

# Ten Reasons Not to Date Draco Malfoy

Von Rabenfeder

## Kapitel 2: Chapter two: He does not like company

Chapter two: He does not like company

"If I tell you, he swings the other way round, he does, even though me might not have realized it himself!", Draco explained to Harry very excitedly. They were once again meeting at "their" bar, coffeeshop or however you would like to call it. Harry himself wasn't sure about that either. The products sold there ranged from drinks to food and even shirts so a definite decision about the actual purpose of the store was hard to make. However, there was one thing he was sure about: It was a trendy place!

All the other customers he had seen while waiting for Draco (whom had explained to him that being on time was so not Malfoy style) were around his age and dressed way more fashionable than he would ever be able to. He himself stood out with his comfortable clothes which fulfilled no other purpose than to cover his body, as well as the blond man, who always seemed to wear formal clothing, be it a button down and dress pants or even a whole suit. Harry guessed that this was because they always met directly after work. He could not imagine that even Malfoy would find this type of fashion comfortable in his leisure time.

Which brought him back to wondering why it always was the same time slot. They were meeting each other for casual drinks for over two months now. The days tended to differ; the time of the days however always stayed the same. Before leaving first, the former Slytherin always suggested a date for their next meeting "at the usual time". So far, Harry did not have the guts to ask the other man if there was a reason for that. He could already imagine plenty such as Malfoy not wanting to be seen with him or the blond aristocrat attending fancy balls and other high society gatherings in the evenings. Maybe it was as simple as Malfoy not wanting him to feel like they were dating. Which they were not! Harry could never imagine actually dating a man, particularly not Draco Malfoy! In fact, he could hardly imagine himself ever dating someone.

He was brought back into reality by the other man who closed his almost rant on how people would not see how obviously gay Tanner van Burm was in his opinion. "Of course, being out there in the open changes a lot for you...", he closed his monologue which gave Harry the perfect opportunity to change the subject onto a matter he had wanted to discuss for quite a while now.

"But for you, not much has changed. I mean, you do not act different now than to how you did before!", he brought himself back into the conversation. The man sitting opposite oh him carefully raised a single eyebrow and seemed to be having a hard time finding an accurate answer. Instead he asked a question:

"So, you do not think I have changed at all?"

While speaking, he looked Harry dead into the eyes, his voice sounding something between mildly offended and amused at the same time. Our beloved golden boy had to swallow hard before answering. Still, he was scared of insulting the other man and therefore giving him a reason not to meet up and talk anymore. Harry quite enjoyed these small encounters quite much.

"No, no, this wasn't what I meant. Of course, you have changed, I mean, you are not a total git anymore. Since everyone knows...you...you did not turn totally...gay" He whispered the last word, not sure if it was okay to say it out loud which lead to Malfoy responding with a crooked smile and taking another sip from his drink.

"Well, everyone decides how they want to be seen in public, do they not?", he answers cryptically. This is the one thing that had been frustrating Harry for weeks now. Whenever he tried to address how his outing had actually affected Malfoy, the other man always managed to either be cryptic or change subjects completely. But this time he would not give up so easily.

"But I mean, you did not become another person, you still look the same," he managed to say while noticing that the blond was staring at the door behind him, a horrified expression on his face.

"Shit, how late is it Potter?", Malfoy asked him quickly, his eyes still focused on something behind them that seemed to be coming closer. Irritated, Harry looked at the wall behind them which told him it was already fifteen minutes after the usual time Malfoy left. The latter one seemed to be rather nervous when Harry finally noticed the woman heading towards them.

Dressed in a dark green leather shirt combined with a light grey button down and very extravagant tights that featured intricate flower designs as well as some gem stones, she very well fitted into the environment. Her longish dark brown hair was half up done in a messy bun, that suited her well. While looking into her green eyes, Harry was not sure if he had seen a piercing in her nose. When he took a second glimpse, it for sure was gone.

She stopped at their table, her arms crossed in front of her chest and starred at Malfoy expectantly, completely ignoring Harry. He still wondered if he had seen her before. Something seemed to be familiar about her.

"So, this is where Mr. Too-Good-to-Be-on-Time-to-Meet-his-Best-Friend prefers to spent his afternoons, shagging cute boys he didn't tell her about.", she snarls at him. It was obvious that she was having a hard time not breaking out into laughter while talking, therefore her face looked quite tense, attempting to stay serious. While

Malfoy only let out an annoyed sigh she turned towards Harry and for a moment lost all her cool attitude when she recognised him.

"Oh, Harry Potter! It has been ages since I last saw you!", she exclaimed enthusiastically while grabbing an empty chair behind her. Sitting down, she held out her right hand in order to introduce herself to him.

"Astoria, Astoria Greengrass, in case you can't remember," she added with a witty wink. Harry shook her hand, still a bit confused if he was obligated to introduce himself now even though she obviously already knew who he was. She did not seem to mind him being quiet at all, as she simply continued talking.

"Oh, has Draco been annoying you with his work stories, Harry?", she asked, now ignoring Malfoy completely herself. "He can be such an attention seeker from time to time, completely unlike his roommate.", she jokingly explained to our favourite Gryffindor. The way she kept talking and how easy it was for her to force Malfoy into complete silence impressed Harry and he instantly decided, that he could become friends with this loud girl.

Turning towards the blond, she finally acknowledged his presence once again.

"Draco, why didn't you tell me, you were socializing with Harry? I would have loved to join the two of you. Maybe we should all go out some time," she grinned at him. From the tone of her voice Harry could already hear that she was trying to provoke Malfoy by being overly open and friendly. He chuckled a bit as he noticed the other man's face turning the slightest shade of red when he was addressed by who obviously had to be a very close friend who discovered a secret.

"Toria, what do you want from me? May I assume that there is any other reason you do not even let me spend a few single, wholesome hours a day without your constant babbling than to drive me crazy?"

"Well," she started, touching his hair with a confused expression, "I was having some difficulties renewing my Glamour, so I was wondering if you would be so kind as to do me the favour of helping me, Prince Draco." Harry wondered if it was normal to be able to hear eyes rolling instead of even seeing them, because he clearly just now had. Also, the girl had mentioned Glammers, what was that supposed to mean?

"And this is something you could not simply have texted me? Instead you decided to stalk on me while I was having a lovely time over some drinks with a – friend?" It was only at the very last part of the sentence that Malfoy looked at him once again, an unasked question between them. While Harry was still wondering if he really considered himself and his former school rival actual friends now, Astoria Greengrass (whom he now finally remembered as the rather timid Slytherin girl two years below them) asked the exact same question:

"So, Harry, you and Draco are friends now?"

Malfoy quickly looked at him, silently asking for help and an answer himself and Harry

remembered that they were bound by a contract not to reveal the actual topic of their meetings. Even though it had started rather rough until Harry managed to ease up in Malfoy's company there was no logical reason to not assume, they were friends now.

"Yes, we started talking recently and, well Malf – I mean Draco – and I somehow became somethings like friends you could say," he managed to answer after having taken one or two seconds too long. While talking about friendship he had stumbled about calling the other guy by his last name. If they actually wanted to become friends, they should use their first names, shouldn't they? The name Malfoy reminded him of the git back in school who made their lives miserable. It was only logical to call him Draco now, wasn't it? It sounded like a new start.

He could see the relief in the other man's face and Harry wondered if this matter might be of higher importance to Mal- Draco as he himself would have thought. He still remembered the terrible eleven-year-old boy that wanted to be his friend in order to show him how the world spun. Harry smiled to himself. Somehow the situation was not that different. This time however it had been him who came to Draco for help. To Draco. Draco. Draco.

In his mind he repeated the first name over and over again. It sounded strange, unusual. He would need some time to get used to it. But the look on the other man's face showed him, this was a step into the right direction. A Harry Potter who might be gay might also be friends with Draco Malfoy, he thought to himself and grinned a bit. His life seemed to finally be changing again after ages, finally the world seemed to be spinning again.

"Harry and I were just about to say goodbye before you interrupted us with matters that clearly could have waited," Draco told Astoria in a voice that should sound annoyed but actually carried an amused tone. His eyes were focused on our favourite Gryffindor and Harry had to admit that the spark of mischief that lit them actually suited the blond man very well. It made his grey eyes just a notch warmer and felt like they were sharing a secret, not even Draco's best friends knew about.

Astoria seemed to be aware of the unspoken pieces of information between them of which she would not become a part of. Shaking her head, she returned her attention towards Draco and brushed her hand through his hair, careful not to bring any strand out of place.

"Actually, we do not have that much time left Draco. My Glamour has already started fading and I am not so sure about yours either.", she explained to him, brushing through his hair with a concentrated look, as if she was searching for something on his scalp. Again, that Glamour thing. Harry started wondering what this was supposed to mean. Malfoy – Draco! – looked like always, what reasons could he possibly have to enchant his appearance?

With an excusing smile Draco got up from his chair and said his goodbye to Harry, explaining that he actually had to leave, which – and while he was telling the next part he was viciously staring at Astoria – had nothing to do with the interruption caused by

his annoying roommate. It was Harry's time to pay so he did not feel in a hurry to get up at all. He could as well stay a moment longer and finish whatever this shake Draco had insisted, he had to try, was.

Astoria got up as well, grinning at the dark-haired man. She leaned a bit towards him and while fluttering her eyelashes asked something Harry would not have expected from a pureblood witch, but who was he to still make assumptions about people based on their past.

"Harry Dear, can you give me your phone number in case Draco misses another rendezvous? You know, just in case we have to start a nationwide search once again," she explained while attempting to keep a straight face. Without even waiting for his answer, she stuffed her phone into his hands and let him no other choice than add his number to her contacts. The phone lay heavy in his hands. It was one of the brand-new ones, no less than 2 months old Harry would assume. Had he only been given the phone and the task to spot the owner of it in the room without any further piece of information, he would have still known it belonged to Astoria, he thought. The case was pitch black and featured all kinds of cute but creepy animals on them. It was on the very verge of still being stylish and not considered corny, but somehow it fit her.

While typing in his own number (oh what a lucky coincidence Hermione had forced him to learn it by heart just in case only this week!) he wondered whether Draco actually owned a smart phone as well and if he should dare to ask the blond man for his number – now that they considered each other friends this was not a weird request, wasn't it? Unfortunately, we will never find out if the Saviour of our beloved Wizard World would have had the guts to do so as Astoria was forced to leave by a very pushy Draco, who now seemed self-aware of his hair as well as he nervously checked it in the bar mirrors. They left behind a smiling Harry who wondered if he had ever assumed Draco was sharing a flat with someone like that girl.

~

The next Saturday afternoon he spent as he often did, watching over his godson Teddy while Andromeda was busy finishing all the left-over stuff she did not manage to do with a quirky and very much attention seeking six-year-old around. Him playing with the boy had become a regular thing as soon as Teddy turned a year. It had always been something he felt confident doing by himself, something where he did not need Ginny or anyone else. He was good with kids. It was only after the break up that his monthly visits had turned into weekly ones and as much as Andromeda seemed to be thankful for his help, Harry could always see her hidden concern if he was alright.

Actually, he was, he noticed while he once more pushed Teddy who was sitting on his swing, his favourite thing to do outside right now. Harry's action resulted in a very happy squeak coming from the little boy with the purple hair. It would be foolish to assume Teddy always wore his hair in that colour but as he insisted on attending a muggle school before going to Hogwarts, Andromeda had taught him a spell to glamour his hair into a specific colour. This enchantment made sure Teddy's hair stayed the same during the day. As his grandmother strongly believed in the power of free will and making own choices, Teddy was allowed to decide which colour his

glamoured hair should have. He went with purple (after all, he IS Tonks's son, so what else did you expect?).

Spending time with children had always been something Harry loved doing. It was easier to interact with them than with adults. Children tended to say what they actually meant and did not conceal their feelings in order to protect you. As far as it concerned Harry, it had never been a good idea to do something to protect him. Usually this resulted in people getting into big danger or even dying. He hated being protected. He was not broken. Not special.

Maybe that was the reason he liked spending time with Draco. The other man knew about his past – their past. How it had really been. Malfoy never thought about him as being special, Harry remembered smirking, actually it had been quite the opposite. He wondered, if some parts of the arrogant brat were still inside the blond man. Well, of course there had to be. Draco was still very self-confident as well as his responses never lacked what Harry would best describe as wit. Was it possible that the former Slytherin had somehow grown into his character?

Harry was brought back into reality by Teddy who explained to him that his pants were ringing. Surprised, Harry rose an eyebrow. Of course, he was carrying his mobile phone with him just in case of an emergency. There were some areas like here on a muggle playground where a message delivered by an owl would definitely cause suspicion so three years ago he had given in to Hermione who had bought him a smart phone. Needless to say, Harry still used the same exact model and it was in perfect condition for its age. He always took care of the things he owned, treating them as if they were irreplaceable. Also, he scarcely used his phone.

Not even Ginny had used to text him. They all knew, he rarely responded. This was why he was in a hurry to check who had messaged him; it could have been an emergency. In her defence, if you later asked Astoria Greengrass, she would have considered her situation as an emergency that required immediate action. Harry's brows rose higher and higher while reading through the texts.

12:31: Hey Harry, how are you? D. forced me to write to you. He said I had to apologise for being 'an annoying brat'. Can you imagine that? How rude! I thought the three of us got along perfectly well. But D. I always weird when his friends get to know his other friends, you know. Not that this happens very often. Well, I hope I will see you again soon, maybe without the git! ;D

12:32: Oh, by the way, I am soooooo bored today and nobody is replying to my texts.

12:34: And you are also not! ☹

12:34: Btw, this is Astoria writing :D You for sure remember me, the dark-haired vixen, bane of Draco's existence ☹☹

Well Astoria was for sure one of a kind, he thought to himself. A bit pushy but some how quite charming. And it had never happened, that someone he just met texted him simply because they were bored and attempted to engage in small talk. Not that he

was good at that. In fact, our Golden boy was quite the opposite of a conversation maker. But why not try something new. If befriending Draco Malfoy did not turn out to be a bad idea, why should getting to know his friends then be?

12:40: Hi Astoria. I didn't think you were totally annoying. Did Draco really force you to write me?

This was harder than he imagined. He had been searching for words for a good five minutes before finally being pleased with his message. Former drafts had included quite a few phrases that could easily be interpreted as being rude such as "you were only annoying at the beginning which freaked me out a bit. But I like that you always make fun of Draco" or "I thought that you were quite impolite at the beginning so Draco was right" or "Isn't it terribly thoughtless to call your best friend a git?" So, you see, the message he settled with was the tamest he could come up with.

12:40: I take "not totally" as a compliment, just to let you know!

12:40: Well, he did not actually force me. His wording was more like "do not dare to peeve Potter ever again or you will need to search for a new roof over your stunning head sooner than you would like to!"

12:43: Did he really call you stunning?

12:43: Well that part is up to interpretation! Might not be the same exact words but the thought counts.

12:46: Well, why did you write me then?

12:47: I already told you that, silly! I was bored and you seemed to be fun to chat with. Should I stop? :'(

12:50: No, it's fine, I guess.

12:51: Phew! Lucky me! So, what are you up to right now?

12:58: Not much. Taking care of Teddy.

12:59: Teddy Lupin? Oh, I see, this is why it takes you ages to respond!

Harry did not have it in his heart to tell he, he was typing as fast as he could right now while Teddy was sitting on his lap and helping him to sound 'cooler'. He in fact had to admit that the boy was better in that small talk thing than himself. Still, Harry was not willing to ask Astoria what her favourite dinosaur was or what was her favourite toy. Especially the last one could sound wrong. Very wrong. Not that Teddy cared.

13:00: Is babysitting on Saturdays kind of your thing? And say hello to Teddy from me!

This message resulted in Teddy squeaking happily when Harry read it to him. It also reminded the two boys that it was time to go back home. Before Teddy went to

school, he had no friends outside the wizarding world but this had changed a lot until now. Andromeda would be home in about ten minutes to escort the boy to a playdate he had arranged himself. So, this meant that Harry's time with him would be over pretty soon. When Teddy still had been a toddler, he would always cry when Harry left. Now it was Harry feeling a bit empty when he dropped off his godson and realized that he had a long day of doing nothing ahead of him. With a shrug of his shoulders he took out his phone again and replied to Astoria.

13:14: Actually, Teddy is too busy to hang out anymore.

13:14: That means you are free?

13:17: Seems so.

13:17: Great. That's the address.

And as simply as that she sent him a picture with the actual address of her or let's be honest Draco's apartment. To Harry's surprise, the street was not anywhere near muggle London but in the very heart of the city centre. Maybe this was the reason Malf – Draco was so secretive about his address. When Harry thought about it, nobody seemed to know where the blond man actually lived as all written conversation took place via owls which were discretely sent to an owling station. Obviously, Draco did not like surprise visits so Harry definitely would not simply go there without the other man's permission.

~

Never underestimate the stubbornness of a Slytherin! Most of them are gifted with a silver tongue and not afraid to extensively use it to get what they want. In this case it was Harry's company. He still wondered how she had gotten him to come over while he was waiting in front of the apartment door, already in the building. It had taken her several more messages (if you count five as a lot, for Harry who never received texts this number obviously was) to convince him it would be a great idea to swing by. She had also ensured him Draco was absolutely fine with it.

Taking another deep breath, Harry carefully knocked at the door, still feeling like he was about to do something very intimate. 'Don't be silly', he told himself, 'people visit each other all the time! Also, I was definitely invited!' The door opened and Astoria's smiling face greeted him, she was obviously glad to see him. For a brief moment Harry thought that she looked different to when he last met her. He could have sworn, there was something glittering in her face once again.

"Harry, good to see you. Come on in. Leave your jacket, shoes and glamours at the door!" With that words she gestured him to come inside and closed the door behind herself. Without waiting for him to take off his shoes she already went back inside the apartment which gave Harry the chance to take a look around. The hall was bright and the only thing in there were five cloak hooks, four of them currently empty. It did not seem as if Draco actually was at home. Harry did not like that thought at all. Still, he put his shoes on the shelf below the hooks and hung his old jacket next to Astoria's



which seemed to be a rather formal blazer with glittering pinstripes. He carefully made his way further into the apartment. After only a few steps he felt the tingling sensation of magic.

It was as if the flat was trying to slide any enchantment off of him. Was this what Astoria had meant by leaving glamours outside? He began to wonder if she was wearing any. Stepping around the corner he found himself in a very large room with bright white walls. It featured an elegant and modern dining table with four chairs as well as a couch and to his big surprise a telly. To be specific a brand-new flat screen which had been placed on a small sideboard. While the room itself was very bright, featuring huge window fronts to two sides, the furniture was held in dark earthy tones. Here and there a tiny bit of decoration was added such as a small plant on the coffee table or a few photographs on the wall behind the telly.

Before Harry had the chance to inspect said picture any closer Astoria returned from the open kitchen which was connected to the room, carrying two cups of steaming hot tea. She smiled at Harry, obviously feeling content with herself. He noticed that something had changed about her face. Now he could definitely see the small silver metal ring piercing through her nose. She was wearing her hair up in a bun once again but this time he noticed she had shaved the right side of her head so only short stubbles of hair covered her scalp. The arm she held out the teacup towards Harry featured at least three tattoos. One automatically drew in all his attention. It was the one thing he had been afraid to see on Draco. The constant reminder of their past. The Dark Mark.

Although still being clearly visible, it had been altered. The hollow eyes of the skull had been filled with colourful flowers Harry did not know and the body of the snake seemed to be crackling, brittle stone. Below it the tattoo continued with a banner featuring the words "Ego faciem meam metus". Harry could not help himself but stare at it. In a strange way it was almost beautiful. Not knowing what to say or how to react he took the tea from her and looked into her face. She carefully observed him with a cautious smile. Astoria had not even attempted to cover it up. Like a giant scar it was omnipresent. He knew the feeling. Also, he realized that if they really wanted to become friends, him her and ... Draco they one day had to talk about this. But not today. Other matters seemed to be more important right now.

"So, this is how you look without Glamours," he began, not knowing how to go on. Luckily, she seemed to have regained her confidence, nipping at her tea before grinning at him.

"Yeah, I mean, I would prefer to not wear them at all but could you imagine the gossip? 'Astoria Greengrass turning into a muggle hipster' What is happening to the traditional wizarding families'. Oh dear, it would break my mother's heart if once again the wizarding world would viciously gossip about me."

Suddenly Harry remembered the rumours that had come up right after he left Hogwarts. There had been a time when the wizarding world was absolutely sure Draco Malfoy would marry this girl. And then he disappeared for almost a year, returning with the news he wanted to start his own business.

"Bad enough, that I am living with a man who is definitely not going to marry me!", she sighted dramatically while getting comfortable on the small dark brown couch. Harry decided to keep her company as it really started to feel weird standing in the middle of a room, holding a cup of tea. She put her legs on the cushions as well and Harry noticed she was actually wearing comfortable sweat pants. Somehow, he did not expect her to even own such a piece of clothing. At the same moment when he scolded himself for this silly thought he wondered if that could mean Draco also wore comfortable clothes at home. He could definitely not imagine that at all!

After a few initial difficulties to get their conversation going (which Astoria was not the reason for, just to let you know) they were engaged in a vivid chat about how annoying ball season at the Minister was and how much they hated the gross food people there considered fancy. So, no wonder, they did not hear the key turning in the lock nor notice the noises made by someone getting rid of their shoes and coat. Only when a familiar voice from the hall shouted, they stopped talking.

"Astoria, if I enter the living room to find you snogging another random bloke on my favourite couch without warning me first, I am going to kill you with a plastic spoon!", Draco explained calmly while coming around the corner.

Harry had tried his best to prepare himself mentally to see Draco without his Glamour. The blond man obviously wore one as well, our Golden Boy had successfully concluded. He had tried to imagine what his former rival was hiding under the enchantment. He had considered a tiny but tasteful tattoo, maybe even an earring but by Merlin was he not prepared for what he was actually seeing right now.

Holding two bags of takeaways food in his left hand, Draco Malfoy had just entered the room and noticed it was Harry sitting on the couch. The former Slytherin seemed to momentarily be frozen into place, the sleeveless white shirt hanging loosely from his body while his right hand was carelessly brushing through his hair. Which was not neatly combed back but messy. And in a bun. And bright pink. The colour automatically reminded Harry of fluffy stuffed animals and cotton candy. If that alone had not been confusing enough, Draco's arms were full on covered in black and white tattoos. His bottom lip was pierced on the left side, a tiny silver ring curved around it.

'Well, at least I wasn't wrong about the earring', Harry thought to himself. Although, the "earring" indeed was not a single, tiny piece of jewellery but at least four on the left and three on the right side. Also, there was some sort of larger earpiece at the very front of Draco's left ear.

After needing several moments to find the right words, Draco attempted a crooked smile and managed to say: "Well, maybe I have changed a bit more than you had expected?"