Malfoy just fuck off?

I rose. My chair landed with a crash.

Draco.

I ignored the call.

Wait!

No. I refused to.

A strong grasp caught my wrist.

I snarled

at the hand's owner,

for the hurt that gnawed my insides raw.

Harry's mouth opened.

Words failed him,

thus he closed the wound by

sealing his lips against my own.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Could a soul resurrect?

I lay before him.

Open. Bare.

His lips travelled,

savouring every plane of my skin,

learning every crevice that sank into dark warmth.

