

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

Title: Valentine's Day Repeated

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Summary: It's not a happy Valentine's Day for Draco. Then again, he might get a chance to do it over...

Beta: Jen ([magicgerbil](#)), Veer ([mefeature](#))

Author's notes: This was inspired by an old Buffy/Spike fic that I read years ago. Spike was stuck on the same day and had to relive it over and over again. This is the same general idea, though of course completely different ;)

As many have pointed out... I have NOT seen the movie with the same theme (Groundhog Day, I believe it is called) - though it is possible that the Buffy/Spike fic was inspired by the movie.

Warning: Slash

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

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By Cosmic

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## *Chapter One* *Day One*

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Draco Malfoy slicked back a stray hair and checked himself in the mirror. It would never do to leave the room without looking his best but on this particular day, it would be even worse. Every girl – and quite a few boys – would be looking at him on this day, hoping to see some sign of his interest in them. The girls would, more or less openly, hope to be getting a card from him while the boys would want a ‘spare moment’ with him to give him a thoughtful gift or some such nonsense.

Valentine’s Day usually ended with Draco’s room decorated with quite a few flowers, as well as new necklaces and things that had ‘simply-reminded-this-or-that person of Draco’.

There was a knock on the door and a moment later, Pansy Parkinson came strutting into the room. She was dressed in a dressing gown that was loosely tied. Her red lace bra and underwear showed clearly, as did her legs and quite some cleavage. Draco wondered if she was using a breast-enhancing spell – it certainly looked like it.

“Draco,” she purred, “I don’t know what dress to wear tonight.”

Draco stared at her. Pansy was under the illusion that they were going to have a secret rendezvous in the Astronomy Tower and no matter what Draco told her about the likelihood of that ever happening again, she wouldn’t listen. She still believed that the single, bad fuck that they’d shared had been the best thing ever and that they were going to get married and live happily ever after.

She needed to get her head checked out.

“Pansy,” Draco said icily, “there is no way in hell we’re ever going out again. I don’t care which of those ugly dresses you decide to wear tonight, because I won’t be anywhere near you and thus won’t see you.”

Pansy looked at Draco. Then her lower lip started quivering and tears spilled down her cheeks. “Why do you have to be so mean?” she screamed at him before turning around and running out of the room.

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Draco rolled his eyes at her and returned to studying his reflection.

“You look great,” the mirror told him.

“I know,” Draco said.

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The Great Hall was filled with people. Everywhere, couples were kissing with their hands moving in places they really shouldn't be when teachers were present, but on Valentine's Day, students seemed less bothered with this fact. Pink hearts were strewn over the tables and heart-shaped clouds were floating about over the enchanted ceiling.

Draco sneered over at the Golden Trio, where two thirds – the Mudblood and the Weasel – were sticking their tongues down each other's throats. Potter looked bored, he noted.

Draco strode into the room, well aware that the entire student body was watching him. Draco always looked good, but in these new robes and the fine new boots, he looked even better. None of the girls dared to come to him though and not until Draco and his goons had taken their seats at the Slytherin table did the conversations of the Great Hall start up to the same level as they had been before he'd arrived.

Once Draco had started his breakfast, the owls came and no less than sixteen owls landed in front of Draco. It was a rather gross lot of feathers and Draco hoped none of them would be in his food once the birds were gone.

Nothing in the heap of cards and small presents looked even remotely interesting. With a bored look upon his face, Draco opened the cards – there was one from Mandy Brocklehurst, with whom Draco had... *copulated* mere weeks before. She'd been a good shag, but not pretty or witty enough to keep Draco's interest. Her fellow Ravenclaw Lisa Turpin, whom Draco had never dated or even wanted to, had also sent a sugary sweet card with pink hearts on.

There were three cards from younger Hufflepuffs that Draco thought would come close to paedophilia to touch and he shuddered at the thought of dating any of them. Slytherin Prince indeed, but he had to draw some line. Megan Jones on the other hand, who sent a more tasteful card with a single heart on it, was a rather hot girl Draco wouldn't mind

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bringing to bed again. Though the girl had little wits, her body was definitely fine enough. The same had to be said of Wayne Hopkins, who had also sent him a card, with a note saying, *'I had a great time last week.'* Draco nearly snorted – of course they had a great time. Draco *was* great.

Draco eyed through the rest of the cards; there was nothing noteworthy. So far, the day had earned him two new silver necklaces and a small dragon figure, also made of silver. No Gryffindor had sent him anything – which was unsurprising, as it would likely be called betraying the house if they did – and no Slytherin save for Pansy had made a move. That was also unsurprising as Slytherins were known for their sneakiness and sending a card and declaring one's affections was not sneaky.

Draco continued breakfast, barely socializing with his class mates because their conversations tended to be quite dull. Pansy had been draping herself over him as he opened his cards but Draco had ignored her and now she was thankfully ignoring him.

Finishing up, Draco was just about to leave the table when an owl flew into the room. It was one of the school owls and it bore a single, glowing red rose in its beak. The entire Hall stilled and stared as the bird flew rounds over the tables. Finally, it landed in front of Draco.

“What—” Draco mumbled under his breath, confused. The day's deliveries had already been made.

The owl picked at him so that he would take the rose. For a second, Draco wondered if it was from his father or the Dark Lord, but he told himself that was stupid. Why would either of them send him a glowing rose? No, this was clearly someone's Valentine's gift for him.

He snatched the rose from the owl's beak. The bird picked a few crumbs off the table before flying off.

“Who's it from?” It was Millicent who asked. Draco sneered at her. If any of the Slytherin's would have been stupid enough to send him a Valentine's, it would be her. She wouldn't know wit if her life depended on it.

“That's none of your business,” Draco said to her. It wasn't, but the truth was that Draco didn't know who the rose was from. Though he had an idea...

As Draco walked to his first class, leaving his goons behind, Draco thought back over the last few weeks. The rose wasn't the first strange, anonymous gift he had received. Stashed in his bedside table were other little things that had appeared by owl at odd hours. A drawing

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of Draco that he knew Dean Thomas in Gryffindor had done a few months earlier. That Thomas would be behind the anonymous gifts was unlikely, though – he was madly in love with Finnegan, another Gryffindor. Besides, Thomas was known for having drawn every person in the entire seventh year class.

And there had been more gifts. A ring, made up of a dragon biting its own tail and thus forming jewellery that fit Draco perfectly. The only reason Draco didn't wear it was that it would raise too many questions.

He had received a single turquoise gemstone set in a beautiful amulet – Draco's birthstone and a protection stone in one. The craftsmanship was perfect and the amulet now hung below Draco's shirt. He had, of course, checked the amulet with all the curse detection spells he knew but there had been nothing. There was strong magic on it, but it was all protection and good magic.

Now there had been the rose. Though it was as beautiful as all the other gifts Draco had received, Draco was getting irritated with the whole thing – he wanted to figure out who was sending him these things. So far, he had only come to a few conclusions: It was unlikely that his secret admirer was much younger than him. The gifts were thoughtful and not based on a simple crush. They took much too long and were much too expensive for that.

And there was the second conclusion – the person had to have money. Both the ring and the turquoise amulet were the real thing and thus very expensive. Draco was glad for this – it ruled out the Weasleys as possible admirers.

Further than that, Draco didn't get. He didn't know if the admirer was a girl or a boy, nor in which House he was. He'd briefly thought that it could be one of the Professors, but quickly dismissed the thought. None of the Hogwarts teachers were the kind of person to send anonymous gifts like this.

Draco arrived in Transfigurations. He sat down and spied over the class as Professor McGonagall continued her lessons in transfiguring living things into other living things.

“It is my goal that every person in here shall be able to transform a small living creature into another before the year is over,” McGonagall said. “It is not nearly as easy as you may imagine it to be – when transfiguring living things, it is crucial that not only the outside but the inside as well is transfigured correctly. A rat transfigured into a rabbit will not survive if only its appearance and not its insides is changed.”

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Draco resisted a yawn. He'd heard it all before and had been forced to read about it before that. McGonagall glanced at Draco. Then she opened a small can and removed a mouse from it. She stood and walked to Draco's seat.

"Mr. Malfoy," she said, "since you are looking so sure of yourself, you don't mind showing the class how to transfigure this mouse into a ferret?"

Draco heard sniggering throughout the classroom and glared, first at his classmates and then at McGonagall. No one would ever let him forget that embarrassing event in his fourth year.

Draco produced his wand and forced himself to be calm. He might have read about this sort of thing, but he had never had to actually do it.

"*Transeo pasco demuto,*" he said, pointing his wand at the mouse. A bit of light engulfed the mouse but when it subsided, all that had changed on the mouse was its fur – from a dull brown one to longer, nearly white strands.

"I suppose you will have to listen a bit more carefully, Mr. Malfoy," McGonagall said with a meaningful look.

Draco held back a sneer. He wanted to retort, but knew it would do nothing but give him a detention. He sunk back in his seat and glared at those of his class mates who dared to so much as look at him. Curiously, one of those who did dare to look was Potter – and he wasn't glaring; he was watching. It was disconcerting and after a quick sneer, Draco looked away.

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The day passed. Between Transfiguration and Potions, Draco was pulled into an abandoned classroom and received a thorough snog. It wasn't until Draco pulled back, short of breath, and asked, "Who are you?" that the girl stopped abruptly. Her eyes filled with tears and she ran out of the classroom. Draco scratched his head but couldn't find it in himself to care – surely, she was one of his many one-night-stands, but why did the girls always think that *meant* something?

Leaving the abandoned classroom, Draco strode down the stairs to the Potions classroom. Snape didn't say anything as he entered.

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“Today, we will be starting to cover the Truth Serums. These include Veritaserum, the Folium potion and the Juroserum. We will start with the Juroserum. Can anyone tell me what the Juroserum does?”

Granger did, as always, have her hand up but Snape, as always, ignored her. Instead he nodded to Draco who had lazily raised his hand.

“The Juroserum is the weakest of the Truth Serums,” Draco drawled. “A person dosed with Juro will still be in control over his or her deepest, darkest secrets, but will not be able to keep from telling the truth about things he or she is thinking about at the moment.”

“Correct,” Snape said. “Five points to Slytherin. As the other Truth Serums, the use of Juroserum is strictly controlled by the Ministry. Before they passed the laws on how the potion was allowed to be used, it was often used in seemingly harmless pranks that in the end turned out very badly indeed.”

He continued the lecture. Draco, who had already read the literature about the potion, sat back and thought of what he would use the potion for if he'd had it. It would definitely be a lot of fun to give Potter some of it and hear him spill all about what he thought of Draco. It would be even more fun to see Potter in detention for using the words he surely would – and Draco would of course see to it that Snape was in the near vicinity.

“Collect the ingredients and start on your potions,” Draco heard Snape say. “This potion is a hard one to make, but it is a quick one. A single mistake, a single second of simmering too long will make the potion useless.”

Draco had watched Snape make this potion before and knew the importance of using the exact measurements and counting the seconds.

It didn't take Draco long to have the potion simmering quietly, the colour a perfect light purple. Having Snape for a godfather had been a bit tedious when Draco grew up, because Draco's father had always made him have lessons for Snape. Entering first year, Draco knew quite a bit more about potions than most of the other children – and now, he was happy that his father had forced Snape to teach him.

It was exactly thirty-six seconds left until Draco was to add the chopped dragon's tongue into the potion, when an explosion shook the walls of the dungeons.

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“Mr. Weasley, you are in a NEWT-level Potions class,” Snape said bitingly to Ron Weasley, “shouldn’t that mean that you would be at least able to *read*? Five points from Gryffindor for your sheer stupidity.”

Draco saw the Weasel’s face turning the same colour as his hair, but the redhead didn’t say anything. Draco saw Potter place a calming hand on the Weasel’s arm.

“And detention tonight, Mr. Weasley,” Snape said.

Draco sniggered quietly and the Weasel sent him a deadly glare. Potter just looked at Draco – his face was almost completely blank and his eyes lacked the usual hatred. For the second time that day, Draco felt unsure of what was going on in Potter’s head. Finally, he smirked at Potter and turned back to his potion, adding the dragon’s tongue just in time.

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After classes ended, Draco returned to his room to relax for a while before dinner. Another few Valentine’s cards had arrived during lunch and Draco placed them before him on his bed. Though he didn’t want to admit it, he hoped that one of the letters or gifts before him was from his secret admirer.

He grew quickly disappointed as he opened envelope after envelope and found only stupid cards from silly Hufflepuffs. They were without doubt the most idiotic people on the planet.

In the end, Draco had only one thing left unopened on the bed. It was a wrapped box with a small card on it. There was nothing written on the card, though – only a rather badly drawn rose that was the exact same colour as the rose Draco had received in the morning.

Carefully opening the package, Draco smiled slightly when he found a box of chocolate. The chocolates were all the shape of hearts and as he was alone in the room, Draco allowed himself to smile. The small pieces looked delicious. He reached out and picked one up. Then he wanted to slap himself for his stupidity because behind his navel –

– Draco felt the pull of a Port Key.

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Draco landed with his wand drawn. Pointing it wildly around the room, Draco soon realised that there seemed to be no imminent danger around. He was standing in a room that, for all that Draco saw, could be one of the old, unused class rooms at Hogwarts. There were student desks and chairs, all looking like they hadn't been used in several decades, and a large one in the front that reminded Draco of McGonagall's desk.

The lighting in the room was nothing like a class room, however. On every desk stood multiple candles, all lit to give the room an unearthly feel. There were no windows, so none of the late afternoon light filtered in – had the candles been put out, the room would have been in complete darkness.

Hesitantly, Draco took a few steps further into the room. He still held his wand out, ready for any attack. The floor creaked beneath his weight.

“There's nothing dangerous in this room, Draco,” said a voice.

Draco looked around the room but he couldn't tell where the voice had come from. He didn't recognize the voice; it was much deeper than anyone Draco knew. Then again, there were lots of spells to change one's voice.

“Show yourself,” Draco said. “If you're nothing dangerous, then you won't mind my being able to see you.”

The voice sighed. “I'm not dangerous, Draco. Just put the wand down, please?”

Though Draco still didn't recognize the voice, there was something about it that was very familiar. It didn't sound threatening at all, so after a few moments hesitation, Draco lowered his wand.

“Are you the one who's been sending me gifts over the last few weeks?” Draco asked.

There was no answer. Instead, Draco heard the rustling of fabric and a faint, whispered *'finite incantatum'*. He turned around to where the sound had come from and he gasped.

“Potter?” he asked, his voice filled with immediate horror. What was *Potter* doing, bringing him places like this? Was Potter finally going to kill him?

“Uh, hi,” said Potter, sounding nothing like someone who was about to kill him. But then, nothing about the situation indicated that Potter wanted him dead – the multitude of candles

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gave the room an almost romantic feeling and Potter's behaviour seemed more like a nervous first year.

Suddenly, Draco recalled what the Port Key that brought him to the room had looked like. A box filled with heart-shaped chocolates with a small drawing of the rose he'd received earlier a card. The gifts he'd received over the last few weeks flew through his head and the protective amulet suddenly burned against his skin.

"*You* are my secret admirer?" Draco asked, pure disgust in his voice.

Potter's cheeks reddened. He asked timidly, "Did you like the gifts?"

Draco's face scrunched up in revulsion as he realised that he'd guessed right. *Potter* was the one who'd sent him all the gifts! He was the one who had given him the protective amulet he was now wearing! Draco didn't know who he had been hoping would be behind the gifts, but it *certainly* wasn't the Gryffindor Golden Boy!

"Draco?" Harry asked softly.

"I have never given you permission to call me by my name," Draco spat at Harry. Then, after a short pause, he said, "I could never like anything you'd ever give me, Potter. You disgust me."

Harry's face fell. At that very moment, Draco realised what those looks Potter had been giving him earlier during the day – and, to be honest, in the last few weeks – meant. They meant *this* – that Potter was his anonymous admirer!

"But—" Harry began but Draco didn't let him finish.

"What?" he asked, his voice hard and cold. "Did you think I'd fall into your arms? That I'd tell you that I loved the gifts and that I hoped it was you? That I have feelings for you? That I *love* you?" His voice turned more and more taunting with every word. Then, with a look at Harry's face, he laughed cruelly. "Oh Merlin, you *did*. You did hope all that! Oh, this is priceless. What are you, in love with me?"

Harry didn't answer. Draco could see him swallow hard.

Draco shook his head and smiled nastily at Harry. "I could never love you, Potter. You are so far below me that even dirt is more worth."

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He strode past the door, which had been just behind Potter all along. When he passed, he heard Potter's quick breath and he smirked to himself, knowing that he was finally getting to crush the Boy Who Lived.

Draco strode down the hallway, realising as he did so that the Port Key had taken him only to the second floor of Hogwarts.

"Draco, please," he heard behind him.

Draco turned around and glared coldly at Potter. "I told you, you don't have permission to use my name."

Draco was by the stairs by that time and other students were passing by. A few stopped, which led to others pausing to see what they were watching. Within moments, a crowd had gathered.

"Can't we just—"

"Just what, Potter?" sneered Draco. "Just talk? I don't think so. Just spending time in the same room as you has made me feel dirty. There is nothing and will never be anything to talk about, you disgusting Mudblood."

A collective gasp went through the crowd and Draco's malicious smile widened. He walked closer to Potter, preparing himself for giving Potter the final blow.

"The mere sight of you makes me feel sick," Draco said, "and the thought of you being in love with me makes me want to kill myself."

He said it just loud enough for the crowd to hear and mumbling immediately started. Potter fell to his knees.

Draco turned from Potter and strode away.

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Potter didn't eat dinner in the Great Hall that evening. Draco sat at his seat, his classmates happily slapping his back and telling him how great it had been to see Draco finally putting Potter in his place. The ones who hadn't been present when it had happened had quickly

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been told and Draco knew that the whole school already had found out about Harry Potter's love for Draco Malfoy.

That night, Draco was definitely the king of Slytherin as he sat in the Common Room being congratulated on how he had crushed Potter.

Only a slight nagging at his heart told Draco that he had done something wrong. Draco didn't listen to it and when he came back to his room and found the chocolates on the bed, he threw them away together with the drawing, the necklace, the ring and the rose.

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Chapter Two

Day Two

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When Draco woke up, he felt well-rested. He wondered if it always felt as good to wake up after publicly humiliating one's school nemesis. If it was, he would certainly try to do it more often. He dressed and fixed his hair when there was a knock on the door. Draco didn't have time to tell the person to piss off – the door opened and Pansy came into the room. She was wearing the same loosely tied dressing gown and red lace underwear that she'd sported the day before.

"Draco," she purred in a tone that was very like how she'd sounded the day before, "I don't know what dress to wear tonight."

"Pansy, what the fuck are you doing here again? I told you yesterday, there is no way in hell that I'm ever going to date you again," Draco drawled.

Pansy's eyebrows furrowed together in confusion and her eyes filled with tears. "Yesterday? What are you talking about?"

"Yesterday! When you came in looking exactly like that!" Draco said, motioning at Pansy's lack of proper clothes.

"I don't— don't know what you're talking about," Pansy said.

Irritated, Draco snapped at her, "Just get out of here, Parkinson."

Tears were falling down Pansy's cheeks. "Why do you always have to be so mean?"

Draco shook his head. That had been some déjà vu over the whole scene. He turned back to the mirror and ran a hand through his hair.

"You look great," the mirror told him.

Draco gave it a look, wondering if the mirror too was stuck on repeating what it had said the day before. He didn't reply.

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The Great Hall was still decorated for Valentine's Day, Draco noted with dismay. Draco wondered why – the House Elves were usually good about cleaning away signs of celebration once the celebration was over.

"They've made it so pretty," Goyle said stupidly, looking at the heart-shaped clouds on the enchanted ceiling. He'd said the exact same thing the day before, but that wasn't unusual. Crabbe and Goyle didn't have the intelligence of a rat even put together, so the fact that they could string together sentences was really quite amazing.

"I don't see why they haven't taken it down," Draco sneered.

"Taken it down?" Crabbe asked.

"Yes, seeing how Valentine's Day was yesterday, that seems to be the logical thing, don't you think?" Draco snapped at them.

He didn't like how Crabbe and Goyle exchanged meaningful looks. They weren't supposed to be bright enough to be able to do that.

He strode into the room. A look at the Golden Trio revealed a scene that seemed uncannily like the day before – Potter looked bored next to his two snogging best friends. It was strange, Draco thought, that Potter didn't look the least bit sad or crushed. He looked up and met Draco's eyes and his eyes held nothing that Draco could read. He'd have expected Potter to be furious or crying – *something*. But Potter looked like none of the events of the day before had happened at all.

Draco sat down in his seat and was served breakfast. Then, just moments later, owls poured in through the windows. Strangely, sixteen owls landed before Draco.

He got a sudden and horrifying idea. Things were far too much like the day before.

"Bulstrode," he said to the girl sitting straight across from him, "what date is it today?"

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Milicent Bulstrode looked surprised that Draco would actually address her in public – even with such a stupid question. For she seemed to think that; that it was a truly dumb inquiry. “It’s February fourteenth,” she said. “You know – Valentine’s Day?”

Draco’s heart sank to his boots. It was *not* supposed to be Valentine’s Day still. He’d already lived through this!

Or had it been a dream? The whole scene with Potter and all the classes – had he imagined it all? But then, today’s events were happening exactly as he remembered them from the day before. Had he had a prophetic dream? And in that case, could he know that Potter was behind the anonymous gifts he’d received? Perhaps it was just a nightmare Draco had had.

To keep himself occupied, Draco opened the letters and cards he’d received. There was one from Mandy Brocklehurst, one from Lisa Turpin and three more from Ravenclaws, eight cards from different Hufflepuffs and three cards from acquaintances he’d made outside of Hogwarts’ walls.

They were exactly as he remembered. Two silver necklaces and one silver dragon.

Draco swallowed. He had already lived through this day, but no one else seemed to remember about it. Any minute now, a final owl would swoop into the room carrying a single, glowing red rose.

The students gasped as the owl flew into the room and landed in front of a white-faced Malfoy.

“Who is it from?” Millicent asked.

Draco didn’t even sneer at her. He snatched the rose from the bird’s beak and fled from the room.

He hurried to the boys’ bathroom, holding the beautiful rose in his hand.

He’d already lived this once.

He already knew what the day would bring.

He would go through classes – McGonagall would have her lecture about turning living things into other living things and Snape would have them make the Juroserum, then they

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would crystal gaze in Divinations and work on irritatingly hard numbers in Arithmancy – and at the end of the day, he would open a box of chocolates.

He was breathing quickly. He'd heard of people being stuck in time loops before, but there was always a reason behind it; usually some magic gone haywire. Draco hadn't done anything of the sort and he hadn't been hit with any strange spells either.

Perhaps he should just go through the day and then when he woke up tomorrow, it would really be tomorrow. It seemed like a good idea – perhaps this was just a— a magical hiccup.

Draco nodded to himself. That was what it was. This was going to solve itself and tomorrow would really be tomorrow.

It still left the question of Potter, though. Crushing Potter once had been fun but re-doing the whole thing? It had taken something out of Draco and it hadn't felt *that* good. Or had it? Draco didn't know. The image of Potter's crushed face stayed on Draco's mind. He hated Potter, of course – but putting someone else through that much pain actually seemed a bit *too* cruel.

Indecisive about what to do with Potter, Draco left the boys' bathroom and hurried to class.

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Draco did very little differently from the first time he'd lived it. McGonagall's lecture was even more boring now, when he'd already listened to it once. When she forced him to try the spell, however, it went a bit better than the day before. This time, the size of the mouse changed as well as its skin.

McGonagall gave him the same look that he remembered her giving him before. "I suppose you will have to listen a bit more carefully, Mr. Malfoy."

Draco didn't reply. Instead, he looked over to Potter's seat. As Draco had expected, Potter wasn't glaring angrily this time either. He was looking at Draco rather contemplatively, watching in a way that seemed rather content. When he noticed Draco looking, Potter tried to rearrange his facial expression but he didn't succeed.

Draco turned back. He'd already heard McGonagall's continued lecture and could thus allow his mind to wander. For the first time since finding out that Potter was his secret admirer, he

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found himself wondering just how that had happened. With all the history between the two, it certainly wasn't a 'normal' response for the Golden Boy to fall in love with someone like Draco.

Draco hadn't even known Potter was gay. Then again, he supposed that it was the sort of thing someone like The Boy Who Lived would keep quiet about. The newspapers liked the idea of a straight hero that would settle down and marry some pretty girl once he'd fulfilled his duty and killed the Dark Lord. They – the papers, the world – wouldn't like it if Potter turned out to like boys instead. Homosexuality was still frowned upon, after all. Draco's own liaisons with the same sex had been quite a bit more in the dark than his meetings with different girls.

Then Draco wondered why he was thinking about Potter at all and he forced all thoughts of him out of his mind.

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At the end of the day, Draco was incredibly bored. He didn't like having to do the same work – work he'd done just fine the first time – over again. His Juraserum had become just as perfect this time and he had bottled it and given it to Snape with a satisfied smirk. The Weasel had done the same mistake as before and once again earned himself a detention for the exploration he'd caused.

Potter had looked at Draco this time as well and when Draco didn't meet his gaze with complete disgust, he could see hope forming in the green eyes. Draco quickly sneered and looked away.

Since it was an exact repeat of the day before, the food served during lunch was the exact same as before as well – potatoes and meatloaf. Draco liked it, but it wasn't quite as good the second day.

“Look, Draco!” said Pansy and pointed to the windows. “You're getting more owls.”

Draco wanted to reply that he would get four of them and one of them would be from Harry Potter, but he didn't. It would take too long to explain and talking to Pansy wasn't interesting to start with.

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Four owls landed in front of him. One of them had the square package, wrapped in red paper, that Draco knew contained the chocolates from Potter. He put it all in his pockets.

“Aren’t you going to open them?” Pansy asked.

“Why?” asked Draco. “They’re all idiotic cards from Hufflepuffs anyway. Or did you send me something?”

He added the last part with a drawl.

Pansy’s cheeks reddened. Draco knew that she wanted to send him a card, but didn’t dare. She’d be ridiculed by the whole House if she did.

“No,” she sniffed. “Of course not.”

“Then why are you so bothered with who sends me cards and who don’t?” Draco asked.

Pansy gave him a hurt look and turned away. Draco returned to his meatloaf.

*

This time, Draco didn’t even bother opening the cards from the Hufflepuffs. He knew what they would say and the silly pictures on them. He also knew that he had no interest whatsoever in any of the senders.

This made him wonder if he had an interest in Potter. As he opened the wrappings around the chocolate box, he thought that *of course* he had an interest in Potter. He was very much interested in hurting him and killing him – it would make both his father and the Dark Lord proud, surely. Pleasing those two was crucial for his own survival. He dreaded the end of the year, when he would be brought back home to be initiated.

So yes, of course he had an interest in Potter.

He opened the box. The heart-shaped chocolates lay inside, as delicious-looking as they had been the day before. He took a breath and then picked one of them up.

The pull of the Port Key was immediate and within seconds, he landed in the old class room. It looked just like it had before, with several hundred candles lit all around the room.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

Knowing that Potter was the one behind the whole thing, Draco couldn't be bothered to guard himself with his wand this time.

"Aren't you going to welcome me?" he sneered to the seemingly open room.

He turned to the door, where he knew Potter was somehow hiding himself. Again, he heard the mumbled '*finite incantatum*' and now he saw Potter becoming first partly visible and then completely. An Invisibility Cloak that Draco hadn't noticed the day before lay at his feet.

Feigning surprise, Draco said, "*You* are my secret admirer?"

He was surprised at how much his feelings for the situations had changed. Knowing how much he could hurt Potter if he wanted from this point on made it strangely uninviting to actually do so. At the same time, the words of his father about killing Potter if he ever had the chance rang in his ears.

"Uh, hi," Potter said, like he had the day before.

Silence spread between the two. Knowing what he did, Draco found it very hard to say anything spontaneous, or anything at all that wouldn't sound simply bored.

"Did you like the gifts?" Potter asked after a full minute's uncomfortable silence.

Draco held back a sigh. "Why did you send them to me?"

Potter looked surprised at Draco's bored but not unpleasant tone. Draco was quite surprised with it as well.

"I—" Potter said hesitatingly, "I saw them and thought of you."

He spoke quietly. His hair fell in his face and he looked at his feet. It wasn't the first time that Draco thought that if he hadn't been The Boy Who Lived, then Potter would certainly have been shaggable. Really, Potter looked quite nice – if he could ever get some semblance of control over that hair of his – and had a good body. If their history had been any different, Potter would have already been on Draco's list of conquest.

He wondered what Potter would think of that. What would he think of Draco taking him to bed, fucking him one night and then leaving him out in the cold? It was possible it would humiliate Potter even more than ranting the way he had the day before. On top of that, it would give Draco quite a bit of pleasure.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

In fact, that idea had some merit.

“Whatever for?” Draco asked, lowering his voice and taking a step closer to Potter.

Potter swallowed visibly, but this time it wasn't for the same reason as it had been before. Draco smirked. This could turn out to be a lot of fun.

“I— I suppose—” Potter stuttered as Draco took another step closer.

“What do you suppose?” Draco asked.

“I— uh, I like you,” Potter said quickly, quietly.

Draco raised an eyebrow. “You like me?”

Draco came up to him and ran a hand over Potter's chest. It was surprisingly hard beneath Draco's fingers. Potter obviously worked out some.

Potter swallowed again. “What— what are you doing?”

Draco smirked at him. “What do you think I'm doing? Candle lights and a place where we are all by ourselves, Potter? It would seem this is exactly what you had in mind.”

He leaned against Potter and Potter's breath caught. Draco smiled predatorily. This really would be fun.

“Ever done it in a classroom, Potter?” Draco purred.

Potter seemed unable to speak as Draco rubbed himself against him. Draco liked the feel of Potter's body – he was built as Draco liked his male lovers; the same height as him, lean and well-muscled without being pumped.

Potter growled low in his throat and Draco found his mouth captured in a searing kiss. Draco felt the hardness in Potter's pants rub against his thighs and his own body became hot at once. This would be a good ride – and the thought of finishing it off with cold rejection made the whole thing even more inviting. This was not something that would ever last.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

That evening, Draco didn't eat dinner and neither did a certain Harry Potter. Instead Draco fell asleep in an old, unused classroom.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

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## *Chapter Three*

### *Day Three*

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The next morning, Draco Malfoy woke up feeling quite content. He'd had great sex with Harry bloody Potter the day before – and now he was going to get to reject him. He could already imagine the idiotic, disgusting Gryffindor's face as he told him that the night had been good, but Draco never wanted it to happen again.

He ignored the little voice that said that he wouldn't mind another go with Potter.

When Draco opened his eyes, all of his plans were ruined at once.

He was no longer lying in the dusty classroom – instead, he was back in his bed in the Slytherin dormitories. Draco wanted to scream. He didn't want to relive this stupid day again! He wanted to crush Potter!

Draco dressed and sat on the bed waiting when Pansy came into the room. After seeing Potter's hard, sweaty body beneath him, the sight of Pansy was even more of a turn-off.

“Get out Pansy, I don't care what you're going to wear tonight,” he said. Then, before she had the time to say anything at all, he grabbed her by the arm and threw her out of the room.

He stood panting in his room, aggravated by the idea of having to live through this crap-tacular day once more. He wanted it to be tomorrow! He wanted it to be February fifteenth! He was starting to hate Valentine's Day with a passion.

Draco stalked up the stairs to the Great Hall. As he entered, he didn't bother to stop to look at the heart-shaped clouds in the enchanted sky, nor did he look over at the Gryffindor table where he *knew* the Weasel would have his tongue down Granger's throat and where he *knew* Potter would sit, looking bored.

Crabbe and Goyle trailed behind him, looking witless and wondering why Draco was in such a foul mood. Goyle didn't make a comment about how pretty the room looked; the two goons hurried to catch up with Draco as he walked over to his seat.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

“Uh,” said Crabbe, looking uncertainly over at Goyle, “don’t you like Valentine’s Day?”

Draco sent him a scorching glare. “No. As of right now, I *hate* Valentine’s Day. And I hate the bloody stupid cards that I’m going to get, and the rose, and the chocolates and everything else that the owls will bring! And I hate Potter! I *hate* him!”

Crabbe looked even more uncertain, which only made Draco wanted to wring his neck all the more.

“We know you hate Potter,” Goyle said. “You always have.”

Suddenly, a thought struck Draco. “What if *he’s* the one behind this?”

“Behind what?” Crabbe asked. The look he shared with Goyle clearly said that he thought Draco was going mad, which did nothing to improve Draco’s mood.

“He might be the one making all of this happen! Why else would it? He wants this day to happen over and over again,” Draco said. At this point, Crabbe and Goyle shook their heads and turned their attention on their breakfasts, because nothing they could possibly say would get them anything but a hex or curse from Draco.

The owls arrived and sixteen of them landed before Draco. Draco scowled at the owls, who didn’t seem the least bit intimidated by this, and removed the cards and letters from their legs. He didn’t bother to open them – he knew what they would say and who had sent them. Instead, he pocketed the lot and sat scowling at the rest of the room. No one dared to ask him what was wrong.

While scowling at the world, Draco was busy thinking out every possible – and impossible – reason for Potter to be behind the repeating day. Perhaps Potter wanted to be humiliated every day for all eternity? Draco smiled evilly; he could grant him that wish. Or perhaps Potter liked Valentine’s Day. Or he wanted to give Draco a lot of roses. Or he wanted to get revenge on Draco for everything he’d done over the years and have him relive this pink day over and over again.

“Draco,” said Millicent, waking him from his thoughts.

The owl with the rose had landed before him and was looking annoyed at being ignored. Draco sighed loudly and took the red flower from its beak, then shooed the bird away. It didn’t look happy with him but Draco couldn’t care less.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

Absentmindedly holding onto the rose, Draco stood and left the Great Hall.

If Potter was behind the repetition of this day, then Draco could come up with only two ways to make the real tomorrow come. One was asking Potter for it – but then, when had Draco Malfoy *ever* asked Potter for anything? It was unthinkable. No, the only option he had was—

—to kill Potter.

*

Draco doodled his way through Transfigurations. McGonagall did, of course, notice this and as he had expected, she came down the isle to his desk and asked him to transfigure the brown mouse into a ferret. The class giggled and Draco glared – not only did he have to live through the day over and over again, he also had to live through this humiliation over and over!

“*Transeo pasco demuto*,” Draco said in a bored drawl and watched as the mouse became bigger and its shape and colour changed. He was certainly getting better at this with every try he did, he thought.

McGonagall looked a bit surprised at how well Draco had done, but she still said the same words she had done twice before; “I suppose you will have to listen a bit more carefully, Mr. Malfoy.”

Malfoy scowled at her, at the situation and at the world. He glared around the room to find Potter’s eyes on him.

Suddenly, he felt strange. Those eyes on him – he’d seen them when they had been filled with ecstasy, just before Potter threw his head back in passion and heat. Draco had seen the body beneath those robes; the hard, lean muscles and soft skin; he’d felt those hands touching every part of his body. He had heard Potter beg for more and he had found himself wanting to give Potter all the more there was to give. He’d listened to Potter’s heavy breathing that matched his own and he’d actually liked it.

Draco looked away, anger building up within him again. Potter was making him feel these things! He had hexed this day to repeat itself and he had hexed Draco to actually want to

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

fuck Potter again. Potter had cursed him, made him want to feel the touch of Potter's hands again.

He felt sick; he wanted to feel none of these things. He *hated* Potter; he always had! Potter was stupid, Potter made Draco's life at home hell, Potter always got the attention.

Potter really did deserve to die.

*

As the day dragged on, Draco couldn't find it in himself to care even a little bit about what was going on around him. He'd already lived it and though he didn't look, he *knew* what was going on. He walked between Crabbe and Goyle to Potions so that he wouldn't be hauled off by the snog-willing girl into an abandoned classroom. He knew that Weasley would blow up his Juraserum in Potions. This time, he didn't even bother turning around to watch as Snape delivered his scathing remarks about the Weasel's reading abilities.

At lunch, Draco didn't wish to exchange a single word with any of his classmates. They discussed the same stupid, witless subjects as they had the day before and the day before that – and they hadn't even been interesting the first time.

Pansy, always a rather big moron, pointed out the owls flying through the windows with more Valentine cards and the red, wrapped box.

"I *do* have eyes to see with, Parkinson," Draco sneered at her.

The owls landed before him; three with cards and the fourth with the box. As he'd done the day before, he pocketed all of the gifts and glared at Pansy before she had a chance to say anything. She sniffed and turned away from him. Draco was thankful.

Draco returned to his meatloaf, which tasted decidedly bad now that he'd had it three days in a row.

*

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

Draco was uncertain why he was still in Divinations, but then again, it was a rather easy subject to get a good grade in. When choosing his subjects, Draco figured that he deserved one subject that didn't require loads and loads of reading.

"Welcome, welcome," said Trelawney as Draco came into the room. "Ah, something is troubling you. I see that you come to this class with a clouded mind."

Draco wasn't impressed. Though Trelawney did make a true prediction every now and then, it was usually a rather stupid one that didn't help either way. At the moment, just looking upon Draco's face was enough to realise that the boy was 'troubled'. Pissed off was more like it, but Trelawney didn't like such strong words.

Draco didn't answer her words; he simply sat down in his chair and crossed his arms with a sour look upon his face.

"Today, we will start upon a field within Divinations that is truly hard—" Trelawney began.

"Oh for— let's just start crystal ball gazing, can we?" Draco interrupted.

Trelawney looked surprised. "That troubled mind is obviously of help to you, young Mr. Malfoy," she said. "It is indeed crystal gazing we are to start today."

Draco rolled his eyes. When the Professor told the group of students to get a crystal ball each, he trudged unhappily to the desk where twenty balls had been placed. He scowled at the ball; he knew he wouldn't be able to see anything more today than he had either of the two days before. Crystal gazing was incredibly silly – but then again, the whole subject was quite dumb to start with.

"Look deep within the swirling mists of the crystal," Trelawney instructed them. "If you have the gift, you shall be able to see your future within its depths."

Draco glared at Trelawney. It was rather obvious to him that even if he had been able to see anything in the crystal, he wouldn't now – because he didn't seem to have a future. It couldn't possibly be called a future to be forced to relive the same day over and over again.

As he sat and pretended to gaze into the crystal, he wondered if it would be an idea to tell a teacher about what was happening. But then, none of the people around him seemed to be affected – everyone else acted as though this day hadn't happened before. Thus it was a big possibility that any teacher he talked to would laugh in his face and then send him to St Mungo's. So no, the only option Draco had was still to kill the source of the problem.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

“Do you see anything?” Trelawney asked, leaning over his shoulder and gazing at his crystal ball.

“Yes,” Draco drawled. “I foresee that before the day is over, Harry Potter shall be dead.”

Trelawney gasped and snatched the crystal ball from him. Her eyes widened behind the large glasses.

“It is true!” she said. “I see it! I see his death! Oh, I shall have to warn the poor boy – he should be allowed to make the best of his last few hours!”

Draco rolled his eyes, irritated with her dramatics. “He’s not in this class anymore.”

Trelawney looked around the room as though becoming aware of this fact just then. “Oh, I will have to go to the Headmaster! Class dismissed!”

Surprised, Draco allowed himself a smile. He wouldn’t have to suffer through any more of this tedious class. He collected his things and left the room. Pansy, who was also taking Divinations for some reason – possibly because Draco did – grinned happily at him and placed her hand on his arm.

“That was great!” she said. “Telling her Potter is going to die! What a fabulous idea.”

“Leave me alone, Parkinson,” Draco said and pulled away from her, not caring the least about her hurt expression. Pansy Parkinson was the very last thing on his mind now. Instead, his head was all filled with one Harry Potter.

*

After his Arithmancy class, which was getting much easier now that he had been allowed to do the same numbers for three days in a row, Draco made his way back to the Slytherin dorms. He didn’t say a word to anyone in the Common room and they wisely pulled away, all afraid of his wrath. Draco smirked to himself; being a seventh year definitely had its advantages – there being no one older than him save for the teachers was one of the positives.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

Draco dumped the cards and the wrapped up box on his bed. It wasn't time to go visit Potter just yet. First, he had to mentally prepare himself for the task at hand – despite being brought up by a Death Eater, a kill was not something Draco looked upon lightly. Besides, Potter had at least nine lives considering how many times he had survived meeting the Dark Lord.

Draco shuddered at the thought of the Dark Lord. He had only met Voldemort once but it had been enough. The mere sight of the snake-like man had made Draco sick to his stomach and the way his father had crawled for him had made Draco wonder about all those speeches Lucius had given him.

“A Malfoy bows before no one,” Lucius had told him on many occasions. “A Malfoy stands up for himself and isn't ridiculed.”

Draco had to think of these things to get his hatred for Potter flaring again. Lucius had always given those speeches after Potter or one of his friends had ridiculed him or beat him. Every game of Quidditch Potter had won over Draco, every failed plan to get Potter in detention or thrown out of school and every time Dumbledore had favoured Potter over the rest of the school – all those times, Draco had had to listen to speeches made by Lucius. On more than one occasion, those speeches had been ended with raps of his father's cane as well.

Anger lit within Draco and he allowed it because he knew he'd need it.

He unwrapped the box of chocolates and picked up a piece, his wand already held up before him. The pull behind his navel felt familiar and he landed securely on both feet, already facing the direction in which he knew Potter would be.

“Get out of there, Potter,” Draco said.

He heard a gasp. Potter obviously didn't expect him to know who was behind the gifts – and the first time Draco had been brought into this room, he hadn't known.

Within a moment, Potter became visible as the Invisibility Cloak fell to his feet.

“How did you—?”

Draco stalked over to him and pointed the wand at Potter's throat.

“What—” Potter started, his eyes wide.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

“Did you think I’d come here to tell you I love you, Potter?” Draco spat. He glared at Potter and allowed the love and confusion he saw in the green eyes to only fuel his anger and his resentment towards Potter.

“I— how did you know—” Potter said, looking utterly confused.

Draco sneered. “Did you think that you were impossible to trace? Potter, you are a mediocre wizard at best. There are lots of spells to reveal who sends something.” The truth was quite different – Draco had used every tracing spell he could think of to find out who the anonymous gift sender was without success. Potter had been remarkably good at anonymity spells.

“I thought—”

“Now see, there’s a big mistake for you,” Draco said. “You shouldn’t think. It’s something that’s beyond you.”

Potter swallowed. Draco was reminded of the day before, when Potter had swallowed at the closeness of Draco’s body and the tone of his voice. Then he recalled the day before that, when Potter had swallowed back tears because Draco had so utterly crushed him.

“What are you—” Potter started quietly, but didn’t finish his question.

“What am I going to do?” Draco asked and laughed cruelly. “You’ve given me the perfect opportunity, Potter, the opportunity I’ve been looking for. We’re alone and I’m betting no one knows where you are. What do you think I’m going to do?”

He growled the last part threateningly.

“But I—” Potter started. Then he fell silent; he obviously didn’t know what to say.

“You wanted me to come here and tell you I love you,” Draco said, much the same way he had two days ago. “That’s never going to happen. You may be a good fuck, but you’ll never ever be more than that.”

At the last words, Potter looked even more puzzled. Draco didn’t care. Potter was behind the constant repetition of this day and if he was out of the way, then Draco’s world could continue turning as it should.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

“And now,” Draco said, his voice no more than a whisper, “it is time.”

“You’re actually going to kill me?” Potter asked. “But— you’ll be caught.”

Draco smirked nastily. “There’s an Invisibility Cloak at your feet. You won’t be found for a long time.”

Potter’s eyes widened. Draco pulled up every ounce of anger he could find in his body – anger towards Potter, towards his father, towards Voldemort. He felt the fury fill his body and he drew upon the memories of what his father had told him of the Unforgivables. His father would be proud of him now.

He breathed in.

“I love you.”

“*Avada kedavra.*”

*

Draco sat staring on his bed.

He had never in his life felt so empty.

On the table lay the letter he had written to his father. The note was short, mechanical. He had meant to send it immediately but now his limbs felt like lead and he couldn’t make himself go up to the Owlery.

He had actually killed him.

He’d killed Harry Potter.

After years of years of the Dark Lord trying, he, *Draco Malfoy*, had killed Potter at last. It felt unreal and—

—sickening.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

The look upon Potter's face as the green light of the deadly curse struck him was etched before Draco's eyes. There was a mix of terror, disbelief and sadness in his eyes. His hair, ever messy, had fallen into his face. His face had been pale. His mouth had been half open, still forming the last word he'd ever said.

Those words rang in Draco's ears.

"I love you."

They were like a spell, an odd sort that would forever keep its hold on him.

No one had ever said those words to him and meant them like that. His mother had said them when he was younger, but that was years ago before his father forbade her to say such things – it would weaken Draco. His father had never said the words. And despite all the Valentine's cards and gifts, no trust that Draco had engaged in, had ever had real love behind it.

Now Harry Potter, the bloody Boy Who Lived, had said the words to him – and he hadn't just said them, he had *meant* them.

Draco ran to the bathroom and emptied the content of his stomach into the toilet.

Why had he done it? Why had he killed Potter? Why did he think that would solve anything? Potter had been the Light side's hope – now Voldemort and his goons would overrun the Ministry and England and soon after that, the world. All because Draco had killed Potter with two simple words.

And why had Potter had to say those words? Draco had never asked for them.

Tears started spilling down Draco's cheeks, though he never cried. It was one of those weaknesses that Malfoys weren't allowed to engage in. Draco knew they wouldn't solve anything but he couldn't stop them.

Potter had fallen to the floor when the curse hit him. His eyes had still been open, his mouth voicelessly ending a word only Draco knew. Draco hadn't been able to force himself to move him more than a few inches; the inches it took so that Draco could open the door.

He'd done what he'd told Potter he would – he'd hid the dead body beneath the Invisibility Cloak. No one would know it was there unless they knew about it and as of yet, he didn't think Potter's absence had been noted.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

When Draco sent the letter to his father, Voldemort would know within minutes. The Light side would still be unaware of Potter's disappearance, or perhaps they would just have started looking for him, while the Dark side rejoiced.

In the end, Draco fell asleep on the cold tile floor in the bathroom. His cheeks were still wet with tears and in his ears, the words still rang: "*I love you.*"

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

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### *Chapter Four* *Day Four*

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Draco awoke with a gasp. Before his eyes swam the vision of the Dark Lord laughing over Potter's dead body; dead by the hands of Draco. Draco felt tears burning in his eyes and a large lump in his throat made him want to throw up.

There was a knock on the door.

Draco looked around, shocked to find that he was in his bed. He was positive that he'd fallen asleep in the bathroom last night. If he was in the bed and there was a knock on the door – was it possible that it was another Valentine's Day?

Pansy walked into the room, wearing the same loosely tied dressing gown and red underwear that she'd sported for three days.

“Oh lord,” Draco mumbled and jumped out of bed. He ran to Pansy and grabbed her arms. “What day is it today?”

Pansy smiled coyly at him. “Why, it's Valentine's Day of course, silly.”

Draco thought he'd faint with relief. Pansy looked understandably confused, but then she smiled again and ran a hand down Draco's chest.

“Want to celebrate it?” she cooed and moved closer.

“No,” Draco said, pushing her away.

She tried to look sexy, pouting at him, but came off looking more ridiculous than anything else. “Oh, come on, Draco. We could have some fun.”

Suddenly, Draco thought, why not? Killing Potter had obviously – thankfully, a little voice said though Draco ignored it – stopped this day from repeating itself and Pansy was continuously throwing herself at him. He didn't care that she only thought she'd done it

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

once; in Draco's screwed up life, she'd done it four mornings in a row. He was a seventeen year old boy!

For some reason, Potter's face flashed before his eyes. It wasn't the frozen face of a dead Potter, but a Potter in total ecstasy, his head thrown back and his eyes closed. His mouth was half-open and he was panting hard as Draco pounded into him.

"Actually," Draco said, horrified that he was turning himself on with images of Potter, "yes, let's have some fun."

Pansy giggled as Draco pulled her to him and kissed her. Her hands began roaming his body and she was obviously excited when she found the bulge in his pants – she believed it was because of her. Draco tried with all his might to keep Potter away from his thoughts, but as Pansy's hands travelled lower, he couldn't stop the memories of Potter's warm hands stroking him.

Pansy pulled Draco down onto the bed and began unbuttoning his pyjama top. He untied the dressing gown and looked upon the soft female curves and tried not to wish that it was Potter's hard body he had beneath him.

Then he demanded himself to stop thinking of Potter and to try to make that happen, he threw himself fully into the sex and enjoyed the sensations that it brought.

*

Leaving Pansy behind – though she obviously hoped that they would stay in bed and cuddle for a while – Draco dressed, combed his hair and left for the Great Hall. Crabbe and Goyle had already left; they had probably been informed by Pansy of her plans of seduction and been told to go ahead. Only the other days, Pansy had been thrown out of the room rather quickly.

Draco stopped just before the entrance to the Great Hall. The events that had taken place today, including Pansy's assurance that it was Valentine's Day, told him that this was another repeat – but what if it wasn't? What if she'd been wrong and it was February fifteenth? What if Potter was still dead?

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

He wondered just when he'd started to care so much for Potter. Killing him the day before shouldn't have mattered as much as it had – and having sex with Pansy shouldn't have made him wish that it was Potter he was fucking instead.

He knew how couldn't wait out in the hallway forever, so in the end he took another deep breath and walked into the room.

Once more, he was overcome with relief – Potter sat next to Granger and Weasley, looking bored as he had four days in a row now. Draco was obviously a bit later than he had been before to breakfast, because Granger and Weasley weren't snogging anymore; instead they were trying to engage Draco in conversation.

Potter looked up, obviously feeling Draco's gaze on him. Draco told himself to look away but found that he couldn't. Then Potter did the unexpected: he smiled slightly at Draco before looking away.

Floored, Draco walked to his seat.

“Mornin’,” said Crabbe and Goyle as he sat down.

Draco nodded to them and began eating mechanically. Potter had smiled at him. After everything Draco had done, Potter had smiled at him. Granted, Potter didn't have a clue that Draco had done those things but still – with their history, a smile was definitely unexpected.

When Pansy came into the hall a few minutes later, she was smiling widely. As soon as she sat down, she clung to Draco.

“Get off me, Parkinson,” Draco said roughly, shooing her off.

“But—” Pansy looked at him and pouted again, perhaps thinking that it had worked the last time so why not again?

“Pansy, you're nice – sometimes – but I don't want you,” Draco said. “So leave me alone.”

Pansy's eyes filled with tears. Just like she had before, she said, “Why do you have to be so mean?”

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

Draco shook his head. Pansy should know that Draco didn't want a relationship with her – he didn't want a relationship with anyone! He liked the way he lived his life – able to fuck pretty much anyone he'd like at any time.

The owls arrived and delivered the sixteen cards for Draco. He opened some of them and leered at the senders – having sex with Pansy had felt good but it hadn't satisfied him; perhaps someone else was willing? By the looks he received back, that was a definite possibility.

A little while later, the owl with Potter's rose arrived and Draco took it, rather more thoughtfully now than any of the other days. Perhaps he could get a trust in with Potter as well? Draco's mind seemed to return to Potter and Potter's body quite a bit more than he liked and another go with him might cure that. He couldn't have been *that* good, after all.

“Go ahead of me,” Draco told Crabbe and Goyle when they were about to leave for Transfigurations.

His goons nodded dumbly and trotted off. Draco waited, lazily leaning against a wall, outside the Great Hall. Soon enough, Megan Jones exited the hall and Draco smirked invitingly at her.

“That was a nice card you sent,” Draco said in a sultry voice he knew made him irresistible.

“I'd have expected one from you as well,” Megan said, pouting in a fashion that wasn't unlike Pansy's earlier in the morning. Draco wondered why girls thought pouting was sexy; most of them looked silly.

Draco didn't let his thoughts show, though. He smirked at Megan. “Perhaps there is something I can do to make up for that?”

Megan smiled at him. “We have class.”

“Then we'd better get going.”

*

Sex with Megan was just as dissatisfying as sex with Pansy. Draco spent the hour that he should have been in Transfigurations roaming the halls instead, trying to figure out why he

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

wasn't satisfied with the girls – and why he couldn't stop wishing that it was Potter instead. It was the thought of Potter that turned him on, not the naked girls before him.

Draco hid from Filch and turned to Potions instead.

“Where were you during Transfigurations?” Goyle asked when they came into the classroom a few minutes later.

“There was something else I had to do,” Draco shrugged. They wouldn't ask him anymore if he showed clearly that he didn't want to tell them about it.

Snape began his lecture as he had for three days. “Today, we will be starting to cover the Truth Serums. These include Veritaserum, the Folium potion and the Juroserum. We will start with the Juroserum. Can anyone tell me what the Juroserum does?”

Draco didn't bother putting up his hand. He was sitting half-turned in his seat, watching Potter out of the corner of his eye. It was still rather amazing to him that the boy he had killed the day before was now sitting there, alive and well, as though nothing had happened. Avada Kedavra couldn't be undone – and it had been.

Or perhaps it was just Potter's ability to reflect the curse – he'd done it as a baby and perhaps he'd faked his death yesterday as well? But no, Draco knew that was untrue.

The class passed uneventfully for Draco, mainly because he already knew which events would take place. He finished his perfect Juraserum a fourth time. He was just about to bottle it when he got the idea of keeping some for himself. While Snape was busy breathing down the Weasel's neck about how to scrub the cauldron clean after such an explosion, Draco took another vial from the cupboard and poured some Juraserum into it. He dropped it into his pocket. Then he bottled the rest and gave it to Snape, who awarded him House points for the perfectly made potion.

“Thank you, sir,” said Draco. He wondered what he was going to do with the little bit of potion he'd kept, but he was certain there would be an opportunity.

*

During lunch, the four owls delivered the same cards and wrapped box as they had for four days. Bored, Draco took them and placed them in his pocket. He glanced at Potter and

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

realised, for the first time since he'd started reliving the same day, two things: first, that Potter had also received a number of owls during lunch and second, that Potter wasn't paying attention to any of them, but watching Draco instead. When he realised that Draco was looking back at him, Potter quickly looked away.

Pansy spoke to him. "Aren't you going to open them?"

Draco wondered how it was possible that no matter the situation, Pansy seemed to use the exact same words every time. Then again, this was Pansy – she didn't have a very big vocabulary.

"No, Pansy, I'm not. And stop hanging off me, it's unattractive," Draco sneered at her. In his mind, he speculated in how many different ways he would be able to tell her to 'sod off' without her getting it. She really didn't seem to understand that he didn't want her and that he wasn't in love with her.

"I love you."

Unbidden, the words of the day before echoed through his mind. He heard them so clearly he thought Potter was once more standing before him, but when he looked up, Potter was sitting at the Gryffindor table, talking to Granger and the Weasel.

"What is it?" Crabbe asked.

"Nothing," Draco said. "Just Potter being annoying."

Crabbe and Goyle both looked over at the Gryffindor table. "He's gotten more owls than you did," Crabbe said.

"Yes, thank you, I know," Draco snapped. "There's no need to point that out."

Crabbe shrank back slightly. It wasn't easy for someone his size to shrink back, but under Draco's scorching glare, he did.

Draco didn't want to be reminded of Potter at all. He didn't want to think about him – and yet everywhere he looked there seemed to be a reminder of him. Even as he wandered up towards Divinations, his memories kept replaying – the last time he'd lived this, he had told Trelawney that Potter was going to die. It inevitably led Draco to thoughts of their meeting in the unused classroom.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

“Today, we will start upon a field within Divinations that is truly hard. Indeed, most of you will not be able to see anything at all and those of you who do are likely to misinterpret the message it brings you,” Trelawney said once the students had taken their seats. Trelawney walked over to the desk where the crystal balls stood, hidden underneath a purple fabric. Trying to be as dramatic as possible, Trelawney pulled the fabric away and exclaimed, “Crystal ball gazing!”

Draco rolled his eyes. The others mumbled excitedly however, just as they had the previous classes.

“Get the crystal ball that speaks to you,” Trelawney said and the students eagerly went down to the desk. Draco picked one of the lot – by now, he knew that no matter what, he wouldn't see anything in it.

The students sat back down again, some enthusiastically whispering to each other and others trying to see something in the crystal balls.

“Look deep within the swirling mists of the crystal,” Trelawney instructed, the same as always. Draco wondered if she had a manuscript that she followed. He could say the words with her if he wanted to. “If you have the gift, you shall be able to see your future within its depths. It might not show the way you expect it to but the crystals always have stories to tell.”

Draco looked into the crystal. There was swirling mists within, as there had been each time, but none of them formed into any shapes that Draco could decipher. After a while of staring, Draco's mind wandered back to the question of why the girls had been unable to satisfy him completely before. He'd *come* in the sense of an orgasm but he didn't get that sense of calmness afterwards. Something was lacking.

Soon, images of Potter's naked body started flashing before his eyes. The feel of Potter's hot breath on his neck as Potter kissed and licked him, the lovely sensation of those strong arms around him and the tightness of Potter himself, all around Draco.

When Draco felt his trousers becoming tight, he shook his head to clear it. He was *not* attracted to Potter!

Class couldn't end soon enough. Draco packed his belongings and headed down to another class of the same Arithmancy as he'd already had three times. On the way, he ran into Wayne Hopkins.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

“Hi,” Wayne said, sounding excited for some unknown reason.

“Hi,” Draco said, raising an eyebrow at him, wondering why Wayne was speaking to him. He hadn't done so on either of the other days – then again, Draco reflected, he was a wee bit early for Arithmancy this time, unlike the other days. Yesterday, they had been dismissed early and he had already been in the Arithmancy classroom by this time, and the two days before that, he'd made his way down in a leisurely pace instead of hurrying away from Pansy and the rest.

Wayne leered at him. “Did you like my card?”

At that, Draco knew exactly what Wayne wanted. Draco smirked at him. “Back for more?”

Wayne's smile grew. “I'll always be back for more.”

Perhaps, Draco thought, having sex with a boy would cure his obsession with Potter. That was why the two discreetly made their way into the boys bathroom on the second floor and locked themselves in a stall. Wayne couldn't keep his hands off Draco and Draco, who'd barely been able to completely calm himself down after thinking about Potter, found himself liking the attention.

Yet the more Wayne touched him, kissed him and licked him, the more Draco began imagining that it was really Potter who was doing it all to him. He had to bite his tongue several times to keep from gasping, “Potter!” instead of, “Wayne!”

When Draco came deep within Wayne, it was with a fervent image in his head that it was Potter he was doing instead.

*

Draco straightened and pulled his tie back in place.

Wayne looked up at him with wonder in his eyes, still high on the ride Draco had offered. “That was *great*,” he said. “You're amazing.”

Draco shrugged. “It was all right.”

Hoping that he looked presentable, Draco opened the door—

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

— and stopped dead in his tracks.

“Malfoy?”

Potter’s voice sounded disbelieving and horrified. He stood with wide eyes, looking first at Draco and then at Wayne. When his gaze returned to Draco, he was pale with shock. Draco had to remind himself that Potter had no idea Draco was gay, nor did he remember having sex with Draco.

If the scene that now played out had happened on the first Valentine’s Day Draco had lived through, it was possible that he’d have threatened Potter about telling anyone about Draco’s bisexuality. As it was, Draco knew Potter wouldn’t tell.

“What, have you never had sex in a toilet booth?” Draco sneered at Potter. “Of course you haven’t – virgin saint Potter.” He wasn’t quite sure why he was being rude – having Potter in front of him after the events of the day before seemed almost like heaven and yet breaking a habit was hard.

“I—” Potter said. Then he shook his head, turned around and dashed out of the room.

Draco stood staring after him when he felt Wayne come up behind him and put his arms around Draco’s waist.

“Do you think he’ll tell anyone?” Wayne asked.

Draco sneered and pulled free. “Of course he won’t. He’ll never even admit to walking in on us.”

Wayne looked a bit hurt at getting the cold shoulder, not unlike the girls, but Draco couldn’t care less. There had been something in the meeting with Potter – something that Draco couldn’t put his finger on. What Draco did know was that he had hurt Potter three times in four days, even though Potter wasn’t aware of him doing it consciously today.

He didn’t know why, but he had to talk to Potter.

*

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

After Arithmancy, Draco as usual went back to his rooms. He paced back and forth over the floor, hoping that an explanation would come to him. Why was he so obsessed with Potter all of a sudden? Why did it matter that he'd hurt him again today? Why had he reacted so violently to killing Potter? He wasn't supposed to have feelings to begin with!

In the end, Draco unwrapped the chocolates and, with a sigh, picked one of the heart-shaped sweets up.

Moments later, he landed in the same classroom as always. Only, it didn't look the same. It took Draco a second to realise that it was the lighting that was different. Though the hundreds of candles were placed on the desks, they weren't lit. Instead, one of the huge tapestries had been moved to reveal a window and some of the later afternoon light spilled inside.

Draco turned around to the door and found another surprise – Potter hadn't even bothered to put on his Invisibility Cloak. Instead, he stood leaning against the door with an expression of sadness on his face. He looked up at Draco and Draco could feel those eyes boring straight through him, but Potter didn't say anything.

“What's with the candles?” Draco asked, needing to say something.

Potter looked away, through the window. “I wanted this place to look nice.”

“Well, since you put them out, perhaps you should light them,” Draco suggested. He felt a need to pretend that he didn't know that Potter was his secret admirer.

“Why bother?” Potter asked and pushed away from the wall. He started pacing back and forth.

“It seems like a waste of candles otherwise,” Draco said.

“Then let it be a waste!” Potter said. “I don't care.”

Draco took a careful step towards Potter. “You brought me here so that you could tell me that you don't care?”

Potter looked up. His hair fell into his eyes and he brushed it away with the back of his hand. “No,” he said bitterly. “I wanted this place to look nice for you, but you made it pretty clear earlier this afternoon that you'd rather I don't.”

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

Draco leaned against one of the desks. “Why did you send me those gifts?” Then he added, as he wasn’t supposed to know it was Potter, “Because it was you, right? The necklace, the ring, the portrait and the rose – it was all you?”

Potter looked away, but to Draco’s surprise, he didn’t look ashamed. “Yeah,” he said. “I sent you those things. Though you might appreciate it. Though you might understand once you got here that I don’t want bad things for you.”

“I did appreciate them,” Draco said honestly. Before he’d found out they were from Potter, Draco had been very glad of his presents.

“So you decided to go out and fuck Wayne Hopkins to show your appreciation?” Potter asked resentfully.

“No!” Draco said and was surprised with his own forcefulness. “I— believe it or not, I did it to try to get you out of my head.”

Potter stopped dead in his tracks and stared at Draco. “You what?”

Draco allowed the frustration he felt to come out. “I don’t know! For the last few days, I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you!”

It wasn’t entirely untrue, although the way he’d been thinking of Potter had changed radically over the course of the four Valentine’s Days. He didn’t need to tell Potter that.

“You haven’t?” Potter asked weakly.

Draco shrugged, irritated with himself. He wasn’t supposed to feel anything towards Potter! It was wrong! Potter was his enemy.

“No,” Draco said sullenly. Wishing to turn the conversation back on Potter, he asked again, “Why did you send me those gifts?”

Potter hesitated. “Because— because I like you.”

“Those are not gifts of friendship,” Draco said pointedly.

Potter looked down, swallowed visibly and then he looked back at Draco. He said quietly, “I don’t like you as a friend.”

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

Silence spread. Draco had already known what Potter's reply would be, but it was still something to hear it out loud. Potter looked away, his cheeks reddening. He was obviously embarrassed.

"Why?" Draco asked finally. It was a question he didn't have the answer to. "Why do you like me?"

It was Potter's time to shrug. "I don't know. I really wish I didn't," he said honestly. "It would make things a whole lot easier. You're infuriating and stubborn and a real git—"

"Yes, Potter, this will really make me fall for you," Draco said. There was a hint of play in his voice.

"—but I like you anyway," Potter finished. "And please, don't call me that."

"What?"

"Potter," he said. "My name is Harry."

Draco raised an eyebrow. "All right, I'll try that. *Harry*. But you still haven't answered the question. Why do you like me?"

Pott— *Harry* started pacing again. "I don't know. I've just— I've watched you a lot because Dumbledore said we should keep an eye on you. And I think I've seen a different side of you – when you're with your friends – and you're good in school and— oh, I don't know. How do you explain lo— attraction?"

Draco noticed the slip, but didn't comment. "I haven't been very nice to you or your friends."

"Trust me, I know," Harry said. "I told you, I know it would have been far easier to not be interested in you."

Silence fell again. Harry was looking terribly shy, keeping his distance from Draco.

"Did you like the gifts?" Harry asked after a minute's silence.

Draco smiled slightly and nodded. "The protection amulet was very thoughtful."

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

"I though you could wear it if you ever have to face Voldemort," Harry said. "Dumbledore helped me charm it."

"Dumbledore?" Draco repeated. He'd known the amulet was powerful but hadn't been aware that it was *that* strongly charmed.

"He didn't know who it was for," Harry said.

Silence fell again. Then Draco spoke. "Po— Harry. I don't know what I feel about this. About you. I— the last few days have been a bit strange and confusing for me and I'm not really sure of what to make of all of it. I just— would it be all right if we just talked?"

Harry nodded. "I hope this isn't some elaborate scheme you've come up with to do before you kill me," he said, giving a small chuckle.

Draco's face became rather white. The words hit a bit too close to home. "I have Juraserum in my pocket," he said. "If you want to be certain."

He took the vial out of his pocket.

"Is it the stuff we made today?" Harry asked. "Mine was a darker blue."

Draco knew that it had been. "This is the colour it's supposed to be."

"And you would take it?" Harry asked. "To make me sure that you're not going to kill me?"

"It would be something I would have up front in my mind, now wouldn't it?" Draco asked. His mouth felt dry. He hoped Harry wouldn't ask him to take the potion because it might force him to tell Harry of the repetition of Valentine's Day.

Harry placed a hand over Draco's. "I trust you're telling me the truth, Draco," he said gently. "You don't have to take a truth serum – I can see it in your eyes."

Draco felt as if bolts of lightning was passing through the two of them. There was certainly a connection between them that couldn't be denied and it was up to Harry and Draco to explore it.

"Let's sit down and just talk and see where that gets us," Harry said with a meaningful look. Draco knew Harry felt the connection as well.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

That night, Draco fell asleep on the floor of an unused classroom, next to his new friend – Harry Potter.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

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### *Chapter Five*

#### *Day Five*

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Draco awoke with a start – and groaned. He was back in his bed and in his pyjama, just as he had been for the last four days. This time, Draco knew for a fact that this wasn't where he'd fallen asleep. He remembered the conversation with Potter – Harry! – until late last night. He wanted to slam his head into the wall because now he had to do that over again.

At the same time, Draco couldn't help but feel happy. If he and Harry had managed to become friends once, it would be possible again. On top of that, after last night's long conversation with Harry, Draco wasn't so sure that friendship was all that he wanted. Harry was nothing like Draco had always thought: he was funny and sweet and shy and brave and loving – the list went on and on. Though Draco knew that they couldn't completely ignore their history, he also knew that there was something there, something very special.

Because of these thoughts, Draco was in quite a happy mood when Pansy knocked on the door and came into the room in her underwear and dressing gown.

As before, she said, "Draco, I don't know what dress to wear tonight."

Draco stood up and walked over to Pansy. He smiled slightly at her, which obviously threw her because he never did that.

"Pansy," he said, "please go put some more clothes on and then go find someone who can be nice to you and appreciate you, because I can't."

He didn't say it nastily; he said it as gently as he could. Still, he was a Malfoy and Malfoys weren't trained in 'gentle' speaking.

"Draco?" Pansy asked, confused. "What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that you shouldn't be throwing yourself at me – you should find someone who wants you and loves you," Draco said.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

“Oh,” Pansy said. Taking advantage of her confusion, Draco turned her around and steered her out of the room. For some reason, he felt quite satisfied with not screaming at her – or fucking her, for that matter.

*

As expected, Crabbe and Goyle stood waiting in the Common room for him. They walked to the Great Hall, where Goyle said, “They’ve made it so pretty,” and Crabbe nodded in agreement. Draco didn’t say anything. The sky with its heart-shaped clouds was starting to make him feel more than a little nauseous after seeing it for five days.

Draco looked over at the Gryffindor table and found Granger and Weasley kissing with Harry next to them. Harry looked up to meet Draco’s gaze and he was obviously surprised with the lack of hatred in Draco’s eyes. As he had the day before, Harry offered a small smile – which turned into shock when Draco returned it.

After that, even the repeat of the sixteen owls with their cards and their letters could get Draco in a truly foul mood. He engaged in conversations with Crabbe and Goyle – as far as those two could engage in conversation anyway – and didn’t blow Pansy off completely. She seemed to have understood the message far better this time than any of the other times anyway, because she wasn’t hanging off him.

It was obvious how Draco’s mood because Millicent even dared to open her mouth as she pointed to the ceiling and said, “Look, another owl!”

The owl with Harry’s red rose landed before Draco. He took it and smiled, breathing in its scent.

“It’s very pretty,” Crabbe said. “Who is it from?”

Draco shrugged. “I don’t know,” he lied. “There’s no card.”

Yet once conversation had returned to other things, Draco looked up and met Harry’s surprised eyes.

*

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

In Transfigurations, Draco's good mood continued. This resulted in McGonagall finishing her lecture without making Draco attempt to transform the mouse into a ferret – which in turn heightened Draco's mood even further. Instead, the whole class were allowed to start trying to transform mice. Draco's transformation went, unsurprisingly, better than most.

“That's very good for a first try,” McGonagall said of his attempt to transform the mouse into a rabbit. The mouse had become bigger, with the right ears and overall look. McGonagall picked it up and uttered a spell to see through the rabbit. When she set it down, she smiled at Draco. “Five points to Slytherin. Save for a few underdevelopments in the stomach region, you have managed to turn the mouse into a rabbit. You'll need more work, of course, but it's a very good start.”

Draco nodded his thank you. It wouldn't do to start smiling at teachers, although it was what he felt like.

*

On his way to Potions, Draco passed the girl he knew would soon attempt to pull him into an empty classroom for a snog.

“Who is that?” he asked Crabbe and Goyle, nodding towards the girl.

“That's Joanna Willenheimer,” Crabbe said. “She's a sixth year Hufflepuff.”

When the girl tried to pull Draco with her, Draco followed willingly but before she was able to kiss him, he turned away.

“Joanna,” he said, “you're a sweet girl but you should go find someone worthy of your affections.”

“You're worthy!” Joanna said.

Draco shook his head. “No, I'm not. And I'm in love with someone else, so this is hopeless.”

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

Joanna looked teary-eyed and Draco hurried out of there before she could start crying for real. He was trying to be as nice as possible about these letdowns, but it obviously wasn't an easy thing to do gently.

In Potions, there was nothing to do but to make another batch of Juraserum. As he'd done four times before, this one turned out perfectly and Draco wondered if he wouldn't be able to do it blindfolded by now. Weasley's cauldron blew up and there was nothing Draco could have done, or wanted to have done, about it. Draco still left the classroom with a small smile, as he and Harry had shared a look that meant *something* after Weasley's cauldron had exploded.

*

The owl delivered the box of chocolates when they were sitting in the Great Hall for lunch, as each day before. Draco took the wrapped box and the cards and set them aside, continuing on his meat load – which was tasting decidedly bad on this the fifth day in a row.

“Aren't you going to open them?” Pansy asked.

Draco looked thoughtfully at her. Then he smirked. Why not? Why did he have to wait until the late afternoon to open the box of chocolates? He would be living through this day again anyway; there was no reason not to make it a bit different from the ones before.

“Yes, I am,” Draco said decidedly and grabbed the box. He unwrapped it quite carefully.

“Oh, chocolate!” Pansy said.

Draco slapped her hand away when she tried to reach for the box. He opened it and smiled slightly at the heart-shaped sweets within. Then he stretched out his hand and picked one up – and disappeared, as expected.

*

The room was once more lit with the light from the candles. Draco smiled at this; the room was right once more. It had felt strange to see it as the classroom it was the day before.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

He pretended not to know where Harry was standing. He didn't know why; it was a game that he didn't know the rules of.

"Hello?" he said. "Anyone there?"

He wondered if Potter had had time to come here. He had been at lunch mere minutes earlier. A second later, Draco had his answer; the sound of the Invisibility Cloak dropping to the floor was heard behind him.

He turned around and looked upon Harry.

"Hi," Harry said nervously. Draco had to remind himself that Harry hadn't done this before – this was all new to him and to Harry, the two had neither had sex or spent hours talking. Nor had Draco killed him, a little voice reminded Draco, but Draco didn't pay the voice any attention.

"Hi."

Draco looked around the room. "Nice set-up."

Harry smiled slightly. "Thanks."

"Thinking of bringing some girl here to romance her on the floor of a classroom?" Draco asked, raising an eyebrow.

"No," Harry said nervously. "I brought you here."

Draco smirked. "To romance me?"

Harry swallowed and the memories of Harry doing so before crashed over Draco. How he'd crushed Harry, how he'd seduced him, how he'd killed him, how he'd talked to him and now – how he'd loved him? The thought came unbidden, but—

"Yes," Harry said after a few seconds. Then he looked away.

Draco smiled. "Good."

Wide-eyed, Harry's head snapped up and he stared at Draco. "What?"

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

“I said ‘good,’” Draco said. “Because otherwise I would have had to romance you. And seeing how you were the one who brought me here, it seems only fair that you’re the one to do the work.”

Harry’s mouth fell open. “You— you want me to?”

Draco took a few steps closer. “Harry,” he said, deliberately using his first name, “don’t you think it’s a very stupid idea to lock yourself in a room with someone who supposedly hates you?”

“I hoped you didn’t anymore,” Harry breathed.

Draco smiled at him. This time, it was a soft, genuine smile – a smile Draco rarely allowed himself to give others. “You’re in luck.”

Then he closed the distance between the two of them and his lips locked onto Harry’s. It was a much softer kiss than any of those they shared while having sex – this time, Draco took the time to taste Harry and feel his warmth.

Harry soon lost his apparent paralysis and wrapped his arms around Draco. One hand came to rest in Draco’s hair while the other one was wrapped around Draco’s waist. Harry pulled Draco closer to him, close enough for Draco to feel the heat emanating from Harry’s body.

“Oh Merlin,” Harry breathed, finally pulling apart.

Draco smiled and rested his forehead against Harry’s. Finally, things felt right. This was the way it was supposed to be – he was supposed to be with Harry and not just as a friend, but as his lover.

“I love you,” Harry whispered.

Draco sighed softly and closed his eyes. “I think I might love you too.”

He felt Harry’s arms tighten around him even more and was pulled into another kiss.

*

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

A few minutes later – or possibly quite a bit more – Harry and Draco finally forced themselves to disconnect from each other. Harry's face was flushed and Draco found that he felt happier than he could remember ever being before.

"I like it when you do that," Harry said.

"What?" Draco asked. He wasn't aware he'd been doing anything.

"Smile," Harry said.

Draco chuckled. "Right."

Harry worried his lip. "We should probably go back to the Great Hall," he said. "I left when you started opening the box of chocolates and you disappeared rather suddenly."

"Indeed," Draco said. "A chocolate Port Key? What if I had shared the chocolates with someone else?"

Harry shrugged. "They were set only to work on you."

Draco cocked his head to the side and asked something he had been wondering about through the series of Valentine's Days. "What if I had opened it later? Were you going to sit here all day?"

Harry smiled. "No, definitely not. I'd placed a spell on the wrapping as well, so that when you undid it, I'd be notified. Then all I had to do was come here and hide."

Draco raised an eyebrow. "In your Invisibility Cloak," he said. "Why?"

"You might have come here all pissed off or, uh, scared about not knowing where you were," Harry said.

"Malfoys don't get scared!" Draco said indignantly, though he *had* been scared the first time around. Harry definitely didn't need to know that.

Harry rolled his eyes. "It was just a precaution."

"Let's get back on the subject," Draco said. "Shall we go back to the Great Hall?"

Harry looked indecisive. "Are you sure you want to go back together?"

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

Draco frowned at him. "I don't know about you, but my interpretation of that snogging-session back there was that we're no longer enemies."

Harry smiled. "I just wasn't sure if you wanted to show us in public so soon."

Draco shrugged. Inwardly, he sighed because he knew that it didn't matter – come tomorrow, he would have to do this all over again.

"I don't mind," he said out loud.

Harry actually took his hand at that point and his smile was from ear to ear. He pulled Draco with him and they found themselves in the hallway on the second floor. Draco pretended to not be sure of where they were and allowed Harry to guide him.

The Great Hall was in a frenzy; the students were talking wildly between themselves. Draco heard mentions of Voldemort and saw that Pansy was crying, holding the box of chocolates. Because of the commotion, it took a few moments before anyone noticed Harry and Draco standing in the doorway. Then the news spread like wildfire among the students and the Hall became completely silent.

Harry's hand felt warm in Draco's. Draco glanced at Harry. Then he thought, why the hell not and pulled Harry to him – and kissed him hard in front of the whole school.

After all, he would have to live through it all tomorrow again.

*

The Hall was silent for all of four seconds. Then screaming, applauding and intense whispering broke out. Harry and Draco pulled apart, both grinning widely. It didn't matter to Draco that he'd have to do it all over again tomorrow – this was a moment he'd treasure forever.

"The whole school is staring at us," Harry said.

"Uhu," said Draco.

"We're going to be the news of the school," Harry said.

VALENTINE'S DAY REPEATED

“Uhu,” said Draco.

“This is the best Valentine’s Day ever,” Harry said.

“Uhu,” said Draco and with a smile, he pulled Harry to him again.

That night, Draco didn’t sleep in his own bed. Instead, Harry brought him with him to the Gryffindor Tower and Harry’s Head Boy room. They didn’t have sex; they were both agreed on wanting the relationship settle before that happened, but they slept together, tightly intertwined.

When Draco awoke, it was to the feeling of Harry’s warm body next to him, still asleep. His heart raced and his palms became sweaty as he realised that it was February fifteenth. All those things that had happened the day before – people would remember them! He’d been nice to people, to Pansy and to that girl and— and he’d *kissed* Harry Potter in front of the entire school! His face heated at the mere thought.

Yet then Harry moved against him and the arm he had around Draco’s waist tightened.

And Draco realised that there was no day he rather wanted it to be.

*

Fini.