

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.

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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!