

# 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.

## In the House that Severus Built

*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

swallowing the legendary Malfoy pride,  
suffocating,  
destroying what remained of the pain and regrets underneath.  
My soul.

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

Could one live without a soul?

Was this how it felt?

Skies fading into grey, grass yellowing to lifelessness?

I sat by my Nimbus on the Quidditch Pitch, feeling no desire to fly.

Then came Potter.

White trainers invaded my vision;

his hand followed.

It blossomed to reveal a wand.

*It's yours*, he said.

I shrugged, didn't look up.

*Malfoy.*

His face came into view.

Eyes, piercing green.

*Snape saved you.*

This pathetic existence called my life.

I knew that.

Potter seemed to read my thoughts.

*Your soul*, he corrected softly as he stood.

*Be sure it lives its worth.*

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

Could a soul awaken?

Two months later, same time, same place.

Same I, who still lacked the will to fly.

Same Potter, who stood before me again,

this time, his Firebolt in tow.

He grinned, eyes glowing with challenge.

I chanced him a fleeting look.

A Golden Snitch struggled in his hand.

*Come on.*

I grunted.

*Prat.*

He mounted his broomstick and reached for me.

Was it second nature?

An instinctive grasp for life?

No matter.

For, just like before,

I held onto him, and we soared into the air.

Something inside me felt the kiss of winds.

It woke.

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

Could a soul colour?

Spring had arrived early;

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.

The tremor in his touch resonated with my own.

I spread further,

assuring him,

affirming myself.

He dove,

bathed in the scorching heat;

shame dissipated as

sins reduced to ashes in the blaze.

And that something inside me fractured.

It whittled away;

worn remains shattered in the strength of his final thrusts.

I let go, only to be lifted by

wings that spread from the flames.

Powered by an essence - Harry's;

it was reborn.

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

Could a soul fly?

The magic came when Harry held my hand,

beckoning that deepest part of me,

guiding it along an invisible trail that

weaved along the band on my finger.

It hovered above the intersect, that small break where

Harry's warmth mingled with mine,

waiting,

yearning for what it had sought all its life.

And there,

from the path that intertwined along the opposite ring,

came its mirror image.

Inimitable.

Indivisible.

It leapt;

the two once again became one.

Carefree and weightless,

the new bond tethered it to the joy that filled the air.

And it flew.

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

Could a soul weep?

A simple spell could accomplish the task,

yet I forged on,

retrieving the photos one by one,

crumpling the paper before launching it into the fireplace.

Shards of Lucius' image dashed across the jagged surface.

The ghost of its horrified shriek filled the room.

*Please, Draco. Stop.*

I hadn't shed a tear in the past week, had I?

Not for the passing of Voldemort's minion.

Even if he was my father.

Harry pulled me into an embrace.

Strong, protective.

*It's alright.*

The armour fell, exposing my very core.

Freeing it.

*It's alright.*

My tears finally came.

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

Could a soul gain strength?

The bundle was warm in my arms.

I pushed the fabric aside to

reveal the small face, still glistening with tears.

A Muggle orphan.

The Malfoy heir.

Personification of destiny defied.

Suddenly,

I was awash with fear.

Sins of my fathers flashed before my eyes.

Voices of scorn, of rejection, filled my ears.

A palm rested on my shoulder.

*She needs you,*

Harry whispered.

My hand was guided to hers resting under the blanket.

Without hesitation, her fist wrapped tightly around my finger.

Faith - hers, Harry's -

surged into me, and

my weaknesses were there no more.

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

Could a soul learn courage?

*Er, Good evening ...*

I chuckled at the stammer.

How many times had he addressed this crowd?

*... In gratitude for his services during the Incident ...*

Hostages taken by Neo Death Eaters.

Some incident.

*... going beyond his responsibility ...*

Because no life should ever be at another's mercy

*... Heedless of the victims' rank or birth ...*

Eyes fell upon me.

*... For his valour at the most trying hours ...*

I sat up straight, my chin held high as

Harry turned my way,

his voice muffled even under *Sonorus*.

*... The Order of Merlin, third class, is awarded to Mr Draco Malfoy.*

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Could a soul sing?

Harry sat by my bed,  
his fingers intertwined with my own.  
I studied our skin  
his, pallid from the years,  
mine, covered with age spots.  
It was impossible to differentiate them.  
The last moments of my life had come.  
I knew that,  
For time had slowed to a trickle,  
the remaining minutes chiming crisply  
like the fall of water drops.  
Sparkling, reminiscent of the tears on Harry's face.  
I had brushed them away.  
Because I wanted him to listen,  
to hear the song so vivaciously rendered inside me.  
My core.  
My soul.

*Harry, promise me ~*

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

*Please tell Severus ~*

*his sacrifice has not been in vain.*

For in Harry he had bestowed the gift of love.  
In me, his soul.  
Through Harry's love my soul was forged, and  
our souls, bound by love, had in return harboured the passion, sheltering it as  
we watched it grow  
in this house that Severus built.  
Unto joy, it had leapt;  
into sorrow, it had delved.  
Strong.  
Fearless.  
Indestructible.  
As Harry's eyes, still green as springtime at the Quidditch Pitch,  
faded into oblivion,  
I bid a silent farewell, a smile resting on my lips.  
My soul had lived its worth.

*- Finis*