

Cold's Comfort

by SeverusLovesUs

There was a storyline left out of Deathly Hallows: Harry and Draco's. Each chapter, written in drabble format, tells the tale of one part of the real story.

Chapter one's summary:

A series of three drabbles written for the hd100 challenge: cold. Draco is regretful after the events in HBP. He feels cold and empty, but Harry is frosty and unrelenting.

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Chapter 1 of 3

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A/N: My thanks go to shadow samurai for the beta-read.

Draco stood shaking and not from winter's chill. He'd never be forgiven. Never....

"Apologies are worthless," he'd said coldly. "You endangered many lives."

"I'm sorry! My family... had to protect—"

He'd snorted derisively. "No, you were just a smug little shit thinking you'd won Voldemort's favor."

"At first, but—"

"GO AWAY!" Harry's magic had lifted and thrown him outdoors... falling hard upon soft snow. Draco stood lest cold emptiness within darken cold, sparkling splendor. Cold—the impartial lover of both beauty and pain.

Fall down. Sink in. Let beauty enfold him, twinkling like stars across the darkness of his soul.

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

A wall of ice around Harry's heart. As if the cold could stifle the angry heat of his rage. Cold center of mad swirl of flame.

He'd made him go. Out there. In the cold. Cold outside, not in.

Because the cold blue color at flame's heart was deceptive. That cold-colored core burned the hottest.

How could he push him away? It was only Draco... out there... in the cold... that could overcome Harry's fiery rage born of pain and loss, leaving only fires of passion and love. Only a venture into the cold... out there... could save them both.

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Ornate snowflakes sparkled in fair hair. The snow angel more resplendent and rare than those tiny diamonds that melted, trickling down his face in place of tears too cold to flow.

Cold exterior of Harry's heart dissipating into heat... like diamonds dissolving into silver rivers... Cleansing. The alchemical ingredient...

"Draco."

Intense gray eyes. Sorrow and apprehension etched upon features too fine for affectations so piercing.

Falling to his knees beside him, he encircled him in his arms and pulled him close. Harry held him, his fiery warmth sheltering Draco... from the cold of the night... from the cold inside him.

Heartfelt Exchanges

Chapter 2 of 3

A series of eight drabbles written for the hd100 challenge: heart. Draco has come to see Harry on the last day of the Christmas holidays.

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A/N: Thank you, shadow samurai, for beta-reading these drabbles!

Hearts beating against each other. Life thrumming madly against a backdrop of gracefully falling snow. A moment of connection. Forgiveness and gratitude interwoven in their embrace.

"So you do have a heart," Draco said. Same old smirk. Strangely glimmering eyes.

Feigned nonchalance. "Must be a Gryffindor thing...."

Draco's smile grew sombre with unease and uncertainty.

Harry gazed intently at the blond, whose cheeks were tinged pink by the cold. "You're not a killer, Draco. I'm beginning to think you have a heart, too." He gestured toward the door invitingly.

Draco huffed. "Okay, but no heart-to-heart conversations. I'm still a—"

"Slytherin."

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"How'd you find me?" Harry's smile made Draco's heart race.

"I hoped you'd come here for the holiday."

"A necessary risk," Harry said guardedly. "If you came for protection, Dumbledore's offer still stands."

"I wish that were possible, but I must go back, pretend nothing's changed."

"WHAT?! Why? Was your 'I'm sorry' speech even real?" Harry said with alarming vehemence that made Draco's heart skip a beat.

"It was." How quickly his heartache returned! How could Harry second-guess him after that perfect moment of understanding they'd shared?

"If I don't... they're dead... Harry, HE's staying at the Manor."

"Fuck! Draco!"

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After Draco told him Voldemort was living in his *home*, Harry stood and paced angrily, tossing out random and progressively more implausible ideas to free Draco's parents right from under Voldemort's snakelike nose.

Finally, Draco said, "Harry, I came to ask for forgiveness I know I don't deserve. But also to tell you I can at least do something... I have information that might be helpful."

Harry regarded him with disbelief. "Voldemort would AK you right in the heart if he uncovered your deceit."

"Hogwarts resumes tomorrow. He won't have the opportunity to find out any of it. Now, listen...."

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Obsession. How thoroughly it possessed the heart and soul! And Voldemort and Harry had both succumbed to it—allowing one of the three Deathly Hallows to pull upon their heartstrings, figuratively in Voldemort’s case. The heartless bastard. Harry had been ruminating about the Resurrection Stone for days. Obsessing, rather. Thankfully, Draco’s information brought him some much needed perspective. He must not become distracted from the Horcrux Hunt.

“Draco, tomorrow I return to... my dangerous mission. You return to a dangerous existence among Death Eaters. This... this may be goodbye.”

Would this be their last moment? The last of so few?

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It was Draco’s idea. A mutual exchange of priceless treasure. A broken but fine, golden heart locket for a silver snake necklace—a family heirloom. Draco’s fingers brushed Harry’s as he grasped the locket’s chain. He held them both, casting the Protean Charm on each. He silently handed the silver snake to Harry, whose eyes never left his as he slipped it around his neck. Draco felt the weight of the gold heart against his own. Harry’s. If only he really had Harry’s heart... A dangerous road... most likely leading to a heart broken like the gold one against it.

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Promises. Draco asked for another mutual exchange. He swore he’d return the gold locket he wore. Harry took a deep breath. He would not promise he’d be there to accept it or to return Draco’s heirloom. He’d kill Voldemort... or Voldemort would kill him. That was all, and it was all he could do to mask such sentimentalities in front of his old rival. It was, truthfully, gruesomely heart-wrenching to know this new beginning—a new chapter in the Harry Potter/Draco Malfoy story—might very well be the end, a story left unfinished.

No promises, then. Only professed hope.

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How could such heartfelt longings translate into formal and unemotive goodbyes? Their shaking hands suddenly tightened their hold, pulling them into a final embrace. As it had begun, so would it end.

Draco pulled back, still standing close. “I’ll be in touch.” His fingers brushed over the silver snake on Harry’s chest.

Draco’s eyes travelled upwards, pausing momentarily on the too-kissable lips before locking with Harry’s eyes. Rejection and regret playing a wretched game of tug-of-war with his heart. Regret won. Draco nodded, turned, and left, never knowing Harry was wholeheartedly wishing he’d had the nerve to kiss Draco.

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Harry watched Draco walk back into the cold night, feeling a hole in his heart as if Draco had taken part of it with him. It suddenly began to tingle. Harry gasped, then realized it was the silver snake vibrating with magic. He cupped it in his hand and looked at the underside. There, as if it had been engraved, were the words, “Thank you, Harry.” They faded as quickly as they had come.

Harry smiled. Exchanges of treasure, of promise and hope, and of something unspoken... for part of Draco’s had filled the space, and Harry’s heart was whole.

Dig A Hole For Another Grave

Chapter 3 of 3

A series of four drabbles written for the hd100 challenge: hole. What happens after Draco returns to Hogwarts and before Harry is caught by the snatchers and taken to Malfor Manor?

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Harry held Draco’s snake necklace pressed between his fingers.

Chains. Harry was chained to his fate.

He ran the silver chain through his fingers, link by link, feeling the hole between each, seeking comfort as if he instead held prayer beads. How deep down the rabbit hole must he go? What must he do at the end?

Harry only knew he must be willing. The chains that had bound him would become an instrument of his own freedom. Climb them and emerge from that dark hole victorious. Follow them back home. His fingers reached the silver snake. Back to Draco.

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Draco was sinking deeper, ensnared within an evil Black Hole. The light of hope seemed so far away. No one had seen Harry Potter for many months now. Had it all gone wrong?

Draco’s hand clamped over the golden locket under his shirt. He’d sent Harry information regularly, in case it might help, in case it would bring Harry back to Hogwarts. No messages had ever answered his own. Draco knew he really didn’t deserve anything back from Harry. Harry should use him then lose him. It would hurt, yet he must hope it was the reason for Harry’s silence.

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Harry had never been so frustrated. It was probably pathetic to feel this powerless without his Phoenix-feather wand. Then there was Draco's news: Luna's imprisonment, students disappearing from Hogwarts, Death Eater conquests.

Dwelling on the deaths occurring while he just camped endlessly made the Resurrection Stone's seductive allure ever-more difficult to resist.

Dig a hole for another grave.

Ron tuned into *Potterwatch*. Hearing voices of friends provided such sweet relief.

Followed by excitement. Voldemort **was** seeking the Elder Wand. Hermione rolled her eyes at him.

"Come on, Hermione. Why are you so determined not to admit it? Voldemort—"

"HARRY, NO!"

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A/N: Up next: Draco and Harry at Malfoy Manor.

Thanks go to shadowsamurai for the beta read!