

Invisibility

by Alexannah

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Chapter 1 of 1

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For a long time Harry's senses had become accustomed and sensitive to things that deceived one of them. In the main, he could tell when there was someone standing in the room with him, even if he couldn't see them. This particular talent came from all the times Ron had tried to borrow his Cloak to sneak down to the kitchens. And it was thanks to this talent that he knew he was not alone.

Sitting on his bed in the deserted Gryffindor boys' dormitory, he could sense a presence. Not many others would have noticed the ever-so-slight rustle or swish of clothing or deliberately light breathing.

"I know you're there," he addressed the silent room, "so you might as well just come out."

There was a pause and then a swishing noise as the intruder revealed himself.

"Hello, Professor," Harry said tonelessly. He didn't even look up. The bed creaked slightly as Dumbledore sat down beside him.

After a moment the headmaster spoke. "Aren't you going to ask me what I was doing in your dormitory?"

Harry shrugged. "Making sure I don't do anything stupid?" he said bitterly. Dumbledore smiled sadly.

"Not exactly. I just wanted to see how you were." When Harry said nothing, still not even looking at him, he continued, "I'm worried about you, Harry."

"Yeah. Right."

"I *am*," Dumbledore persisted gently. Harry was staring at the floor, avoiding eye contact. Dumbledore had a funny feeling he was being punished for not looking *at him* all year. "I know you're angry with me, Harry – Merlin knows you've made that clear – but whether you believe it or not, I do care a lot about you. I know you're hurting and I'm so sorry. I don't deserve your forgiveness, but I hope one day – not now – I can look you in the eye and see it there."

Harry couldn't help himself: he looked up. Sharp emerald-green eyes met light, sparkling blue. Silence stretched for several minutes as both wizards stared, each contemplating the unspoken emotions in the other's.

Eventually Harry broke the quiet. "You should be in the staff room, sir. I heard Flitwick tell Professor McGonagall there was a meeting."

Dumbledore nodded slowly. He reached out a hand and gently rubbed Harry's shoulder with his thumb. The boy did not flinch, nor did he pull away.

He watched as Dumbledore wordlessly stood and left Gryffindor Tower. Although their meeting had barely lasted two minutes, Harry felt as though a huge weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

