

This must be true love

Draco X Harry

Von WeakEndGirl

Kapitel 1: Memories

True Love

(Sometimes I hate every single stupid word you say, Sometimes I wanna slap you in your whole face.

There's no one quite like you, you push all my buttons down, I know life would suck without you.)

Harry didn't even want to go to that Wedding. Yeah, best friends and whatsoever. He just wasn't in the mood for this. Weddings only reminded him of his own failing to keep somebody besides him for more than one year. It simply never worked out. Problems always appeared. It was not like he was looking for them. He didn't make them up. Some couldn't handle his past, some couldn't handle the fact that he still had these weird dreams of what had happen and some had just been total assholes. He looked into the mirror.

"It's a shame nobody wants to marry me. I look good in a suit.", he said to himself and sighed. Harry was a very sad man. Ron was a very happy man as he entered Harry's bedroom.

"You ready?"

"Yep."

Harry went over to him and gave him a hug. They just stood there like this for a couple of seconds, looked at each other and smiled.

"This is your day, buddy. This is gonna be great.", Harry said.

"Yeah...Can you believe this is finally happening?"

Ron beamed at his friend and Harry smiled back. Harry had believed this day would come after Ron had told him that he and Hermione had finally managed to get together. And he was happy for them, he really was. He was just so lonely. No one he had met before has ever really got him. It was not like he felt sorry for himself. It was probably his own fault. And he knew it. But still. Sometimes he wished for someone to be with him. They walked out of the room and down the hallway.

"She'll probably look stunning in that dress."

"I bet."

They walked down the long hallway in silence. Harry thought about how he would feel

if he would have been Ron right now. Marrying the one person he loved most. And that one that loved him most. Trusted him most. Would do anything for him. Harry sighed a little when they reached the huge door. Ron gave Harry a nervous look.

"Alright, buddy. Calm down. She will be here soon. Everything will be fine."

He opened the door just to find a lot of his friends and his second family, the Weasleys. The door closed behind them. Everyone was just beaming at them as they walked down to the desk at the end of the corridor. Harry stood close to Ron to make sure he was not going to faint. They got the time to exchange one last look when the music started playing. Ron turned around, his hands were shaking. The door opened slowly again and there she was. Everything around them just seemed to disappear as his eyes met hers.

Harry's jaw almost fell to the ground. Wow, that girl looked stunning. Her brown hair was tied at the back of her head, a lot of white flowers on top, making her perfect skin look even more light than it already was. Her deep brown eyes were glowing as a stunning smile appeared on her face. Time seemed to go really slow as she seemed to float down the corridor. A simple, cute white dress covered her slim body.

And then he saw him.

That guy who brought Hermione up to them. This was not her dad. And this wasn't a brother since Hermione was an only child. The cold, blue eyes met Harry's and then he knew. The bright blond hair brought up all the memories from school. He swallowed slowly.

Draco Malfoy handed Hermione to Ron and smiled just a split second. Harry's heart was racing. But he was hoping that it didn't show.

Draco stood beside Hermione.

Harry was not going to survive this. Could this be real? He was here. After all this time. All these years. All the things that had happened between them.

"Hey...", whispered Draco really quietly.

Harry couldn't say anything. These lips. These stupid, soft lips that formed all the words that Draco had ever said to him and just looking at them brought back all these memories.

After all the fighting, all the things between them and that....that kiss in the school library years ago. He had never forgotten that day. The expression on Draco's face.

Harry's face felt like it was burning and he was sure everyone in the room realized that something was not quite right. He closed his eyes. And there he was. In the school library.

"What do you even think? You know I am better than you."

"You know what, Malfoy, I am so sick of fighting with you everyday. I'm sick of you telling me I am not worth it and that you're so much better just because your dad is a well-known man.", Harry hissed.

Draco pressed his back against the wall, his eyes full of anger and hatred. His blond hair was disheveled, dark shadows underlined the bright blue of his eyes.

"At least I still have a dad.", he slowly said.

That was too much.

Harry gnashed his teeth and tried to release himself from Draco's tight grip at his shoulders. But he couldn't. He was sad and that took his power. He felt the burning in his eyes. Draco must have seen what was going on. Harry couldn't hold back.

Draco's eyes widened as tears slowly ran down Harry's face.

He leaned forward and kissed him. It was a soft, lovely kiss. Harry held on to Dracos coat tightly. Dracos hands still held him up against the wall to make sure he wasn't going to fall down. Draco moved away, looked at him and then kissed him again. He slowly pushed his body against Harrys and let out a little moan. His tongue quickly slipped into Harrys mouth, there was nothing Harry could do. They were kissing passionately. Harry didn't know how much time had passed when Draco suddenly stopped as if he had heard something. He quickly looked over his shoulder, but he didn't see anything. Then he looked back at Harry.

"I wanted to do this for such a long time.", he simply said and let go of Harry. He simply slid down the wall and fell to the ground. He breathed heavily. Draco turned around, walked down the hallway and did never speak to Harry again.

Until today. The wedding of his best friend. This was not going to end well, was it? From that on he couldn't focus on anything but the tall, blond guy. He looked amazing in a suit. Just amazing. He probably could have worn a potato sack and still look really awesome. At least the wedding didn't last too long. When the newlyweds walked out of the door together, Harry and Draco were behind them, walking side to side. Harry put his hands in his pockets, because he felt like if he didn't, he would probably run them along Dracos body immediately. And that was maybe not what Hermione and Ron wanted for their wedding. He glanced at Draco. Their eyes met.

"You okay?"

"Yep. You?"

"...No.", Harry whispered, but he was sure Draco didn't hear it.

They walked out of the building, people had lined up in front of it and threw flowers at Ron and Hermione. Everyone was smiling and beaming except for Harry and Draco. Harry forced himself to smile on every picture taken, but he wasn't really feeling it. When Hermione asked Ron to take a picture of her with Draco and Harry, their Hands met behind her back for just a split second. Harry shrugged. A cold shiver ran down his back but at the same moment, his faced flushed dark red. He must have looked terrible.

"Are you coming with us?", Hermione smiled.

Harry looked at her. Puzzled.

"The limousine.", said Ron. "We want you two to come with us."

"Where do we go?", Harry asked, still puzzled.

"You will see.", Hermione said and grabbed Harrys and Dracos Hand, dragged them to the car. They got in quickly, shut the door. Ron turned the music up and grabbed a bottle of champagne.

"Now, we celebrate.", he grinned.

"And when will you tell me where we're going?", Harry asked and tried to look out of the dark windows to get an idea where the we're heading.

"Airport.", said Hermione. "And don't even try to escape, the doors are locked."

"Airport?? Are we leaving the country or something?? I didn't even bring anything and I can't just go, it's-", Harry said very fast in a nervous and shivering voice.

"Don't worry, buddy. I got your stuff for you. Everything is fine. This will be fun. We haven't been on holiday together in years."

"Yes, but...", he looked at Draco. "...did you know?"

"No."

"Then why are YOU so calm?"

"Should I disagree with the bride's wishes? I don't think so."

Harry's heart was racing to the maximum. He would probably have a heart attack in the next couple of minutes. He was going on holiday. With his two best friends and that man...that man he had have the weirdest and nicest dreams about. He couldn't handle it.

He grabbed the bottle of champagne and took a huge gulp.