

Secret

Von cachal

When you first met him, you immediately thought there was something mysterious about him. Something slightly unusual that you couldn't quite place. You had the feeling that maybe he was hiding something. But that hadn't stopped you from being interested in him, quite the opposite. You liked the air of mystery that surrounded him. You also had the feeling that he wanted to tell you his possible secrets and that it pained him that he could not. But you were patient and could wait - you knew he would come to you with it when he was ready at some point. Besides, you were already so in love that you gladly accepted all his quirks.

You'd even almost stopped wondering about his lack of knowledge about pop culture, because he'd told you he'd grown up far away from it all. You knew he came from a wealthy and respectable family, but you had never heard of the Malfoys. Not that you were well versed in high society, but you had never heard of a name like Malfoy.... It almost sounded made up. On the other hand, it did fit very well with his first name - you had never heard the name Draco either. His parents had to be pretty creative people, or maybe it was a family tradition and the name of his great-grandfather or something, you thought.

But his name suited him perfectly. It matched his sharp light grey eyes, his long straight blond hair that he wore in a ponytail, his pale complexion and his slim figure. It reminded you that you had never seen a man wear a ponytail with more confidence, apart from Karl Lagerfeld perhaps. That was another part of Draco, that he either didn't realise how unusual he looked, or didn't care what people thought. You believed it was a mixture of both. Sometimes you felt like he was almost from another world, and not just because he came from a wealthy family. It was the atmosphere that surrounded him, it had something.... if you had to put it in one word, you would say something supernatural. It sounded trite, but you couldn't think of a better word.

But the most amazing thing about him, you thought, was that he seemed to genuinely like you. Something you still couldn't quite believe, even weeks later. You were still amazed at how his eyes, which sometimes seemed cold and distant, lit up when he saw you. Sometimes you wondered if he was showing you a side that few people knew. It felt like he relaxed around you in a way that, even if he still seemed to be holding something back, showed more of the real him than he would show anyone else.

Then came the day that changed everything forever. Not just your view of him, but your view of all things. After that day, nothing would ever be the same again, but of course you didn't know that yet when Draco showed up at your door, seemingly out of nowhere, as he always did.

He had flowers with him. It was a first and an opulent gesture compared to his usual behaviour. You were overjoyed and noticed that the red roses smelled of nothing you had ever smelled before and wondered if he had prepared them with perfume.

They looked stunning in your vase on the table.

As you admired them, you wondered for a moment if they were somehow a lighter shade than before, but that was surely just your imagination or the lighting of course, you told yourself.

When you returned from the kitchen with the tea tray, Draco had already shed his black coat and jacket and was sitting in the corner of your sofa in his white shirt. He had leaned back and spread his arms on the backrest, but straightened up when you entered the room.

"It's the one you liked last time," you said to him, pointing to the tea. He smiled and, as always, it didn't fail to awaken your inner butterflies. He could do that with such a small gesture. You put the tea down and would have liked to nestle at his side, but didn't quite dare. So you found a place as close to him as you dared without being too obvious, at least you hoped.

It seemed he wanted to tell you something, but hesitated, apparently needing to gather strength before he could speak.

"I have something to tell you. Or rather, I want to show you something, because otherwise you probably wouldn't believe me. I may be breaking rules by doing this, but I want you to know me - the real me."

Your heart beat faster because this was it, this was the moment he would open up to you. It meant that he trusted you enough to show you the sides of him that he had held back until now.

You waited patiently because it seemed he needed another moment to find the courage to show you what he wanted to show you. But then it looked as if he had made up his mind and reached for something lying next to him that you hadn't been paying attention to. It seemed to be a large chopstick or an extravagant pencil, and he held it as if it were an extension of his arm, as if he were used to wielding it.

"Please, don't be afraid," he said before pointing the chopstick at the flowers and saying.

"Glacius!"

You couldn't help but wince a little as the flowers suddenly turned to ice. They really and truly turned to ice - right before your eyes. What kind of trick was that? But while you tried to explain rationally what you had seen, you knew there could be no simple explanation for it, because you had really seen them turn into ice, not Draco switching them with some card player's trick. Even if it had happened very quickly, you should have seen it. It was impossible!

You didn't notice how Draco was keeping a close eye on you to see how you would

take it. Then he decided to take it a step further.

"Diminuendo!" he said, still pointing his wand at the ice flowers, which shrank instantly. This time you couldn't help but make a sound of astonishment. What the hell?! At first you thought they must have melted, even if it wasn't at all possible from one moment to the next, but when you looked closer, you noticed that they had exactly the same shape as before, only much smaller.

You wanted to look at Draco, but you couldn't take your eyes off the small ice sculpture that shouldn't even exist. Then you heard him say:

"Colovaria!", and the ice turned purple. At this point, you finally turned your head and stared at Draco. How had he... What was he? were your first thoughts, but then you noticed the expression in his eyes: Please, don't look at me like I'm a monster, like I'm a freak, they seemed to plead. He seemed as vulnerable as you had ever seen him. As if he had just shown you something very intimate and was afraid you would judge him.

You felt yourself calm down as you realised he was still the same Draco you knew. You could still see it in his eyes, maybe even more than before - you weren't afraid.

"May I... May I touch it?" you asked, noticing him relax as if some danger had passed. He smiled slightly as he answered:

"Yes, of course," and pride crept into his relief.

Curious, you turned back and leaned towards the miracle on the table. You hesitated for a moment before touching the ice petals. And even though the whole thing had turned purple, it still felt quite like ice under your touch. Amazing, you thought, and must have said so, because Draco's smile widened.

"You think so?" he asked dismissively. And you wondered what else he was capable of, if this was child's play for him. You finally sat back, now with a smile on your own lips, while Draco said:

"Watch this. Deletrius," and the ice flowers dissolved into nothing in the blink of an eye.

"Tergeo!" he continued, and the purple drops of water on the table also disappeared.

You felt so electrified that you could have laughed out loud, but instead turned to Draco - ready to hear what explanation he would give you for what had happened.

Draco looked at you and became serious again as he began to explain:

"I thought I'd show you before I told you, because otherwise you wouldn't believe me, but I'm a wizard. A wizard, not like the illusionists you have, but a real one."

He was absolutely right, if you hadn't seen what he had shown you, you certainly wouldn't have believed him. But so now your eyes grew wide and you answered:

"Okay." to let him know you believed him.

You could see his relief in the way he slumped back lightly on the sofa. You couldn't imagine how he must have felt - showing you such a secret that could have easily sent you fleeing forever. You had no idea that he had already planned to erase your memory if things had gone badly. For his protection and yours.

He was capable of magic - that would take a while for you to really grasp. Damn that magic even existed - real magic, was incredible!

"How..." you began.

"How do you do something like that? Could I do it too? With your wand, maybe? It's a wand, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a wand," he confirmed.

"But I'm sorry, only some people have that ability and at your age you would have noticed by now if you had it."

"Oh," escaped your lips before you could hold it back. You didn't want to sound so disappointed because, to be honest, you would have found it harder to believe that you could do such things than he did.

When you thought about him, suddenly everything made sense. The way he dressed, the way he acted and the way he generally seemed like he wasn't entirely of this world. Because he wasn't, but part of something else entirely. You couldn't imagine what a life could be like where you could basically do anything with the wave of a wand and a magical word.

"But still, that's absolutely fantastic!" you beam again.

"I have a million questions right now," you confessed.

"But first of all, thank you! Thank you so much for sharing this with me. It must have been so hard to keep it to yourself and tell me, even more so. Thank you for trusting me!" At this point you couldn't hold back any longer and leaned down to pull Draco into a hug.

"Thank you," you whispered in his ear and felt him hold you even tighter in response.

"Thank you for staying so calm," he whispered back, and you sensed how worried he must have been about the whole thing.

You buried your face in the crook of his neck, slightly overwhelmed by the emotional and physical closeness.

You felt him lower his head and look at you. He felt it too, you thought - that it had

brought us both so much closer.

You noticed how good his slender body felt in your arms, not to mention his long fingers on your back.

You thought about maybe letting go now, but you were reluctant to - in fact, you never wanted to let go of him again, ever.