

Harry Potter and the Mission of the Tiger

A tale of love and despair...

Von abgemeldet

Concealments

Chapter Four: Concealments

Malfoy was highly amused. He hadn't had so much fun in weeks - well, the last weeks hadn't been fun at all! /Who thinks it fun to be disowned, rejected by your family, after you once say what you think and then finding out you're gay? At least I'm free of Voldemort - for now./ His good mood vanished quickly, and when he sat down at the breakfast table it was completely gone. Harry was glaring daggers at him and Snape was occupied talking to the new DADA. /Wait - Snape chatting with that playboy?/

Draco observed his Potions teacher closer; Snape was smiling, happily chatting with Mc'Caughn as if they were old friends. /That was grotesque! Well, maybe they were old friends - hadn't Dumbledore said something like that?/ He shrugged his shoulders and continued his meal, when he accidentally hit a foot.

~

Gabriel's day had started quite well. In the early morning (around 1.30 am) Severus had left, them being friends, as he hoped. He had slept wonderfully and after a long bath in the later morning (about 8:50 am), he had descended the many stairs down to the great hall. Albus had greeted him friendly and the other teachers had begun a conversation quickly. Severus had obviously tired out his 'special mixed shampoo', his hair looked wonderful. Two students were at Hogwarts - he had to ask why after breakfast!

But a question from Severus let him forget his thoughts and they chatted for a while over Concealing-Potions and their Antidotes.

When breakfast was over, he followed Dumbledore, chatting over muggle sweets, when he remembered his question. "Why are students staying at Hogwarts during the holidays? The last time 'somebody' asked to stay, it was impossible."

Albus nodded sadly and they entered his study. "Well, Gabriel, this time it's the only way to protect them. One of them, as you surely have seen, is Harry Potter. You yourself brought me the information that Voldemort planned an attack on him."

"I know, my spy is reliable and I'm sure Voldemort doesn't know about him, but who's the other boy?"

"Draco Malfoy."

"Lucius' son? Oh my - what happened? I haven't heard anything about him lately."

"He refused to join the Death Eaters - Lucius rejected him at once."

"You mean he sent him to Hogwarts to protect him and save his life."

"What are you hinting at?"

"Like the father, so the son"

"Lucius is your spy?"

"Yes."

~

Dinner was long finished. Harry stood on the top of the astronomy tower. Sighing he looked down the stony wall into the depth beneath him. /One move and everything ends - the pain, the fear, the hope to defeat him, when Dumbledores doll is broken...Am I only a thing to kill Voldemort? Sirius - where are you when I need you so much? Damn! If you didn't protect ME you would still be alive after all - like Cedric!/

But he didn't jump; he just stared at the world around him, when he heard a noise behind him. He turned around and saw Professor Mc'Caughn approaching out of the shadows. "Beautiful sunset this evening, Mr. Potter. Everything alright?"

"Sure, Professor." They stood in silence, when Harry cleared his throat. "Can I ask you some questions?"

"Sure, Mr. Potter."

"Have you been a teacher before?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Durmstrang."

Harry coughed. "I didn't expect that." he admitted, "Why have you come here then?"

"The school, as you know, has a different attitude towards Dark Arts than Hogwarts. I wasn't teaching DEFENCE against the Dark Arts, there."

"So you taught Dark Arts?"

"Yes, but the headmaster wanted me to teach them the Unforgiveables and I resigned."

"I see."

"Any other questions?"

"Yes - you, you don't have anything to do with Voldemort, do you?"

McCaughn laughed: "No, surely not! Do you think Dumbledore would let me anywhere near you when I was one of his shoelickers?"

"I heard you were at Hogwards - which house?"

"Slytherin. My father wanted me in Ravenclaw, but I wasn't diligent enough!"

He was silent for a moment, but when he continued, his voice was sad: "I also wanted to stay with my friends: Avery, Bella, Nott and Severus, of course. You have to know, they weren't always as they are today. I think Bella made the biggest change..."

"Bellatrix Lestranger?"

"Yes."

"She killed my god-father."

"I know, I'm an Order member, too."

"And what is your task this year?"

"Protect you."

"But I'm safe at Hogwards."

"We hope so - but you never know!"

After a while, when the sun had set, Gabriel walked Harry back to his room: "Good night, Mr. Potter."

"It's Harry. Night, Professor."

"Outside from classes it's Gabriel, then. Good night, Harry." He closed the door behind the boy. Albus had told him that it was only visible for people, who didn't want to harm the boys. /Good spell, Albus! You're the master of concealing things! And

manipulating!/
~

They days passed slowly, nothing special happened. Malfoy was civil most of the time, nearly friendly. Professor Mc'Caughn and Professor Snape were seen together a lot and Harry wondered what had changed the usual cold and nasty Snape to a happily chatting and friendly man. Even his outer appearance had changed; his hair wasn't greasy at all and he wore his black robes in a more comfortable manner, if he didn't wear muggle clothes, like jeans and T-shirts, like this day. Harry watched him and Mc'Caughn from the other side of the lake, walking and talking. He was on his way to the quidditch-pitch, when he met Malfoy.

The blonde was carrying his broom and walking in his direction. When he had reached Harry, he smiled slightly. "Practice? Wanna train together, while there isn't anybody else anyway?"

"Would be okay with me, Malfoy."

"It's 'Draco', if you don't mind."

"Alright, it's 'Harry' then, too." They walked together to the pitch. Malfoy took the snitch out of the locker rooms and set it free. Harry, who was flying already, followed the little ball, while Draco pushed himself up from the ground and joined him. Quickly they were chasing the snitch mercilessly...

When they returned to the ground hours later, they were both tired and sweaty. Harry, who had caught the snitch more often (41:38) had a shower first, while Draco polished his broom. When he had finished and changed, he left the bath for Draco and sat on the windowsill, where Draco had sat days ago. The view outside was amazing; the last rays of the drowning sun illuminated the sky with golden and red light that vanished into blue, letting the clouds shine pink and violet. The lake reflected the whole thing, cut by the sharp, dark shadow of the forest and the pale, grey mountains forming the horizon. He was so deeply caught by the beauty of the nature around him, that he didn't hear Draco approach from behind. "Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Oh, Draco you... - yes, it is!"

/Why do I feel this way, when he is near? At dinner, when he sat beside me and our feet met accidentally, at the pitch, when we flew sync, or when he stands behind me, a hand on my shoulder...Fucking hell! I'm straight, why...? I AM straight, am I not?/

AN// Yahoo! It gets interesting - slightly - at least^^ I always like reviews and constructive critics!

Beta-read by Mary (thank you^^)
All possible remaining mistakes are mine

l'Ciel