

A Question of Mortality

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 5:

"You ran out on Zabini?" Hermione shook her head in disbelief, putting down her cup of tea. "You need to go back! Only god knows if there already is a search party looking for you. I wouldn't be surprised.":

Draco grimaced. "I doubt it. Blaise can't stand me, so nobody probably knows I left. Besides, I am not a small child who needs constant babysitting."

Hermione sighed and pulled out her phone, typing in something quickly. "He cares more than he lets on."

"What are you doing?" Draco motioned to her phone. He wasn't feeling very happy about Hermione liking Blaise so much - she did like him, right? And he didn't know why. More importantly he was really not liking the way she treated him like a child.

"I am making sure there is no search party for you out there," she said without looking up.

Draco rolled his eyes, but when she didn't continue he realized she wasn't joking. Were his parents and friends that bad? Considering that he had disappeared before for years it was more like they were that worried.

"Anyway, what were you doing here?" he asked, wanting to change the topic. He was feeling calm and he wanted to savor it, even if it meant smalltalk with Granger.

"Nothing special," she shrugged.

"Nothing special! I don't believe you!" Draco crossed his arms, trying to stare her down so she would elaborate.

Hermione picked up her cup and took a long gulp. "If you know me as good as you say you do, you should know that me being engaged in some sort of social project is nothing special," she said sharply, not looking at him.

"What?" Draco couldn't believe his ears. She was sassing him! "I know that you had this spew thing going on and several volunteer jobs over the years but I don't know what the hell you were doing today... I've never seen that yellow logo before. By the way, yellow really isn't your colour."

Hermione sniffed, looking him down over the brim of her cup. "I am not surprised you don't give a fuck about political education. The less the masses know, the better families like yours can fool them."

"Families like mine? Newsflash. I have no idea what that could mean," Draco leaned forward, his jaw clenched, as he tried to control his breathing. He was furious with her and he wanted her to know that but Hermione didn't seem fazed by his glare.

"You'll find out soon enough," she said instead and put her cup down. "Maybe ask your father. He will know exactly what I am talking about."

"I am sure he will," Draco muttered, trying to suppress the bitterness. He wasn't even

sure why he wanted to behave, he simply did, and it was driving him nuts even more than Hermione's behavior and rudeness did.

"I have to go now," She said after a short glance on her watch. "Blaise should be here to pick you up soon. Just don't move, okay?"

Draco wanted to tell her off but somehow no word came out of his mouth and he had no choice but to watch her leave in silence. He stared at her empty seat until Blaise finally arrived, taking it.

Draco tried not to think about anything. He had had his head buzzing most of the days since he arrived on the earth and quite enjoyed the calm and silence now.

"What the hell do you think you are doing?" Blaise asked him in a calm voice as to not rise attention. Unfortunately, that was enough to destroy the calm and peace Draco had wanted to enjoy.

"You didn't want me there," Draco replied crankily, his eyes firmly on the table and definitely not on Blaise. He really didn't feel like another staring contest with him - especially not if Pansy or Daphne or anybody else, really, weren't there to interrupt them if it got really out of hand.

"You can't just leave like that," Blaise said and shifted in his seat. "Pansy would kill me if anything happened to you if. Not to mention your parents. "

Draco snorted. Blaise was scared of his parents - made sense, but of Pansy? That was weird and ridiculous and somehow, he really wanted to know why. "Nothing would have happened to me. Relax."

"You could have gotten lost and would not find the way back were it not for Granger," Blaise said. "It's kinda weird that you keep running into her, though."

"I can't help it."

"Try," Blaise said in a voice that made goosebumps appear on Draco's arms. Something was clearly going on with Blaise and Granger. Just what?

"What's your problem with her? Or me running into her?" Draco asked, tilting his head to give the other an all-over.

"You are fucking nosy. That's my problem with you." Blaise was studying his nails and Draco's blood boiled at the obvious attempt to avoid his questions.

"You are a prick," he said and Blaise frowned at that.

"But I am willing to start anew with you if you stop being so hostile half the time and talk to me. I don't even know what I did to deserve that," Draco continued. He was getting sick of not knowing what was going on and Blaise's attitude made everything even worse. With Hermione he at least knew why she didn't like him and even then she was still friendlier to him than Blaise.

"You aren't going to let it go, are you?" Blaise pinched the back of his nose. "I don't remember you as somebody who cared so much about others. But then, this is about you as well."

"Fine," Draco said and stood up, hoping that he would be able to coax something out of Blaise if he tried to walk away again. He knew Blaise didn't want for him to go around unsupervised so this was his best bet.

"Sit down," Blaise said immediately and Draco bit the inside of his cheek to suppress the smile that threatened to spill over his face.

He sat down and crossed his arms, looking at Blaise expectantly.

But to Draco's annoyance, Blaise didn't say anything and stood up instead and walked over to the counter to get something.

Draco was pretty sure he was doing it just to get on his nerves the same way he had played that stupid staring game with him. The worst thing about it was that it actually

got to him and made him antsy. The question was if Blaise was just guessing or if he knew Draco way better than he tried to make everyone believe.

Blaise sat down again, a cup of coffee in his hand. "Do you want a chronological or an alphabetical list of the reasons I don't like you?"

"How about from most important to least?" Draco asked and the corner of Blaise's mouth quirked upwards.

"I can do that," Blaise replied and took a sip from his coffee and grimaced immediately. "God, do they really call this coffee? What a joke," he said and put down the cup. "Anyway, the main reason why I can't stand your guts is because of what an ungrateful little shit you are. Not just back then, but now too. You take everything for granted and don't even think twice about it." Blaise's voice was calm but his eyes flashed dangerously.

Draco gulped. He had expected a lot but that certainly wasn't it. He wasn't even entirely sure about what Blaise was talking about.

"Could... Could you please elaborate on that?" he asked and pulled his lower lip between his teeth. He knew that he probably wasn't going to like what Blaise had to say but he knew that he had to hear it to learn something about himself he wouldn't from anyone else.

Blaise crossed his legs, not bothering to apologize even though he kicked Draco in the process, and reached for his cup again. "What is there to elaborate?"

"Hm, maybe what exactly you are talking about and how are you any different," Draco said in the most biting tone. He wasn't in the mood for Blaise's games and the time when they were funny passed a long time ago. But then, he couldn't back out again. He was already showing weakness by asking those questions and if he gave in and showed any more weakness, he would definitely lose his face.

If he had any knowledge about himself or Blaise at all, Draco doubted if would have come to this but with the major disadvantage on his part, the blows to his pride had been inevitable.

Blaise snorted and leaned closer. "Fine. But listen closely as I will only tell you this one time. You were, are, a privileged kid who always had everything and didn't deserve any of it. A loving family, money, friends, girls, Pansy, and you didn't appreciate any of it. You treated Pansy, the girls and those goons you called friends like literal trash, as if they were disposable and yet they always came back to you. The money and the family? You took it for granted. Sure, your parents spoiled you rotten but the extent of your selfishness you displayed towards both them and everybody else? Honestly, I can't blame anybody they killed you. Honestly, I will always be grateful to Granger for one thing: taking absolute academic success from you through her hard work."

Blaise talked himself into a quiet rage, the whole speech coming out in rushed whispers that were delivered with such force that he could have been shouting on the top of his lungs and it would not have shown his rage as clearly. "And now you do exactly the same thing. Family, friends, money, Granger's help? Even coming back? You act as if it was the most natural thing for everyone to be there for you whenever you need it."

Draco didn't know what to say to that. Had he really been like that? Was he still like that? "How are you any different?" he asked in an attempt to get some time to process what he had just heard.

"Well, I for one, never had a real family like you have," Blaise said with absolute detachment and Draco shivered involuntarily.

"My mother is a special kind of person and let's just say that she is on husband number

eight right now. Living with so many different men who all liked children to very different degrees has taught me a lot."

"Please tell me you didn't suggest what I think you did," Draco whispered with utmost horror and Blaise leaned back.

"I didn't suggest anything," he said flatly, his expression not giving away a thing.

Draco grit his teeth. Blaise was right that he would never understand what he had been through, his own father not seeming the type to lie his hand on him or his mother and if he had, he didn't understand it.

"I hope they got what they deserved," he said instead of all that with the most neutral tone.

"The previous seven are all dead."

Draco nodded. One look at Blaise told him that not all of them, if any, had died from natural causes and he considered it better to not dwell on it. He doubted Blaise would tell him more and he didn't want to pry too much, deciding to keep his guard up around him at all times instead. After all, he had both the motive and probably the means too.

"When will Pansy get back?" Draco looked at the clock on the wall. It was half past five and it was pouring outside. He hadn't been able to hear the rain over the voices in the cafe, had been too distracted by Blaise too, so he didn't know when the rain had started.

"Hard to tell with Daphne," Blaise said, adjusting to Draco's sudden change of topic smoothly. "I doubt they will go somewhere in the rain though so I suggest we wait it out too."

While Draco really didn't like the idea of spending even more time in the cafe, especially as he didn't know what to talk about now, he didn't have much of a choice. The young man around their age who had just come in was dripping and Draco knew he hated the feeling of wet clothes on himself.

He didn't have time to dwell on that thought and how he knew it as the dripping man approached their table after scanning the room for a short moment.

"I didn't expect to meet you here, Blaise," he said, not paying any attention to Draco.

"This is definitely not the kind of place you usually frequent."

"It seems we both decided to deviate from our routine today," Blaise answered with a pointed look at the stranger's wet clothes.

The other laughed. "Do you mind if I join you? The storm is getting worse and I want to warm up a bit while I wait for my friend."

"I didn't know you had any friends," Blaise replied while giving Draco a long look before turning back to the stranger. "But of course we don't mind, suit yourself."

The stranger pulled out a chair, luckily plastic or he would have ruined it, not that he looked like he cared. "My name's Theodore Nott by the way," he said as he sat down and looked at Draco for the first time. He looked and looked, his brows furrowed in confusion, studying Draco as if he was trying to piece together a puzzle or figure out a complicated riddle. He was probably trying to figure out where he had seen Draco before.

Draco considered removing his beanie to show Theodore his hair to make himself more distinct when Blaise spoke up.

"Your first instinct was correct. Do you need a moment or can we pretend everything is as always and you tell us who are you meeting?"

Theodore's head snapped towards Blaise. "Are you fucking kidding me?" he hissed, gesturing wildly towards Draco. "What kind of joke is this?"

Draco pinched the back of his nose. Every reaction he had gotten since his reappearance was getting worse and worse, even though he really couldn't blame Theodore for not believing what he was seeing.

"Considering I have no idea who you are and couldn't therefore have expected you to join us today, I couldn't have planned this," Draco said, "And as it is my fault that we are here, neither could have Blaise."

Theo looked between Blaise and Draco. "Is this true? How is it even possible?"

"It is. Nobody knows what happened. Granger found him without any memories," Blaise said. "And I am slowly getting sick of having to say that. How the hell do you deal with it?" he glanced at Draco, who shrugged.

"I-I need to process this," Theo stood up, his whole body shaking slightly.

Draco wasn't sure if it was from the cold or the shock.

"I'll bring him to your party," Blaise replied and Theo nodded, his eyes still darting between the two others, before he turned around and practically ran out of the cafe.

"What now?" Draco asked, watching after him. Luckily, the rain ceased.

"Now we go home. I am in no mood to run into more people I know," Blaise replied and stood up.