

Blinded By The Dark

a Snape adopts Harry fic

Von Astrido

Kapitel 10: A smiling Malfoy

Chapter Ten: A smiling Malfoy

He restored it quickly and the next moment he was gaping. The picture was of the person he had least expected Potter to have a photo of. Draco Malfoy. And it was not just any photo of him. He was neither scowling nor sneering. He was *smiling*. No big toothy smile, but it was a smile nonetheless. It was a snapshot and he was not looking directly into the camera. He looked more like he was deep in thought and staring into space.

Snape was floored. He had rarely seen Draco with such an expression on his face and he was his godfather, damn it!

And Potter of all people even had a photo of that! He would give a lot to find out what he was thinking about at that moment - and what could make him smile like that. Draco usually looked so guarded and malicious. Snape really wanted to know what could make him drop his guard and look so peaceful.

And he had to ask Potter how he got that photo, because he knew that Potter had no camera.

He quickly made a copy of Draco's picture and stuffed it into one of the secret pockets on his robes before he pocketed the rest of the photos.

He briefly entertained various thoughts of hexing the Dursleys into the middle of the next week, but decided against it. Right now, he had things to do. But there was always the opportunity to come back again later and...educate them...thoroughly.

He apparated to the apparation place in Diagon Alley. He went there, because he thought it would be prudent to buy a new collection of books for Potter to replace the ones he had had from his earlier school years at Hogwarts - even though Potter would most likely never look at them again. Snape loved books and he didn't understand that others wouldn't share his passion.

In Flourish and Blotts he wandered along the shelves, picking up the prescribed books

for Potter's prior years and taking the liberty of replacing a few of the more useless texts (which all happened to have been written by Lockhart) with something more informative.

Finally, he had all books of every subject Harry had taken during his five school years. He also took a book about Ancient Runes and additional reading material about potion preparation and their ingredients, just in case Potter happened to want to read them - however unlikely that seemed to be.

Harry had expressed very little knowledge about disabled wizards, not that this was unusual. Normally, these accidents were treated immediately and therefore could be healed. Snape decided to talk with Harry about his blindness more thoroughly, so he would understand and not feel sorry for himself any longer. Snape was quite annoyed that Harry lacked his old spirit, and he would do everything, okay nearly everything, to get it back.

All in all he bought over forty books and had to shrink them so he could carry them all with him. He wondered how muggles coped with these problems without being able to rely on magic to make their lives easier.

Noticing the time, he became aware that he had spent too much time in the bookstore like he always did. He regretted getting carried away with himself today, because he may have bought all of the books Harry would need, but he still had to buy all of the prescribed school materials that Lares and he had not been able to buy in the morning.

Several hours later, he apparated home, completely exhausted. Snape knew Potter had no money at the moment, so he paid for everything out of his own pocket in advance. More importantly, Harry would start school again in five days and he had no money of his own to take to Hogwarts with him. After what happened that morning, he didn't think Harry would be able to cope with going to the bank, even if it was just to withdraw some of his own money. He made a mental note to ask Harry to give him the authority to access his bank vault so that he could take care of these problems.

Snape sat tiredly in an armchair in the lounge, contently sipping at his Whiskey, when he remembered that he still had to talk to Lares about Draco.

Sighing, he put down his glass and made his way to Lares' room. He knocked before he entered the dimly lit room. In fact, it was so dimly lit that, on first sight, he couldn't even see Lares at all. He closed the door quietly behind him and took a closer look about the room. The room was so dark and Lares was so small that he almost missed seeing his small form on the bed, lying curled up in a fetal position. His long black hair was spread about himself and over the covers. He wore black silk pyjama bottoms and a warm wool jumper. His small form was practically swallowed up by the clothing that was far too big for him, even though they were the smallest clothes that Snape owned.

His rhythmic breathing told Snape he was asleep. He looked like a very small forlorn child and rather adorable. Snape growled at having such thoughts. Shaking his head, he walked to the big bed and sat down on the edge. He watched Lares sleep a few

more minutes. He was still breathing rather shallow, but he a quiet sleeper and didn't snore.

His small size made the bed seem bigger than it was, like he was sleeping on a king-sized bed.

He could not believe that he had ever *hated* this child. Of course he had had his reasons, Severus Snape was not a man to do something without a reason, but they didn't seem important anymore. Potter had changed so much. Or was it *him* that had changed? Who could say? Watching Laures sleep, Snape realised that he had come to like the child...and he hated himself for it.

Gently he shook his shoulder to wake him up. Laures groaned, lifted his head and blinked. Then he closed his eyes and layed his head back down.

"Laures..." Snape uttered softly.

"..."

"Potter..." Snape tried again.

"What?" the boy mumbled sleepily, burying his face deeper into his arms.

"Laures, I have something to ask of you." He went on in the same deep and warm voice. He was staring intently at Laures, noticing every small change in his expression, which was no mean feat considering Laures still had most of his face buried in his arms. Laures was turning his face minimally to Snape. Snape realised Harry wasn't going to say anything and carried on with the conversation himself.

"My godson is coming here for the last four days before school starts. I ask you to be nice to him."

Laures hmm-ed. Normally Snape was suspicious of people who hmm-ed at him. It usually meant that they had no intention of doing what they'd just agreed to, but in this case, he was quite sure that that was all he was going to get out of Laures.

However, Laures asked in a hoarse voice and with a sense of foreboding:

"Who is your godson, Sir?"

"Draco Malfoy!"

"Why does this not surprise me." He muttered under his breath but Snape heard it.

"I will behave, Sir." He promised. "But, please, don't tell him who I am. I am Laures. Just Laures, okay?" he pleaded, his dead eyes boring uncomfortable holes into Snape's own.

"If you wish. Do you have anymore questions?" he asked uncomfortably.

"Yes, when does he come?"

"Tomorrow morning." Snape said in a tone that indicated this topic was finished. He retrieved the books and the photos, that he had acquired for Harry this morning, from his pockets and sat them on the bed, before enlarging them to their normal size. Laures who had felt the shift of magic in the air raised his head warily and asked in a

small voice.

"What did you do, Sir?"

Snape didn't answer the question, but merely told him.

"These are the school books of your previous years. They are not the ones you owned, however. I was so free to buy new ones. Yours needed to be replaced, as they were impossible to repair. Similarly, most of your photos could not be restored. These few seven are all that could be saved. The rest of your belongings are lost. I am sorry," Snape said quietly, handing Harry the key to his vault.

"Really? What about my invisibility cloak and the map? Or my wand?"

"I do not know what map you speak of and I did not find your wand. However, it is interesting that you should have such a rare thing as an invisibility cloak. I did not find them among your belongings, however, I shall search for them. They are highly magical and have a stronger chance of being able to be restored, if they have been burned, too.

Also, you and I will have to go to Diagon Alley once more. You still need proper clothing and a new wand." Snape explained in a soothing voice. Laurs tensed at the memory of this morning, nonetheless.

"It is late, get some rest, Laures. Good night!" he said as he stood and walked out. The almost silent "Good night, Sir," Laures whispered in reply was faintly heard before the door was closed.

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Harry was surprised that Snape had done all that for him. Getting his things and replacing the lost ones. A warm feeling was rising in his chest. Maybe Snape was not so bad after all.

He picked up the little stack of photos and chose one, before he put the others aside. He tentatively reached out with his magic to the photo, trying to feel the magic shifting when the people on the photo moved. At first, he felt nothing. Then he slowly became aware of the magic that radiated from and surrounded the picture. Only about an hour later, after god knows how many failed attempts, he finally sensed the magic of the person on the photo.

But before he could focus on their movements, he was sound asleep, exhausted from his efforts.

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Draco stood in front of the fireplace, saying goodbye to his parents. Only the day before, uncle Sev, even though Snape was his godfather, he couldn't recall a time when he'd ever called him anything other than uncle Sev, except when he was in school, of course, had confirmed that he could come for the rest of the holidays, which was four days. In five days, on September the first, he would take the train back

to Hogwarts for another school year; his sixth.

The news that somebody else was staying with his godfather, surprised him. A child, no less! His uncle couldn't stand children. And he had to be nice to him. He snorted. As if he would be. The only people he was friendly with were his mother, uncle Sev and Blaise Zabini, his ex-lover and best friend.

The goodbye was rather frosty, but that was normal. He hugged his mother, who gave him a peck on the cheek. His father was frostier still in his farewells. Draco shook his hand and listened to a few stern warnings about preserving the honour and integrity of the Malfoy name. With one last glance at his parents, he threw the floo powder into the crackling fire and shouted "Snape Manor".

With a *swoosh* he entered the fireplace at Snape Manor, and gracefully stepped out of it. He brushed a bit of imaginary soot off his clothes as a Malfoy did not get dirty while floo-ing. Then he put his suitcase down and looked around the room. It was empty, which was expected as Severus normally had breakfast at eight or ten o'clock and it was eleven o'clock now.

He called for a house elf to get Severus and sat down at the empty table to wait. He didn't have to wait long, before Severus marched into the room in his usual imposing demeanor.

He was scowling like he always did when somebody interrupted him in his work until he caught sight of Draco. His features brightened considerably.

"Good morning, Draco!" Severus greeted him warmly.

"Hello, uncle Sev!" Draco replied and his cold mask fell away. To the casual observer who didn't know Draco well, he looked no less imposing or unapproachable, but Severus noticed the change in his demeanour straight away. It matched his own. Neither was sneering or glaring anymore and Severus embraced him lightly.

"You can not have your usual room, because of the boy I already told you about. Please, take the one to the left of it and make yourself at home. I apologise, but I must finish my potion, before we can talk. I'll come and get you then."

With that he already rushed out of the room again. Draco was only slightly surprised as he knew the passion Severus felt for his potions. They would always come first. He grabbed his suitcase and made his way to the room he would be staying in.

It was a large bright room with a pale blue wallpaper. It had a small balcony with a double door through which the sunlight flooded. There was a big fourposter with slytherin-green hangings and silver-blue sheets. A big desk in a dark wood was in the right corner as well. The door and the wardrobe were made in light wood. The door led to the bathroom which was tiled in blue and white and had a big tub, a shower and a sink.

After he had finished unpacking, Draco thought he would pay this mysterious child a visit. He was wondering how old it was and whether it could do magic.

He knocked twice, but after receiving no answer, he let himself in. The sight that awaited him was really not what he had imagined. On the bed was a bunch of long deep black hair spread across the pillow. The rest of the person was covered with a dark green coloured blanket. Many books were spread on the blanket and some lay on

the floor where it looked like they had fallen and lay forgotten, or unnoticed. When he walked closer he could see that there were a few photos, as well. In fact, this mysterious child was holding one of them in his hand which he just had spotted between the covers.

Curiously he picked it up. He was interested in what could be so precious to someone that they would fall asleep holding onto a picture of it.

Draco nearly dropped the picture when he saw himself smiling at himself. He was shocked. Firstly, he could not grasp how this person had managed to get a hold of a picture where he was actually smiling, because he almost never did and secondly - and more importantly - he'd never seen himself smile before, and he had to admit that he looked quite attractive when he did. The question why a stranger had a picture of him, completely escaped him. Disbelievingly he stared at the person still peacefully sleeping in front of him.

After a while, he frowned. He really didn't know what to think of this person. Strange was that the child was still sleeping, as well. It was already twelve o'clock. He sat down on the edge and shook his shoulder, or rather where he assumed his shoulder was.

The youngster flinched noticeably and squeaked, before it buried itself even more in its blanket. He lifted one pale eyebrow in wonder, then he started laughing. He'd expected a lot of things, but this was unexpected. He placed his hand above the child on the blanket again. The child started whimpering and shaking quite badly.

Suddenly the child crept away from him and a bit nearer to where the cover ended. Then a head slowly appeared from under it.

"Who are you?" he asked in a muffled and quivering voice.

"I'm Draco Malfoy." He drawled. "What's with you? Why are you so scared?"

'Not that I don't appreciate it, but uncle Sev said I have to get along with you.' He added silently, smugly.

"I-It's no-nothing." he whispered between chattering teeth. He wasn't cold, no. He was just absolutely frightened about what Malfoy would do to him.

"Wha-what do you w-want f-fr-from m-me?" he managed to stammer.

"Me? I just wanted to get to know the mysterious child uncle Sev willingly harbours." He sneered, looking disdainfully around the room. This was, or rather had, been his room. He'd always stayed in this room when he had stayed at Snape Manor. He didn't know what Severus had thought when he had put the child in here, but he didn't like it.

He scrutinized the child. It was strange, he couldn't even tell if it was a boy or a girl.

"Are you a boy or a girl and how old are you?" he asked, rudely.

"I am a boy and I am sixteen, thank you very much." the child spat bravely, narrowing his eyes. At least, he would have been looking angry, hadn't he been almost completely covered in the blanket.

Slightly startled, though, Draco raised his eyebrows. He couldn't possibly be sixteen. He barely looked twelve. However, he resolved not to comment on this. His gaze fell, once again, to the picture that he still had in one hand.

"Why do you have a picture of me? Where did you get it?" He looked sharply at Laures who blushed furiously.

"I... I..."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, can't you talk without stuttering?" Draco snapped angrily. Laures' eyes widened in fear and hurriedly crawled away from him. He was shaking again, and whimpering in fear. He pressed himself against the headboard as if he wanted to disappear through it.

"No. Please, don't." he breathed, staring wide-eyed in his direction, though he seemed to be looking through him, not recognizing Draco anymore.

The next moment, Snape burst into the room. He looked around wildly until he saw Draco and Laures. He breathed a sigh of relief and slumped slightly against the doorframe. Then he mumbled something under his breath and walked towards Draco and Laures.

"What happened, Draco?" he asked sternly.

Draco looked up at him and blinked innocently.

"I didn't do anything. I just wanted to wake him up, because I wanted to talk to him, and so I shook his shoulder lightly."

Snape looked at him *suspiciously*, before turning his attention to Harry. He knew his godson and what he was like.

"Laures." he uttered softly. At first nothing happened except that Draco's eyebrows shot up to his hairline again. Draco seldomly saw Severus being nice to someone at all. So, he was extremely curious about Severus' behaviour toward his charge.

The child, Laures as he knew now, turned his head to Severus who continued talking softly. Slowly Laures seemed to come back to reality, relaxing slightly.

Severus turned away from him and looked at Draco with an unreadable expression.

"I think you and I have to talk."

He said and Draco shuddered inwardly. He knew by Severus' tone that he had done something seriously wrong, though he didn't know what, which made him feel even more nervous.

TBC

Danke an alle Kommi-schreiberInnen: Mangacat, Serenity, Gwenryn, Pummelluff, Darkeye.

Tut mir leid, dass ihr so lange warten musstet, aber ich muss leider sagen, dass das nächste Kapitel nicht schneller kommen wird. Ich will erst meine andere FF fertig stellen.

cyu as^^