Draco loved him.

.-.-.-.

His body was small; sleek, powerful. Was he a fox again?

No. That wasn't right. He was… lower. His belly sliding along stone, his eyes peering through darkness. He was in a corridor, alone.

Not alone.

A man sat ahead of him. Asleep, or at least most of the way there. Entirely unaware of Harry's approach. Harry continued forward, tongue flicking out to taste the scent of the man. His Master had warned him there might be someone there, had said only to bite if necessary.

*What was necessary, when Harry felt the urge to **hunt** ?*

*He tried to resist it, hoping to move unnoticed past the man. But something startled him, and he jerked awake. Suddenly, his wand was out, and fear flooded Harry's system. He reared back, baring his fangs, and **struck** .*

*Hot, coppery blood spilled between his lips, his fangs sinking deeper into the man's flesh, aiming to crush, to **destroy** . The man cried out, then didn't cry at all, slumping to the cold floor. Harry looked at his face.*

He knew that face.

*Something was wrong. Something was **very** wrong.*

"HARRY!"

He woke with a gasp like a drowning man, lurching into an upright position, pain searing through his body. Neville was at his side, chalk-white with fear. Behind him, Harry's other three dorm-mates stood wary-eyed. Even Ron looked concerned, behind his scowl.

Suddenly, the dream — *not a dream*, his mind insisted — flashed behind his eyes, and he tensed. "Someone get McGonagall," he rasped, chest still heaving. Then he rolled to the side, and vomited over the edge of the bed.

He vaguely heard the thud of rapid footsteps, his eyes squeezed shut as he tried not to vomit again; he felt like his scar was trying to melt itself off his face, the pain radiating down his neck and spine, making every breath agony.

"Harry, you're shaking," Neville said worriedly. "What do I do? What happened?"

"Dream," Harry muttered, sweat cooling on his body. His legs were tangled in the sheets and it felt far too constricting, so he kicked them away the best he could. "Voldemort. Attack."

Vaguely, he heard a lilted murmuring that had to be Seamus — if the Irish boy hadn't thought Harry was insane before, he probably did now.