

# Dreams may come true...

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## Inhaltsverzeichnis

<b>Kapitel 1: weird dreams</b>	.....	2
<b>Kapitel 2: chapter one</b>	.....	4

# Kapitel 1: weird dreams

## Prologue

When he woke up he felt cold, extremely cold. Moreover the air was icy and his breath visible as light white clouds. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes again. Pictures were flooding in front of his inner eyes, leaving behind a familiar image – a small red bird flying through black sky, cutting like a warm, flamed sword through a cold ice block. Afterwards it vanished into nothing, became one with the pure darkness around him.

Sudden movement caught his attention. His eyes flipped open. He sat up and looked around, watching for any changes in his surroundings. Nothing. Thus he sighed bored and reached out for his glasses, which used to lie on the bedside table. At that moment he realised he wasn't where he should have been. He looked around. The blurred environment was white and greyish. Where was he? He wondered what had happened. This place was for sure not his bedroom, not even anything familiar. The coldness sneaked slowly but strongly under his clothes and into his body. He shivered. Where the hell am I?, he asked himself, rubbing nervously his hands together.

Although he didn't wear his glasses he was certain if he had, he wouldn't have seen anything more than this fog. There was a silent noise to his right, not far away from him. Clutching his shirt firmly to his body he stood up and tried to look for the whereabouts of the sound. Hushed footsteps were coming straight towards him. He looked up. Astonishment on his face he stood there, watching the person drawing nearer. He knew that face, those cold grey eyes, that blond flat hair and that pale skin. However he couldn't turn his eyes away from him, him who he detested the most.

The strange thing about this situation was, he could feel the coldness fading the nearer the other person came. And the moment this man stopped only a view metre in front of him, their whole surrounding had completely changed into a warmth filled place, flooded with golden sunlight. Amazed by this happening he stood there - silence. A thin smile on his lips the other person raised his arm and touched gently his cheek. This warm feeling he got overwhelmed with streamed through his entire body. Then the other one drew his face nearer and nearer, looking intensively into his opposite's eyes. Heat struck him when their lips touched and pleasure filled his mind. All of a sudden everything went dark around him and he abruptly sat up, breathing hard.

Harry gasped for breath and looked immediately around. His hands clutched into the blankets and the silent breathing of a woman next to him. Relieved at being at home he realised it all had been a dream – just some nice dream.

Ginny moved still sleeping and muttered something unintelligible. He laid down back - thinking. What had he thought just now? A nice dream? How could that be possible? He suddenly blushed. As if he was talking to someone else Harry shook his head. It was a nightmare, a terrible nightmare, he told himself angrily. Who would have wanted such a dream? Absolutely not him. Slowly he calmed down and stared at the ceiling. He heard his dear wife breathing at his side. That was where he belonged to. This was his life. There was no space for weird dreams.

He closed his green eyes and was struck by the image of the smile the person had given him in his dream. This kindness in his look had chased away the coldness he had

always felt, when he had seen him. Now he remembered the warm feeling he had had while the other man has touched with pure gentleness his lips with his own. A night mare, huh?

## Kapitel 2: chapter one

### chapter ONE

It was a cold morning, moreover it was deep winter and the snow that had fallen at night laid heavy on the old trees around the house. Some sweet scent flowed through the air.

Harry slowly opened his eyes and stared silent at the ceiling. As she had known, Ginny entered the bedroom and gave him a nice smile. He recognized her and sat up. His bare feet touched cold floor thus he gave a short shiver.

Finally he looked up at the young woman that stood by the door. Her gentle gesture, when she held her hand towards him, was somehow usual.

"Good Morning, darling", he said bluntly, taking her hand.

All she did was smile. He pulled her kindly onto his lap and laid his head onto her skinny shoulder. The nice smell that came from her was known by him very well but somehow he couldn't describe it. It wasn't that he didn't like it but still he wouldn't get any special sensation from it. Whether it was because he was simply used to his wife's scent or it had been from the very beginning, he couldn't remember.

"Breakfast is ready", Ginny told him, breaking the awkward silence suddenly.

"'kay", he replied.

She stood up and left the bedroom, leaving the door open and her, lost in thought, husband behind.

When did it start?, Harry asked himself. Since when did we live together but far away from each other?

They sat at the table and ate without looking at each other. Whether this coldness came from outdoors or was due to the invisible wall between them didn't matter to both of them.

"I'll have to go to school starting tomorrow", Harry said.

Ginny nodded, "I know."

"I'll miss you", the young man added after a long pause.

She looked up. A smile brightened her pretty face, "I know"

"Will you miss me, too?"

"Of course", when she said that Ginny didn't turn her face away from him; she remained smiling.

What a false smile, he thought and sighed. Then he stood up.

"I'll take my leave then"

She nodded, "Your trunk is packed."

With a short glance at her, Harry left the kitchen and put his coat on. Ginny followed him and watched him silently. Her long reddish brown hair was tied into a plait, lying straight on her back.

"See you soon", the young man said with a somehow sad smile and took the old brown leather trunk, "I love you"

"Me too", his wife gave him a short kiss on the cheek and waved at him, as he left their place, "Yeah, I love you"

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The train was cramped and it was difficult for him to find an empty cabin. Students of all ages between 12 and 18 were sitting talking on their seats or walked through the long train. There was no space left for the teachers, thus Harry sighed and placed his trunk in a corner and stood there silently staring out of a window. Some pupils ran across him, greeted him half heartedly or didn't even care about his presence.

"Potter?"

Harry turned his head towards the speaker and his eyes widened when he saw the person that had called him.

"Really, it's you, isn't it!" a grinning Draco Malfoy was looking at him.

Harry didn't know what to say and kept silent.

"Man, long time no see", the blond guy said bluntly and came out of his cabin, "Wanna join?"

He got a startled look from the other man and shrugged. Then he took Harry's trunk and put it onto one of the empty seats in his room.

"Well, if you like staring into nothing and being ignored by students, you can stay there as you please", said Draco sighing.

"Erm, well", Harry stuttered, "You've got a point, I guess"

Draco laughed, "Well, I do"

They were sitting in silence in front of each other. Harry looked out of the window and Draco read some book, he had pulled out of his small leather bag he carried around.

"What are you staring at?" Draco suddenly asked, without taking his eyes of the book.

"Nothing", said Harry calmly.

"Is that so?"

The black-haired said nothing.

Draco sighed and put his book aside, "What are you doing on this train?"

"I wanted to ask you the same thing, Malfoy"

"That's easy. I'm a teacher. Next question"

Harry sized Draco up and his eyes met with the blond man's. Suddenly he remembered his weird dream and Harry's cheeks flushed a little. Then he turned his gaze away from his former classmate and enemy. The word 'enemy' didn't seem fitting anymore. Draco was sitting smiling in front of him. He had changed a lot. Not only his outlooks, but also his character seemed to be the total opposite from his old self.

"Well, now. What's your business in Hogwarts? I don't see any need of an Auror there"

Harry nodded, "I'll be working as a substitute teacher for some time. I shall tell the students about my own experiences and so on", he looked down.

"Defence of the Dark Arts then?"

"Yeah"

"So, we'll be working together from now on! I'm with potions", Draco reached out his hand and looked smiling at Harry.

"You've changed", he muttered and shook the other one's hand.

"Did you say anything?"

"No, no", Harry smiled as well and looked again at Draco, from head to toe and the other way round. You've really changed.

Dracos blond and half-long hair was uncombed and laid wild on his head. Some longer

bangs hang slack into his face and covered his eyebrows. The always-ice-cold grey eyes were no longer icy but shiny and warm, but somehow sad.

He wore brown trousers and a tan shirt. A brown coat with green lining was lying heavily around his shoulders.

Yes, this was Draco Malfoy sitting in front of him, smiling and cheery chatting. Harry had to remind himself over and over again. It was just too unbelievable.