

HARRY POTTER AND THE WHITE QUEEN



Book Three: THE BOUND PRINCE Series

*by Slashpervert and
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Summary, Notes & Copyright

Summary: Sequel to *Harry Potter and The Bound Prince* and *Harry Potter and The Secret Keeper*. Harry and Draco continue to explore what their relationship means as they search for and destroy Horcruxes. The Order of the Phoenix continues to fight as the war escalates and lives are lost.

Warnings: Language, Explicit M/M Sex, Anal, Oral, Rimming, Dom/Sub, Bondage, SM, Dubious Consent, Monogamy, Jealousy, Humiliation, Exhibitionism, Pain, Violence, Blood, Torture, Necrophilia, Mpreg and Character Death (H/D live).

Notes: AU from Chapter 24 of HPB, written before the release of DH.

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– CHAPTER ONE –

A Special Talent

Draco Malfoy stood in the centre of the Room of Offering under Malfoy Manor, the marble humming around him. Lucius' body and their prisoners had been taken away by Tonks and the other Aurors. Someone had done a Cleaning Spell, removing all the blood, so the marble floors and altar shone white with mosaics of grey and green. The blond turned to look at Harry. His husband, Harry Potter.

Harry was staring at the spot where Lucius' head had been. He shivered just a bit and his lip curled slightly at the memory. He looked away, up at Draco, and his gaze softened immediately. He gave him a very small smile and held his hand out to him.

Draco smiled and took Harry's hand. He led him a few steps away from where the body had been and to the spot between the altar and the fire circle where they had consecrated their bond. He pulled the other man against his own body, using his construct hand around Harry's waist as he held Harry's hand to his chest.

Harry smiled gently as he looked up into Draco's face. His hand was over Draco's heart and he could feel it beating. He placed a hand over his own heart and his smile grew. "They beat together," he whispered.

Draco raised his eyebrow, smirking. "We need to talk about magic and blood," he said quietly.

"Let's talk then," Harry said, also quiet. He felt like he had to be quiet in this room now that everything was calm. "What is it that I have no clue about this time?"

Draco chuckled and kissed Harry's forehead. "There are a lot of things not explained at Hogwarts. Either because they are considered obvious to those of us raised in our world or because they are considered too dangerous for others."

Harry sighed and nodded. "What is it then?"

"Magical folk differ in which types of magic they do better than others. It's not just a matter of learning the spells. Like some people

sing better than others or have a talent for drawing," Draco explained patiently. "Or the way you fly." He smirked.

Harry smiled at the compliment. "Yeah, I've heard that before," he said. "When I got my wand, Ollivander said my mum's wand had been good for Charms and my dad's for Transfiguration."

"The wand is chosen to resonate with the inherent magic of its wielder," Draco said. "That's why you do better with your own wand than with another. And then there are some things we can do without wands, like the way you speak Parseltongue."

Harry nodded. "So, what exactly are you saying?" he asked, wondering what any of this had to do with anything.

Draco snorted. "So impatient. You have never asked what my talents are besides Potions."

Harry raised a slightly amused eyebrow. "Well, what talents do you have?" he said. He hadn't even been aware that Draco had anything else he was exceptionally good at. He seemed to do everything good mostly.

"I can sense magic," Draco said. "I can feel it the way you feel the breeze in your hair or the sun on your skin."

Harry's eyes widened a bit. "You can?" he asked. His mind shot to Horcruxes almost immediately.

Draco smiled. "Yes. Sometimes like a heat or a tingling, depending on the kind of magic. Both with you."

"Do you know how useful that could be?" Harry asked, eyes still a bit wide. "If Voldemort's got Horcruxes hidden, do you think you could sense the magic if we were to be near them? Or sense the magic in traps or things like that?" Harry was thinking of how Dumbledore had been able to sense the magic in the cave.

Draco laughed, nodding his head. "Yes, and I will help with all of that," he said. "In the meantime, let me continue explaining this." He lifted his hand up and stroked Harry's hair from his face. "This room, this place," he said, "it has very old magics in it."

Harry nodded again, waiting for Draco to continue.

"Like Hogwarts and Grimmauld Place, like most of our places, there is a combination of ancestral blood magic and earth resonance," Draco explained. "In this room, I can feel all that."

"All right," said Harry slowly. "Why is that important?"

Draco's eyes widened, surprised by the question and confused for

a moment. "It is literally the foundation of wizarding culture, Harry," he said. "This is, at least, a part of what the war is over. Over the meanings of magic and what purposes to which it should be put."

"It might have started out that way," Harry said, "but I think now Voldemort's just gone mad and wants to rule everything. He wants to be the ultimate dictator of the wizarding world, but even so, what does any of that have to do with you being able to feel the magic in this room?"

"He is mad, but it is important to remember that he has followers. Understanding why people follow or don't follow him could be important," Draco said. "And understanding the foundations of magic may help you defeat him. Because he really doesn't understand them."

Harry nodded. "I'll learn anything that could help me," he said seriously. "I think it might take a bit more than luck this time around."

"Well, I guess you are lucky you have me then," Draco quipped, leaning in to kiss him again.

Harry smiled against Draco's lips. "Very lucky," he murmured.

"We need to come back later and talk more about this. There are things I should show you, teach you, about this place," Draco said. "But the most important thing for you to know right now is that this place has power and resources that might be helpful for us."

"Good," Harry said. "Snape even came that night to look for books in the library here, didn't he?"

"I assume so," Draco said, "but I don't know whether he found them or even got past the wards. We have more than one library in this place. Some of the books on Dark Magic would be in the lower library."

Harry raised his eyebrows. "How big is it?" he asked, looking above him.

"The libraries or the Manor?" Draco asked.

"Both, I suppose," said Harry, still looking at the ceiling. The room they were standing in was huge, and that was only a part of the Manor.

"Above ground, respectably large," Draco said, looking upwards. "Below ground, bigger than I know. I wasn't privy to it all. I know about this room because it is a kind of ancestral temple where

important family magics are often done."

"You don't even know how big your own house is?" Harry asked. "It must be huge."

Draco nodded. "And built on an ancient site from before the house, so there are older spells under the house itself. Father would have ..." he trailed off for a minute, swallowing, "would have taught me more when I came of age."

Harry winced and frowned. 'Yeah, I bet,' he had to keep himself from saying. "Well, it's safer at Grimmauld, with you being the Secret Keeper and all, but we can stay here for a while when we need to. I'm sure there are things here that could help. I need to learn some new spells or something, too. I don't think I'll win with a simple Stunning Spell."

Draco snorted, nodding his head. "So, home now?" he said, waiting for confirmation.

"Yes," said Harry, wrapping his arms around Draco's waist.

Draco Apparated them back to the kitchen at Grimmauld and looked around to see who was there.

Most of the Order members had gone after Harry and Draco had come down from their nap and left with Tonks. Hermione and Ron were both still in the kitchen along with Mrs Weasley, Bill, Fleur, Charlie, Lupin and the twins.

"How did it go?" asked Bill.

"It went fine," said Harry. "Bit of a struggle with Crabbe, but it was nothing a Body-Bind wouldn't fix."

Draco nodded, kissing Harry's cheek and going over to the tea kettle. "Any tea made?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs Weasley. "Are you both sure you're okay?" she asked, frowning.

Harry shook his head but smiled gently. "Yes, we're fine," he assured her for what felt like the millionth time. "Where's Mr Weasley?"

"Ginny missed the train with everything that was going on. Dad had to take her to school," said Ron.

The mention of the train made Draco blush, remembering the earlier "conversation" in bed. He prepared himself and Harry cups of tea and came back to the table to sit down.

"Thanks, love," Harry said, sitting next to Draco and taking the

tea. He sipped it and then looked around at everyone. "I suppose I should tell you I'm married," he said with a grin, waiting for the reactions.

Ron looked at him like he had just uttered the stupidest joke he had ever heard.

"What do you mean?" asked Hermione.

Everyone else stared at him with raised eyebrows and confused looks.

"I'm married," Harry repeated with a small, happy laugh.

Draco's chin dropped to his chest and he flushed. The Gryffindor was anything but subtle. He huffed and sipped more of his tea.

"How on earth can you be married, Harry?" asked Mrs Weasley, looking like she was waiting for him to say he was joking. "You haven't even been back here for a day yet, and I certainly don't remember any weddings."

Harry gave a small shrug, still smiling. "To be honest, I'm not sure what we did, but according to Draco, we're married."

"Were you hit on the head, mate?" asked Ron.

"I'm serious," said Harry.

Draco smirked, flushing even pinker. It would be interesting to listen to Harry explain this one. Then he realised Harry would probably make him do it and he winced.

Harry took a large breath and held it in for a moment before he started. "Well, after everything that happened last night, before we came back here, we – um well ... you know. And I guess ... we made another binding promise. But it was different this time, because of what we said. Afterwards, I could Apparate in the Manor where only Draco should have been able to Apparate and so that had to mean we're married and I guess it's some kind of older wizarding tradition or something."

Everyone still looked very confused.

Draco winced again. Yes, he knew he would end up with this task. "Older wizarding law, magical law," he corrected. He flushed more. "Also known as Great Rite." He knew Mrs Weasley would probably get the reference but it wasn't the modern way it was done.

Mrs Weasley's eyes grew wide. "So you – you? Oh, my," she said.

"What's that mean?" asked Ron.

Hermione was just staring between Harry and Draco with eyes wide like Mrs Weasley's.

Remus had been reading the paper, but he sputtered and spilt his tea.

Harry looked at Lupin's spilled tea with raised eyebrows. "It means we're married, you dolt," he said to Ron happily.

"You *are* married?" asked Fred, mouth hanging open. George was his mirror image next to him.

Bill and Fleur were smiling at Harry and Draco, both looking quite surprised, but still smiling.

"I guess," said Harry.

"Bloody hell," said Ron.

"You *are* married?" asked Fred again.

Harry snorted and nodded slowly.

"It's a bit more complicated at the legal level," Draco said. "But at the magical level, yes. At the legal level, we will have to go through the formal registration process and decide if we want a ceremony and all that."

Harry's grin grew as everyone continued to stare at them with open mouths.

"Well, congratulations," said Hermione finally after she had recovered. She smiled at them.

Harry laughed again. "Thanks," he said.

"You're both bloody mad," said George, shaking his head and smiling bemusedly at them.

"Most probably," Draco said. "A Slytherin and a Gryffindor."

Harry huffed and pinched Draco, smiling at him with narrowed eyes.

Everyone else laughed.

"Ze married life iz wonderful," said Fleur, smiling at Bill fondly.

"Indeed it is," said Bill with a chuckle.

"Well, you're both too young," said Mrs Weasley sternly. She smiled. "But what news to hear after everything that's happened! Congratulations, both of you."

Harry couldn't seem to stop grinning.

Draco's attention perked up at that. "Maybe we can use this to our advantage," he said.

"What?" asked Harry, raising an eyebrow.

Draco retrieved the slightly damp copy of the *Daily Prophet* from the table and looked at the headlines. The "news" was of their disappearance and the speculation that he had tried to commit suicide. He shook his head. "I think some distraction from the more ... unpleasant aspects ... of the last 24 hours would be a good tactic to use with the media."

Charlie leant forward at the table. "That's a good idea actually," he said. "The *Prophet* seems to print more on gossip than real news anyway. The Boy Who Lived getting married with a possible ceremony to spy on, now that's news," he said sarcastically.

"Well, I certainly don't want to be *spied* on," said Harry, wrinkling his nose, "but it would be nice to take attention away from this."

"They always follow what you do, and they aren't the only ones," Draco said. "But the way to handle the media is to give them what you want them to print instead of waiting for them to find their own news." He looked at Harry. "So, do you want a ceremony?"

"Well, do you?" Harry asked, surprised that Draco was asking him that so quickly.

Draco tried to think about it. "It was not something I ever considered before," he said slowly. "My parents ran such things. I did what I was told. Now, we have ... choices."

"Well, I've never thought about getting married in my life, besides the one time we talked about it," said Harry. "But I wasn't thinking about anything technical then. We could have one, I suppose," he said slowly.

Draco turned, ignoring and, to some degree, forgetting about the rest of the room. He reached a hand out to cup Harry's face and looked him directly in the eyes. "Forget strategy for a minute," he said. "What do you, my love, my husband, want?"

Harry smiled at Draco and thought, picturing what their wedding might look like, how wonderful and fun Bill and Fleur's had been, how nice it would be to celebrate the one thing in the world most important to him. "I think I'd like to show everyone how much I love you," he said quietly.

Draco smiled. "As you wish, my love, as you wish." He leant in and kissed him, passionately.

Harry opened his mouth to the kiss, smiling. When he pulled back, he took in a big breath and looked Draco in the eyes happily.

Fred wolf-whistled and Mrs Weasley swatted him on the arm, slightly pink-faced.

Draco flushed and blinked. He had forgot the rest of the room.

Harry chuckled. "I guess we'll have a ceremony then," he said.

"Brilliant," said George, smiling widely.

"Wow, Harry," said Ron, looking at him with wide eyes and seeming dumbfounded.

"Yeah," said Harry happily.

Draco was still flushed but smiling. "So we go to the Ministry to register our magical bond and give the *Prophet* the official wedding announcement."

Harry nodded. "And that should provide them with enough 'news' until all the rest of it dies down."

"That's the idea." Draco smiled. "Distract them from the real news with gossip about The Chosen One and his odd choices."

Harry snorted and kissed Draco quickly. "My odd choices?" he asked, shaking his head. "I think you're perfect."

Draco smiled. "Of course I am."

Harry snorted and kissed Draco again.

"Please, you're going to kill us with the sappiness," said Fred, still grinning.

Harry rolled his eyes and pulled away from Draco.

Draco's smirk was trying hard to be a grin and his cheeks flushed again. "So," he said, "how does one plan a wedding?" He looked at Fleur in particular.

Harry very much wondered that as well.

Fleur sat up straighter and smiled. "Well, first zer iz ze date to set, and ze place, and you weel 'ave to get dress robes and flowers and cake and you 'ave to decide where ze reception weel be and" She went on for a while.

Harry stared at her with widened eyes.

"Oh, no," said Bill with a sigh. "I thought I was through with this."

Fleur looked at him with slightly narrowed eyes and he chuckled.

Draco nodded, catching the overall drift. He did a kind of half bow to Fleur. "Madame Weasley, could we gentlemen ask you to help us in this? I fear without your guidance, we will not do it justice."

"Oh, I would be 'appy to 'elp!" said Fleur delightedly.

Harry smiled. He knew what Draco had said was very true, or at least, he knew that *he* wouldn't have the faintest clue about what to do. Hearing Draco call Fleur 'Madame Weasley' made Harry think as well. "Draco, do our names change?" he asked, raising an eyebrow and frowning.

Draco's eyes widened. He opened his mouth to say something and realised he had no idea what to say to that, so quickly closed it again, frowning.

Harry raised both eyebrows. "Erm, just something to think about, I suppose," he said quietly.

"Couldn't you just do a hyphenated thing?" asked Bill. "You know, Potter-Malfoy, Malfoy-Potter, whatever."

Harry shrugged. "I don't know about any of this stuff," he said.

Draco blinked again and then pulled himself together. "Well, that is something to consider. Meanwhile, according to our lovely wedding director here, we need to pick a date. Which we probably need before we make a public announcement." He looked again at Harry. "When?"

Harry spluttered, not having expected to have to answer any of this for a while at least. "Um, I don't know," he said. "Do we do it soon? Do we wait? What about Voldemort? We'll have to pick somewhere safe."

Draco looked seriously at Harry for a minute. "Sooner," he said, moving closer to Harry in his chair. "I know this sounds – corny, but I want this. I want no one to have any reason to doubt that I am where I choose to be."

Harry smiled at Draco and took his hand. "Alright, sooner then," he said. "Like, next-month-sooner? Is that even enough time to plan a wedding?"

"Eet weel be 'ard work, but you can 'ave eet whenever you choose," said Fleur.

"Well, I suppose whenever we have everything ready we can have it," said Harry with a shrug.

"Halloween?" Draco suggested. "Six months from when I first kissed you and it gives us two months to prepare."

"That's the night my parents died," said Harry quietly.

Draco tipped Harry's head up, looking into his eyes. "Reclaim it from Voldemort," he said quietly. "That is ... if you think your

parents would approve."

Harry smiled softly at Draco and then looked over at Lupin. "I think they would," he said quietly.

Lupin had been staring at the two of them with unshed tears blurring his vision. "Yes, Harry, they would," he said, his voice thick with emotion and a tear running down one cheek.

"Halloween then," Harry said softly, kissing Draco again.

Draco closed his eyes, kissing Harry as unexpected emotions surged inside him. He hadn't realised a ceremony would be so important to him. Gods, he was as sappy as the Gryffindors!

"Stop, you're making us all tear up!" said Mrs Weasley with a small laugh, dabbing at her eyes.

Harry pulled his lips from Draco's gently and saw that indeed, nearly everyone in the room was looking at them with a sort of sad-happiness.

Draco blinked, ducking his head to cover his own reactions. He took a deep breath and turned back to the friends at the table. "Gryffindors," he said, smirking. "So, October 31st. Next would be – where? There is the possibility of using the Manor. We do own it now."

Harry smiled at the 'we.' "Yes, we could do it there," he said. "I haven't even seen the top parts of it yet, but from what you said, it would be large enough. Is there a room fit for weddings?" He grinned.

Draco chuckled. "Every Malfoy for generations has been married there. Yes, a lot of rooms," he confirmed. "Even a ballroom for dancing."

Harry snorted. "Well, why let it go to waste?" he said. "And then we don't even have to have somewhere else for the reception and worry about securing two places."

"It sounds lovely," said Mrs Weasley.

Draco turned to Mrs Weasley. He smiled softly at her. When had his feelings for her softened? "Thank you," he said, then he glanced at Harry before continuing, "because I know how important Harry is to you and I am grateful for your support."

Mrs Weasley beamed at him. "Well – you – you're certainly very welcome," she said, eyes tearing up again.

"Merlin, now you're making me emotional!" Harry exclaimed,

having to swallow the lump in his throat. He had never felt so much like part of a family as he did right then.

Draco snorted but smiled. "Getting you worked up is what I live for," he teased.

"Prat," Harry whispered, leaning in for another kiss.

"Git," Draco whispered back against Harry's lips, and then he nipped at them.

"Bloody hell!" said George, laughing. "As much as we appreciated the free show the other day," he laughed harder, "you might not want to do it right here on the kitchen table. Splinters. Hurt like hell stuck in your arse cheeks."

"George!" said Mrs Weasley.

"It's only a friendly tip," said Fred, grinning widely.

Draco sucked in a breath and turned pink to his ears. "Merde," he hissed.

Harry flushed too. "Um, I think we're going to go back to bed for a bit," said Harry, eyes not leaving Draco.

"Lunch will be done when you are," said Mrs Weasley, sounding exasperated and shaking her head as Fred and George laughed at Harry's words.

Remus chuckled and shook his head.

Draco didn't say a word. He took his husband's hand and practically dragged him from the room.

Harry's heart was already beating quicker before they even reached their room. He turned his back against the door and fumbled with the knob behind him with one hand as he reached forward with the other and pulled Draco to him by the front of his shirt. "Fuck me," he said, voice low and husky.

"Yes," Draco hissed, nipping at Harry's lips while he grabbed him with both hands on his hips and ground into him.

"Fuck," Harry moaned, pushing his groin into Draco's. He tried to get the door open still. "Fucking door," he growled. It finally opened and he pulled Draco into the room quickly. He reached at the door with his hand so that it shut with a slam when he hit it. Then he started tearing at Draco's clothes as fast as his hands would allow.

Draco's hands fumbled with Harry's trousers, desperate to get them off. "Harry," he gasped, "you ordered me."

"Take my clothes off," Harry panted, pulling Draco's shirt over

his head and then reaching down to undo his trousers.

Draco's hands reached for Harry's shirt as he trembled, unable to tell if Harry knew what he was doing. He ripped the shirt off Harry.

Harry gasped. "Shit," he said weakly, his cock jumping inside his pants. He pulled Draco's trousers and underwear down in one quick swipe.

Draco ripped the fasteners on Harry's trousers, both his hand and the construct pulling the fabric roughly down. He spun Harry around and pushed him down, bending him over a nearby plush armchair.

Harry gasped again. "Fuck, Draco," he panted, his cock so hard it hurt. His eyes went a bit wide as he realised that Draco was being a tad more desperate than he certainly needed to be. "Oh, shit I ordered you. Fuck me, but not because I ordered you to!" he said quickly.

Draco panted, taking a moment to get himself back under control now that Harry had countered the command. He bent and ripped Harry's trousers off the rest of the way. "Gods, you are so hot," he growled, and then he Accio'd his wand. He cast a Lube Spell in the palm of the construct and then, putting his wand aside, slicked his fingers. "You drive me crazy," he said, reaching slippery fingers down the crack of Harry's arse and pressing into him.

"Ah!" Harry cried out, gripping the arm of the chair under him. He pushed his arse back against Draco's fingers, very, very eager for more of him.

"Beg me for it, Harry," Draco growled, his fingers reaching to stroke Harry's prostate as he rubbed his cock against the man's arse.

Harry's back arched as Draco touched his prostate and he cried out again. "Oh, Merlin, please, Draco!" he gasped. "Please, fuck me! I want you so badly! Please!"

Draco chuckled deeply, his cock bobbing in response as those words sent shivers down his spine. Harry was bent over the arm of the chair and he looked delicious like this. He would have to remember this for when they weren't in a hurry. Draco slid his fingers out, quickly slicking his cock and pressing it to Harry's entrance. "Spread your legs more," he told him, "'cause I want to fuck you very, very deep."

Harry walked each of his legs in opposite directions until they were open as wide as he could get them while on the chair. "Please,

Draco," he said. His belly was doing flip-flops as he waited for Draco to fuck him.

"Hold on to the other arm of the chair," Draco said, and then, when Harry had done so, he grasped his hips. He hesitated, first only using one hand, but then he took a deep breath and laid the construct on the other hip. He slid inside his lover slowly, agonisingly slowly.

Harry's back arched again and he gripped the chair material tightly. He moaned the entire torturous time Draco filled him. "Dracooo, pleasee," he groaned, trying to push back against him.

Draco loved the sound of Harry begging him, and he was panting with the effort to go slow. Once his cock had slid as far as possible into his lover, feeling the tight, wet heat surrounding him, Draco stood trembling for a moment. He bent over the dark-haired man, pushing deeper as he did. "How do you want it, Harry?" he purred.

"I want you to fuck me!" Harry cried. "I want you to fuck me hard! Anything! Just please!" He was nearly delirious with need. Draco was inside him so deep and he trembled from the feeling.

Draco's evil chuckle would have done his Slytherin reputation credit. He grasped his lover's hips and slid back, then slammed in hard. "Fuck," he gasped at the sensation. He couldn't hold back anymore. He began to flex his hips, sliding back and then forward again with as much momentum as he could. Each stroke sent jolts of pleasure through his body.

Harry was rocked forward hard with every thrust, crying out loudly. "Yes! Yes, Draco, fuck yes!" He tried to meet Draco's thrusts, using the arm of the chair to push back.

Draco was rocking hard into the man under him, the chair creaking from impact and his whole body shuddering. Sweat was soon pouring down his body. "Want ... you ... always," Draco gasped. His hair had come loose from the tie and was clinging to his face, but his hands were holding Harry as he continued to pump furiously.

Harry's hands hurt from clinging to the chair so hard. His glasses had fallen off a while ago and he was sweaty, too. He continued meeting Draco's thrusts and he looked over his shoulder at him. He could hardly take the sight. "Draco," he gasped. "Oh, Merlin, Draco I'm going to come!"

"Fuck, yes!" Draco screamed, taking his pace to the fastest he could move. He could barely breathe and he was panting hard as he

shoved fast and deep.

Harry clenched his teeth and hissed through them as the pleasure built up rapidly and then spilled over, spiralling out in a rush of heat and ecstasy. He came with a loud shout, his entire body trembling as he clenched his arse around Draco, his eyes shut tightly.

Pleasure and power rocketed through Draco's body, and all he could do was thrust in and hold on. He was blinded by it, unable to tell if he hung suspended there for seconds, minutes or longer. And then the wave released him and he fell forward onto the back of his lover.

Harry grunted as Draco fell on top of him, still panting. He finally relaxed his hands and released the chair. Draco lying on him like he was sort of hurt, but Harry couldn't move – he couldn't even speak for that matter.

Draco was shuddering in the aftermath of his orgasm and the magic that left him feeling both full of power and weak in the knees. He tried to concentrate, slowing down to take deeper breaths. He kissed the damp skin under his face and fumbled to grip something besides the man underneath him. He finally found the edge of the chair and pushed with shaky arms to try to stand.

Harry grunted again as Draco stood and he tried to push himself up, only managing to slip off the chair a bit. "That was good," he panted, eyes heavily lidded as he tried to catch his breath.

Draco was holding on to the back of the chair, pulling himself up with it. He slid carefully back out, feeling a bit raw from the rough sex, even with the lube. He smiled at Harry's words but still couldn't respond.

Harry took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Merlin, my arse is sore," he said, swallowing to try and moisten his dry throat. He pushed himself up a bit more, but his legs shook.

Draco chuckled weakly from his place, still clinging to the chair. The view was great. Harry was still laid out in the most wanton display. Draco drank in the sight, still in awe of how beautiful Harry was.

Harry laughed breathily and finally gathered enough strength to get weakly to his feet. He simply stood there for a minute, trying to keep his balance, and then walked gingerly over to the bed and collapsed upon it.

"You can barely walk," Draco said with a laugh.

"Prat," said Harry, but he smiled.

Draco let go of the chair and stood shakily for a moment. He did his best to walk to the bed without staggering. His thighs hurt and his legs felt a bit wobbly.

Harry laughed at him. "You're one to talk," he said, raising an eyebrow.

Draco fell to the bed beside Harry, laughing. He lay there, his eyes shining as he looked at Harry.

Harry moved slowly so that he was closer to Draco. "We're going to show everyone how much we love each other," he whispered, reaching out and pushing the damp hair from Draco's face. "Everyone will know how we feel."

Draco raised both eyebrows, smirking. "That kind of display might be a bit much, even for *our* wedding," he teased.

Harry rolled his eyes and laughed. "Oh, Merlin, how do I love such a prat?" he asked with a sigh.

"Because you're a git?" Draco asked, taking Harry's hand and kissing the palm.

Harry laughed again. "I am *so* not a git," he said jokingly.

"Sure, Potter." Draco smiled but then he took a deep breath and looked seriously at Harry. "You are the last person I thought I would ever marry," he said, "and the only one I have ever wanted."

Harry smiled hugely as his eyes started to burn. "You can't know how much that means to me," he said.

– CHAPTER TWO –

Public Relations

Harry and Draco had just got out of the shower and were now back in their room. A day had passed and they had decided to put out news of their wedding as soon as possible. Harry was a bit nervous. Not only was he going to talk to reporters about getting married to a man, who had just recently attempted suicide as far as they were concerned and was the son of a dead Death Eater, whom he and Draco had killed, he was getting his Apparition license, too.

He was standing in front of the dresser, towel around his hips and butterflies in his stomach. "What are we supposed to wear to this?" he asked Draco.

Draco slipped off his robe and hung it up, looking over at his lover. Damn, but even after just having sex in the shower, he still found that Harry standing there in that towel made him want to drag him back to bed. It took him a minute to register the question. "Business casual," he said, then rolling his eyes, "Never mind; let me pick it out for you."

Harry shrugged and moved over so that Draco could get the clothes out. He sat on the edge of the bed and stared at Draco's naked arse. "How bad do you think it'll be?" he asked.

"Reporters are predictable. They will do anything for the story and the more sensational the better," Draco sneered, laying out a nice dark green button down shirt and black slacks for Harry.

Harry sighed and stood up again to get dressed. "Wonderful," he said sarcastically. "What exactly do we tell them? I mean, I know we talk about the wedding, but how do we make it 'sensational' or whatever?"

Draco shook his head, smirking as he slipped on a dark maroon shirt. "You are sensational," he said.

Harry snorted. "If that's what they want to think," he said.

Draco tucked his shirt into the crisp black linen pants and rolled

his eyes at the way the Gryffindor missed his compliment. "We stick to the topic," he said. "Don't answer questions about the disappearance, my family or my 'accident.'"

Harry nodded, buttoning his shirt. "All right," he said. "Just the wedding."

Draco finished combing and tying back his long hair. He then smirked as he picked up a brush and advanced on his lover.

Harry stared at the brush and Draco with a slightly wary look. "Good luck," he muttered, thinking there was nothing Draco could possibly do.

Draco began giving Harry's mop a thorough brushing. He shook his head as he did. "You have thick, beautiful hair but you need to take better care of it," he tisked.

Harry snorted. "I have a lot of hair that won't do a thing I want it to," he retorted.

Draco brushed and Harry squirmed. After the brushing and some well placed charms it looked ... well, a little better. Draco frowned. "We are taking you to a hair dresser before any official photos are taken," he declared. "I need a trim anyway."

"I've never been to a hair dresser," Harry said, resisting, with difficulty, reaching up and shuffling his hair around.

Draco scowled. "Who cuts your hair?"

"Well, I've been to a barber before, but my aunt used to during summer and Mrs Weasley has done it before, too," said Harry with a shrug and a raised eyebrow.

"That's ..." Draco closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "That explains a lot."

Harry shrugged again. "What time is it?" he asked.

"Time to get going," Draco said, laying the brush aside and picking up his outer robe.

Harry sighed and finished dressing himself. "Let's go, I suppose," he said, walking over to the bedroom door.

Picking up the announcement and registration scrolls he had prepared and stowing them inside his robes, Draco followed his lover.

Harry walked down through the house and into the kitchen to find mostly everyone ready and waiting. They had eaten before

getting dressed, and so they should've all been ready to go.

"Waiting on Ron and Bill," said Mrs Weasley, sounding annoyed.

Harry nodded, his stomach swooping uncomfortably.

Draco got them both cups of tea, handing Harry his cup. "Remember to breathe," he whispered.

Harry took a breath then and nodded, taking the cup from Draco.

"Nervous?" asked Hermione, sidling up next to them.

Harry shrugged and made a bit of a face. "A little, I guess," he said.

Draco snorted and rolled his eyes. "He'll do fine," he added.

Hermione nodded. "You really will, Harry," she said. "You led the D.A. and now you lead the Order. This should be easy."

"I guess," said Harry again.

Bill came down in a couple of minutes, followed shortly by Ron who was looking a bit nervous, too. He was taking his Apparition test with Harry.

"That's everyone," said Mr Weasley, standing and looking around the room. "Are we all ready?"

"Let's get it over with," said Harry with a huff and he, Draco, Ron, Hermione, Bill, Fleur, Mr and Mrs Weasley all prepared to Floo to the Ministry.

Draco took the tea cup from his lover and set it aside, then took his hand. He leaned in, whispering, "Right beside you, love."

Harry looked at Draco and smiled. "I know," he said, and soon they were all standing in the Atrium, and Harry was nervously straightening his clothes.

"Where do we go now?" he asked, looking around.

"You should get the Apparition test done first," Draco said, "if they let you."

Ron winced a bit at those words.

"Yeah, I guess," said Harry. "What department is that?"

"Magical Transportation," said Mr Weasley. "Third floor."

Harry turned to Ron. "You ready?" he asked.

Ron hesitated just a bit and then nodded. "Yeah, I'm ready," he said.

"It's not hard," said Hermione.

"Whatever," said Ron. "Let's do this."

Draco huffed. He took Harry's hand and walked beside him, his head held high, seeming oblivious to the stares. In actuality, he was very aware of everyone's attention.

Harry headed off with Draco and his big crowd of friends making it to the lifts and to the third floor without any trouble. Everyone stared, but there were always stares.

Harry and Ron met their instructor, who looked at Harry and then immediately scanned the crowd of people with him, his eyes landing on Draco. He didn't say anything though and simply led Harry and Ron into a room to take their tests.

Ron insisted Harry go first, claiming that Harry should simply get it over with so that he would have one less thing to be nervous about, while he himself fidgeted and squirmed. Harry had agreed though, and in no time at all it seemed, emerged from the room with a smile and a license.

"Passed," he said, coming over to Draco and kissing him lightly.

Draco kissed him back, nodding. "Never any other option," he said.

Harry smiled and ignored the looks of the other strangers in the room.

"Told you it wasn't hard," said Hermione, grinning.

"I'm not the one who was worried," said Harry with a snort.

Ron emerged a few minutes later, looking very, very relieved. "Got it," he breathed and everyone cheered for him, making his ears go red. He smiled smugly and Harry snorted, shaking his head.

Now for the hard part, Draco thought. "From here it would be best to register the amended Binding Promises," Draco said.

"And where do we do that?" asked Harry, raising an eyebrow.

"One floor down," said Mr Weasley.

Harry sighed. "Lead the way," he said, and Mr Weasley did, leading them lower into the Ministry.

Once on the lower floor, Harry stood next to Draco, frowning. "I've no idea what to do," he said.

"Same as last time," Draco said. "I already have the scroll prepared." He held up the parchment. "The fun starts when we go to

leave," he added.

Harry winced and nodded. "Yeah," he said warily.

They registered their binding promise, which took longer than the last time, as it was marriage this time around and they were actually in the Ministry. The last time they'd had the papers brought in for them from St Mungo's.

The witch working with them kept throwing them odd little glances and got up at one point not to return for several minutes.

Draco leant in, whispering against Harry's ear. "See the looks," he said. "Odds are she has already owed the paper while we have been here filling out the papers. Someone will be waiting when we leave here. Ready?"

Harry huffed, but took Draco's hand and nodded. "As ready as I can be," he said.

"We're all right here, boys," said Mr Weasley when they were finished. "The questions start getting out of hand and all you have to do is say the word."

Harry nodded and sighed before walking slowly over to the door with Draco and stepping outside it, ready for the storm of questioning.

Like a flock of sea birds swooping in on a crust of bread, they were suddenly surrounded by reporters asking questions and flashing pictures. Draco held Harry's hand and raised his construct hand up to call attention and quiet the cacophony of questions. "We are willing to give a few answers," he said, "but first we would like to make an official announcement."

There was a lot of murmuring and excitement. A crowd of onlookers had gathered as well.

"Harry Potter and myself will be formally wed on October 31st. All other details will be provided later."

There was some additional shouting, and Draco held his hand up again.

"Harry!" someone shouted. "Why are you with Malfoy, a suspected Death Eater?"

Harry's eyes widened as all the shouting began. He was used to attention, but had never had to deal with anything like this before.

"Er, because I love him and he's not one," he said to the crowd of people, tightening his grip on Draco's hand.

"Harry, when did you know you were gay?" another reported asked.

Harry raised an eyebrow. So that's how the questions were going to be. "I'm not gay," he said simply.

"If you're not gay, why are you marrying a man?" another asked.

"Because we are in love with each other," Draco replied. "Not everyone is gay or straight."

"Does that mean you are bisexual?" another shouted.

"Erm, sure," said Harry. He wondered why they would want to know something like that, but then he remembered what Draco had said about them doing anything to get a story and he remembered the ridiculous stories that had been printed about Hermione and himself in fourth year.

"Since we only intend to be with each other," Draco added, "none of that matters."

"Harry," another shouted, "was this your idea?"

"Well, we didn't really plan it," said Harry. "We're actually already married on the magical level or something. We just now registered that binding promise. Um, something called Great something or other." He looked at Draco.

Draco gritted his teeth and smiled tightly at the explosion this was met with. He squeezed Harry's hand and tried to catch his eye, but it was too late.

Lots of questions were shouted, overlapping. "Great Rite?" "You did blood magic?" "Already married?" "Where?" and others.

Harry knew he had said the wrong thing as soon as the questions were asked. "Well, it was unintentional," he began, "but we're both really happy about it. After we found out we had done the binding promise, we decided to have a ceremony on Halloween to make it really official," he said, trying to put the attention back on the upcoming wedding.

Draco knew only one way to get the attention away from the blood magic and back on their relationship. He released Harry's hand, slid his arm around him and brought his mouth down over his. There were gasps and the sound of a lot of photos being taken.

Harry's eyes widened as Draco kissed him and he was so shocked, he didn't kiss back for a bit. When he finally pulled away, flashes were still going off in his face like mad, and a thick cloud of smoke from the cameras hung around them.

"Again!" someone shouted. "Give him another one!"

Draco smiled and cocked his head at Harry, raising an eyebrow.

Harry snorted and shrugged, leaning in for a better kiss this time.

Draco relaxed into this kiss, allowing it to be real, kissing his lover with feeling.

Harry reached a hand up to the back of Draco's head as he kissed him, sliding his tongue into his mouth, but then he pulled back a few seconds later, grinning. "Let's not give them a 'free show' as George put it," he whispered.

Draco laughed, looking into those emerald eyes. He had so lost himself in Harry that he had forgot where they were. Only Harry could make him lose track of the world like this. He blinked and turned his head to the reporters. "That's enough for now," he said, holding up his hand when they started firing more questions at them. "If you get this right, we just might be able to arrange an interview," he said in a teasing tone.

Harry grinned again, happy that they had indeed avoided questions about the Lucius mess, even though he had nearly messed it up. He nodded, taking Draco's hand again.

Ignoring the crowd, Draco pulled Harry along with him, his arm tight around the other man's waist until they arrived at the solid wall of fireplaces.

Everyone else followed along and once they were in the kitchen at Grimmauld again, Harry dropped into a chair at the table and sighed. "Well, it wasn't as bad as I thought," he said.

"The kiss was worth the kiss," Draco quoted, smirking as he sat down beside his lover.

Harry smiled as he remembered that first night they'd had together.

"You didn't need us at all," said Mrs Weasley, bustling around to make more tea.

"Yes, but they could have," said Mr Weasley, sitting as well. "Quite clever to kiss and give them the picture they wanted."

Draco was still looking at Harry, smiling. "We know what the lead photo will be tomorrow," he said with a grin.

"It's rather sad that they'd rather print a huge picture of me with my tongue down your throat than a story about Death Eaters," Harry said, shaking his head but still grinning. "Someone needs to start a new paper, although I suppose it benefits us this time around."

"People would rather see the Boy-Who-Lived get snogged by his notorious rival than think about the horrors of what is happening," Draco observed.

Harry sighed. "True, I suppose," he said.

"When are you going to get started on ze plans?" asked Fleur, throwing her hair behind her as she sat down.

"Huh?" asked Harry, looking away from Draco's face.

"Ze wedding plans."

"Oh, er, I don't know," said Harry.

"We would be delighted," Draco smiled indulgently at her, "but maybe Harry needs a rest after today's excitement." He nudged Harry, hoping he would agree with him.

Harry grinned. "Yeah, I'm a little tired," he said.

Fleur shook her head in a knowing way.

"You want to come up and take a nap with me?" Harry asked Draco, smiling at him.

Draco nodded, a small smile on his lips as he got up from the table. He led his "tired" partner up the stairs.

– CHAPTER THREE –

Begging

When they reached their room, Harry was still smiling. "So ..." he said, turning to face Draco and wagging his eyebrows.

"So, I was thinking it would be nice to continue that kiss," Draco said with a smile, slipping out of his robes.

Harry smirked. "It might be," he said, laughter in his voice as he pulled his own robe off.

Draco took off his shoes and then stretched out on the bed, losing his hair tie and letting his hair fan out on the pillow.

Harry grinned at the man on his bed, on their bed. He grinned at his husband. He sat on the edge of the mattress and pulled his shoes off before scooting up on the bed to lay with Draco. He propped up on one elbow and smiled down at him.

Draco lay there looking up expectantly, a small smile on his face.

Harry let out a small amused breath through his nose and cupped the side of Draco's face. He smiled at him for a few more seconds, wondering how he had got so lucky to have him, and then leant down and pressed his lips to Draco's, kissing him slowly.

Draco opened to Harry now as he had the first time in the Room of Requirement. His heart was beating faster and he trembled again. Harry always had this effect on him.

Harry licked just a bit at Draco's lips, his eyes closed now. Simply kissing Draco made him feel like everything was perfect in the world. It was ridiculous, because he knew it wasn't true, but he could feel no other way while he was kissing this man.

Draco's tongue slid against Harry's, licking at the insides of his lips and his hand slid up to touch his lover's face as well.

Harry licked slowly at Draco's tongue and then slid it into his mouth fully, moving them together, so slowly. Kissing Draco was amazing and Harry very much doubted anyone else could kiss him like this.

A kiss worth everything, Draco thought. Nothing and no one had ever made him feel the way Harry did. His body hummed with the touch and taste of him. When Harry kissed him, it felt like he kissed all of him.

Harry finally pulled back to take a breath and he stared down into Draco's face, eyes lingering on his swelling lips. "I never thought I would feel like this," he whispered. "I always thought I would fall in love one day, but I never thought it would feel this way."

Draco smiled softly. "It hurt so much when I couldn't have you."

"I can't even imagine how you felt," Harry said. "If I'd had to look at you every day and know that I couldn't have you, Merlin, I'd – I'd go mad. I wish I could go back and beat myself round the head. You were always right there and I was just – so daft." He paused and sighed. "You know what I said to you that one day in Parseltongue?"

"No," Draco said with a smile, remembering. "I enjoyed it though."

Harry snorted. "Me too," he said, but then he leant in and kissed Draco softly before pulling back again. "I told you how I wanked over you once in fifth year."

Draco's eyes widened. "You didn't."

"Yes, I did," said Harry, nodding. "I was so fucking angry. I was wanking over Mandy Brocklehurst, you know, that blonde Ravenclaw girl? We'd fought that day and I was still mad at you. I can't even remember what you did now, but you were on my mind then, and wanking over a blonde girl wasn't helping. She turned into you in my head and you wouldn't leave. I tried to get you out and that made me even angrier because I felt like you were somehow doing it on purpose, but I came so bloody hard."

Draco laughed, grinning. "Gods, that's ... delightful."

Harry smiled. "I thought you'd say that. What would you have done if you'd found out then?"

Draco smirked, raising an eyebrow. "You want me to show you?" he asked.

Harry's eyes glittered at those words. "Certainly," he said, smirking.

"You are a pervert you know," Draco teased. "You like me to tell you nasty things I would have liked to do to poor, innocent, younger

Harry."

"Yes, I'm a pervert, I know." Harry grinned. "And yes, I like you to tell me nasty things that you would have liked to have done to me when I was younger and innocent and very, *very* poor, because you only wanted to do them and didn't actually do them. As you've said before, I'm making up for lost time." He laughed.

Draco laughed again. Then he Accio'd his wand and hit his lover with a Stunning Spell.

When Harry came to, he wasn't even aware that he had opened his eyes at first. He was laying naked, blindfolded and tied spread eagle. His heart began beating faster and he was actually scared for a moment while he tried to remember where he was. But then he sighed with relief when he remembered who had cast the *Stupefy*, that sneaky prat. His heart beat quickly for an altogether different reason. "Draco?" he asked.

"What's the matter, Potter? Scared?" came a familiar sneer.

Harry grinned, but tried to hide it. He didn't answer for a moment. "Malfoy?" he asked, fighting so hard to keep the excited smile off his face.

"Shouldn't be wandering the halls alone after curfew," Draco drawled. "Never know what might happen to you."

Oh fucking shit, Harry thought, and his cock twitched. He flushed a bit. "Fucking let me out of here, please," he said, the last word very quiet. He wouldn't have said please back then, but the last thing he wanted was for Draco to let him out, so he hoped he would ignore the word, but then he thought of something that might work. "Draco, ignore every command I give you until I say so," he said.

There was a silent pause and then, "Why would I let you go, Potter? You seem to be enjoying yourself."

Harry shivered and his cock twitched again. "Why have you tied me up?" he asked, voice hard. "And where the fuck are my clothes?"

There was a light touch on his left nipple, the sensation causing it to harden.

Harry sucked in a quick breath. "Are you fucking touching me now?!" he asked. "Where am I? What are you doing?"

His other nipple got the same treatment before he felt a finger start at his throat and begin trailing slowly down the centre of his

chest.

Harry let out a shaky breath very slowly so that it wouldn't be audible. "Malfoy, what the hell are you doing?! Are you fucking mental?! Do you have a death wish?"

The finger kept moving slowly down his belly toward his twitching cock. The only sound in the room was Harry's own voice.

Oh, fucking shit, Harry thought again. He tensed his muscles, trying to keep from trembling. "I'm serious, Malfoy," he said.

"Are you saying you want me to stop, Potter?" Draco drawled in a voice full of amusement.

Now this is where he had to stop and think. His fifteen-year-old self would have been terrified and mad as all hell, but his seventeen-year-old self was hot and very aroused. He wanted Draco to touch him, lick him, suck him, fuck him, but he couldn't say that. He remained silent, his features screwed up in anger.

Wicked laughter met his silence as the finger continued down until it rested at the base of his cock, then slid just as slowly up the shaft.

Harry shivered again, not being able to help it, and held in a groan. He gritted his teeth, still not saying anything.

The finger made its way carefully to the crown and then smeared the drop of pre-come collected there before seeming to disappear. There was a dip in the bed as someone else climbed onto the mattress and settled between Harry's outstretched legs.

Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck! Harry tried in vain to close his legs, but they were tied and he was very glad. His whole body flushed with glorious heat as he could feel Draco so fucking close to him. "What do you want with me?" Harry asked, trying to sound angry, but not doing it so well.

"The question, Potter," the voice purred, "is what do you want? What do you really want?" A hand rested on his thigh now, and slid gently up to his hip.

Harry swallowed and flushed even brighter with heat. He once again didn't say anything, wanting so badly to beg for it. He settled for trying to move over just a tiny bit into Draco's hand, trying to press against him.

The hand slid back down and then moved over to the other

thigh, giving it the same treatment and then sliding up to rest on his belly just above Harry's cock. Harry could feel the heat of the other man between his legs and hovering near his cock.

This was torture in its sweetest form; Harry had no doubt. He was getting harder by the second and so desperate for some attention other than the teasing touches of that fucking hand. "Malfoy," he said very quietly.

"Potter," the voice answered in a tone that was reminiscent of Snape.

Harry bit his lip and closed his eyes despite the blindfold. "If you're going to touch me, do it," he said, still quiet and sounding like he didn't want to say that, but oh, Merlin, he did.

"I am touching you, Potter." The hand slid up to Harry's chest again and the mattress shifted.

Harry knew that Draco was probably hovering over him at that moment, his body just out of reach. He let out a very quiet growl of frustration. "Touch ... my ..." he trailed off, wondering if he should give in just yet.

"Saint Potter, laying spread beneath me with his cock so hard it looks painful," Draco sneered. "Maybe I should get Creevey down here for a photograph?"

Harry let out a strangled groan at that. He was panting slightly through his nose now, eyes still shut tightly. "Just do it," he let out in a gasping breath.

Draco continued to hold himself up over Harry's body. "So eager and so angry," Draco sneered. "A favourite combination of mine." His own body trembled a bit as well, and his cock, as hard as Harry's, touched lightly against the other man's. He hissed at the sensation, pulling back.

Harry had attempted to arch up into that, but he couldn't and it frustrated him beyond belief. "Shit," he groaned in that strangled way again. "Malfoy, just do it," he said, sounding like he was almost pleading – almost, but not quite yet.

"Since when do I take orders from you, Potter?" the voice above him hissed.

Harry gasped quietly. "Then why have you got me down here?" he spat, trying to arch again. "If you're not going to do it?"

"Beg me for it, Potter? I want to hear The Chosen One beg me," Draco hissed, knees just barely touching the inside of Harry's thighs.

Harry moaned. "You would, wouldn't you?" he said. "Just doing this to me isn't enough, is it?"

"No, not enough," Draco sneered. "I love seeing you helpless and angry, knowing that I could do whatever I wanted to you. But it isn't enough. I want you to beg me to violate you."

Harry growled. "Fuck you," he said, but then, "Please, touch my cock, you fucking prick." He had to bite his lip again to keep the smirk off his face.

A low chuckle was the response to that declaration. "No, Potter," Draco sneered, "that most certainly will not do. I guess I will have to satisfy myself without you." There was another shift in the bed as Draco's weight returned between Harry's knees. And then there was a small moan and the bed shook slightly.

Harry growled again and resisted for about two seconds. "No, wait – just," another growl, "just touch my cock, please," he said, voice strained. This was so fucking hot.

Harry could feel the bed shake as Draco continued to stroke himself, the lube making a wet sound. "Potter," he growled, "if I come before you beg me, I will come on you and leave you like this! I am sure Filch will find it interesting."

Harry's cock twitched at that. "Oh, shit, please touch me!" he begged. "Do anything you want, just please!" Those little wet sounds were maddening and Harry's cock throbbed.

A deep chuckle was the response. "Who are you begging? Say my name; I want to hear it."

"Malfoy," said Harry, knowing that Draco didn't want to hear his surname. "Malfoy, please!"

"Put it together, fool," Draco sneered. "Did you just say that Draco Malfoy can do anything to you? That is what you want? Say it then!" The voice was sharp and hoarse.

"Please, Draco!" Harry cried. "Draco, do anything!" Oh, Merlin, he was so hot and panting and he wanted Draco *so* badly.

Long, slick fingers closed around Harry's cock, and he could feel Draco's body move up to tuck in close between his legs. "Fuck, yes," was Draco's verbal reply.

Harry moaned so loud and long it made him blush. "Yes," he hissed through his teeth. "Oh, Merlin, yes, Draco!"

Draco's hand pumped Harry's cock for a minute but then slid down, pressing into him. The fingers trembled a bit, giving away just how excited Draco was after all this teasing. "Fuck, Potter," he hissed. "I am going to fuck you until you scream my name like I am your god."

Harry moaned again. "Oh, yes, anything," he gasped, feeling so fucking, *gaping* open.

Draco's fingers slid back as he guided himself into Harry, pressing in for a minute and stopping. He breathing was ragged and Harry could feel the tremble in his body.

"Fuck me. Merlin, I don't care, fuck me, please!" Harry cried. "I want you!"

"Yes," Draco gasped, his hands grasping Harry's hips as he slid into him. There was another pause and then Draco began to pump his hips, rocking back and then driving deep inside Harry.

Harry gasped again and tossed his head, it being the only movement he could make besides the smallest moving of his own hips. "You ... got me ... off," he panted between thrusts. "I came ... thinking about ... you. Oh fuck!"

"You want me! You want this!" Draco growled.

"Yes!" Harry shouted, his head thrown back and his neck exposed. "I want your cock in me! Fucking me like this!"

"Inside you, deep inside you," Draco growled. "Always part of you."

Harry wasn't playing anymore. "Yes!" he cried. "Yes, inside me! Draco! Oh, Draco only you could do this to me!" Draco thrusts felt so good with that slick entry and the delicious burn that told Harry he would feel him afterwards, just the way he loved it.

Draco's hands pulled at Harry's hips until he was higher, almost in his lap, so that he could fuck him deeper. He growled when the ropes prevented what he wanted. Harry felt Draco's hand leave his hip and then the sudden release of the ropes on his ankles.

Harry immediately brought his legs up to wrap around Draco, gasping as the switch had Draco brushing his prostate. He screamed with pleasure, his body trembling. "Yes, love!" Harry yelled. "Oh, yes,

right there!"

Trembling with Harry's intensity, waves of pleasure and magic setting his body on fire, Draco worked to keep the angle and pace that would keep the energy spiralling. "Oh, Harry, yes, yes, yes!" he chanted.

Harry worked himself on Draco's cock now, clenching around him, his toes curling. The pleasure was so great he shook and his thighs trembled. "Oh, fuck I'm coming!" he yelled, feeling his balls tightening, and then the tension was released and Harry *was* coming, spurting his hot seed all over himself, just coming and coming. He wondered how he had so much some days. He moaned and gasped and twitched through every second of the glorious orgasm, whispering Draco's name over and over weakly when he was through.

Draco held on tight, feeling the swell of Harry's magic cresting and knowing it was going to be intense. He came in a blinding feel of slick heat, tight muscles, and fiery energy. His scream was wordless and full of such joy it hurt.

Harry spurted out more come as Draco's orgasm hit, his arse clenching around him again. He lay gasping and panting beneath Draco, still unable to see anything.

Only able to feel him. He smiled, chest heaving.

Draco's chest was heaving too and his body was drenched in sweat. His arms shook as he allowed himself to let Harry's hips slide back to the bed. He sat on his knees between his lover's legs and worked to find his sense of balance before moving.

Harry took slow, steady breaths. He didn't speak for a bit. "I'm the pervert?" he said finally with a weak laugh.

"Yes, yes you are," came the whisper, and then Harry could feel the bed shake with what sounded like laughter or crying, but it was unclear.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Draco?" he asked quietly, not knowing how to react. "You want to untie me and take this thing off my eyes?"

There was a long minute without a response from Draco and then Harry felt the bed shift and the ropes and blindfold disappear.

Harry opened his eyes, which had been closed while covered. He

rubbed his wrists where the ropes had been. "Draco?" he asked again.

Draco knelt, his head bowed, hair falling around his face and his hands resting on his thighs. He was gleaming wet with sweat and still panting.

Harry sat up slowly and scooted over to Draco. He bent and looked up at Draco from below, up into his curtain of hair.

Tears rolled down Draco's cheeks and he was laughing. And Harry looked adorable, peering up at him like that. "Hi, love," he whispered.

Harry stared at Draco confusedly, unsure of how to react still. "Hi," he whispered back.

Draco brought his hand up to his own face, wiping away the tears and tossing his hair back. Wet strands clung to him. "You really did come thinking of me back then?" he asked quietly.

Harry smiled softly and nodded, sitting back a bit. He hadn't realised telling Draco that might mean so much.

"I used to get so very mad at you. I wanted to hurt you then," Draco said quietly. "I couldn't understand why I had to be obsessed with someone who clearly didn't even like me, let alone want me."

Harry winced. "I just didn't realise it," he whispered. "Do you know how angry I was after I did that? You were a boy and you were – you. I stopped wanking off over blondes completely. I had been afraid that it would happen again. And then I just – put it out of my mind. I refused to think about it."

Draco nodded, looking down. He had been holding onto his thighs so tight that he had left an impression of the construct hand. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "We are here now," he smiled, "and you were definitely worth the wait."

Harry beamed. "I'm glad you waited for me," he whispered. "And I'm very, very glad that I'm going to spend the rest of my life with you, in love with you, married to you and someday, we'll get a cat." He laughed gently.

Draco burst out laughing, his head thrown back. He had completely forgotten about the damned cat thing.

Harry laughed too, watching Draco delightedly. He was so beautifully perfect and Harry still could hardly believe his luck.

Draco was still laughing when he tackled Harry, pulling him

down to the bed with him again and raining kisses on his face.

Harry grinned widely as Draco kissed him. He felt like a little kid, besides the fact that he was a naked, just-shagged seventeen-year-old being kissed by his husband.

Draco felt deliriously happy and he lay back on the bed, still chuckling and holding Harry. "So when do we get the cat?" he asked.

Harry snorted. "Whenever you want," he answered happily.

Draco sighed and looked with shining eyes at his lover. "I have never been happier in my life," he said.

– CHAPTER FOUR –

Moving On

"Well, I guess that's everything, right?" Harry asked Draco, trying to think if they had forgot anything. They had their trunks packed and a few other bags and were standing in the kitchen at Grimmauld Place, getting ready to Floo to Malfoy Manor. Ron and Hermione were coming as well, along with Bill and Fleur so that Fleur could start planning the wedding with them.

Draco looked around the place, not really thinking about things they would take with them. He didn't really like the Black house as it was small and not well kept, but it had become a place of safety and, sharing it with Harry, a kind of home. He nodded to Harry.

"All right then, I guess we can go if everyone else is ready?" Harry asked.

"We're ready," said Ron, looking in one of his bags.

"Yep, all ready here," said Bill.

Harry turned back to Draco and gave him a small smile. "Let's go?" he asked, nodding his head in the direction of the fireplace.

"I should go first," Draco said, "so that the house wards accept our guests."

Harry nodded and helped Draco move with his trunk into the fireplace. He leant in and gave him a kiss and a smile. "See you in a minute," he said, stepping back.

Draco used his wand to lighten the trunk and then threw the Floo powder into the fire. "Malfoy Manor," he said.

Harry watched Draco disappear into the green flames and then moved into the fireplace himself. "Just wait a few minutes so he can reset the wards," he told everyone else.

"All right, see you in a bit, Harry," said Hermione.

Harry nodded and dropped some Floo powder. "Malfoy Manor," he said, and then he was rushing past fireplaces in a swirl of flame and colour.

Draco stepped out of the hearth. This one was taller inside than he was and meant for guests to arrive through. He was immediately met by a wide-eyed and very excited house-elf, who threw himself at Draco's feet.

When Harry finally stopped spinning, which he felt had taken a while, he opened his eyes and felt relieved to see Draco. He still didn't much care for Floo travel. He stepped out of the rather big fireplace with his trunk and moved beside Draco, looking around at what seemed to be a *very* large entrance hall, big enough to hold several dozen people. He noticed the little house-elf at Draco's feet and stared at it.

Draco smiled at Harry and then returned his attention to the creature that seemed to be licking his shoes at the moment. "Stop that," he told the elf, who cowered back. Draco sighed. "Stand and tell me your name."

The creature hopped up, squeaking as it did, and kept bowing. "Master Draco, I is Leakey."

Harry stared at the elf – Leakey – for a moment and then turned his eyes back to the huge room, staring around. How big *was* this house?

"Leakey," Draco said, "prepare my suite and two guest suites. There will be six of us for dinner as well."

"Yes, Master," Leakey squeaked again.

"And put these trunks in my suite," Draco added, gesturing at Harry and his things.

Harry turned his attention back to Draco. He had heard Draco say before that his suites were bigger than the entire Weasley house, and he wondered if he had been serious. "I told the rest to wait a few minutes so that you could reset the wards," he told Draco, coming to stand beside him.

"Ah, yes," Draco said, having been distracted by the house-elf. "Go now," he told it, and it disappeared along with their trunks. He drew his wand and traced a complicated pattern in the air, reciting several phrases in Latin and the names of their guests. The swirling pattern glowed in the air for a moment before exploding in a shower of sparks.

Harry silently watched Draco perform the magic and waited a

few seconds to make sure he was finished. "So, this place is pretty big," he said finally, hands on his hips as he stared up at the arched ceiling.

Draco looked up and then down at Harry. If Harry thought this room was big, he was in for a big shock. "Yes, I suppose it is," Draco said. "Over a hundred rooms at least. I never asked."

Harry spluttered. "O-over a hundred?" he asked, eyes wide. "You don't even know how many?"

Draco shrugged. "I wasn't allowed in some areas of the house."

"Oh," Harry said shortly.

A few more minutes passed by and there was a noise from behind them. Harry turned to see Ron staggering out of the fireplace with his trunk. He looked around the room with his mouth open slightly. "Blimey," he said quietly.

Draco snorted, knowing he might as well hold any more explanations until the rest of his guests came through.

It wasn't long before the rest were there and the six of them hardly took up any room in the hall at all. Only Fleur didn't look super impressed, but she did smile delightedly.

Draco did a courtly bow. "Welcome to Malfoy Manor."

Harry chuckled at him.

"Quite a big place for only two blokes," Bill joked. "Think you can handle it?"

Leakey popped back in and looked at the guests for a moment before throwing himself at Draco's feet again. Draco sighed. "Enough of that," he snapped, and the house-elf stood up quickly.

Hermione huffed.

"Just give him your stuff," Harry said quickly, not wanting Draco and Hermione to begin their conversation about house-elves again.

"Leakey, take our guests' things to their rooms," Draco said. "Madame and Mr Weasley's things to the sage rooms. Miss Granger and the younger Mr Weasley's to the Lavender rooms."

"I could take it myself," Hermione grumbled, but she did hand her luggage over and Harry was thankful.

Fleur took a few graceful steps forward and smiled at Draco. "I would like to see ze rooms zat you may use for ze wedding when you are ready to show zem," she said. "I would like to get an idea of what

would look best. What sorts of flowers and colours."

"Brace yourselves," said Bill with a chuckle.

"Well, a tour does seem in order," Draco said, only smirking a bit.

Harry smiled and nodded. "Let's see it then," he said, taking Draco's hand in his.

Draco led them in a tour of the dozen or so main rooms, including quite a few sitting rooms, a salon, the formal dining room, and the ballroom. The looks on their faces when they entered that hall was priceless. It was about the same size as the Great Hall at Hogwarts but much more ornate.

"This is *not* a house," said Ron, mouth hanging open as he looked around.

Harry nodded. "Draco, this is – this is really big," he said, sounding in awe and a bit shocked. He was the co-owner of all this? It was a bit overwhelming.

"Eet iz even more lovely zan I thought eet would be!" said Fleur, eyes lit up as she examined the nearby wall.

"No, Weasley, it is not a house, it is a manor. It was originally built for the first Malfoys to come to this country in the twelfth century," Draco drawled. "The main hall didn't just serve the needs of the Malfoy family, but was the local equivalent of the court and town hall for the surrounding peasantry."

Ron raised an eyebrow. "Well, it's bloody huge," he said.

"It's really very nice, Draco. You do have a library, don't you? I think I've heard you say something about it before," said Hermione.

Harry was still looking up at the amazing ceiling.

"Gothic arches with frescoes," Draco said to Harry, then turned to Hermione. "Actually a few. I can show you the main one now, the private one will have to wait for later."

Hermione's smile grew as she heard there was more than one library. "Oh, that would be wonderful," she said excitedly.

Ron rolled his eyes next to her, shaking his head.

Draco grinned and leant over Ron's shoulder, nearly whispering in his ear but saying it loud enough for the others to hear. "And there is a Quidditch pitch on the other side of the gardens," he added.

"Are you serious?!" said Ron happily, perking up quite a bit. He didn't even flinch away from Draco.

Harry's mouth dropped open and he smiled nearly as big as Ron. He'd been dying for a go on his Firebolt. "That is ... wow," he said.

Draco's eyes were mischievous and he grinned. "Very serious."

"Blimey! We've got to get Fred and George over here! Oh! And Charlie, too. You've never seen Charlie fly. He's amazing, although you could probably beat him, Harry. We could have a game! Ugh, it'd be so fun, and" He went on and on about Quidditch, Harry happily nodding in agreement.

Hermione rolled her eyes this time. "I will never understand the allure of that game," she said.

Ron and Harry looked at her like she was mad.

Draco shook his head and smiled softly. "I love flying," he said. Then he leant in close and whispered to Hermione so that the others couldn't hear, "But joining the team was never about the game for me."

Hermione giggled and smiled. "I think I know what was so fetching about Quidditch," she answered quietly.

"I think you do," Draco said, smirking. He turned to the others. "Next the library and then to the private dining room for a dinner amongst friends."

Harry smiled broadly and nodded. He had never felt so happy in his entire life.

Dinner had been very nice. Good food and great company. Draco had never felt so at home in his own home. At least, not since he had been small. "Let's have dessert in the parlour," he suggested. "I am sure Madame Weasley has more questions for us now that she has seen the place."

Fleur nodded and smiled.

Once they were all settled again in the parlour, Fleur jumped right into it. Harry wondered how picking out flowers and colours for a wedding could be so exciting for her. Hermione looked interested in the conversation too, while Bill and Ron continued the chat about Quidditch while they ate their dessert.

"Your colours are very eemportant," said Fleur. "They 'ave to be decided before everything. You will need zem for your dress robes, for your decorations, for your eenvitations, which you should also get

done very soon as eet iz only two months away and your guests will need to know."

Draco looked at Harry. "Do you have a preference on colours?"

Harry snorted. "Well, I usually go Gryffindor red, saves me the trouble of picking, but then Mrs Weasley always suggests that I look good in green because of my eyes. That would just look like a big Christmas explosion, and I'd rather it not."

Fleur sighed. "I can see zat I am going to 'ave to do everything 'ere," she said, although she didn't look like she minded too much.

Harry shrugged.

"Well, it's going to take place during autumn, so you could choose from those colours. Or you could pick according to what sort of flowers you like," said Hermione.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "I don't know very many different types of flowers, nor do I really have a favourite.

"I prefer green myself." Draco smirked. "To match Harry's eyes."

"Well, what colour eyes do you 'ave, Draco?" asked Fleur. She leaned in close to him. "Grey. You could go deep green and silver-grey, with white as well. White flowers," she suggested.

"Perfect," Draco said, smiling.

"Yes, that does sound like it would look quite good," said Harry, smiling as well.

"White lilies would be lovely," said Fleur.

"Yeah, lilies," said Harry. He automatically thought of his mother and knew that lilies would be perfect.

"So, that's settled," Draco said. "I suppose we will have to figure out who is invited and who will have what roles in the ceremony."

"Yes," said Fleur. "I am not quite sure 'ow the ceremony will be, as zer weel be two grooms. Do you want bridesmai- well, I suppose you would not call zem zat – um, both women and men in your wedding?"

Harry shrugged. "I suppose," he said.

"You could have them on both sides, the women and the men, instead of on just one side each," said Hermione.

"Doesn't it depend on who's in it?" said Harry. "I would pick a few people, but is there anyone you want in it, Draco?"

Draco was quiet for a minute, his eyebrows pulled together in a

small frown. Mentally, he was going through a list in his head. It wasn't a pleasant experience.

Harry watched Draco, knowing what he was doing and he regretted asking the question. He wondered if Draco could think of anyone at all and frowned.

Fleur looked at Draco expectantly.

Draco looked down at his hands. "Let's do the guest list later," he said quietly.

Harry winced and, as Fleur opened her mouth with her eyebrow raised, he caught her eye and shook his head.

She closed her mouth again and then looked at Draco sadly for a moment. "Yes, we can do zat later," she said. "For now, I suppose knowing ze colours and the flower iz much more than I thought would be decided. Eet took a whole two weeks for me!" She let out a tinkling laugh.

Draco smiled and nodded. "Merci, Madame."

Fleur smiled at him. "Eet weel be beautiful," she said.

Harry smiled too. "I'm sure it will be," he said, finishing up the last of his dessert.

"Shall I show everyone to their suites?" Draco asked.

"Sure," said Bill getting to his feet and stretching. "All this wedding talk exhausts me."

Fleur raised an eyebrow at him. "You deed not talk about ze wedding," she said.

Bill snorted.

"I'm beat," Ron said with a yawn. "Where are these rooms?"

"They are in the east wing, near my suite," Draco said, standing. "I will show you." He led them up the stairs and down a long hall. "I can show you other parts of the house on other days if you like," he said. "It's really too big to do all at once."

They nodded and set off following Draco. Harry lagged behind a bit, looking at everything. It all looked like it shouldn't be touched, which meant that it probably shouldn't. He was still a tad bit overwhelmed by it all. He'd never in his life imagined himself in a home this large.

Draco led them to a large set of double doors and into what looked like a small private sitting room decorated in lavender and

muted greens. "This is the Lavender suite, bedroom and bath through there," he said, pointing to another door. "You need anything, just call for one of the house-elves," he said.

"Who's staying in here?" asked Ron, looking inside at the room.

"You and Granger," Draco answered. He looked at her. "Unless you prefer something else."

Hermione's eyes widened as she looked at Draco. "Are there two beds?" she asked.

"I could just sleep on the couch there," said Ron too quickly. "No point in using up two suites or whatever."

Hermione threw him a look and Harry had to force himself not to laugh.

Draco rolled his eyes, pulled his wand, and flicked it toward the other wall where a door appeared. "There, two bedrooms if that helps," he said with a grin. "Like you aren't going to end up in one as usual anyway."

Hermione huffed, her cheeks pink, but she didn't say anything.

Bill looked at his brother with raised eyebrows. "I didn't hear anything," he said amusedly, shaking his head.

Ron's ears turned red. "Er, all right then. Night," he said.

Harry finally had to laugh.

"Sleep well," Draco teased, and he led the rest of the party down to the next suite, which was done in sage and creams.

"Thanks for letting us stay, Draco," said Bill happily. "You've really got a great place here. I feel like I'm on holiday."

Fleur smiled at her husband and shook her head. "He iz easily eempresed," she said. "But eet iz seemply beautiful."

"Made more beautiful by your presence," Draco said, bowing. "And by the laughter of friends," he said to Bill.

Harry had to hold back a snort at Draco.

Bill chuckled. "We appreciate it," he said.

"Yes, we do," said Fleur. And she and her husband entered into the room and bade Draco and Harry good night.

– CHAPTER FIVE –

Because of You

Once Bill and Fleur were inside their suite, Harry turned to Draco, grinning widely. "And now to our room?" he asked.

"Room?" said Draco. "No, not a room." He took his lover's hand and led him through the doors at the end of the hall and into a large sitting room, large enough to have a piano in one corner. It was done in green and silver with accents of mauve.

"Draco, this is just ... wow," Harry said for the second time that day. He stepped inside the sitting room, looking around with hands in his pockets.

Draco closed the doors and then took Harry's arm, leading him into a second room. This room was equally beautiful, though the colours were darker, with more silver and black in with the green. There was a large four-poster bed with black and silver drapes.

"Is this where you stayed when you were a kid?" asked Harry, walking over to the bed and running a hand along it.

"Not as a child. There is a nursery for that," Draco answered. "But since I was eleven."

Harry nodded. "You really do like green, don't you?" he asked, smiling.

Draco stepped close, his hand cupping Harry's chin as he looked down into his face. "Ever since I first saw your eyes," he said.

Harry grinned. He looked up at Draco happily for a moment. "You know what I just realised?" he asked.

Draco's eyebrows rose. "What?"

"Our wedding is in Slytherin colours," he said and snorted.

Draco laughed. "You just figured that out?"

"I wasn't thinking about it before," Harry said. "Figures something Slytherin would sneak past me."

Draco pulled him close, licking at his lips. "Something Slytherin already did."

Harry smiled and met Draco's tongue with his own. "How about you let your snake out?" he asked, and then burst out laughing.

"Will you speak Parseltongue?" Draco smirked.

Harry raised an amused eyebrow and grinned wickedly. "*Whatever you want, love,*" he hissed.

Draco smiled, a shiver going down his spine, and looked at the bed. "I've never had anyone in that bed with me before," he said as he picked his lover up in his arms and dropped him into the bed.

"That's because you didn't have me, silly," said Harry with a laugh, stretching himself out. "You can't fuck just anyone in a room that's colour scheme was inspired by *my* eyes."

"No, that just wouldn't be right," Draco said with a smirk, pulling his wand. "Ready for something new?" he asked.

"Mmm," said Harry, waggling his eyebrows. "Always ready for that," he said.

Draco smiled but then got serious for a moment, concentrating on the new spell and doing a kind of slashing motion toward Harry. He burst out in a grin when his lover was suddenly naked.

"You and these handy spells," Harry said, laughing once he'd realised his clothes were gone. "Where the hell do you learn them?"

Draco stood smiling down at the amazing view of Harry against that dark green velvet bedspread. It took him a minute to register the question. "Remember the book I bought in Knockturn Alley?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Harry, putting his hands behind his head. "I thought those were books on binding."

"Most of them were," Draco said, and then did the spell on himself. "The small one I took with us that day was a manual of Sex Spells." Now naked, he climbed into the bed with Harry.

Harry smirked. "Now that's my kind of book," he said, eyes roaming over Draco's body.

"Remind me to show you the pictures later," Draco said, grinning as he straddled his lover's waist and looked down at him.

Harry, still smirking, waggled his eyebrows. "Will do," he said, reaching down to grasp the outsides of Draco's thighs.

"So, my green-eyed beauty," Draco smiled, "any suggestions on how to properly use this bed?"

Harry grinned. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "I think I might be able to come up with something." He trailed his right hand up Draco's leg and then down to cup his balls which were resting against his stomach.

Draco's breathing had increased from the moment Harry's hands touched him and now he gasped, throwing his head back.

Harry's eyes sparkled as he watched Draco. Merlin, how could anyone look so good? He moved his left hand to take over his right's job with Draco's balls and then slowly stroked his rapidly hardening cock, licking his lips as he did.

Draco rested his right hand on Harry's thigh behind him, leaning back on it. He let the construct rest at his side. He arched into that amazing touch. "Oh, yes," he gasped.

"I want to fuck you," Harry said, smirking as he continued his slow stroking. "I want you on top of me like this." He squeezed a little tighter.

Draco nodded, panting as he looked down, watching Harry stroke him. He shifted his weight and brought his hand back around, Summoning his wand.

Harry pumped Draco's cock, loving what he was doing to him. His own cock was throbbing and hard and so close to Draco's arse. "Mmm, you look so hot," he said. "So fucking hot sitting on me like this. I could come just looking at you."

"Don't." Draco smirked. "I want you inside me." He fumbled for a moment with his wand. "Hold out a hand," he said.

Harry smiled and did as Draco asked, holding his left hand out and slowing his right down so that Draco could concentrate enough to do the spell.

Draco cast the Lube Spell and then, dropping his wand again, ran his fingers through the substance. He leant forward a bit and reached back to his own arse, slicking himself with his own fingers.

Harry let out a quiet groan as he imagined what Draco would look like with his own fingers in his arse. "So hot," he whispered, his breath hitching.

Draco was moaning as he fucked himself with his fingers, feeling Harry's hands on him and his body under him. Then he reached back for Harry's cock, stroking it with his lubed hand.

Harry gasped quietly and matched Draco's hand with his own on Draco's cock. "So good," he said, eyes still open and watching the man atop him.

Draco forced himself to open his eyes and look at the beautiful man under him as he slid himself back until the head of Harry's cock was pressed against his opening. "I am going to fuck myself on your cock now – my husband." He smiled.

Harry grinned and let out a shuddering breath. "My cock is yours to fuck," he said, eyes dark.

Draco pushed back, taking Harry inside him. "Yours," he gasped as he did.

Harry gasped again, louder this time. "So tight," he panted. "Always so tight." Draco sent a shock wave of pleasure speeding from Harry's cock all through his body as he slid onto him.

"You're so thick," Draco gasped. "That's why." He chuckled for a moment, enjoying a bit of a double entendre that he didn't think Harry would get even in other circumstances.

Harry smirked smugly at that and gripped Draco's hips. "Ride it then, please," he said, breath coming quick and heavy.

Draco leant forward, his hand braced on Harry's chest and the construct on the bed beside them, and he began to move. It was so much like the moves of Quidditch that he smirked at the memory and the feel as he used all the muscles in his thighs and hips to work himself up and down that lovely cock.

"Mmm, yes," Harry moaned, rocking up into Draco. He gave him a huge smile of approval.

Draco was panting and rocking faster, loving the feel of sliding his body against Harry's and the feeling of literally taking him inside his own. He felt Harry's magic radiating up through him and each thrust made it stronger.

"Ah! Yes!" Harry cried out as the feelings and tingles seemed to increase. He would have sex all fucking day if he could.

Sweat was glistening on Draco's body now as he worked himself faster on Harry's cock, panting as he rode his lover.

Harry closed his eyes tightly, gritting his teeth so as not to come too soon from watching Draco take him. He was holding his breath as the pleasure still increased despite his efforts.

Draco was shaking now, his rhythm faltering as his speed rose and his pleasure reached a high that had his head spinning. "Harry," he gasped and then he was coming, his body arching and clenching on his lover's cock buried deep inside him.

"Oh, fuck, yes, Draco," Harry moaned, rocking up into him a few more times, pleased that he was able to hold back for Draco. He came too, long and hard, his head thrown back against the pillows as that liquid-heat feeling rushed through him.

Harry coming after him was like coming twice, the power rocking through Draco's body like fire in his veins. He shuddered and then fell forward, collapsing onto his husband's chest.

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's sweaty back, loving the feel of his slick skin and loving the fact that he had helped reduce him to this state.

Draco lay feeling nearly boneless, his body shuddering with the warmth of Harry beneath and inside him. He used to think this was how he wanted to die. Now he knew it was how he wanted to live.

Harry smiled, closing his eyes. He moved his hands to run them down both of Draco's arms.

Draco was completely relaxed, but he tensed when Harry's hand began to run down his left arm.

Harry felt Draco tense and he opened his eyes again to look at him.

Draco froze, eyes still closed, trying not to move as Harry touched the construct. He couldn't help a shiver though.

Harry's eyebrows pulled together in a frown. He could feel that Draco wasn't moving at all, hardly even breathing. "Draco?" he asked uncertainly.

Draco hesitated, wishing he could pretend to be asleep when he heard the tone in Harry's voice. "Yes?" he answered quietly.

"Is something the matter?" Harry asked, hands still on both of Draco's arms.

Draco stretched, sliding gently up and off of Harry's body, lying down beside him so that the construct was under his own body now.

"Did I do something?" Harry asked, but he didn't know what he could've done. He hadn't even said anything.

"You were wonderful," Draco smiled, "as always."

Harry still wasn't convinced that everything was okay. "Thanks, but ... why did you tense up like that?"

Draco ran his fingers through the mess on Harry's belly, smiling. "I wonder how many Cleaning Spells I have done since that first day with you," he mused.

"Probably up in the hundreds range, but Draco, I know you better now and a change of subject isn't going to work on me anymore. Why did you tense up?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow.

Draco rolled onto his back and stared up at the canopy. He gave a short laugh, seeing something he had forgotten, and then he closed his eyes, trying to figure out what to say to Harry.

Harry was still looking at Draco expectantly. He didn't even ask what he had laughed at, not wanting anything to get in the way of figuring this out.

Draco half opened his eyes and found Harry was still looking at him. He shook his head and groaned. "You are too stubborn," he said with a sigh.

"Yes, I am and I don't like it when there's something the matter with you because I always feel like I want to fix it, so please tell me what it is or I'll just bother you until you do," Harry said firmly.

Draco opened his eyes and kept staring up at the canopy. "First, there is nothing you can do about it. Second, if I tell you, you will get another Gryffindor guilt trip about it. And third, we just had fantastic sex."

Harry rolled his eyes. "We always have fantastic sex. I still want to know, Draco. Please?" he whined.

Draco couldn't help laughing at that. Then he took a deep breath and sat up. He Accio'd his wand, doing a quick Cleaning Spell and then the charm to remove the construct. He held it in his hand with a sneer on his face and then tossed it off the bed. "I hate it," he said quietly.

Harry winced. Draco had been right about the guilt. He sighed. "Why?" he asked.

"Told you," Draco said, sighing as he flopped back on the bed. "Why? Because it is hideous."

"It is not hideous, love," Harry said. "It really isn't. It doesn't bother me at all."

"Potter, I know how you used to dress," Draco sneered. "Your sense of aesthetics is seriously damaged."

Harry sighed again. "Draco, I have no idea what that word means, but it doesn't matter because your arm still isn't hideous. What's so bad about it?"

Draco frowned for a moment, figuring out which word Harry didn't know. He snorted. "Then you clearly have no idea what the word hideous means either. The thing is an eyesore. It is ugly. It is bulky, heavy and doesn't look anything like my real hand. Not even a metal version of my real hand!" His voice had a hysterical tone to it by the time he finished.

Harry huffed. "Did you tense up because I touched it?" he asked.

Draco huffed, closing his eyes tight. He would absolutely not cry again. He breathed deep, trying to find that famed self-control he was supposed to have.

Harry stared at Draco, a sad look in his eyes. "You won't touch me with it because you think it's ugly? I'm not all that great," he said quietly, feeling awful.

"Here we go with the guilt thing," Draco said, sighing.

Harry frowned. "Well" He trailed off, unsure of what else to say. "Fine, but ... I just want you to know that it really doesn't bother me. I wish I could make it not bother you."

"Well, you can't," Draco said. He knew he sounded like a petulant child at the moment.

Harry sighed and scooted closer to Draco to kiss him on the cheek. "I want to give you everything," he whispered.

Draco trembled again. The feel of Harry moving close to him, kissing him, just made him want to be ... more. He opened his eyes and looked shyly into Harry's face. "I am alive because of you," he whispered.

Harry smiled a very small smile. "Yeah, but ..." he paused. "I guess," he said with a sigh.

"No need to guess and no buts," Draco said. "More than alive. Married to the most amazing man in the world." He smiled this time, looking at Harry with the love he felt shining in his eyes.

Harry smiled too. "That's impossible," he whispered.

"I would have thought so myself," Draco said, raising his

eyebrows. "But here you sit, naked in my bed."

Harry snorted. "It's impossible because *I* married the most amazing man," he said, kissing Draco again.

Draco relaxed into that kiss, using his hand to pull Harry back down against him.

Harry smiled against Draco's lips and kissed him for a bit. Merlin, when had they both become the sappiest saps on the face of the earth? He pulled away gently and lay on his back, stroking fingers across Draco's skin. When he looked up at the canopy, he could see that there was something there, but he couldn't make out what it was without his glasses on. "Is there something up there?" he asked.

Draco huffed. "Something I carved on the centre beam when I was younger."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "What?" he asked.

"*Accio Harry's glasses*," Draco said, and handed them to his lover.

When Harry put them on and looked up, he could see a large H burned into the wood.

"My parents thought it was amusing that I liked school so much," said Draco.

Harry's mouth dropped open slightly. "I'm guessing that doesn't stand for Hogwarts," he asked, a goofy smile on his face.

"No, it doesn't. And I didn't think I could get away with the rest of the letters." Draco smirked.

Harry shook his head. "When did you do it?" he asked.

"You are obsessed with how I was infatuated with you, aren't you?" Draco laughed.

Harry snorted. "It's interesting to hear about," he said, grinning.

"Summer after first year," Draco answered, watching Harry's face.

"That long it's been on there?" Harry asked delightedly. He sighed. "Merlin, I'm blind."

Draco huffed. "Even with your glasses," he teased. "Lying here that summer, looking up at that and"

"Did you wank over me?" Harry asked in that sort of annoying sing-song kind of way, like he wanted to say 'aww' afterwards.

"That's what twelve-year-old boys alone in bed do, Harry. They wank," Draco said, laughing again.

Harry snorted. "Yes, I remember being that age," he said. "You

were wanking over me at twelve and now you have me in your bed and married to you. You've accomplished quite a bit."

"Oh, yes." Draco smiled. "Definitely worth it."

Harry smiled too. "I would have to agree," he said, and he pulled Draco to him and kissed him again.

– CHAPTER SIX –

Guilty Grief

Harry woke in the night to find himself alone in bed. The drapes were slightly open and a sliver of moonlight shown across the floor. He sat up quickly, trying to focus his eyes. "Draco?" he asked, his voice loud in the quiet of the room. A breeze from the open drapes stirred the fabric. Harry frowned and crawled from the bed, getting to his feet. He summoned his glasses and put them on, looking around in the dark. He couldn't see Draco anywhere in the room. Even the other man's bathrobe was still beside the bed.

His heart began to pound. Another breeze ruffled the bed curtains and he shivered a bit as it hit his skin. A window was open and he crossed to it quickly. The window was a floor length glass door that opened out onto a stone patio overlooking a rose garden. His back to the window, looking up at the moon, was Draco. His pale hair and skin glowed in the moonlight.

Harry sighed with relief, relaxing as he saw Draco. "What are you doing?" he asked, stepping outside a bit.

"Go back to bed, love," Draco said in a soft voice.

"I can't without you," Harry said truthfully, taking a few steps towards Draco.

"I'll be in soon," Draco said, his voice quavering a bit and his face turned away from Harry.

Harry frowned at that voice and moved closer to Draco still. "Draco?" he asked again, quieter this time.

"I should have shut the door. I didn't mean to wake you," Draco said, his voice barely a whisper. "Go on back in before you get cold."

"What's wrong?" Harry asked softly. He knew there was something, even if he couldn't see Draco's face. There was no need to whisper except to mask crying.

Draco sighed, chin dropping to his chest. "You never do what I tell you, do you?" he complained.

Harry frowned. "Only sometimes," he said, trying to joke but then going serious again. "What's wrong?"

Draco shook his head. "Nothing, really." He sighed. "I guess I just hadn't thought about how it would feel – to be here again."

Harry sighed. He closed the last bit of space between them and wrapped his arms around Draco's waist from behind.

Draco gasped as Harry's body pressed against his. The other man was still warm from the bed, but more than that was just the natural feeling of him. Draco felt selfish for crying out here when he had what he had dreamt of but never thought possible.

"I'm here with you," Harry said quietly. "And I'm not going anywhere. You can sit out here and cry, but I'll be with you here, too."

"You are crazy, did you know that?" Draco sniffed. "It shouldn't matter, really." He was quiet for a minute. "I never asked, but do you remember anything about them?"

"About what?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow and tightening his hold.

"Your parents," Draco said quietly.

Harry was silent for a bit. "No, not really. They died when I was only a baby, but I used to dream about them. Remus and Sirius have told me really wonderful things about them, but all I can remember are things like feeling comfortable and safe. I remember some awful things too, but that was the night they were killed."

Draco was quiet again. The night was still and the garden beautiful by moonlight. His mother loved this garden. "I don't know if she is alive or dead," he whispered, "I was afraid to ask."

Harry knew Draco was talking about his mother. He was silent again for a bit. "I'll ask for you if you want me to," he whispered, not knowing what else to say.

"I could have asked Father," Draco said. "He didn't even mention her. Nor did Severus. So, I didn't either."

Harry bit his lip. "Do you miss her?" he asked, rocking Draco gently from side to side.

Draco nodded. "It's been six months since I've heard from her. Christmas since I saw her. I mean, we weren't close since, well, since I got older, but I think she always loved me."

Harry frowned. "Your father got in the way?" he asked, not able to keep all of the disgust out of his voice.

Draco tensed. "When I was in the nursery, it was like I was hers more than his," he whispered. "But when I started Hogwarts, he said it was time to learn to be a man. That my mother couldn't teach me that. Only he could."

Harry shivered. "I'm sure your mother loved you," he whispered. "She risked her life to protect you, didn't she? With Snape? And in the robe shop, before sixth year started, she nearly burned holes through me when we almost fought."

"She talked Father into sending me to Hogwarts instead of Durmstrang," Draco said, nodding. "So you think she is dead?"

"I – Draco, I don't know," Harry said quietly. "I hope she isn't. We can look for her if you like. We can talk to Snape about it the next time we go to see him. If we do go back."

"I need to know," Draco answered. "I was thinking about those bloody invitations and realising that I couldn't even send her one. And what about Snape? He's my godfather. He has always tried to protect me. Shouldn't he be there?"

Harry made a face, but Draco couldn't see it. "I never imagined Snape at my wedding," he said, "but then I never imagined getting married to you either. Would he even want to come?"

Draco shrugged, laying his hand on top of Harry's. "I know you two have never got along." He snorted at his own understatement. "He put his life at risk for me," he continued, "took an Unbreakable Vow to protect me."

Harry sighed and nodded. "Could he stomach coming? You know, I did rape you and all," he said sarcastically.

Draco tensed again, shivering a bit in the cool air. "Let's go back inside," he said.

Harry nodded again and let go of Draco, shivering at the loss of his body heat. He moved quickly inside and back to the bed, getting under the covers.

Draco looked up at the moon and back out over the garden and then followed Harry inside, closing the door behind him and pulling the drapes closed. He climbed back into bed, reaching for the warmth that was Harry.

Harry moved into Draco's arms, sighing as he did so and entwining their legs. "You can invite who you want," he said quietly. "Even Snape."

Draco's lips quirked into a small smile and he kissed Harry on the nose.

Harry smiled gently and moved even closer to Draco. "I love you," he said.

"Good," Draco said, "because I think you are stuck with me."

Harry snorted quietly. "That's the only way I want it," he said.

Harry and Draco were just sitting down for lunch with Ron, Hermione, Bill and Fleur.

Harry was in a wonderful mood and couldn't stop smiling. Not even Hermione's indignant sniffing when three house-elves entered to serve the food could dampen his mood.

"Wizards do not need house-elves," she was telling Bill. "Honestly, they can get things themselves or even hire human help! That way, no one is being mistreated and there are more available job options."

Bill raised an amused eyebrow.

"And what would they do with themselves if we dismissed them?" Draco asked indulgently.

"Well, they couldn't do anything right now," said Hermione. "They haven't any options or anywhere to turn. That's why there needs to be an organisation started. Perhaps something set up in the Ministry. I know that there's a department for magical creatures. I think it could be used for helping freed elves get on their feet."

Harry and Ron both sighed quietly.

"I could see that," Draco said. "As long as they had a choice and weren't forced into it. Or forced to leave if they didn't want to."

"They aren't given a choice with most people," said Hermione with a huff. "They are only born into it and told that it's all they are meant to do. They have so much potential! They have powerful magic of their own and could easily start their own communities. Dobby and Kreacher can Apparate inside Hogwarts when wizards can't! I think they should be educated."

"Have you thought about the dangerous side of that?" Draco

asked.

"There are always risks involved with everything," said Hermione. "What dangers exactly are you talking about?"

"If you free the elves," Draco sighed, "then they may choose to side with our enemies."

"Well, I suppose some of them might, but many of them of them have been mistreated by Voldemort's side," said Hermione. "I mean no offence, but look at the way Dobby was treated. I don't think we would have to worry about that. Most of them would probably side with Harry – if they wanted to fight at all. They seem like a peaceful people to me. Or at least all the ones that I've met."

Draco shook his head. "I think you would be surprised to find that the treatment of house-elves does not conform to your ideals. Nor do many of them share Dobby's views."

"Well, I realise that Dobby is a bit ... strange, but he could help them all to see how wonderful it is to be free. Would you mind possibly telling me more about their treatment? I've never really had an opportunity to talk to anyone who's grown up around them and people who have them," said Hermione.

Draco thought about it a moment. "House-elves usually like structure. They like order. They don't tolerate ambiguity well."

"Yes, I figured as much. That makes me think that they could set up their own communities even more, and be successful with it."

The smile had slipped from Harry's face now and he was utterly bored as hell. He ate his food in silence, wondering how long this could go on for.

"I doubt that. They would look for a strong leader figure and follow him," Draco said.

"And I think that, once again, falls into that they have been brainwashed and undereducated."

"Ehm, I don't mean to interrupt," said Fleur, tossing her hair, "but would eet be possible to 'ave zis conversation some ozzer time? I 'ave some questions about ze wedding zat really should be addressed right away."

Hermione frowned at her.

"Of course, Madame." Draco inclined his head. "Granger, we should talk more when we don't have a captive audience." He smiled,

indicating their companions.

Hermione looked around at everyone's very bored faces and shook her head. "Yes, I suppose you're right," she said with another sniff.

"What did you want, Fleur?" asked Harry quickly, wanting to talk about the wedding more than S.P.E.W.

"Well," said Fleur slowly, "I know we talked a little about zis last night, but ... ze eenvitations really do need to be sent and ze guest list made. Eet would also be good if you could decide what you are going to do about your names as well."

Draco frowned briefly but then got control of his expressions. He turned to his lover and raised an eyebrow. "Ideas?"

"About the guest list or ... our names?" asked Harry. He didn't really know what to do about names. He'd never given it any thought before. He'd always assumed he would be nothing but Potter.

"Let's get this name thing over with," Draco said. "Do you want to be called anything different from Harry Potter?"

Harry's eyebrows pulled together in a frown. "Well, I've never thought I would be called anything different," he said slowly. "I don't think it's really a matter of not wanting to be called something different; it would just be a little odd maybe."

"I don't think being together means we have to give up who we are," Draco said. "Why change our names?"

Harry nodded, thinking. "Yeah, you're right. We don't need to change them. Besides Draco Potter just sounds ... weird, and Harry Malfoy sounds like you're saying hairy Malfoy, as in a Malfoy with too much hair."

Draco's eyebrows shot up to his hairline and he snorted. He turned to the others. "So we keep our names as they are. And I liked Granger's idea of not making a deal about gender in the wedding party."

Hermione smiled.

Harry nodded again. "So, who is our wedding party?" he asked.

"First and most obvious are your two partners in crime," Draco drawled, gesturing at Hermione and Ron.

Harry grinned. "Yes, they're a given," he said. "You both will be in it, won't you?" he asked.

Hermione beamed. "Of course, Harry," she said.

Ron snorted and grinned. "Never thought I would say this, but yes, I'll be in a Potter-Malfoy wedding," he said.

Harry smiled at his friends. "I'd like Mr and Mrs Weasley in it too in some way. If they'd like to do it."

"Are you kidding, Harry?" asked Ron. "Mum would kill you if you didn't put her somewhere in there."

"Remus," Draco said. "And Tonks."

"Yes, them too," said Harry, nodding. "And Ginny and Neville and Luna – if they can get out of school. I have a feeling a lot of guests we invite will be missing if Hogwarts doesn't let them out for this."

"Harry, how big is this wedding?" Draco asked. "The Manor is big but there is an issue of security."

Harry shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "I suppose it shouldn't be too large. How big do you think?"

Draco frowned, trying to think of what was an appropriate number. "I suppose it means we keep it to the people who are important," he said.

Harry nodded again. "Yes, you're right. So all of the Weasleys, Remus, Tonks, and I'd still like Neville and Luna there if they can make it. They risked their lives for me and are some really good friends. Aside from them, there are other Order members, but not all of them are exactly important to me. Kingsley's a good bloke, and maybe Moody if he's not feeling too crazy."

Fleur had brought out a quill and parchment from somewhere and was jotting names down.

"And Severus Snape," Draco added. Waiting for the reaction from the others.

Hermione raised an eyebrow.

Ron made a horrible face.

Bill and Fleur looked at Draco like he was crazy. "Didn't he ... kill Dumbledore?" Bill asked slowly, a heavy frown on his face.

"He is my godfather," Draco said with a sigh. "Even if he doesn't attend, he must be invited."

"It's very, very complicated, and Draco's not crazy," Harry said seriously to Bill. "Don't worry about it."

Bill was still frowning. He looked like he wanted to, but didn't press anymore.

"And Narcissa Malfoy," Draco added.

Harry gave a small smile and nodded.

Fleur looked up. "Iz zat all?" she asked.

"Well, I haven't any family. And Draco, you don't either, do you? Except for Tonks, I suppose, but she's already coming."

"Yes, that sounds like the list," Draco said.

"Well, eet iz a bit smaller zan I thought eet would be, but zat iz zat," said Fleur. She smiled. "We are getting so much done!"

"What's next?" asked Harry.

"Well, as far as today ..." said Fleur slowly, thinking. "What do you want on your eenvitations? Usually, zey are from ze parents. But zat will not be ze case here."

"From Mr Draco Malfoy and Mr Harry Potter," Draco said.

"Yes, zat iz seemple enough," said Fleur. "I don't know if zer iz anyone zat you weel want to work with specifically, but I can contact ze people zat 'elped with our wedding. Zer are ze robe makers and ze people zat made our eenvitations and you weel also need to pick out rings for each ozzer." She smiled.

Harry grinned. "Once again, I don't know anything about this kind of stuff, so we'll probably need all of those people. And yes, we do need rings."

Draco frowned again, looking down at the construct in his lap. He took a deep breath and looked up again. "I am sure that whomever you trusted would be good for us," he said.

Fleur smiled and nodded. "Zen I suppose we weel be needing to make a trip to Diagon Alley soon. Ze robe makers can come 'ere to do ze fittings though. Shall we get zose things done, say within ze next week or so?"

Harry nodded. "Sounds good to me," he said.

"Yes," Draco said, pushing away his plate. "Excuse me. Make yourselves at home." He got up from the table and left the room.

Fleur frowned just a little bit, but began rolling up the parchment.

Hermione looked at Harry knowingly and he frowned, getting to his feet quickly so as not to lose Draco in this monster of a manor. He followed Draco out of the room, a few steps behind him.

"Draco?" he asked.

Draco stopped when Harry called out to him, standing in the hall but not turning. "It's okay, Harry," he said. "I just need some time."

– CHAPTER SEVEN –

You Undo Me

Harry was silent for a moment after Draco said he needed time. "Oh, erm, okay," he said. He stood there for a second, staring at Draco's back. "Alone?" he asked, even though he knew that was what he meant.

Draco sighed and held his hand out for Harry to take.

Harry bit his lip. He didn't want to be annoying, but he didn't feel very comfortable leaving Draco alone. He hesitated before he moved forward and took Draco's hand.

Draco used his hand and pulled Harry close, Apparating them to their bedroom before he bent to kiss him.

As always when Draco did his sudden Apparition, Harry was stiff for a moment, but then kissed him back, still a bit confused.

Draco whispered in his ear, "I didn't mean to startle you, but thought it better than fucking you in the hall."

Harry couldn't help but smile at that. Perhaps Draco could still distract him with sex. "Oh?" he said, pulling back to look Draco in the eye.

Draco smiled down into those green eyes and felt the heat all the way down his spine.

One side of Harry's mouth quirked up as he looked at Draco. He moved his hands up to cup his face, running thumbs along his jaw before pulling him down for another kiss.

Draco opened his mouth, his tongue licking his lover's lips as he slid his leg between Harry's.

Harry let out a content sigh as he opened his mouth for Draco, his body immediately taking notice of the leg between his own two.

Deepening the kiss, Draco pressed his husband back until he was pressed against the corner of the bed frame.

"Mmm," Harry moaned into Draco's mouth, moving his tongue with the blond's. He used his hands to grip Draco's shirt tightly,

pulling him flush against his body.

Draco raised his hand to Harry's face, holding his jaw and nibbling his way down his neck.

Harry tilted his head to the side, smiling and enjoying the sensation of Draco's teeth and lips on his skin. It was amazing that Draco could still evoke such a strong reaction in him after all the sex they had had. They'd had sex at least once a day since the night they'd got together and then on some days three or four times – maybe even five or six depending on how they were feeling, and yet Harry's skin still seemed to catch fire.

"I love you," Draco whispered as he continued to lick and bite Harry's neck. "I don't care about any of that," he said. "I just want to be yours."

"You *are* mine," said Harry. "You always will be and I love it. I can't say it or think it enough." He finished with a quiet moan as Draco licked at a sensitive part of his skin.

"Yes, yours," Draco groaned, reaching for his wand and using it to remove both their clothes.

Harry gasped at the feel of Draco's body against his own and ground into him, groaning as he did. "Merlin, you're so fucking sexy. I want you," he gasped, gripping the top of Draco's arm with one hand and his arse cheek with the other.

"You have me any way you want me," Draco growled as he pressed his cock against his lover's and pushed him back against the post again.

"Just fuck me, please," Harry whispered, bringing their mouths together again and hooking one leg around Draco's as he was pressed against the bed post. "I want it hard and good. I want your come in me. I want your thick cock in me, right where it fucking belongs. You own me." His eyes grew darker with a sudden strong wave of desire.

Those words made Draco moan, his cock even harder, and he pushed Harry onto the bed. He Summoned a jar of lube and coated his fingers. Draco was still standing, Harry's legs hanging off the bed as Draco bent over him. "Pull your legs up and spread yourself for me."

Harry's breath was coming quicker now, his eyes never leaving Draco. He pulled his legs up high, quite a bit more flexible than he

had been a few months ago, and reached both hands down to his own arse, spreading himself open as far as he could. "That's all yours," he said, licking his lips.

Draco slicked his own cock and then smiled. "Yes, mine." But instead of pressing inside Harry, he dropped to his knees and leaned forward, licking his lips.

Harry swallowed, flushing as he began trembling. "Oh, Draco," he moaned in anticipation, his thighs quivering.

Draco licked along the edge of Harry's opening, enjoying the musky scent and taste of his lover. He loved the way Harry flushed and shook with desire. He loved that he could do this to him.

Harry shuddered and moaned. In some ways this was better than getting fucked. "So good," he gasped, locking his leg muscles to keep them in place and somehow managing to spread himself even wider for Draco's tongue.

Draco used his tongue to tease in a circle around that tight ring, feeling his lover's body relaxing under its pressure.

Harry moaned again, biting his lip and squeezing his eyes shut. It felt so fucking good, a indescribable feeling that nothing else could give him.

Harry's moans excited Draco even more. He kissed that beautiful hole like he would Harry's mouth, licking and sucking.

Harry was already reduced to a pile of mush and then Draco sucked and he thought his brain had died. "Oh, fuck," he gasped. "Oh, fucking fuck. Draco, you're going to kill me. Please, don't stop."

Draco pointed his tongue, pressing it into that hole, feeling the flesh give as he pushed.

"Oh, fuck," Harry moaned again. "Oh, my God." His fingers had slipped, getting sweaty now, and he moved them to get a better grip, still trembling with amazing pleasure.

Draco was panting, pushing his tongue in harder and drawing it back slightly, using it to fuck his lover.

"Draco, please!" Harry gasped. "Please, please!" He felt like he was going to come like this. Draco's tongue and his hot, heavy breath against his opening was just ... Merlin, it was fucking hot. His neck arched and his hole convulsed around Draco's slick, wonderful tongue.

Draco slid his hand up, still slick with lube and stroked Harry's cock in time with his tongue fucking him.

That was almost too much for Harry. His opening quivered again and he moaned, it sounding almost like a sob. "Draco, you're going to make me come like this!" he gasped, warning him in case he wanted to fuck him.

Draco shuddered at those words and drove his tongue in harder, his fingers stroking over the head of Harry's cock.

Harry groaned low in his throat. He could feel his orgasm coming. The tingling sensation in his groin and belly was peaking, he was getting so hot, so hot, sohotsohotsohot and then Draco's tongue stabbed inside him and his fingers slid over the head of his cock and Harry was screaming Draco's name, coming and shuddering and moaning.

Draco trembled as Harry's opening convulsed, pushing his tongue back as come slicked his hand. Harry's magic was like a wave of prickling heat over his skin. The blond braced himself with his construct on the bed post and pulled himself up so he could look at Harry panting in the aftermath of his orgasm. He released Harry's cock and used his own come-slicked hand to stroke himself while watching Harry. He was so turned on, it didn't take long before he threw his head back, come shooting out and onto Harry's already wet cock.

Harry watched Draco reach completion, smirking and still panting himself, and he groaned again as Draco's come coated his own cock. He used his hand, scooping a glob of it on his fingers and letting Draco shoot more while his hand rested there. He brought it up to his mouth and sucked and licked at it, moaning as he did and watching Draco's face.

Draco was hanging on to the bedpost to keep himself upright and watching his lover. "You are so fucking amazing. So hot, so kinky," he said with a laugh.

Harry flashed a white smile and licked his lips slowly. "You just taste so good. I can't resist," he said.

Draco moved a bit unsteadily from his spot, releasing the post and climbing up next to Harry on the bed. He leant over and began licking Harry's lips himself.

Harry moved already sticky fingers through the trail of come on his chest and stomach, bringing them up so they could both lick at them. There was no way in hell it could have been real, but he felt another tingle of arousal shoot down his spine. "Lucky I married someone as kinky as me," he panted, tracing Draco's sticky lips with his tongue.

Draco hummed happily licking and sucking on his lover's fingers.

"I'm going to want to fuck again soon," Harry whispered huskily, sliding his fingers in and out of Draco's mouth. "Since we never actually got around to it." He smirked. "Of course, what you did was okay, too."

Draco tried to respond verbally but there were fingers in his mouth. "O'ay?" was what he managed with eyebrows raised. In spite of his attempt at indignation over the word "okay", his cock jumped again at Harry's promise. He groaned. It was impossible that Harry could make him hard again so soon.

Harry grinned and removed his fingers and then sucked Draco's saliva from them slowly. *Merlin, am I in a mood!* he thought. He finished with that and then moved slowly forward. "You were brilliant," he said, sliding his tongue into Draco's mouth and mimicking the movements the blond had done on him.

Draco's breath sped up as Harry's tongue fucked his mouth and he surrendered to him. He loved it when Harry got like this.

"How about," Harry said slowly, licking at Draco's lips at every other word, "I fuck you and suck you at the same time?" He smirked again.

Draco's eyes widened and he trembled. "How?"

"Well, you'll just have to see, won't you?" Harry grinned. "But for now, I think I'll just have to lie here and talk dirty in your ear until you're hard for me again."

Draco was trying to think of ways Harry could carry out his promise and even those thoughts were hot. He felt his cock stirring already. "Tell me, show me," he begged.

Harry smirked. "Eager are we?" he asked, chuckling low in his throat. "Well, first I'm going to suck you off for a bit. I don't think I'd be able to resist anyway with your dripping cock right in my face, because I'll be on my knees. Kind of like you just were when you

tongue-fucked me. That was so hot, by the way, and I could tell you loved doing it. Licking and tonguing that secret, dirty place that's all yours."

Draco was panting just from Harry's words, his grey eyes darker. He licked his lips again at the memory of what he had just done.

Harry felt his cock show some interest as he stared at Draco's face, at his reaction. He couldn't seem to stop smirking. "Who knows? Maybe I'll do a little of that to you. You do have the sweetest arse on the planet. You want my hot tongue up your hole, love?" he asked as if asking if Draco wanted syrup on his pancakes.

"Yes," Draco breathed, shivering at the image and the look on Harry's face.

Harry smiled. "Good," he said. "I suppose I'll eat you out for a bit, get you ready, wait until you're begging me for more. And then," he paused, watching Draco's face, "and then, you know that *ridiculous* purple thing Fred and George got me? Well, I think it would look much better buried in your arse. I'm going to fuck you with it."

Draco swallowed hard, knowing he was drooling. Part of his brain still seemed to be trying to figure out how the seemingly innocent boy of less than five months ago had metamorphosed into the hot, sexy man who was his husband.

Harry grinned wickedly and licked a slow trail up the side of Draco's face. "Can I, love?" he asked, biting his lip and looking at Draco with widened eyes. "Can I fuck you with it?"

"As you wish," Draco gasped. He was shuddering now and his cock had definitely filled out again.

Harry's eyes lit up and he smiled again, scrambling up from the bed. "Now, why don't you just get into a nice, sexy position while I go and get it," he said with a wink as he left the bed.

Draco swallowed again, shaking his head. Sometimes he thought he had created a monster. Good thing he liked that monster a lot. He used a pillow under his hips and lay face down on the bed, on his knees and waited, hoping this was what Harry wanted.

When Harry came back to see Draco like he was, he grinned widely, the dildo clutched in his hand. He sort of couldn't believe he was about to do this, but his cock throbbed with the idea, so he very much *was* going to do this. "You look amazing, Draco," he said,

climbing back onto the bed and running a hand over one of Draco's arse cheeks. His arse looked *so* damn good today.

Draco shivered in anticipation at Harry's touch and his heart sped up at his praise. The feeling of being open and waiting was thrilling.

Harry licked his lips and swallowed, setting the toy aside for the moment and kneeling low on the bed. He brought his left hand up to join his right, spreading Draco apart slowly. He breathed hotly over his hole, not touching it just yet.

Draco shivered at the feel of Harry's breath against his opening.

Harry let just the tip of his tongue out to probe gently at that lovely pink ring of muscle, grinning as he did. "Mmm," he said, licking more of him, flattening his tongue over it completely and licking at it slowly.

Draco clenched his hand in the covers and moaned, the feeling of Harry's tongue so amazing.

Harry licked again and again, going as slowly as before, savouring it. He closed his mouth over the opening and sucked gently on it, humming just the tiniest bit as he did. His cock throbbed again between his legs.

Draco moaned, spreading his legs even further to make sure Harry could reach any part of him.

"Mmm, you taste so fucking good," Harry whispered loud enough for Draco to hear before kissing his entrance, licking it again and feeling like he could very well do this forever. He went back to sucking and moaning, feeling the skin quivering as if asking for more.

"Yes, oh, yes," Draco gasped, his eyes closed and his breathing fast as he surrendered to his lover's teasing.

Harry had nearly forgot what he was going to do, he was so lost in providing Draco with this pleasure. He pulled back for just a quick moment. He lubed the dildo with the flavoured lubricant, also from Fred and George, but then returned to Draco's hole, probing him deeper with his tongue, holding Draco spread apart with just the fingers of one hand as the other continued to liberally coat the fake cock.

Draco's face was pressed to the bed, his eyes closed so he could focus on the sensations. He whimpered when Harry pulled back and then sighed when he returned. Harry had told him what he was going

to do, but Draco was no longer thinking.

Harry sucked around Draco's hole as his tongue delved deep inside him, probing the inner walls of his gorgeous, beautiful lover, feeling him clench around him. He hardly wanted to pull his tongue out, but he did. "You want it, love?" he asked, face still low enough so that his hot breath caressed Draco as he spoke.

Draco moaned, unable to even form a coherent reply. He tried to think but all he managed, was, "Please." He wasn't even sure what he was begging for except that it was more.

Harry pulled back, heart beating quicker as he stared at the dildo. He waited a moment, staring at the shaft that he had charmed to be the exact same size as himself. He finally moved it to Draco's entrance and pushed it in just a bit, beginning to pant as he watched the way Draco allowed it into his slick heat.

Draco moaned as he felt the cock sliding into him. He might have thought it Harry's, except that it didn't have the same magical signature as his lover. He could feel the lesser magic of the device but the feeling was good and he remembered what Harry had said.

Harry was definitely panting now as he moved the toy in and out of Draco slowly with his hand, watching its progress and getting *so* fucking hard. Probably harder than he'd ever been. "Oh, Draco you look so fucking good," he moaned, pulling it out again and watching Draco's tiny hole cling to it.

"Mmmm," Draco moaned in response beginning to rock with the movements of the dildo in his arse.

Harry whimpered and practically dove forward. He licked along the rim of Draco's entrance, still pumping the dildo in and out of him as he did, loving the feel of it sliding along his tongue as he moved it inside his lover.

"Arrgh," Draco moaned, his body shuddering. He bent his knees more, opening himself. He could feel his hard cock hanging between his legs and was tempted to reach for it, to touch himself.

Harry licked at Draco for a few more moments and pulled back again. He still wanted to suck Draco's cock, badly.

Leaving the dildo deep in his arse, he gripped Draco's hips and pulled him up so that he was more on his knees than before. He lay on his back and scooted up under him and then pulled him back

down more so that he could reach everywhere he wanted to. "Such a gorgeous cock," he said before using his left hand to direct it towards his mouth, and then he reached out with his right hand and gripped the dildo again. "I want you to fuck my mouth," he said loud enough for Draco to hear as he licked at the head and moved the toy.

"Gods, yes," Draco moaned loudly, sliding forward into the wet heat of Harry's mouth.

"Mmmm," Harry moaned around Draco's cock, sucking it powerfully as he pumped the cock in Draco's arse. It was a bit difficult to do, but he tried to coordinate his movements. He figured he was doing all right if the sounds Draco was making were any indication.

Draco rocked with Harry's movements, fucking his mouth as Harry fucked him with the dildo. He had never felt anything like it and he was shaking with the sensations. "Harry," he gasped.

"Mmm," Harry moaned again in response. This was the hottest thing he had ever done and he wished he could see it. They had to look like a fucking wet dream. He moaned as he wondered how many times Draco had wanked off while thinking about him on this very bed and pumped his hand faster and took more of Draco into his mouth.

"Close!" Draco hissed, warning his lover. He slowed down a bit, trying to make himself last longer.

Harry nodded, the movement sending his mouth sliding along Draco's cock. He shoved the dildo in him as far as he could and gave it tiny, quick thrusts, pushing it against Draco's insides gently.

"Harry, going to ..." was as far as Draco got, and then he arched up off the bed, impaling himself on the dildo as he came inside his lover's mouth.

Harry pulled back a bit so that he wouldn't choke and drank up as much of Draco's come as he could, his eyes closed. He panted through his nose, mouth still sucking the head of Draco's cock very lightly. He didn't want it to end; it had been so good and his cock hadn't even been touched.

Draco was still moaning and shuddering as he pulled back, sliding his now oversensitive cock from Harry's mouth. "Gods, Harry," he gasped.

Harry smirked and allowed Draco to move from his mouth, dropping his left hand from Draco's cock.

Draco was still panting and shuddering. He wanted to hold Harry but was having trouble making himself move.

Harry very well could have stayed on his back between Draco's legs for hours, but he figured he probably shouldn't. He scooted out from underneath him, Draco's balls sliding wonderfully across his face as he did, and sat up. He watched as Draco still remained frozen in place and his grin widened. He reached forward and pulled the dildo from Draco's arse, tossing it to be dealt with later and then crawled up the bed and beside Draco, placing his hands behind his head and smirking as he lay amongst the pillows.

Draco gasped when Harry pulled the dildo out, shuddering again as his body tried to readjust to the sudden emptiness. He opened his eyes when he felt Harry beside him. "You undo me," he whispered.

Harry bit his lip and smiled. "Lay with me, please," he said, moving his hands from behind his head to lay one arm open beside him for Draco.

Draco smiled, shakily crawling into Harry's arms and pressing himself along side him.

"You liked it then?" Harry asked, hugging Draco close to his side.

Draco huffed. "You made me come twice in less than an hour." He laughed. "I think you know I liked it."

Harry grinned. "Good," he said. "I don't want you to think I'm a weirdo or anything."

"I'm the one who thought the dildo was a good present in the first place." Draco laughed again. "And you are strange, but I seem to like that a lot."

Harry snorted and blushed at the word dildo. He didn't know why, but it just sounded so ... he didn't even know – just embarrassing out loud. "I suppose I should be thankful that you like strange," he said, kissing Draco's cheek.

Draco's smile widened at Harry's blush and he laughed. "You are a marvel," he said. "One minute you are talking so dirty you make me nearly come hearing you and the next you are blushing because I said 'dildo'."

Harry smiled with slightly narrowed eyes. "I guess I am strange,"

he said with a sigh, the blush still on his cheeks because Draco had said it again.

"Dildo," Draco said, smirking.

"Draco!" Harry said indignantly, though he was smiling, still flushed. "That word just sounds nasty to me."

"Butt plug, dildo, cockring," Draco listed, watching Harry's face with a grin.

Harry huffed, smiling tightly and shaking his head. "You love to torture me," he said, flushing brighter.

"Gods, yes," Draco breathed, a beautiful smile on his face as he watched his husband.

Harry rolled his eyes and then yawned. "You have worn me out, my love," he said. "I think I'm ready for a nap, but just know that you are sucking me off when I wake up." He grinned.

"Sounds lovely," Draco said, lying back and pulling Harry to him.

Harry snorted. "I'm sure it will be." He smirked.

– CHAPTER EIGHT –

Dead and Buried

Harry had enjoyed himself immensely over the last few days. He had almost forgot who he was for a while, but he knew that the world didn't stop simply because he was getting married, and so it was soon back to the discussions of Voldemort and Horcruxes that left him stressed and tired.

Bill and Fleur had gone home the previous day, since the wedding plans had been decided on much quicker than expected and Harry, Draco, Ron and Hermione were able to hit the books without any distractions. They were in the main library now doing just that.

"Well, it's not so much finding out about Horcruxes now, right?" said Ron. "I mean, we need to start finding spells for when we actually find the next one. That cave story sounds difficult, and if they're all going to be like that ... well, you get the picture."

Harry nodded. "Knowing Voldemort, they *will* all be like that. Possibly worse."

"Worse," Draco said, not looking up from the book he was studying. "That was an earlier one, I believe," he explained. "I think he got progressively more deranged as his soul was split."

Harry winced, but had already thought that himself.

"Yes, that makes sense," said Hermione. "We should still be looking up things about the Hogwarts founders, too. We'll never find anything if we don't even know what we're looking for."

Harry huffed. "I honestly don't think books are going to help us find anything about where they are. I need to leave, to go *out* and find them. I'm never going to find them in a library."

"Well, you still need to train, Harry. Perhaps Professor Lupin could help you. He was the Defence teacher," said Hermione.

"We have a training room here," Draco said. "Do you think he would be willing to come?"

Harry made a bit of a face. "I wouldn't want to bother him," he

said. "He's got his own assignments."

"I'm sure he wouldn't mind," said Hermione. "He would understand why you need to learn, so we wouldn't need to explain anything. And he cares about you, Harry."

"That doesn't have anything to do with it," said Harry. "I know he cares, but – I don't know, do you think he would be a help?"

"What about the way you organised that little group of yours in fifth year?" Draco smiled. "We could do something like that."

"You mean the group that *you* broke up?" Harry asked, shaking his head and then leaning over to kiss Draco's nose. "You mean with just us?"

"Yes." Draco smirked. "I don't like clubs I am not invited to join. And with us and anyone who wants to train with us."

"We could do something like that," said Harry. "And training with Order members would help a lot."

"Yes, especially with the Aurors of the group," said Hermione.

"Yes, and it would give Harry a chance to show them that he really does have what it takes outside just meetings," Draco said.

Harry smiled. "I'm not all that great, but a little training would help."

"You do need a little polishing, but you are very good, Harry," said Hermione. "And you learn very quickly."

"Yeah, mate," said Ron. "You've always had an edge with Defence."

Harry snorted and shrugged.

Draco nodded. "Looked good to me," he said, smirking and raising an eyebrow.

Harry snorted again. "I'm sure," he said.

"All right, well, if we're going to do that, then we need to let everyone know and set up days for it. But it doesn't take care of the Horcruxes," said Hermione.

"Like I said," said Harry, "I really think I'm just going to have to leave to find them. Information from people outside will help me track them down. We've already decided we're going to the town that Voldemort grew up in, now it's just a matter of when."

"I have a question," Draco said, leaning back and considering the others for a minute.

They all looked at Draco.

"What is it?" asked Harry.

"I understand the need for secrecy, but why is it just the four of us," Draco paused, "Snape and Aberforth accepted."

"Well ..." Harry began slowly, "Dumbledore told me not to tell anyone else. Ever. Besides Ron and Hermione. I broke the rule with you, but only because I had to. And well, you're you."

"Did he tell you why?" Draco asked, frowning.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Could you imagine what would happen if it got out?" he asked. "It would ruin everything. As long as Voldemort doesn't think that anyone knows about his Horcruxes, I can win. And it's not even a matter of not trusting everyone else from the Order, because I do. It would just be taking a huge risk. I could see myself telling Lupin maybe, but the others – it's just too much to lose."

"It's a lot like the Secret Keeper role," Draco said. "If they were captured, they might tell. So we can't tell Lupin or Tonks because they are too vulnerable to that."

"That's exactly the point," said Harry with a sigh. "They would never tell on their own, but if captured there's no telling what would happen."

Draco nodded, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "So we keep on trying this without help. I think it is time to find that grave and see what is there. And, yes, set a date to start your army again."

Hermione nodded. "So, we can do that then. Are we wanting to start this all up soon? I mean, with the wedding coming up?"

"We have to do it sooner or later," said Harry with a sigh.

"I love Harry and want the ceremony," Draco said, giving his lover a smile, "but I want a future more than a ceremony, which means the war is more important."

"Yes, I agree," said Harry.

Hermione nodded again. "So how soon?"

"As soon as we can, I suppose," said Harry. "There's no use waiting. We need to get this ... army thing started, and then soon after that, we've got to go and look for another Horcrux."

"Have them come in a couple days. Hermione, will you send the messages?" Draco asked.

"Yes, of course," she said. "I was just going to suggest that."

Harry nodded again. "So we've got this fighting thing to set up, robes to buy, invitations to get made and sent, decorations up, rings to pick out, and a Dark Lord to destroy. No big deal." He sighed and shook his head.

Harry was wearing Muggle clothes, a jacket with its hood pulled up. Draco, Ron and Hermione looked much the same as he did. They were four teenagers checking out an old grave yard. It didn't look too odd, and there was no one around anyway up on the very top of this nearly bare hill. After *much* searching, Hermione had expertly located the grave of Tom Riddle's mother through records and old Muggle reports from the town the orphanage was located in. This graveyard wasn't far from where the orphanage had been.

They were there now, having just Apparated from the Manor. The graveyard was old and crumbling, located next to an equally old church, one that looked like it wasn't used anymore and hadn't been in a while. The grass was unkempt and grew up around some of the headstones. It was creepy being there. The air was cold and the sky grey, as if it knew what they were there for.

"This is the right one, isn't it?" asked Harry in hushed tones.

Hermione nodded. "Yes," she said just as quietly. "The headstone will only say Riddle. It was the only name she ever gave the people at the orphanage."

Draco looked around, the chill he felt less about the temperature than the atmosphere of the place. He buried his hands in his sweatshirt pockets and wished for his robes.

"All right, let's look for the grave. See if there's anything we can find," said Harry, moving forward and examining a headstone. Ron and Hermione went off in other directions, searching like Harry.

"You feel anything?" Harry asked Draco, moving pretty quickly along the rows.

"Cold," Draco said as he walked with him, but his attention kept returning to the church. He had that prickly feeling like when one is being watched.

Harry nodded. "Yeah, it is a bit cold for only September," he said, eyes sliding over names.

Draco found himself walking toward the old building, his hand reaching out. He didn't really want to touch the cold stone but his hand reached out and pressed against the damp surface.

Harry turned his head and looked at Draco, eyebrow raised.

"Harry!" Hermione called softly from near the back of the small graveyard.

He looked up at her as she beckoned for him. He turned his head towards Draco again. "I think she found it," he said.

Draco began to run his hand along the wall, the feeling getting stronger as he did. He didn't even hear them.

Harry watched Draco with a slight frown on his face. He held up one finger to tell Hermione to wait a moment, his eyes following Draco's movements.

Draco stopped one quarter of the way from the back of the church. He was frowning and staring at the brick. "Something inside," he whispered.

Harry took a few steps towards Draco. "Inside the church?" he asked, looking up at the old, creepy building.

"Yes," Draco said, his hand still pressed to the stone. He could feel the creeping cold even stronger here and it seemed like it had worked its way up his arm to his elbow.

Harry stared at the church for a few more moments and then beckoned Ron and Hermione with his hand.

They looked at each other and then made their way back over to Harry and Draco.

"What is it?" asked Hermione, frowning. "The grave's back there." She pointed.

"Draco said there's something inside the church," Harry said quietly.

Hermione looked at Draco, her eyes on his hand pressed flat to the stone.

Draco was frowning still, looking at his hand on the wall.

"How would he know?" asked Ron, frowning at Draco.

"He can sense magic," said Harry.

Hermione's eyes widened slightly. "I've read about being able to do that," she said almost automatically. "You can, Draco?"

Draco began to walk toward the back of the church, his hand

skimming along the brick and not leaving the stone as he moved.

"He can," Harry answered for Draco, following a bit behind him.

"What's he doing?" asked Ron, following behind as well.

Harry gave a small shrug.

"Shh," Hermione hushed Ron.

Draco reached an old wooden door. He pushed with his hand but it was locked. He couldn't seem to take his hand away.

"How do we get in?" asked Harry, staring at the door as his heart began to beat a little quicker. "Can you open it, Draco?"

"Use your wand," Draco whispered. "*Alohomora*."

Harry wondered if such a simple spell could work, but Voldemort did possess a very strange mind. He pulled his wand and pointed it at the key hole. "*Alohomora*," he muttered. He watched as there was a tiny click and the door creaked open a crack.

Draco pushed the door, walking into the gloom in the back of the church. The place smelled of dust and rot. He felt his way along, unable to see in the interior.

Harry's eyes widened as Draco simply walked into a place that could be loaded with traps. He followed behind him quickly, lighting his wand tip.

"Does he know what he's doing?" asked Ron in a slightly frightened whisper from behind Harry. "What are we doing in here anyway? What does he feel in here?"

"I don't know," Harry whispered back, eyes focused on Draco in front of him.

Draco was drawn forward, pulled by something cold. Part of his mind knew it was reckless, but that portion of him was no longer in control.

"Draco, maybe we should slow down," Harry said quietly, eyebrows pulled together. He didn't like the fast pace of this and felt they should take their time.

Unable to reply, Draco stopped at another door, his whole body shaking now as he fought the desire to push the door open and descend into the basement of this place.

"Okay, Draco," Harry said seriously. "I really think we should slow down now. We don't know what's in here."

Hermione looked a bit nervous next to him and Ron was

frowning from his other side.

Draco's hand rested on the door and he was still shaking. "Down there," he whispered.

Harry swallowed. "Is it locked?" he asked.

"Trap," Draco whispered. Fighting the urge to shove the door open was getting harder with every moment he stood there.

"Don't touch the door – anyone," said Harry quickly, reaching out and grabbing the hood of Draco's sweatshirt to pull him back.

Draco stood as if rooted to the spot, body still shaking. The sweatshirt pulled at his neck, but he didn't move.

"Draco, come here," Harry said firmly, eyes wide as his heart sped up even more. Flashes of what had happened to Dumbledore in the cave invaded his mind.

The compulsion hit, forcing Draco's body back toward Harry, his hand still outstretched as if trying to get through the door, but he was unable to reach it.

"Draco, look at me, listen to me," said Harry. "What do we do? What sort of trap is it? Can you tell?"

Draco shivered, looking at Harry. "Lure, to trap s-someone l-like me."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Harry, talking quickly. "Someone who can sense the magic?"

"Y-yes." Draco's teeth were chattering now, the cold having reached his shoulder.

"Will it hurt any of us if we go through?" asked Hermione, frowning and clutching Ron's arm.

"D-don't t-think s-s-so," Draco answered, the compulsion and the trap seeming to be at war inside him, his arms straining toward the door and his body standing close to Harry's. "B-but c-careful," he said.

Harry was torn between not wanting to leave Draco alone, and not wanting Ron and Hermione to go in before himself. He stood silent, thinking for what felt like a long time. Harry knew he had to go through the door. He found that he was actually sort of glad that Draco couldn't go through. "I'll go first. Draco, you stay out here," he said, taking a step towards the door.

Draco hissed as Harry stepped away, but nodded. "C-careful," he

said again, unable to say more as the cold spread further, his throat and other shoulder feeling it now.

Harry faced the door determinedly. "Pull your wands," he said quietly to Ron and Hermione. "Don't touch anything through here. There's no telling what it could do."

Ron stood straighter and nodded, pulling his wand like Harry had said. Hermione did too, taking a big breath.

"All right, stick close to me, but if something happens, get out," said Harry.

"We're behind you, Harry, and we won't leave you," said Ron.

Harry sighed quietly but nodded, reaching a steady hand out to push the door open.

It opened very strangely without resistance and he looked through to see an old-looking staircase descending into empty darkness. He walked forward and gingerly placed one foot on the top step, tapping it a few times. "I think it's all right," he said, stepping onto it fully. It creaked loudly, but nothing else happened. "I'm going down." He looked over his shoulder at Draco. "Back in a minute, okay?"

Draco nodded, wanting so badly to say something more, but gritting his teeth to keep his teeth from chattering. The cold had reached his chest now and he was having trouble breathing.

Harry frowned slightly, but turned back to face the blackness before him. He took another few steps, each stair creaking as loudly as the first, if not louder. Ron followed behind him and Hermione behind him, and that's when Harry stopped, a little less than halfway down the stairs. He suddenly flung his hands out to the sides of him against the narrow walls of the staircase. "Wait," he said, eyes wide.

Hermione and Ron stilled.

At that moment, there was a flash, a violently purple light. It swept up from the bottom of the stairs, even whipping Harry's hair and clothes back. His heart was pounding as everything then went very still and quiet, the sounds of the three friends' breathing the only noise.

"What the hell was that?" asked Ron, sounding very, very nervous.

"Do not move," said Hermione, obviously trying to keep her

voice even and calm, but her breathing was heavy. "It's a protective spell, used in wizarding prisons or any place where people aren't supposed to escape. I've read about it."

Draco strained to hear them. His heart was beating fast and he felt helpless where he was.

"But we're trying to get in, not escape!" said Ron.

"It doesn't matter. It's activated when a person tries to take the staircase. It can't tell if they're going up or down."

"Then what do we do?" Harry asked, also trying to remain calm. He stood like a statue with his hands against the walls.

"If we move it's going to fall," Hermione answered. "It's going to collapse so that we can't get back up."

Harry's heart skipped a beat and he closed his eyes. "Any suggestions?" he said, already knowing that they were going to fall.

Ron and Hermione were quiet and Harry knew they had nothing.

Harry took a very large breath, preparing himself. "Voldemort designed this," he said, "so we are *going* to fall. We have to get down there anyway, so just – stay calm and be ready, okay?"

There was no answer for a moment.

"Okay, Harry," said Hermione.

"Behind you," was Ron's reply.

Harry nodded, his heart racing even faster now. "Okay, on the count of three I'll move and the stairs will fall. Are you both ready?" he said.

There was another pause and then, "Yeah," Ron and Hermione answered.

It was like Harry could almost feel their fear and he was very scared himself. Taking another big breath, he nodded one last time. "All right, one ... two ... three!" he said, and he dropped his hands from the walls and took a quick step.

As soon as the very tip of his foot hit the next stair, all of them seemed to tremble. There was a powerful whooshing noise that took Harry's breath, and then another flash of that purple light. Quite suddenly, the steps gave way, taking Harry, Ron and Hermione with them.

Harry shouted in alarm despite being ready for it as he fell, hitting the hard, stone floor of the church basement, surrounded on all sides

by total darkness.

Draco struggled to move but ended up falling to his knees in the dust. The compulsion and the cold held him in place. He could no longer feel his arms and his torso was numb as well.

– CHAPTER NINE –

Fire and Ice

Harry landed hard on his side, groaning as he hit the floor. He squeezed his eyes shut for a moment, gritting his teeth at the pain.

Two loud groans near him told him that Ron and Hermione had fallen as well. "Are you both okay?" he asked after a few seconds, rubbing his side tenderly.

"I'm okay," said Ron in a strained voice.

"So am I," said Hermione, voice as tight as Ron's.

Harry got gingerly to his feet and Summoned his wand, unable to see in the darkness. "*Lumos*," he said, but nothing happened. He frowned and tried the spell again. "*Lumos*," he said, but still, nothing happened.

"*Lumos*," came Hermione's voice, but no light followed her words, and then Ron tried and nothing happened with his wand either.

"Why can't we light our wands?" Ron asked. Harry couldn't see his face, but he could tell he was nervous.

"There's probably some sort of spell or shield up preventing it," said Hermione.

"Then how are we supposed to bloody see down here?" asked Ron, and almost as if to answer his question, torches on the walls lit up around them, flickering to life.

Harry tensed immediately and held his wand up, staring around the newly illuminated room. It was a huge basement, empty except for the fallen planks of wood from the stairs. The corners of the room were still dark and Harry was very wary of them. "Stick close to me," he said again.

He moved away from the collapsed staircase slowly, eyes roaming over every part of the room.

Ron and Hermione followed behind him, their wands held out as well.

"This place looks empty," Hermione said.

"*Looks* empty," said Harry. "Believe me, not everything is going to be how it seems." He felt Ron and Hermione move closer.

They moved from corner to corner very slowly, warily checking out the four dark spots, but there was nothing, absolutely nothing in the room.

Frustrated, Harry huffed and ran a hand through his hair.

"I don't get it," said Ron. "All of that for an empty room? Why put the torches down here? Why put that spell on the staircase?"

"There has to be something we're not seeing," Harry muttered absently, running his hand along the stone wall. He wondered if Draco would be able to find it if he were down here.

Hermione stared around the room, seeming to be thinking. "Yes, it's obvious that we're missing something," she said to herself, thinking aloud. "But what? What could it be?"

Harry huffed again, ceasing the uselessness of feeling the wall.

"There's obviously a ward in place," Hermione said. "We couldn't light our wands. The question is ... can we do magic at all?"

Harry and Ron both swallowed thickly at that.

Hermione held her wand out and brought it down through the air, golden sparks following her movement. Seeming relieved, she nodded. "Well, it's not blocking all magic," she said.

"But what's the point of blocking *Lumos*?" Harry asked. "That's hardly the spell I would block if I were Voldemort."

Hermione shook her head, thinking again. "Naturally, *Lumos* would be the first spell anyone would use when they came down here," she said. "But the torches are meant to give the light. Trying to use *Lumos* triggered them. Had we been able to use the spell, the torches wouldn't be needed, thus the torches must be significant." She walked over to the nearest torch in the wall, studying it intently.

Harry and Ron watched her, both of them quiet.

"Yes," she said after a short while. "Come here and look."

They both rushed over, looking to where she was pointing at a small engraved picture on the metal holder of the torch.

"What is it?" Ron asked.

The picture was of a human figure that seemed to be standing on a broken line. It looked to Harry like it was supposed to be a floor

with an opening. Beneath the line and the figure was a serpent with tiny flecks of amber for eyes.

"Look at the others," Hermione said, moving away and going to the next torch. Harry and Ron followed her here as well.

They made their way around the room, studying each torch. Many of the torches had no pictures, but five of them did, including the first one they had looked at. There was a picture of a grotesque-looking person with what seemed to be small diamonds surrounding the figure. There was a picture of a serpent with emeralds for eyes wrapped around a lion with rubies where the eyes were and then another engraving of the same lion and snake apart and looking vicious. The last engraving they found was of the emerald-eyed snake atop a line similar to the one of the first picture. The same amber-eyed snake was there and in the same place, only this time the line was whole and unbroken.

"What does it mean?" Harry asked when they had made it back to the starting point.

Hermione chewed on her lip. "I think it's ... a tale," she said.

"A tale?" said Ron, raising an eyebrow.

Hermione nodded. "Yes, but I think it's out of order." She began walking around the room yet again, looking at each of the marked torches. "I think it's obvious that the green-eyed snake and the lion stand for Gryffindor and Slytherin," she said.

Harry nodded, having thought that as well.

"In one image they're entwined," she continued, "and in another they're apart and they look ... angry."

"And the other images?" asked Ron.

Hermione chewed on her lip again. "Well, there's the one with Slytherin and the yellow-eyed snake," she said, walking over to the torch holding that picture. "And the line isn't broken like in the other picture with the yellow-eyed snake."

"The Basilisk!" said Harry suddenly. "The yellow-eyed snake is the Basilisk!" He quickly joined Hermione at the torch. He ran a finger along the line, or the 'floor.' "The Chamber of Secrets," he said quietly. "That's what this means."

Hermione nodded, looking excited as she always did when she was on the verge of figuring something out. "Yes," she said,

practically running back to the torch with the yellow-eyed snake and the human figure. "And here the Chamber is opened," she said, "while in the other one it's closed."

"That's the tale," said Harry quickly. "The Chamber of Secrets."

Hermione nodded again. "Gryffindor and Slytherin were best friends," she began, crossing to the image of lion and snake entwined. "They parted ways." Here she walked to the image of lion and snake apart and angry. "Slytherin created the Chamber of Secrets and placed the Basilisk inside." She walked to the image of the two snakes and the closed line. "And the Heir of Slytherin released the Basilisk." She finally turned to the image of the human and snake with the broken line. "Tom Riddle – Lord Voldemort."

"But what's the other picture?" Ron asked, crossing to the torch engraved with the picture of the very ugly person surrounded by the diamond sparks.

Hermione frowned, joining Ron. "Hmm ..." she said, staring intently at the picture. She repeated the story to herself aloud, thinking again.

"A person killed by the Basilisk?" Ron suggested.

"Hmm," Hermione said again. "No, I don't think so Look at the sparks. Those don't appear when you're killed by a Basilisk, or even petrified. You simply die or freeze."

Harry stared at the image too, sighing. "What is it then?" he said. "Where does it fit in the story?"

Hermione shook her head, still frowning. After several moments she shook her head yet again. "I just don't know," she said. "It could be anything ..." But then her face showed sudden comprehension and she took a sharp breath. "Of course!" she said. "Muggleborns!"

"Huh?" said Ron, raising an eyebrow.

"Muggleborns!" she repeated. "Gryffindor and Slytherin split because they didn't agree about Muggleborns!"

Harry's face showed understanding as well. "Yes, you're right," he said.

"But ... Muggleborns aren't ugly," said Ron. "Why would it look like that?"

"They are to Voldemort," Harry said. "He hates them."

Hermione nodded. "The image is meant to show unnaturalness,"

she said. "A horribly ugly person surrounded by beautiful magic, it doesn't look like it belongs. Voldemort thinks that Muggleborns don't have the right to use or study magic. He thinks they don't belong."

"So where would this go in the story?" Harry asked.

"I think it's second," said Hermione. "Gryffindor and Slytherin were best friends, they disagreed about Muggleborns, they split, Slytherin created the Chamber and Voldemort opened it. That's it!"

They all three beamed, nodding excitedly.

"So what now?" Ron asked.

Hermione's face fell slowly. "Hmm," she said for the third time.

Harry groaned, thinking of Draco again and if he was okay.

"Well, we know it has to be something to do with the torches," Hermione said slowly.

It was silent as the three of them tried to think of what to do.

"Couldn't we try to pull them?" Ron said.

Hermione looked at him and then at the nearest torch. "That could work," she said. "Perhaps pull them in the correct order."

Harry nodded but suddenly felt wary. He didn't know what would happen if they could pull the torches, but he was pretty certain that it wasn't going to be anything good. "I'll do it," he said.

"No, let me," said Ron, stepping forward. "We have the best chance of making it out of here if you and Hermione are the ones who can think. I don't bloody know about any of this stuff."

Harry huffed, running a hand through his hair again. "I wish you would just let me," he said. "I don't want you to get hurt."

"Shut up and stop being a prat," Ron said. "I'm doing it." He walked over to the first torch, the one with the lion and the serpent entwined.

Hermione looked scared as she stared at Ron.

Harry clenched his hands and gave Ron a short nod. "Be ready," he said.

Ron nodded as well and pulled on the torch. It moved down with a clunk, but nothing more happened. He moved to the next torch with the second image, pulling it as well.

Harry's breathing and heart rate increased with every step Ron took. He was squeezing his wand, ready and very tense.

Finally, Ron reached the fifth and final torch. He hesitated for a slight moment before pulling this one as well.

Harry held his breath, prepared for the worst, but nothing happened. The three stared at each other. The room was dead silent, but then there was a very loud click-like sound that echoed around them.

Ron immediately let go of the torch he was holding and took very quick steps backward, face paling.

Harry stared wildly around the room, spinning to make sure that he could see everything. He looked for where the noise had come from, his wand held out defensively.

The basement went silent again except for Harry, Ron and Hermione's heavy breathing.

Just when Harry was thinking that perhaps it hadn't worked, a horrible scraping sound filled the room. It was so loud that it was painful to the ears and Harry covered his with his hands, wincing.

"Look at the floor!" Hermione shouted, covering her ears as well.

In the centre of the room, the floor seemed to be moving. It was sliding back, uncovering a hidden passage leading lower into the ground.

Harry backed further away, Ron and Hermione doing the same.

After a minute that lasted for what seemed like forever, the scraping finally stopped.

Very cautiously, Harry took a few steps forward, looking into the opening. There was another set of stairs leading into more darkness.

Hermione grabbed the back of his shirt, looking down as Ron joined them and looked down as well.

"Where does it go?" he asked, still panting slightly with the rush of fear.

Harry shook his head. "I don't know," he said, "but we have to go down."

"What if it does what the other staircase did?" asked Ron seriously. "What'll we do then?"

"We can test it," said Hermione, getting a hold on herself and releasing Harry.

Harry and Ron looked at her, raising eyebrows.

"One of us can go down a few steps while the other two hold on

to their arms," Hermione explained. "That way if the steps fall, the person can be pulled back up."

Harry took a short breath and nodded. "I'll go," he said.

Hermione rolled her eyes at him. "No, I will," she said. "It will be the easiest to pull me back up."

Harry opened his mouth to protest, but Hermione cut him off.

"No, Harry," she said. "Stop trying to do everything yourself. We came with you because we wanted to. We *knew* we would be doing dangerous things. Stop arguing and let me do this. You're only wasting time."

Harry huffed, but knew she was right. "Fine," he said.

Hermione nodded and moved determinedly forward. "Take my arms," she said, holding them out on either side of herself.

Exchanging slightly worried and anxious glances, Harry and Ron moved forward to do so. Once they had a firm grip, Hermione took a deep breath.

"Okay, hold on tight," she said. "I'm going down now."

Harry could actually hear Ron swallow as Hermione took the first step. Nothing happened and she stepped again. Harry and Ron leant more and more forward as she moved, but the stairs didn't fall, there was no whooshing noise, no purple flashes of light.

"I think it's okay," Hermione said, taking backwards steps to get back up.

Ron and Harry both sighed with relief.

"Good," said Harry. "Let's go down then."

"Wait," said Ron quickly. "How do we get out of here? I mean, there's no telling what's down there. What if we need to get out quickly?"

Harry looked over towards what had been the staircase. He sighed. "Merlin, I don't know," he said, rubbing his forehead a few times.

"Can we Apparate?" Ron asked.

Harry winced. "I doubt that will work," he said seriously. "Try it, Ron."

Ron swallowed again and nodded. He seemed to concentrate and closed his eyes, but nothing happened. "Nothing," he said, looking a tad worried.

Harry let out a small huff. "I didn't think so," he said, but he tried himself. It didn't work for him either.

"We have to get out some way," said Hermione, her brows pulled together.

Harry bit his lip again. He walked over to the collapsed staircase and looked up. He couldn't reach the top ... but Ron

"Ron, come here," he said, still looking up.

Ron walked quickly over and looked up too. "What?" he asked.

"Do you think you can get back up there?"

Ron frowned. "I don't know," he said slowly. He bent low to the ground and jumped as high as he could, managing to touch the edge of the doorway with just the very tips of his fingers. He sighed when he landed on his feet again. "I can barely reach," he said. "There's no way I'm pulling myself up there, mate."

Harry groaned, starting to get nervous again now. He knew Draco wouldn't be able to help them. Harry had told him to stay put and he couldn't cross the door anyway.

"Could we use a Lightening Charm on you?" Hermione asked Ron, obviously thinking hard. "We could lighten you and give you a boost, and then you could get up on the stairs and help us up."

Harry stared at Hermione and nodded quickly. "It's worth a shot," he said, looking to Ron.

"Hey, whatever gets us the hell out of here," said Ron.

Harry nodded again and stepped back. "Hermione," he said, gesturing towards Ron so that she could do the spell.

"What, you want me up there now?" asked Ron, frowning at Harry.

"We need you up there in case we need out quick, like you said yourself," said Harry.

"But what if you need me down there?" asked Ron, frowning still and pointing to the dark opening.

Hermione bit her lip. "We *will* need a way to escape," she said. "And if we really need you then you can jump back down."

There was silence as the three friends stared at each other.

Ron let out a shaky sigh. "All right," he said. "Lighten me up."

Hermione's brows pulled together again. "It'll be hard to keep your balance when you're lightened, so keep that in mind," she said.

Ron nodded.

Hermione nodded too and raised her wand to cast the spell.

There were no changes to Ron on the outside of course, but he swayed a bit.

"All right?" asked Harry.

Ron nodded slowly. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm all right," he said.

Harry moved forward and bent down to pick Ron up.

Ron nearly fell, but managed to stay upright.

"Can you grab the ledge?" asked Harry, trying to look up as he held Ron up from around the waist.

"I – I can sort of reach it," Ron said, lifting his hands. "I could pull myself up if I wasn't under this charm."

"Well, how am I supposed to get you up there?" Harry asked, trying to lift Ron up even higher.

"Here, let me on your shoulders," Ron said, struggling to climb up. "Take the spell off when I say so and then let me go so I can get up."

Harry nodded even though Ron couldn't see it and tried to hold him as steady as he could. Ron was really wobbly.

"I think I've got it now," Ron said. "Take the spell off Hermione."

Hermione raised her wand and released the charm and Harry nearly fell flat on his face as all of Ron's weight was suddenly upon him.

"Merlin!" Harry let out, voice very strangled.

Ron groaned and swung a bit as Harry ducked out from under him. After a few moments of struggle, Ron finally managed to pull himself up, panting from the effort of lifting his entire body.

"Did you get up there okay?" Hermione asked, raising her voice.

"Yeah," Ron called back down. "Can you reach?" He leant over as far as he could without falling again and dangled his arms over the side.

Harry reached up and could touch Ron's hands fairly easily. Hermione did the same and she could reach too.

"You'll both have to do Lightening Charms for me to be able to pull you up," Ron said.

Harry nodded and turned his head to look at the dark entry way

again. "Hermione, you stay here and I'll go," he said.

"No, Harry," she said, looking at him sternly.

Harry sighed having had to try at least one more time. "Fine, but have your wand out and be ready for the worst," he said. "And I mean the very worst."

She nodded, obviously trying not to show fear.

"Be careful," Ron said.

Hermione bit her lip and nodded. "We will be," she said.

Harry swallowed again and walked slowly across the room, his heart starting to beat faster. He wondered if Draco could feel it. He stared at the entrance and bit his lip, taking slow, even breaths.

"Let's go, Harry," said Hermione, who had walked over with him.

Harry took in one final large breath and let it out slowly before stepping forward into the darkness.

Hermione gripped his shirt again, holding on tightly.

As they made their way down the stairs, Harry could see that it was lit with very dim red light, casting a bloody glow.

The room was circular and stone with a thick stone ledge ringing the wall, everything indeed bathed in red light. It was smaller than Harry had expected it to be. He reached the bottom of the stairs and looked around, his stance defensive again.

"Is it down here?" Hermione whispered, stepping beside him. "It doesn't look like there's anything in here either."

"There has to be," said Harry insistently, entering the room further. He ran his hand along the ledge, looking closely at the wall.

Hermione watched him and stared around the room herself.

Harry circled the room several times, finding nothing. He huffed angrily, burying his hands in his hair.

"You're right, Harry," Hermione said, finally stepping fully into the room herself. "There does have to be something here. Just look closely. We know it isn't going to be easy to find."

Harry sighed and nodded and the two of them began their thorough search of the room. There were no corners or nooks to look into, but they did get to the floor and crawl along, feeling the crack where the wall met the ground. They felt along the crack of the ledge, too. Harry even reached up and pressed hands against the low ceiling, searching there as well.

"Anything?" Hermione asked, watching him.

Harry shook his head no, wondering what they could possibly have to do.

"Why don't you tell me what happened in the cave again," Hermione said. "Just so that we can compare. Perhaps there's a similarity."

Harry sighed. "It was nothing like this," he said. "There was water and Dumbledore and I had to cross to a small ... island-type thing where the Horcrux was supposed to be."

"And what did you have to do to cross?"

"We crossed in a boat. Dumbledore used magic to find it and that's what happened."

Hermione frowned. "There's no way we're going to be able to use magic like Dumbledore," she muttered to herself. "I haven't even the faintest idea of what he would have used. You didn't do anything before getting to the boat even? Nothing at all?"

"Well," said Harry slowly, "Dumbledore cut his hand and dripped blood on the wall to find the entrance."

Hermione's eyes widened. "Harry!" she said, sounding a bit exasperated. "Why didn't you say that in the first place?"

"I didn't think about it," Harry said in his defence, but he was beginning to feel nervous and excited again now that they had the possible answer.

Hermione shook her head at him. "All right then," she said. "One of us is going to have to cut their hand. Where should we put the blood ...?" She looked around.

Harry had no idea where it should go. Everything in the room looked the same to him.

"I suppose we should just touch this ledge with it," she said. "It has to be here for some reason." She pressed her wand to her hand to cut and looked at Harry sternly when he opened his mouth to protest.

He gritted his teeth and rolled his eyes slightly.

She made a small, but long cut and Harry winced as she used *Sectumsempra*.

"Are you ready?" she asked, clenching her hand so that the blood didn't drop.

Harry nodded, feeling like his nerves had never been so abused.

Hermione pressed her hand to the stone ledge and green light shimmered where the blood hit. She stepped away and towards Harry, watching tensely.

The shimmering green light spread from the blood to cover the entire wall, all the way around the room, mixing with the red light muddily. It faded until there were only two places in the wall still covered in magical light. Handprints on opposite sides of the room glowed eerily green, teasing in its innocent flickering.

"Of course," said Harry quietly. "It is like the cave – well, not exactly like it, but like it in the fact that at least two people are needed to get the Horcrux. I'm guessing that it will show itself when we touch our hands to those imprints – and look," he stood in the centre of the room and held his arms straight out, "it would be impossible for one person to touch both spots."

Hermione nodded. "Yes, that makes sense," she said. "Only, why would it matter how many people came down? Wouldn't you have more of a chance to get out if you brought someone with you?"

"I think it's probably designed to only allow one person," Harry said. "That's what Dumbledore told me in the cave. The boat we used was only meant to hold one, but it was measured by power, not weight."

"But we're both down here," said Hermione.

"Yes, but we're not fully qualified," said Harry. "We shouldn't even be out of school yet. Dumbledore said that Voldemort underestimated the young. I think if we had come down here later, as in a few more years, it wouldn't have allowed us both."

"Well, thank goodness for being under-qualified," she said with a nervous laugh.

Harry laughed nervously too and nodded in agreement, breathing deep. "So, here we go," he said.

Hermione nodded. "Yes, here we go," she said.

They both stepped up to the hand prints, holding their own hands close to the wall.

Harry swallowed once and looked over at Hermione. "Okay, go," he said quickly, pressing his hand to the wall. She did the same and then a searing pain swept through Harry's body. He screamed as he

felt like he was being burned, unable to pull his hand away.

Hermione was screaming as well, writhing and trying with all her might to pull away.

It felt like it went on forever, getting steadily worse and worse. They both didn't even notice the platform rising in the centre of the room, bearing a golden cup.

As Harry felt like he was about to lose his mind in the agonising pain, a powerful jolt shot through him and he fell to his knees, dropping his hand from the wall.

Hermione stopped screaming as well, panting and on all fours.

"Are you – are you all right?" Harry panted, wincing as he moved.

"Y-yes, I think so," Hermione answered shakily.

Harry got slowly to his feet, his body aching now. "Look," he said breathlessly, feeling overwhelmingly glad that the wall had decided to release them. He had an irking feeling that it wasn't supposed to. He moved quickly to help Hermione up, eyes on the cup in the centre, the cup that Harry had seen in the Pensieve with Dumbledore. Hufflepuff's cup, a *Horcrux*.

He wanted to grab it and run, but he didn't dare, knowing that it wasn't so simple – that it *couldn't* be so simple, not even with everything that had already happened.

"That's it, isn't it?" Hermione said, wide eyes on the cup as well.

"That's it," said Harry, nodding. "But don't touch it." He continued to stare at the cup and then around the room as if expecting something to jump out at him. He *was* expecting something to jump out at him. "It can't be so simple," he said, more to himself than to Hermione.

"How do we get it?" she asked.

"If we touch it, something will happen. I know it will," said Harry.

"What other choice do we have?" asked Hermione, frowning.

Harry bit his lip. They really *didn't* have any other choice. But something happening was inevitable, he knew it. He moved a few more steps closer to the platform and hesitated before reaching and running his hand as close to the cup as he could without actually touching it. There were no shields around it then, like there had been with the locket in the potion.

Hermione seemed to be holding her breath as she watched him.

Harry pulled his hand back and stared at the cup for a few moments. "I'm just going to have to grab it and then we can run. Any spell you shoot at it could trigger something, and while I really think something will happen if I touch it, at least I'll have it in my hands before we have to run for it."

Hermione looked frightened.

Harry *still* stood and stared at the cup, as nervous and scared as he could possibly be.

"Take it, Harry," said Hermione in a squeaky voice next to him after an entire minute had passed.

Harry took in one final large breath and let it out slowly before reaching forward and plucking the cup from the round platform.

Absolutely nothing happened.

Harry and Hermione both held probably as still as they had in their entire lives, waiting for the room to cave in, or for it to close on them, or anything really. But there was *nothing*.

"No fucking way," Harry said after they had stood for much longer than Harry thought they should have. "I don't believe it." And he didn't.

They were still for even longer.

"Maybe we should just ... go," Hermione said, voice still very high.

Harry swallowed, unnerved by the nothing. He didn't have any better suggestions and so he nodded, taking in everything around himself in case there was something lurking, though that seemed impossible in this fairly small room. "L-lets move up," he said quietly. "Go ahead and go first."

"But, Harry-"

"I said go first," Harry cut in, voice low and serious.

Hermione bit her lip and cautiously began to make her way towards the stairs again, taking them one by one and very slowly.

Harry wouldn't have been surprised if blades came out of the ceiling and walls to try to cut them into bits. His heart pounded as he clutched the cup and his wand tightly, following after Hermione, ready to fight or fire spells as needed.

But once again, *nothing* happened. Harry wondered if he was

having some strange dream about finding a Horcrux, thinking it wasn't possible that he was really going to get away without being harmed, or without anything even really *attempting* to harm him. He found himself in a state of slight awe, watching as Hermione cleared the steps without any trouble.

Hermione stood at the top of the stairs, looking shocked and in awe herself as she waited for Harry.

Harry didn't dare smile or whoop in victory, knowing that they were still very much inside the building where Voldemort had placed his Horcrux. He wouldn't be ready to do *any* whooping until they were far from this place. He took the final stair and stepped back into the main basement, looking around.

"Harry, I – I think we did it," Hermione said, grasping his arm.

"Let's not say anything yet," Harry said. "I want out of here." And as he took another step, something finally *did* happen. Something Harry knew was trouble right away.

The torches on the walls flared up high enough so that their flames licked the ceiling and Harry's eyes grew wide.

There was about a second while Harry and Hermione stood there, before each torch holder seemed to open up on the bottom and spew some sort of liquid that covered the entire floor quicker than should have been possible, moving over every vast inch of it in milliseconds.

"Oh my God," said Hermione, taking a sniff of the air. Her eyes were wider than Harry's. "Harry. Fire," she managed before the flames in the torches seemed to actually spill from them onto the floor. "Run!" she yelled.

Harry gasped and grabbed her hand, running as fast as he could towards the stairs. The entire room was filling with fire quicker than he had ever seen fire spread. A trail of flame crossed rapidly in their path and Harry had to let go of Hermione's hand as they were forced to separate, the flames blocking his way to freedom.

"Go!" he shouted, looking around him for another way around the fire. He didn't wait to see if she had gone as he dodged another trail of flame that whipped across the room. He'd *never* seen fire do this before. Sweat poured from his body and he could barely breathe, although there was no smoke. The flames hurt just being near them.

He turned on the spot, not being able to see any way around the heat. *So much heat. So hot.*

He ran one way, but was blocked. He turned to his left and his arm was singed with the sharpest pain that not even fire should have produced. *Shit!*, he thought, crying out.

He spun desperately, his survival instincts kicking in as his lungs actually began hurting from breathing in air so hot. He tried a few more turns and was burned three times. It hurt so fucking much.

It wasn't until he was gasping for breath that he saw his means of escape. He desperately leapt through the fire to reach it. It felt like *Crucio* in those unnatural flames and he screamed at the top of his lungs, nearly falling from the pain, but he somehow stayed upright and he leapt at Ron's arms still hanging down, trying to do anything to get out of the fucking heat.

"Quick, do the charm!" Ron yelled frantically behind him, trying not to fall.

Harry found that he suddenly felt lighter and his legs tried to give out as he lost his balance, but Ron's arms grabbed him just before he was out of reach and pulled him up.

Harry took gulps of cool air, already feeling ten times better just being out of that heat.

"Get further back!" Ron gasped over his shoulder. "Quick, it's fucking burning me!" He pulled Harry up as quickly as he could and then scrambled back, sweating nearly as much as Harry.

Harry lay on his back panting, his skin still feeling hot. His wand was clutched in one hand and the Horcrux in the other.

Ron was gasping for breath as well, his hair wet and sticking to his face. "Let's get the fuck out of here," he panted, looking at Hermione.

Hermione was breathing heavily, but not as bad as Ron or Harry. She nodded.

Harry turned his head slowly and tried to look for Draco as where he was and what he had been doing slowly came back to him, but he still felt hot and he hurt all over.

Draco had collapsed to the floor, and lay there in the dust and rubble. His pose looked unnatural and he wasn't moving.

"Draco," Harry gasped weakly, trying to get up.

Hermione bent and lifted Harry oddly into her arms. "Cast a Lightening Charm on Draco and get him, Ron," she said quickly. "We should get them outside."

Ron nodded and lifted Draco, and he and Hermione carried Harry and Draco quickly back out into the graveyard.

Hermione set Harry back down and as he breathed in the cool air he felt better. "What's the matter with him?" he asked, voice still strained. He crawled over to Draco where Ron had set him down. He touched his face with a shaking hand. "Draco?" he asked. Draco was cold and limp, his body unresponsive. He didn't appear to even be breathing. Harry could feel how cold Draco's skin was beneath his fingers. His heart began beating frantically.

– CHAPTER TEN –

Soothing Passion

"What's the matter with him?" asked Hermione, sounding scared.

"I think he ..." Harry trailed off. How could Draco need him like that? They'd had sex before they'd gone to bed and it was still daylight out, but Draco was cold and unmoving and Harry had to do *something*. It was too risky to Apparate such a long distance with someone unconscious. He looked up at Hermione. "Take the charm off me," he said.

Hermione did, still frowning with worry.

He got shakily to his feet and picked Draco up, the blond still under the Lightening Charm. "Just wait for me," he said. "I think I know what's wrong with him, or at least what to do. I hope."

"We have to get out of here," said Ron. "The building's going to burn down!"

"No it won't," said Hermione, still staring at Draco. "It was magical fire. Harry, what are you -" she began, but Harry cut her off.

"Just wait for me," he said, and he walked with Draco off behind the building so that they couldn't be seen.

He lowered Draco to the ground gently and took the charm off of him. He hoped and prayed that this is what Draco needed. He swallowed and fumbled with the fly of his own jeans and pulled them and his boxers down, shivering again at not only the cold, but the fear that this might not work. *No, it will*, he told himself firmly.

He dropped to his knees and pulled Draco's trousers down before flipping him around. There were no robes to help cover them and keep them warm while in their Muggle clothes. Harry muttered the Lubrication Spell and slicked his wilted erection before preparing Draco quickly, his skin prickling with unpleasantness as he realised he was about to fuck a cold, unmoving body in a graveyard. He shivered again.

Oh, please, please, he thought as he moved into position and

pressed forward slowly. *Please, Draco, please.* Draco felt so unbelievably cold. The blond's body seemed to twitch slightly at the intrusion. Harry squeezed his eyes shut tightly and thrust in again, his fingers now cold against Draco's icy skin. He simply kept his hips moving, being careful not to hurt Draco, but quick. He wanted something to happen, anything. *Oh, please work.*

The inside of Draco's body had been as cold as his skin, but seemed to be heating up as Harry thrust in. The warmth spread outward. The skin of his arse seemed to colour and warm as well. A few more thrusts and a definite tremor ran through the blond's body. Harry's eyes flew open as he felt Draco move a bit, but he didn't know for sure. It felt like he was getting warmer, but Harry wasn't sure about that either. He thrust into him, definitely feeling at least a little warmth now. *Yes, yes, please yes.*

Draco's body shuddered. There was a loud gasp as his breathing started again and his fingers curled in response.

Harry breathed a very heavy sigh of relief. "I'm right here," he gasped, although he wasn't sure if Draco could understand him.

Draco could feel the warmth and magic of Harry spreading through him. Every part of him hurt as blood flow resumed in his body and the tingling pain came with it. He cried out, fingers and toes clenching.

Harry slowed his thrusts down, hearing the pain in Draco's voice, but he was coming back and Harry was filled with sweet relief. *Thank Merlin for this fucking binding promise,* he thought as he continued to push into his lover.

Draco was on the ground and Harry was behind him and in him, that much he had figured out. He breathed deep, trying to relax into what Harry was doing. That helped, the pain starting to shift to pleasure as his body loosened up.

Harry was panting slightly now, his thrusts slow. He wanted to ask if Draco was okay, but he didn't think he'd be able to answer.

Each thrust of Harry's cock sent shivers up Draco's spine, warmth radiating out from it. He began to breathe in time with those thrusts.

Harry could feel Draco warming up considerably and he kept his pace, trying to make it pleasurable for himself so that he could come.

Draco arched up into Harry's thrusts, his fingers tightening in the grass under him. He moaned softly.

Harry let out a quiet groan, Draco's sounds helping him. His hips sped up to the pace he had set when he had first entered Draco.

"Yes," Draco gasped, magic crackling over his skin as Harry began to enjoy it.

"Draco," Harry moaned quietly, feeling the pleasure building up now. He gripped Draco's hips and pulled him up a bit to meet his thrusts.

"Harry," Draco replied, bending his knees to help Harry reach the angle he was looking for. His own fingers and toes were digging into the grass to hold on.

Harry gasped and his head fell forward as all the energy in him seemed to erupt from his cock and fill Draco, his eyes closing and his body shuddering.

Draco moaned loudly, his whole body flushed warm with Harry's release.

Harry clung to Draco's hips with his fingers as he came, literally feeling as if Draco were sucking something from him. He gasped when the sensation ended and he pulled out and landed on his back in the grass, panting and staring up at the still-grey sky.

Draco gasped as Harry pulled away and when he looked up, he found himself staring at a gravestone. He blinked. They were fucking on a grave? Memory came back of the graveyard and the church. The Horcrux. He looked over his shoulder at Harry. "You okay?"

Harry was still panting and nodded, his trousers around his ankles.

"Ron? Hermione?" Draco asked, rolling onto his back.

"They're fine," he said breathlessly. "What happened to you? Why did you pass out?"

"Did you get it?" Draco asked as he began to pull his own shorts and trousers up.

Harry nodded again. "Yeah," he said, and there were a few moments of silence before Harry frowned and sat up quickly. "I think I left it in there!" he said, jumping to his feet and nearly falling back down as he did. He bent and pulled his trousers up.

Draco chuckled, getting to his feet and helping Harry up.

Harry didn't see what was funny. As soon as his trousers were secured, he ran back around to the side of the building and back towards that wooden door.

"Harry what are you doing?!" Hermione asked when he came into view.

"I left the Horcrux in there!" Harry said, pausing only for a second to look at her before tearing off for the door again.

"No, I've got it," she said quickly, pulling the cup out of her jacket pocket.

Draco followed Harry, nearly running to catch up. He stood there, covered in grass and feeling as messy as he looked. He stared at the cup in Hermione's hand.

"Draco! Are you okay?" asked Hermione when he came around the corner, giving him a worried look.

Harry reached out and took the cup from Hermione, holding it up to his face to see if it was the real thing and not another fake.

Draco frowned, wondering at the look on her face. "I think so," he answered cautiously, resisting the urge to readjust his clothes in front of them.

"It's real," said Harry, taking in the Hufflepuff mark on the cup. It was definitely the one he had seen in the memory.

"Yes, it's real," Draco confirmed with a shiver in his voice.

"Let's get out of here before something else happens," Harry said. He looked up at Draco. "Back to the Manor?" he asked.

"Please," he said, taking Harry's hand.

Harry nodded again and looked to the other two. "Let's go," he said, and they all four Apparated and appeared a moment later, standing in the entrance hall.

The moment they were back, Harry pulled Draco to him and hugged him tightly.

Draco returned the embrace, then pulled back, looking questionably into Harry's eyes. "I know I missed something," he said. "The last thing I remember is you going down into that basement. Then I woke up in the graveyard with you."

"Be glad that it's the last thing you remember," said Harry seriously as he pulled his sleeve up and poked gently at the shiny burn on his arm. The fire had not burnt his clothes, only his skin.

Draco frowned. "You said you were okay," he snapped accusingly, pulling at Harry's sleeves to survey the damage.

"I am okay," Harry said, letting Draco look at him. He actually was a bit uncomfortable, his clothes feeling like sandpaper against some parts of his skin.

Draco harrumphed at that. "And you two," he sneered, "are you burned as well?"

Ron pulled up his sleeves to show burns like Harry's on both of his arms.

Hermione nodded.

"There was fire," Harry said rather obviously.

"Merde," Draco cursed. "Apparate to the hall outside my suite," he said, just as he took Harry on Side-Along there.

Harry stared at Draco, now outside the suite, still holding his arms out.

Ron and Hermione were there seconds later.

"It's really not that bad, is it?" said Ron. "We're lucky the three of us were there or we would have never been able to get out."

"It's a magical burn, Weasley," Draco hissed. "It could get worse if not treated quickly." He waved his wand and the doors to his suite swung open and he pulled Harry with him towards a door on the opposite side from the bedroom door. It also opened for him and he pulled Harry into his Potions lab.

Harry's eyes were wide as he was pulled along. Ron and Hermione followed quickly behind.

It was a Potions lab, but the similarities with Snape's ended at that. This was polished and clean, with everything ordered. There were shelves on the walls with neatly lettered labels of ingredients, and others with neatly sealed and labelled potions. Draco went directly to the latter and pulled three vials off the shelf, walking back and handing them to the other three. "Drink," he said, and then turned to crouch beside another rack, looking for something.

Ron shrugged and drank the potion down. Harry and Hermione drank after.

Harry made a face at the taste. "Ugh," he said. "What are you looking for?" he asked Draco as Ron and Hermione made faces similar to his own.

"Ah," Draco said, pulling out several larger jars. He walked back over to them, setting them on the work table. "Strip," he said as he began mixing ingredients.

Ron raised an eyebrow. "Er ... strip?" he said.

Harry cleared his throat oddly. "Erm, all of our clothes?"

Hermione stared at the three males in the room with slightly widened eyes.

Draco turned with a frown on his face and looked at them. "Gryffindors!" he snapped. "Which is more important, your modesty or your skin? I suppose you can leave on the underwear."

Harry huffed. "He's right. Just take them off," he said, pulling his jacket and shirt off as he spoke.

Hermione flushed as she began taking her jacket off as well, Ron doing the same next to her.

Harry didn't feel too awkward as he was in boxers, but he faced determinedly away from his friends - or at least Hermione, for her sake.

Draco ignored their semi-nudity (well, maybe not Harry's) and handed Hermione a bowl of what he had mixed. It looked oily and smelled mouldy. "Spread this everywhere. Start with the most affected areas but don't miss the rest of the skin, because burns don't always show right away." He turned and began on Harry's hands, working his way up.

Harry stood and let Draco cover him with the smelly ointment, his nose wrinkled up.

Ron and Hermione began covering themselves with the substance too.

"What is this?" Harry asked, face still scrunched up.

"I'll tell you after we wash it off." Draco smirked. "All you need to know now is that I love your skin and want to keep it intact."

Harry raised an eyebrow, a small smile on his lips and nodded. "I think I rather like it, too," he said.

Ron and Hermione helped each other with the areas they couldn't get at themselves as Draco covered Harry's body.

"You have to wear this stuff until it dries and starts flaking off." Draco smiled. "Then I will have a special bath you need to take."

"How bloody long will that take?" asked Ron, his body sort of

shielding Hermione's from view.

Draco was trying hard not to laugh, but not succeeding. They looked pretty awful covered in the oily salve and the tone in Ron's voice was just too much. "Oh, and this stuff stains the sheets," he added, chuckling.

Harry heaved a great sigh. "So we basically can't sit down or anything until this shit dries?" he asked.

"I can afford more sheets," Draco said, grinning. Then he looked serious for a moment. "Actually, taking a nap would probably help the potion you took as well. But someone needs to be in the room with you in case of a negative reaction."

Harry sighed again. "So we have to take a nap all in the same room?" he asked, making a face because he didn't fancy a nap very much at all right now, nor did he fancy going anywhere near any bed without Draco.

"I could have a house-elf keep an eye on these two," Draco said, looking at Hermione. "If that is acceptable with Miss Granger."

Ron moved to cover Hermione a bit more and she was silent for a moment, thinking.

"Hermione!" said Ron. "Yes, a bloody house-elf can watch us. I don't know about you, but I don't really fancy standing around in my underwear. Let's go lay down."

Hermione huffed and poked her head out from behind Ron. "All right, as long as he or she is rewarded afterwards," she said.

Ron rolled his eyes.

"As you wish," Draco said with a smirk.

"Can we go?" asked Ron impatiently.

"Yes." Draco stood waiting.

There were two loud cracks and Ron and Hermione were gone. Harry and Draco were left standing alone.

"So I have to go take a nap?" Harry asked.

Draco took his hand and led him from the room and into the bedroom. With a flick of his wand the bedspread folded itself at the foot of the bed. He then used the quick Disrobe Spell on himself. He climbed naked into the bed.

"You're going to lay with me with this stuff all over me?" Harry asked, stripping off his underwear slowly so as not to make a mess of

them. He climbed into the bed, not touching Draco and lying stiffly.

"Yes. Yes, I am," Draco said, pulling Harry's body to his own.

Harry made a face, but it did make him feel better to have Draco's body next to him. "Now you'll need a bath," he said.

"The horrors," Draco said, smirking again.

Harry snorted. "Well, I suppose you already needed one with that grass all over you," he said.

"I am a bit sticky, as well," Draco added. "Please tell me what happened after you went into the basement."

Harry nodded and took a deep breath before starting to explain what had happened. He told him how the staircase had collapsed, and how they had come up with the idea to get out again with Ron on the stairs to pull them out. Then what had happened with the torches and the entrance, and what had happened after he had grabbed the cup. "And Merlin, the fire felt like fucking *Crucio*. Hurt so fucking much and I couldn't even breathe. I had to jump through it to reach the stairs again, but Ron pulled me out okay," he finished.

"That kind of magical fire would feel like *Crucio*," Draco said. He was frowning, his breath having sped up a bit. He didn't like that he hadn't been able to help.

Harry nodded. "Well, it did," he said. "Felt like I was going mad. Have you ever been in water and swam too deep and then panicked and tried as hard as you could to reach the surface again?"

"No, but I have been under *Crucio*," Draco said quietly, wincing when he realised that Harry had been there the last time he was.

Harry winced too and nodded. "Well, we got the Horcrux and we're all okay. That's what matters, right?"

Draco sighed. "I am glad you are safe and I am sorry I didn't do more to help."

"Well, it wasn't your fault, and I'm glad you didn't have to go down there anyway," Harry said with a sigh. "What happened to you anyway? Why did you pass out? We had sex last night and it shouldn't have been time yet."

"I don't think I passed out, or that wasn't all there was to it," Draco said quietly.

Harry frowned. "Did it have something to do with the trap you were talking about? Because I didn't let you go through that door

because of that."

"The trap sprung when I touched the wall," Draco said, "but going down into the basement would probably have finished it quickly. It used my ability to feel magic to drain magic from me."

Harry took a deep breath. "Would it have killed you if it weren't for me?" he asked quietly.

"What were the symptoms before you ... revived me?" he asked, half smiling at the method.

"You were cold, but not like usual - even more than usual. Even cold on the inside. And it didn't look like you were breathing at all," Harry said as quietly as before.

Draco nodded, wondering what he should say to Harry. "Yes, I think I would be dead if weren't for you." He didn't add that he probably *had* been dead.

Harry took another deep breath. "Merlin, I hate doing this. Not because I'm afraid for me, but for you, and Ron and Hermione. You could all be hurt or ... killed, and I hate it more than anything."

"It is dangerous," Draco said, "but the madman will do worse if we don't."

"I know," said Harry quietly, wiggling his fingers and feeling the drying liquid on them.

"You aren't tired?" Draco asked, frowning.

"A bit," said Harry with a small shrug, feeling more relaxed than tired, but he knew he could probably fall asleep.

"Sleep now," Draco said, using his hand to push Harry's head against his own shoulder.

Harry shifted around a bit until he was more comfortably pressed to Draco. "All right," he said, and closed his eyes.

Draco sat on the edge of the bed, watching Harry sleep. He did this whenever he could. Even with the dried salve on him, there was something peaceful and childlike in those moments.

Despite not feeling very tired, Harry had gone out like a light. He hadn't felt it, but his body had been exhausted after getting the Horcrux. He slept on, not even noticing that Draco wasn't next to him anymore.

Draco got up and went to the door, summoning the house-elf he

had watching the other two. The elf confirmed that they were sleeping well and that there were no visible reactions. Draco gave the elf a bottle of bath potion for the other two and sent it back.

Harry slept on for a while later, but then finally started to wake up, his eyelids fluttering. He opened them slowly and yawned.

That was another moment Draco enjoyed, seeing those green eyes as they opened, sleepy but still bright. He smiled and handed Harry his glasses.

Harry reached a hand out and grabbed the offered spectacles and put them on, sitting up slowly. His skin felt much better and didn't hurt anywhere anymore.

"I have a bath waiting with a potion that will clear the rest of it," Draco said.

Harry nodded and got to his feet, feeling cold and shivering slightly after just having woken up.

Draco helped him up and led him into the bathroom. A large sunken bathtub, big enough for several people, was full and steaming mildly. "I put a Warming Charm on it," Draco explained.

Harry nodded. "Good," he said, climbing into the bath and sighing as the water touched his skin. He closed his eyes. "Are you getting in with me or does it just have to be me because of the potion that's in here?" he asked.

Draco considered. "It won't hurt me. Do you want me to join you?"

"No, I want you to stand out there naked and gorgeous and out of my reach," Harry said sarcastically, cracking one eye open.

Draco snorted and slid into the bath with his lover. He soaked a soft cloth and began washing Harry's back.

Harry sighed again and rolled his shoulders lightly. "I've had enough of Voldemort for one day, I think," he said, still feeling a bit sleepy.

"Enough of anything bad today. Got it," Draco agreed, massaging those sore shoulders.

Harry nodded again. "So, what are we going to name our cat when we get it?" he asked, smiling.

Draco snorted. "Well, I would think it would depend on the cat."

"Yes, probably," said Harry. He waited a few moments. "Where

will we live when this is all over? Here?"

"Depends," Draco smirked, "on if it is just us or not."

"What do you mean?" asked Harry, raising an eyebrow.

"You always seem to travel with an entourage," Draco said with a laugh, his cloth-covered hand working on Harry's chest.

"Oh," said Harry, leaning back a bit to give Draco room. "Well, yes, my friends are like my family. But I don't know if they'll want to live with me forever. I mean, what happens if Ron or Hermione get married? I'm sure they would like to have their own place one day."

"Probably, because living in a small flat somewhere is much better than living in a small castle." Draco snorted.

Harry grinned. "Well, they can certainly stay if they want to. You wouldn't mind, would you?" he asked.

Draco snorted again. "I suppose I am getting used to them."

"Yes, they've got used to you, too," Harry said, still grinning. "And you know, I still can't work out how we managed to get so *used* to each other in what was it? Four days and I loved you?" He laughed happily.

"Sex," Draco answered, his flannel sliding below the water line, washing progressively lower.

Harry smirked. "Yes, big bad Slytherin, Draco Malfoy stole my virginity and my heart," he said with another chuckle. "And you really did, you know."

"I think stealing your virginity might be pushing it, given that you begged me to fuck you," Draco said, laughing. His cloth-covered hand slid over Harry's cock.

Harry's smirk widened and he took in a sharp breath. "Yes, I did beg. What can I say? Your cock's irresistible."

"Good," Draco purred, "because I love fucking you, as much as I fucking love you."

"Fuck me right here in this bath, please," Harry said, suddenly feeling very much like a fuck.

Draco laughed deeply, pulling Harry back against him so he could feel his hard cock against his arse.

"Hard for me already. Good," said Harry, a smirk in his tone as he slid more up Draco's lap to press against him and rub his arse against his cock.

"Fuck," Draco gasped as Harry slid against him, his own hand closing around Harry's cock.

Harry moaned as Draco's hand closed around him and he rested back against him and arched. He worked himself in Draco's hand and worked his arse even more back against Draco's cock, trying to move sexily, arching more than he actually needed to.

Draco shuddered, wondering if the Lube Spell worked underwater. The water felt so slick with the potion in it and Harry rubbing against him was making him ache for more.

"Are you going to fuck me with that thick cock of yours?" Harry asked, panting. "The one I find so fucking irresistible?"

Groaning, Draco reached for some oil, spilling it on the side of the tub as he slicked his hand. He had had to take the construct off to bathe. He reached his slick fingers down to find Harry's entrance, pushing against that tight ring.

Harry moaned, pushing down against those fingers. "That's it," he whispered loudly, biting his lip. "I want you in me."

"Gods, yes," Draco crooned, having slid a couple fingers in, slicking and stretching his lover. Harry was still moving around on his lap, teasing Draco's cock in a wonderful and frustrating way.

"Enough," said Harry, flushing from the pleasure and the heat of the water. "I just want your cock."

Draco slid his fingers out and grasped his own cock, positioning himself. "Slide back onto me, love."

Harry nodded and moved back until he could feel Draco pressed to his entrance. He slid back even more, feeling Draco's cock breach him and he tossed his head back and gripped Draco's sides behind him.

"Oh, yesss," Draco hissed, able to let go of his cock as Harry slid back. He reached around to wrap his fingers around Harry's erection.

"Fuck," Harry let out weakly, moving himself on Draco's cock and feeling his hand in front. He pressed his back to Draco's front and slid their skin together as he moved, reaching one hand up to grasp the back of Draco's head as he turned his own to kiss.

Draco bent forward meeting Harry's mouth with his own, his breath catching at the feel of their slick bodies sliding together and the tightness of Harry around his cock.

Harry slid his tongue out to meet slickly with Draco's, licking his mouth and tongue and teeth, all the while sliding against his cock, pressing back against him and taking all that he could.

Draco wasn't sure who was fucking who here, but that suited him fine. He slid his oily fingers along Harry's cock and twisted his hand with each slide.

"Yes," Harry hissed, having to break their kiss and lean forward to slide harder against Draco's cock. He looked over his shoulder at him with heavily lidded, lust-filled eyes as he fucked himself on Draco's prick.

Draco leant his left arm on the tub, using the elbow to brace himself, his other hand still stoking Harry's cock. He was helpless to do anything more but lie back and let his lover thrust onto him. "So good, so good," he chanted.

The chanting encouraged Harry and he pushed back harder, clenching his arse around Draco. "Yes," he hissed again. "Oh, fuck, yes!"

"Oh, Harry, fucking amazing," Draco gasped. "I love you! I love being inside you!"

Harry gasped, his back arching again as his balls tightened. "Oh, fuck I'm going to come! Yes! Fuck, Draco you're going to make me come!" But there was no 'going to' about it, because Harry was coming so hard the next second, he could've sworn his heart stopped. He tensed and stilled as the come shot out of him and into the water and then he slumped forward, panting heavily.

As always, Harry coming brought Draco as well. Harry's body clenched around him and his energy sent that shot of energy through him. Draco came hard into Harry, his hips bucking as he did.

Harry didn't really move for a few moments, still floating on high from his orgasm. "Fuck, Draco," he finally said rather weakly.

"Oh, fuck, yes," Draco answered sighing with his head resting back on the edge of the tub. His arm was still wrapped around Harry.

Harry grinned and slid very slowly off Draco's cock. He turned to face him, pushing his legs apart to settle between them. He kissed Draco's chest and looked up at him, smiling.

"I see you feel much better." Draco smirked.

"Yes, much better," said Harry, kissing Draco's chest again and

then sliding up his body to kiss his lips.

Bending his head to kiss his lover, Draco felt content - well, almost. "I'm hungry," he said when Harry pulled back.

Harry laughed. "Of course you are," he said. "But actually, me too."

– CHAPTER ELEVEN –

Wandless

Harry had hidden the Horcrux safely away. They hadn't wanted to destroy it yet - well, Harry hadn't wanted Draco to destroy it yet. He didn't want him to be in that burning pain again, not after nearly dying just *retrieving* the Horcrux.

Today was the day they had set up for the training meetings. Charlie and the twins were coming, as well as a few other Order members and Tonks.

They were waiting for them to Floo over right now in the entrance hall.

"What time did you say, Hermione?" Ron whinged, leaning against the wall.

"I told them three o' clock, Ron," said Hermione. "You're so impatient."

Draco lounged against the wall, listening to the two of them and watching his lover fidget.

Harry sighed, tapping his foot and picking at his sleeve. "You set the wards to let them in, didn't you?" he asked Draco for the third time.

Draco didn't actually answer, just raised an eyebrow at the nervous Gryffindor.

Harry huffed. "Where are they?" he asked Hermione. "If you said three, then they should've been here fifteen minutes ago."

"Harry, nothing's happened. They had Fred and George with them. They're bound to be a little late," she said calmly.

"And Tonks is usually late for meetings," Draco added.

Hermione nodded. "Yes, Tonks is probably worse than Fred and George."

Harry sighed again.

A few minutes later there were noises from the fireplace and Charlie suddenly fell out of it and then stepped quickly out into the

room. "Sorry for being late," he said, looking at Harry. "Tonks somehow managed to accidentally knock one of the table legs off at Grimmauld and it was covered with Fred and George's ... experiments. Took a bit to clean up."

"See," said Hermione. "Tonks *and* Fred and George."

Harry moved forward and shook Charlie's hand in greeting.

"Damn, is this an entrance hall?" he asked, staring around the massive room.

Draco stepped forward, shaking Charlie's hand. "Welcome," he said.

Charlie smiled and nodded his head.

Soon, more people were coming through the Floo. Harry watched as the room filled, well, it didn't actually fill, but it got fuller.

Fred was the next one out of the fireplace and he hopped forward happily and ruffled Harry's hair.

"Hi," said Harry raising an eyebrow.

Fred grinned and was joined quickly by George, who greeted Harry much the same way as his brother.

Tonks followed them, still apparently apologising to the other two for the accident. She grinned at Harry and greeted him in her typical "Wotcher, Harry," and then Draco with, "Hey, cousin."

Harry smiled.

"It's fine, Tonks," said George to her apology. "No harm done."

"It shouldn't have been out in the first place anyway," said Charlie, lifting an eyebrow.

"Sorry, *Mum*," said Fred, rolling his eyes. "I swear, they act like we're not twenty years old."

"Because you don't act like you're twenty years old," said Ron.

"Shut up, Percy," said Fred.

Ron scowled.

"Shall we get started?" called Hermione over all the chatter.

"Indeed," Draco said. "We have a practise room set up and dinner will be served after."

"Yeah, let's get going," said Harry and then loudly to everyone, "Everyone, thanks for coming. We just thought this would be a really great way to prepare. The attacks have started up again so we all need to be ready. I know that some are better at combat than others and

some are better at certain spells that the rest of us may not even know. We should all be able to learn or teach something new."

Hermione nodded. "All right, everyone, follow us," she said.

Draco let Hermione and Harry lead the group to the room, Apparating ahead of them to make sure it was set up properly and to recheck the specific wards which protected the rest of the house from accidents.

"Damn this place is big," said Fred as they walked along.

"It has a Quidditch pitch!" said Ron.

"No way," said George.

"It does," said Harry, nodding.

"You lucky bastard," said George, shaking his head at Harry.

Harry snorted, following Hermione to the training room.

They all filed inside. The room was set up a lot like the Room of Requirement had been when the D.A. had been using it, but it was a bit more advanced, filled with things that were specifically for training.

Once again, Draco leant against the wall, waiting to see what would happen. He hadn't been kidding when he had implied that he had been jealous of the D.A. back in fifth year. He was really looking forward to the training, but even more important, to watching Harry lead.

"All right, let's get right to it, shall we?" called Harry. "I've sort of led something like this before and we always paired up with someone to practise with. So, everyone take a partner and we'll warm up a bit. Just a few simple jinxes at first, then we can figure out what levels we're all at."

There were murmurs of consent and agreement and Harry nodded.

"Good, find a partner then," Harry said, standing back himself. It was a little odd to be directing all of these adults much older than he was.

Draco walked up to Tonks, and bowed like he was going to ask her to dance. "May I have the honour?" he asked.

She laughed, rolling her eyes. "Sure, cousin," she said.

Harry stared around the room at everyone, not taking a partner himself. He was very glad to see that everyone was capable of doing a

Shield Charm and basic Stunning Spells and simple hexes. They all seemed to be past that level, at least. He watched Fred and Ron for a bit and George and Hermione.

"Harry," said someone behind him, and Harry turned and quickly dodged a spell that went flying past his ear.

"Just making sure," said Charlie, grinning. "Can't have a leader who can't dodge a jinx."

Harry snorted and made to turn around before snapping back quickly and throwing a Leg-Locker Curse at Charlie.

Charlie ducked just in time and stood up again, smiling. "Close," he said. "You might have hit me had you not actually said the spell aloud."

"Yeah," said Harry with a sigh. "I'm crap at non-verbal spell work."

"Well, that's one thing we need to work on then," said Charlie.

Draco smiled. That was an area he was good at, as Harry would know by now. He enjoyed watching the camaraderie of Harry and the others, glad that they were able to playfully challenge him and that Harry handled it well.

Harry nodded.

"Just concentrate," said Charlie. "It is a bit hard to grasp at first and it's hard to train yourself not to say the spell because it's so much simpler to do, but it could be the difference between getting hit or hitting your opponent. It's something a lot of wizards have trouble with. Half this room is probably crap at it."

"Okay, so that's something we'll definitely work on then," said Harry, going back to staring around the room for a bit.

He challenged a few other people and was hit with a few jinxes, nothing an *Ennervate* or a counter-jinx didn't fix.

He found himself working his way towards Draco and he smirked at him. "Can you hit me?" he asked, waggling his eyebrows.

Harry hadn't had time to relax his eyebrows and the words were barely out when he felt the Body-Bind. Draco had his arms crossed and had pointed the wand and done the spell with out even moving his lips. He had been trained since he was very young not to show what he was thinking. It helped.

Harry should have known. If he had been able to move, he would

have been smiling tightly with narrowed eyes, but all he could do was lay there and wait for Draco to lift the spell.

Draco crouched beside his lover, leaning over so that he was in his frozen field of vision. "I may not have your power, but stealth I can do." He grinned. He leant over and kissed those immobile lips and then lifted the spell.

Harry sat up quickly, smiling tightly. "I must admit, you're pretty good," he said, getting to his feet again. "You've proven yourself to be a good teacher in ... other ... areas. Do you think you could do as good a job in this one?" He smirked.

Draco grinned, flushing slightly at the laughter of the twins at Harry's comment. "I am willing to give it a try," Draco replied, smirk still in place.

Harry shook his head, but grinned at the twins. Why were they always around at the most inappropriate moments? "Good," he said to Draco. "Because I think I'll need it."

Draco nodded. "At your service."

Harry smiled.

He let everyone practise and warm up a little more before calling for order again. "Good news, we're not all a bunch of dunderheads. But like I said, there are areas each of us could improve upon. I noticed a bit of a lack of nonverbal spells. Can't do them so great myself. So let's focus on doing that tonight. Let's pair off into people who can do them and people who can't."

Once everyone was paired again, Harry looked back at Draco. "Care to explain the mechanics, love?" he asked. "Hopefully you can teach it a bit better than Snape."

Draco had never been asked to explain it to anyone else before. He thought for a moment. "I think there is more than just not saying the spell out loud. It is not showing it in your face or moving your mouth. The less your opponent can see or hear of what you are going to do, the less likely they can block it. First part is being able to do the spell non-verbally and the second is learning not to say or show it when you do."

"Okay, so everyone think of the spell you want to do, and then try and cast it without opening your mouth or showing anything on your face," said Harry. He turned back to Draco. "I can never seem

to not show it," he said. "I can hardly help it."

Draco shook his head. "Trying to fool me on this one will be near impossible, Harry. I cheat."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "How so?" he asked.

Draco stepped in close, smirking. "First, I can read you better than a book," he whispered. "Second, I am a sensitive. I can tell what type of magic you are going to throw even if you don't show it in your face."

"Ah, yes," said Harry. "You would be able to tell, wouldn't you? I'm horrible at it. My emotions get in the way of everything. I could probably get good at it, but then not be able to use it when fighting Voldemort because of my hatred of him. I know it would show on my face."

Draco nodded, thinking about it. "Practise won't hurt," he smirked, "and I will try to think of something that will help."

"Okay, so should I just try one first? Even if you're able to block it, at least I might be able to get one out. I can hardly even do that," Harry said, pulling his wand back out.

Draco waited, wand ready and watching Harry. He'd always loved watching Harry do magic, but since their binding it felt even better.

Harry tried to concentrate as hard as he could and he could feel it on his face. He was only trying to do a simple Tickling Charm, but nothing happened. He sighed. "I don't know what I'm doing wrong," he said. "Are you supposed to think the words in your head?"

"The words are only part of it," Draco said. "You need to feel the power and shape it with your mind. You see what you want to happen and it does."

Harry nodded, trying to concentrate again. He knew that he wouldn't have time to concentrate like he was while facing Voldemort, but it was a start. He thought the words of the incantation, but also tried to focus his magic into his wand, imagining what would happen if it were to actually work. He nearly whooped when a weak spell shot out of his wand.

"Good," Draco said. "Don't worry about showing or not showing yet. Think about what you want to do. I have noticed you do have a few spells down non-verbal already."

Harry nodded. "I'm okay at some of them, but nothing really

powerful. Just some simple stuff really." He raised his wand, ready to try again. He tried the same charm again, but it worked better this time since he wasn't thinking about what his face looked like.

Draco worked with Harry throughout the rest of the session and could see how tired Harry was from concentrating when practise came to an end. Draco was already working on a different approach to the problem as the group was sitting down to dinner.

Harry was very worn out, but the session had been a good one and a lot of progress had been made with quite a few people. Dinner was good as well. They all talked of the news and about how the wedding of Harry Potter seemed to be everywhere. There were lots of congratulations from everyone and well wishes. Ron, Fred and George insisted on a Quidditch game to be played soon and Harry and Charlie had readily agreed. Harry was very eager to see the infamous Charlie Weasley on a broomstick. By the time dessert came around, the chatter was much quieter and there were many yawns and soon, Harry and Draco were leading everyone back into the entrance hall to Floo home.

"See you, Harry," said Fred, sounding sleepy as he prepared to throw his Floo powder into the fireplace. "Can't wait for that game."

Harry nodded, grinning. He watched as he left, followed shortly by George and everyone else left in the room.

"I'm ready for bed," Harry yawned when he and Draco were alone.

Draco smiled tiredly at his partner. "So Apparate us to our suite," he said, taking Harry's arm.

Harry nodded and did. He walked to the bedroom and fell into the bed with his clothes still on as soon as it was in sight.

– CHAPTER TWELVE –

Training Exercises

Draco stood looking down at Harry. He raised an eyebrow. "Tired?" he asked quietly.

Harry nodded, staring up at Draco. "Aren't you?" he asked.

Draco nodded, sitting on the edge of the bed and removing his shoes and socks then starting on his shirt. "Lot of work today," he said, "but it was good."

"Yeah, it was," said Harry, still simply lying there. "I actually think I might be able to do non-verbal spells ... eventually."

Draco looked over his shoulder at Harry, smiling. He took his shirt off and stood to work on his trousers. "You already do several ... useful ... spells non-verbally," he said with a smirk.

Harry smiled and snorted. "I've had lots of practise."

"Yes," Draco said, bending to remove the last of his clothes and lay them on the chair near the bed. "You are best at them when you need them but don't think about it," he said.

Harry shrugged. "That's the point, right?" he asked. "Concentrating, but not really thinking about concentrating."

"Yes," Draco said, leaning his elbows above his head on the bed frame and looking down at his still-clothed lover.

Harry smiled. "You've always seemed to have that affect on me. I've always acted without thinking when it comes to you."

Draco smirked. "I noticed," he said, his voice husky. "You going to sleep in your clothes?"

Harry grinned. "No, but I don't think you have sleeping in mind," he said.

Draco's eyebrows raised. "I am not even hard" He let it trail off like that with the implied, "yet" unsaid.

Harry smirked. "Would you like to be?" he asked, eyes brightening.

"I thought you were tired," Draco smirked, stretching his body in

ways that he knew always got Harry's attention.

Harry licked his lips, eyes following Draco's movements. "I thought you were," he retorted.

"Never that tired." Draco smiled, still stretching and leaning on the bed frame.

Harry smirked again. "Well why don't you get your not-that-tired self over here," he said, raising an eyebrow.

"Why don't you take your clothes off," Draco replied, "using that spell?"

Harry grinned and nodded, sitting up and pulling his wand. With his mind focused solely on the undoubtedly great sex he and Draco were about to have, he was able to do the spell with no problems at all, as usual, and he was left naked and waiting.

Draco's grin was wide and his eyes sparkled. He allowed himself to crawl across the bed toward Harry, making his movements as seductive as possible and realising that he was becoming hard again just in anticipation.

Harry bit his lip as he watched Draco move towards him like some sort of very, very sexy animal stalking its prey. It made his heart beat quicker.

Draco noted Harry's reactions and considered the best way to reward his lover's attention. Harry's face was flushed and he was clearly aroused by Draco's movements. A wicked grin on his face, the blond pounced, attempting to pin Harry to the bed.

Harry gasped at the sudden movement and quickly wriggled away from Draco, an excited smile on his face. Where the hell did this energy come from? "Can you catch me without your wand?" he asked, a smirk in his low voice.

Draco's eyes narrowed and he moved again, quickly trying to catch the Gryffindor, making a grab for his hair.

Draco was quick, but Harry was quicker. He hadn't been Seeker and team captain for nothing. He ducked around Draco and dove for the other side of the bed, quickly spinning around to face him again and judge his next move.

Draco reigned in his emotions, doing his best not to foreshadow his movements this time and watching Harry's face to judge where the man would go next. Draco feinted left, grabbing with his left

hand, intending to force Harry flat on the bed.

Harry gasped again as Draco grabbed him, but once again, he wriggled out of his grasp and jumped from the bed completely. "Oh, it's not that easy," he said, crouched low and ready to take off again if Draco came near. Something about this had his heart pounding and his cock hardening quickly.

Draco crawled backwards off the bed and then stalked around it, coming toward the other man and attempting to corner him. He felt almost feral in the excitement of it.

Harry leapt backwards and jumped to his feet, watching Draco with glittering eyes. He reached a hand down to his own cock and stroked himself. "You want it?" he asked, taking another step backwards.

"Yes," Draco growled, moving forwards carefully, watching every flicker of movement Harry made. He would not let the sight of that beautiful cock distract him from getting what he wanted.

Harry grinned, taking another few steps back and then attempting a mad dash to the right, trying to get around the bed so that it stood between Draco and himself.

Draco had been waiting for that crazy Gryffindor charge, timing his leap so that he tackled Harry back onto the bed and landed on top of him.

"Damn," Harry cursed, grinning with narrowed eyes up at Draco. "You're pretty good." His heart was still pounding and his cock was throbbing now.

"I should hope so." Draco grinned, pinning both of Harry's hands. He leant in and began to nip and lick and suck at Harry's neck and chest.

Harry moaned, Draco's mouth working wonders on his skin. "What are you going to do now that you've caught me?" he asked, moaning again as Draco licked him.

Draco growled in reply, biting one nipple a little harder than usual.

Harry gasped and swallowed, arching beneath Draco. His breathing came heavier as he stared down at him.

Draco continued to bite across Harry's chest, leaving a series of red impressions on the man's chest.

Harry hissed through his teeth and his body arched of its own accord. The little prickles of pain added to his lust somehow and it made it seem like Draco was some type of gorgeous animal again.

Draco cast the non-verbal spell, trapping Harry's hands and then proceeding down his body with his sharp teeth.

Harry cried out with each of Draco's sharp bites, his cock twitching with every movement.

Draco moved down the softer flesh of Harry's stomach, liking the feel of Harry's skin between his teeth and the way he twitched at every press of Draco's jaw. When he got to Harry's hips, he veered around his prize, wanting to save it for last. Instead he continued to bite Harry's thighs, half sitting on the other man still to hold him down.

"Draco!" Harry cried, his head thrown back as he tried in vain to pull his hands down and clutch at Draco's skin or hair or *anything*. And oh, Merlin, those bites. He loved the sharpness of them and the lingering feeling afterwards, but he wanted more.

Draco repeated the spell, the ropes now holding Harry spread on the bed for him. He grinned wickedly up at his prisoner and continued down his leg.

"Oh, fuck," Harry groaned, half pleasure, half frustration. His brain felt divided. He wanted Draco to let him go, but he wanted to remain tied up. He couldn't decide if the bites hurt or if they felt good. Draco bit him again. Oh, they definitely felt good.

Draco reached Harry's left ankle and then began up the other side on his right, his fingers trailing after the bites, enjoying the marks and Harry's responses.

"Draco," Harry groaned again, trying once again to get loose. He gasped at the nips on his ankles, the skin thin there.

Draco laughed wickedly, repeating the painful bite.

Draco's laughter sent shivers up Harry's spine and he moaned, his body twitching. "Please," he said. "Draco, please."

Draco ignored his lover's pleas, or actually was encouraged by them, continuing up his leg.

Harry tossed his head, panting as the biting continued. He'd never known that the skin of his legs could be so sensitive. He felt the shocks provided by Draco's mouth travel straight to his

untouched cock it seemed.

The skin on the inside of Harry's thighs was softer and muskier and made Draco want to bite and lick every inch of it.

Draco was so much closer to Harry's cock now and he wanted something to happen to it so badly. Anything, something, *anything*. "Draco, please," he gasped, his muscles tensing for a second at a sharp bite.

Draco raised his face between Harry's legs, looking down and licking his lips. He closed his eyes, enjoying the scent of the other man and lowering his face slowly. He licked at the very soft flesh of Harry's scrotum.

Harry groaned, wanting Draco's mouth on his cock. He tried to push his groin up into Draco's face, his cock aching with need.

Draco licked and sucked and felt like he could devour Harry's skin. He brought up his hand to cup that soft sack as he licked at the shaft above it.

"Yes," Harry panted, his face flushed and his eyes closed. He licked at his dry lips, still feeling the bites all over his body and now the new, very much wanted, pleasure of Draco's mouth on his erection.

Draco flattened his tongue against the surface and gave long, slow licks up Harry's cock, but not the crown. He loved the way his lover squirmed and panted, wanting more.

That first lick had felt very good, but now the licks felt like torture, each one seeming to get closer to the head of his cock and then stopping short. He wanted to scream and he struggled with the ropes again. "Draco! Please!" he begged, panting still.

Draco stopped, looking up at his lover. His breath caught at the sight. There was absolutely nothing more beautiful than this. He waited until Harry looked down again, looking into his eyes.

Harry met Draco's darkened eyes with his own. "Please," he said again. He could hardly think. All he knew was that his cock felt as if it were about to explode, and not in the way he wanted it to.

"Yours," Draco said, his mouth closing over the head of Harry's cock, his eyes still looking at his lover as he did. His tongue swirled over the glans and he groaned at the pleasure of it.

"Yes," Harry moaned, his whole body seeming to jolt with

pleasure as Draco's mouth finally closed on him. "Yes, Draco."

Draco breathed through his nose, sliding his mouth down and back, each time taking more. Moments like these he missed his hand more than most, as he had to decide between lowering his fingers or bringing them up to grasp the base of Harry's cock. He chose the latter, wrapping long fingers around and steadying it.

Harry would've liked to spread his legs wider and bury his hands in Draco's hair, but he could only moan and toss his head about, trying to do anything to lessen his need to touch Draco.

Draco slid deeper, feeling his throat clench around the intrusion and concentrating to synchronise his breathing on each plunge.

"Yes, Draco!" Harry cried, his body shuddering. "Yes!" The muscles in his thighs quivered as he began to feel his approaching orgasm.

Draco could feel the power rising and the trembling in his body. He took several deep breaths and then plunged deep, bringing his teeth down gently, but firmly around the base of Harry's cock.

Harry gasped loudly, the slight pain, or pressure really, of Draco's teeth on his cock surprisingly giving him just enough to be pushed over the edge. He came hard into Draco's mouth, straining his arms to try and hold on to something.

Draco pulled back only enough to breathe and swallow, his hand pumping Harry dry. He licked and sucked until Harry was spent. He sat back up on his knees and looked down, licking his lips.

Harry was panting, tiny half-moans still escaping him. He looked up at Draco with lidded green eyes.

He grinned, hands on hips, his erection jutting from his lap as he looked down at Harry. "Now you need to get free," Draco said.

"What?" Harry asked weakly. Not much made sense to his brain right then.

Draco climbed over his lover's leg and off the bed, resuming the position he had started the evening in, staring down at his lover.

Harry groaned, realising what Draco wanted him to do. It was not going to be quite the same as earlier. He concentrated on trying to get the ropes to release him. When he opened his eyes, he was still very much tied up.

Draco raised his left leg, resting his foot on the bed so that he

was as much on display as possible. He reached his hand down and began to stroke his own cock. "Would you like to suck me, Harry?" he asked in a teasing voice.

"Oh, fuck yes," Harry groaned, opening his eyes to stare at Draco's cock. He swallowed and tried again to do the spell and sighed so heavily it was almost a groan as the ropes disappeared.

"If you want a taste, you will have to come and get it before I come." Draco grinned.

Harry leapt up and seized Draco by the arms, pulling him down to the bed quickly and then rolling him on his back. He brought their mouths crashing together and pulled Draco's hair with his hands, simply because he had been wanting to do it the whole time he'd been tied up.

Draco yelped when Harry threw him to the bed. He shuddered under Harry's fierce kiss, the hair pulling nearly making him come then.

Harry growled, moving to bite Draco hard on the neck and yanking his head back by Draco's hair to give himself more room.

Draco completely surrendered to Harry, absolutely enraptured by his strength and desire. Magic crackled over his skin and he nearly wept in joy with it. The pull on his hair sent shivers down his spine and made his toes curl.

Harry sucked at the bite mark on Draco's neck, but didn't have enough patience to work his way slowly down Draco's body. He slid down him, biting at a few places on his skin, harder than Draco had bitten him, but arriving fairly quickly at his destination.

Draco grabbed the covers with his hand and the construct, holding tight as Harry's mouth caused him to cry out. It was pain and pleasure and it was perfect.

Harry gripped Draco's cock with his right hand and was tempted to simply stay that way for a bit and make Draco beg, but it was deliciously leaking pre-come and he couldn't make himself wait. He closed his mouth around the head and licked, sucking up the moisture there.

"Oh, yes," Draco moaned, shaking and straining under Harry. He loved the feel of his firm lips and soft tongue on him. He could still taste Harry in his mouth and he was very close.

"Mmm," Harry moaned, taking more of Draco into his mouth. He thought he could feel Draco's cock pulsing and he knew it wasn't going to take long to make him come. Bobbing his head quickly, he didn't bother with any tongue teasing this time. He wanted Draco to come in his mouth. He wanted to drink him up.

"Mine," Draco growled as he came, arching up and spilling into Harry's mouth.

Harry moaned again as Draco's semen flooded his mouth. He swallowed, pulling back, but keeping his mouth on Draco's cock to catch all of it as Draco came.

Draco reached his hand down, digging fingers into his lover's hair as he lay shuddering under him.

Harry licked one last time at Draco's cock, but then pulled back and rested his head against his stomach, suddenly exhausted. The feeling of Draco's fingers in his hair was comforting and relaxing.

Draco stroked Harry's hair gently, chuckling a bit, causing Harry's head to bounce. "Gods, I love you," he said, sighing.

Harry smiled sleepily. "I love you, too," he said.

"Come up here," Draco said, pulling on Harry's hair a bit.

Harry yawned and crawled up Draco's body before falling back to the bed, half covering Draco's side.

"I think I am going to like helping you train." Draco sighed again, his arm around Harry. He was tired and very, very happy.

Harry snorted quietly. "I think I'll like training," he said, kissing Draco's jaw.

– CHAPTER THIRTEEN –

Communion with Death

Harry sighed and picked at the hem of his shirt nervously. "Are you sure there isn't another way we could do it that might not cause you pain?" he asked Draco, staring at the innocent-looking cup.

It had come time again to destroy another Horcrux and Draco, Harry, Hermione and Ron were all down in the training room, just to be safe. The Horcrux was sitting on a stool and Harry had just set a Cushioning Charm up so that if Draco flew back into the wall again, he at least wouldn't be hurt by that.

Draco was looking at the cup, his hand covering his mouth and his eyebrows furrowed. He walked around it in a circle, staring at it but somehow past it at the same time.

Harry raised an eyebrow, watching Draco. He wanted to ask what he was doing, but refrained because Draco seemed to be thinking.

Finally Draco stepped back, still frowning. "It looks ... different ... than the other one," he said slowly.

"It is different," said Ron. "This one's a cup."

"I think he means the soul piece, Ron," said Hermione with a sigh.

"What do you mean different?" asked Harry.

"The magic that put it in there is different," Draco said, "and there is nothing to open. It is something about the cup itself." He crouched down, looking at it again and just staring at it.

"How do we destroy this one then?" asked Harry, frowning. Draco was right. There wasn't any way to open a cup.

Draco began pacing again, his eyes glancing at the cup and then back down to the floor. "Stabbed the book with the tooth of the creature guarding it opened the locket with Parseltongue and then burned the hair," he began reciting aloud. "A cup. A cup is to be filled and then emptied. The last one contained a piece of him. Not just his soul, but something more."

"Do we need to fill it with something?" asked Harry. "There's nothing inside to empty - well, there's the soul piece, but it's not actually filling the cup the way a cup is filled." Harry walked over next to Draco and stared at the cup as well, even though he didn't think there was anything he could do to help figure it out. He looked at the little badger engraved on it like Voldemort had done in the memory. He frowned. "You know ..." he said slowly, "when I first saw this cup in the memory, it looked ... more gold." He stared at the cup longer and nodded slowly. "Yeah, definitely looks a little reddish to me. Maybe it's just this light"

"It was yellow gold and it is now red gold?" Draco asked, looking at Harry and back at the cup.

Harry nodded. "Well, that's what it looks like anyway," he said. "Why? What does that mean?"

"Take away the gold and you have red, dark red," Draco whispered.

"I guess ..." said Harry slowly.

"What's that mean?" asked Ron, staring at Draco with a raised eyebrow.

"Blood," said Hermione quietly.

"Voldemort's blood?" asked Harry, standing up straight again.

Draco nodded. "So his blood has become part of the cup. How do we reverse it? Destroy it?"

"Well, that must be it," said Hermione reasonably. "We need to destroy it somehow. We can't catch it on fire like the last one. Do we try and destroy the entire cup?"

"He doesn't think like that," Draco said. "That is too 'direct' and not 'clever' enough for his ego."

"Well, is there a way to take the blood from the cup?" asked Harry. "You said something about it being filled and then emptied. You don't have to ... drink it or anything, do you?"

Draco closed his eyes, grimacing. "Yes," he said. "It sounds like his style."

Harry paled. "That sounds a lot worse than just getting blasted back into the wall," he said.

Ron made a disgusted face and Hermione swallowed, making a bit of a face herself.

Draco's mind was racing, thinking through the possibilities and their outcomes. None of them seemed good for him. This did sound a lot worse than the burn from last time. He schooled his features not to show his panic.

"Can't I just do it?" Harry asked, even though he knew it was an impossibility.

"No," Draco snapped, taking a deep breath before walking up to the cup and picking it up.

"Draco, wait!" Harry said, taking a nervous, jerky step forward. He didn't like this at all. "Are you sure?"

"Hermione," Draco said, "take Harry out of here, please. Just until"

"No!" Harry said immediately, scowling.

Hermione bit her lip and walked over to Harry laying a hand on his arm. "Harry, someone has to do it," she said quietly, frowning at him with sad eyes. "He's the only one who can have it pushed back out of him by you."

Harry still didn't want Draco to do it. "W - well, why do I have to leave the room?" he asked just as jerkily as he had walked.

Hermione looked to Draco, still frowning. "I think it might be painful," she said, tightening her grip on Harry's arm. "And you can't be in here to stop him."

"I need Harry to leave and Ron to stay," Draco said, not looking at him.

Ron nodded, looking determined.

Hermione began tugging lightly on Harry's arm. "Come on," she said quietly. "He'll be all right."

Harry's eyes widened. "Draco, what's it going to do to you?" he asked, voice a bit higher.

"Just come on, Harry," said Hermione, still tugging on him.

"I love you, Harry," Draco said, "but I can't talk to you about this. I need to do it quickly and get this over with." Before I lose my nerve, he thought.

"Harry, he'll be all right," said Hermione. She had pulled him to the door now.

Harry's breath had sped up slightly now. He looked at Draco but then squeezed his eyes shut and allowed Hermione to pull him the

rest of the way out of the room.

She took his hand and led him down the hallway, his eyes still closed. "He'll be okay," she said again.

Draco turned to Ron. He realised he had never been alone with the other man before. "Can you help me do this? It won't be ... pretty," he said, looking directly into Ron's eyes.

Ron stepped forward. "Yeah. What do I need to do?" he asked, looking at the cup warily.

"I think you are going to have to make sure I drink this," Draco said. "Do you remember what happened with Dumbledore and Harry in the cave? What he told him?"

Ron's eyes went slightly wide as he nodded slowly.

"My guess is that I ... won't want to finish. That it will hurt." Draco looked into the cup, wondering if the quantity would be same as the cup's size, hoping it was that small. He sat down, looking up at the redhead before he patted the floor. "I think it will be easier to control me if I am lying down," he explained and then removed his wand and handed it to the other man.

Ron nodded again and took Draco's wand from him. "So just make sure you keep drinking it? No matter what?" he asked, replacing his nervousness with determination again.

"Yes," Draco said. "I don't want to make Harry order me to do it. Just in case."

"Just in case what?" Ron asked, getting to his knees and pocketing Draco's wand.

"Sit with your legs crossed so I can put my head in your lap," Draco instructed. He frowned at the question. "I figure you are the one who could choose to let me die rather than get Harry killed. That's why you. So, you don't let me stop drinking. And you don't let him touch me if you think it will kill him, too. Understand?"

Ron took a shaky breath and nodded, crossing his legs.

Draco lay down straight out from Ron, with his head resting in the middle where the other man's legs crossed. He looked up at him. "My hair is long enough. You can use it to hold my head in place if you wrap your fingers in it." He smirked a bit at that. "I will lift the cup and start, but you may need to use your other hand to keep the cup in place."

If Ron was uncomfortable with Draco's head in his lap, he didn't show it - well, not too much anyway. He nodded and gripped Draco's hair, holding his right hand out to hold the cup if needed.

Draco took a deep breath and centred himself. He let his own magic reach out to that of the cup, feeling the pull as similar to that in the church. He brought it to his lips and was not really surprised when blood flowed from the seemingly empty cup and into his mouth. The taste ... was beyond awful and his fingers gripped the cup tight as he fought the urge to gag. Instead, he tried to imagine it was Harry he was swallowing and make his throat work. He gulped and found his mouth free for a moment as the thick liquid slid down his throat, feeling like it was scalding the entire way. He took a quick breath and would have screamed, but his mouth was full of blood again.

Ron watched with horrified eyes as Draco drank the blood from the cup. He brought his hand closer, ready to grab the cup if Draco couldn't hold it himself anymore.

Draco's hand was shaking as his throat spasmed, struggling not to swallow again. He opened his eyes, trying to tell Ron with them to help him.

Ron gripped Draco's hair tighter and tilted his head back as he took the cup and tilted that forward. It was obvious that he was trying to keep his fear hidden, but his eyes were wide and he was pale as he forced Draco to drink the blood.

Draco couldn't tell if there was a lot more blood than the cup should have held or if it just felt that way. The pain had spread out from his throat and stomach, feeling like ... well, like something was eating him from the inside out. He swallowed convulsively at the thick fluid that kept pouring into his mouth and he struggled to move, to get away. He couldn't take any more. His construct hand clawed at his throat as if he could somehow stop it there.

Ron hissed and gritted his teeth, keeping the cup pressed firmly to Draco's mouth. "Come on. You have to do it," he said. "Harry. Think of Harry."

Draco knew he was crying now. He could feel the tears streaming down his face and he felt himself breaking out in a sweat.

As Ron watched, Draco began crying blood. Blood seem to be

dripping from his nose and ears as well. Even his fingernails on his real hand had started to bleed. Ron looked like he wanted to pull the cup away, but his hand was steady as he kept it pressed to Draco's mouth. He still had a firm grip on Draco's hair, keeping his head in place. He shut his eyes tightly, apparently not able to take the sight. "Just please drink it," he said through his teeth. "Just drink it."

Draco felt it when his throat stopped working, no longer able to swallow. He was literally drowning in the blood now. And he couldn't see anymore. His vision had clouded and was just a red haze.

When Draco stopped moving, Ron opened his eyes and gasped at the sight. He took the now golden cup from Draco's mouth, blood dripping from the rim of it onto his own hand. He looked at the blood all over Draco's face, still dripping from his eyes and nose and covering his hair. Ron's lap was soaked with it. He quickly got to his feet, Draco's head falling from his lap, and ran out the door. "HARRY!" he yelled, tearing through the halls. "HERMIONE!"

Hermione had taken Harry a few rooms down and she still hadn't let go of his hand.

He was just sitting there, scared to death and staring at the floor.

"HARRY! HERMIONE!"

Harry's head snapped up at Ron's voice and he jumped to his feet. His heart started pounding straight away and he ran to the door and out into the hallway, almost running straight into Ron. His eyes widened when he took in Ron's state. Pale, scared and bloody, so bloody.

Hermione gasped behind him.

"Draco! He - I don't know -" Ron babbled and Harry took off as fast as he could back to the training room.

He nearly passed out when he saw Draco lying on the floor, his pale blond hair stained red and his face, oh, God, his face, his hand, every part of his skin seemed to be bleeding.

Harry staggered over to him and dropped to his knees beside him, not knowing what to do. His hands flitted over his skin, over his face, trying to wipe the blood away.

"Oh my - Ron, what happened?!" came Hermione's terrified voice from the doorway.

"He told me to make sure he drank it all!" said Ron frantically. "I

don't know why it's coming out like that!"

"What do I do?!" Harry yelled, eyes wide with panic, hands covered in blood now. "Draco, breathe!" he screamed, hardly able to breathe himself.

Harry looked to Hermione, tears starting to fall from his eyes. "What do I do?!" he screamed, shaking.

Hermione's eyes were filled with tears, too. "Harry - he's - he's dying," she gasped, her hand coming up to cover her mouth. "I don't know what's happening - he looks like he's haemorrhaging everywhere."

"No," Harry said, his entire body going cold. "No!" He was shaking and he couldn't make his lungs work right.

"Push it out of him!" Hermione cried. "You have to try! He'll die if you don't! There's no other possible way he's going to live!"

Without another word, Harry was tearing at Draco's blood-soaked trousers as fast as he could, not even really aware of the other two anymore.

He thought he might have heard a spell come from Hermione, but he didn't know and he didn't care. All he could think of was Draco.

He yanked the trousers down Draco's legs, still shaking uncontrollably, and then reached to pull his own down, not bothering with the fly and simply yanking them as hard as he could to get them off. His heart was beating faster than he thought it had ever done and he felt like he was going to die. He quickly spun Draco around to lie on his stomach and a strange terrified sound escaped his throat. Blood, *everywhere*.

He didn't prepare Draco and would not have been able to think of the spell for it in that moment even if he'd tried. He grasped Draco's hips, his fingers slipping in the blood, and forced into him, shutting his eyes so tightly he shook with the effort. The feel of the blood had him making that strange sound again and he gasped, not even able to breathe through his nose because of the smell of blood. He never wanted to see blood again.

Harry thrust into Draco, not feeling anything from him, not hearing his voice. Cold panic gripped him. He felt as though his insides had disappeared, like he was completely hollow, but he kept

his hips moving, the only thing he seemed to be able to do. "Wake up, Draco!" he yelled, or at least tried to yell, he wasn't sure what came out. His fingers slipped in the blood again and he was breathing so quickly through his mouth, he didn't know when he was taking a breath in or when he was letting one out. Everything was meshed together and he felt like he was getting no oxygen at all. He'd never panicked like this in his life.

Draco couldn't breathe, his lungs wouldn't work and his throat didn't respond. He felt pain. That's all he felt, simple pure pain. No awareness of his body, just the pain like a red haze that made everything else impossible.

Harry kept thrusting, sobbing again now. Draco still wasn't responding, but Harry couldn't stop. "Please," he sobbed, his eyes still shut. "Please, don't leave me." And then he felt a hot, painful jolt up his spine and cried out. It sent his body rocking into Draco and then there was another jolt, the pain sharp, and Harry didn't know what it was.

Draco felt a sharpness in the pain, and in some weird way, it was a relief. It made the other pain more tolerable until the next stab of it. He felt his body rocking and then he realised he *felt* his body. It was far from a comfortable awareness as his lungs wouldn't work and his throat was clogged. With the next stab of pain, his lung seized and he coughed, spewing blood out his mouth and nose. He desperately tried to take a breath but found his lungs were still not working.

Harry could hear Draco and he nearly fainted with relief, but then there was another sharp pain and it felt like it jolted straight through his cock and it *hurt*. He gritted his teeth but he didn't stop moving, bearing the pain and determined to finish.

The next stab of pain purged the blood from his lungs. It was even messier than clearing his throat had been. He took a long gasping breath and then another. Air returning seemed to make it easier to feel the rest of his body and, well, it was not pleasant, but at least it was less disorienting.

Harry opened his eyes again and could see Draco starting to move and coughing up blood. It was an awful sight and he had to look away, but Draco was alive. He sobbed at that, unable to do anything else. He could feel the pain steadily growing worse and still

seeming to leave him through one of the most sensitive parts of his body, but he didn't stop thrusting. There was no pleasure at all. It was like some sort of bizarre, painful orgasm was building up.

If there was a part of him that didn't hurt, Draco wasn't aware of it. Except that the pain itself felt like it was being pulled away or maybe it was being pushed out? There was relief in the pain and he reached for it, recognising the familiar feeling of Harry's magic. He felt his own magic reaching for it, like a rope thrown to a drowning man. He just hoped he wouldn't pull Harry under in the process.

Harry was crying out in pain with every thrust, but he was trying not to. His fingers were digging into Draco's hips as he tried to bear the pain, and he wasn't even aware that they were. If some sort of release didn't happen soon, Harry didn't know how much more he could take. The jolts were sharper now, and perhaps shorter, but stronger.

Draco's muscles and nerves came back in a rush of heat that made him gasp and claw at the stone floor. He could feel his lover thrusting into his body. It felt raw but it also brought waves of magic that tingled in a way that was closer to pleasure than pain. Then his hearing returned with a kind of pop and he groaned at the sudden wave of dizziness that came with it. That's when he heard Harry crying out. Draco tried to open his eyes but he couldn't see anything yet. "Harry," he tried to call out but only managed a kind of growl.

Harry shut his eyes again and could feel the pain cresting and he wondered if that meant he was somehow going to come. He didn't have to wonder long before he felt as if the strangest orgasm literally ripped through his body, painful fire in his veins as he yelled and gripped Draco tighter than ever.

Pleasure and pain mingled together as Harry surged into his body, his orgasm ripping a scream from Draco's lungs as well. He shuddered as it felt like his body was scoured clean of the putrid magic that had been destroying him. Draco shuddered and moaned, the remainder of his senses seeming to be on overload as they returned.

Harry gasped for breath and pulled out of Draco as quickly as he could, doubling up as, instead of pleasurable aftershocks, small shocks of pain went through him.

Draco dragged himself over to Harry, still slick with his own blood but no longer in pain. He wrapped his arm around his lover, pulling him close.

Harry let out a quiet sound of relief as he was pulled into Draco's arms, the pain finally subsiding, only an uncomfortable ache left over. He didn't open his eyes, feeling like he might be sick if he saw the blood right then. He continued to breathe through his mouth, tasting the smell on the air that way and he groaned quietly. He didn't say anything; not yet. He didn't think he would be able to.

Draco was crying, tears streaming down his already wet cheeks. It felt good – a kind of cathartic release of pain and fear. When he had lay down and began drinking from that cup, he really didn't expect to wake again. Yet, here they were, both alive.

Harry finally opened his eyes when he thought it would be safe for him to and looked at Draco's blood-covered face. "Oh, God," he let out in a strangled voice, gripping Draco's shirt tightly. "Oh, God, you're okay," he said, using one hand to wipe at Draco's face.

Draco blinked, his eyes still not focussing well. He smiled weakly at Harry's words and touch. "Still here, love," he rasped in a voice that didn't sound like his but was still understandable.

Harry began to cry, still wiping at Draco's face, his other hand clutching Draco's shirt tightly as if that would keep him from harm. "Still here," he repeated, letting out a gasping sob.

"Yours." Draco smiled, feeling strangely euphoric after all that had happened. He was with Harry and he was alive. And he was no longer in pain. Nothing else seemed to matter.

Harry cried for a few minutes, just staring at Draco and touching him and unable to make himself think of how close Draco had come to dying. He was left shuddering and still aching afterwards.

Draco struggled to sit up, his muscles feeling weak but still working. He realised he was wearing nothing but a shirt and that he was covered in blood. His construct hand had fallen off and was lying in a large pool of blood. Along with the cup. He reached his hand out and tried to encourage Harry to sit up as well. "Harry, love," he rasped, "I need to see the cup."

Harry pushed himself up weakly, not looking anywhere near his lap. He knew what he would see there and he didn't want to look at

it.

Draco gestured weakly toward the cup. "Need to see," he rasped.

Harry reached out and grasped the cup to give it to Draco, feeling very out of it. His head hurt now from crying and from the painful orgasm, and he felt queasy, too.

Draco looked at it and tried to test its magic. He felt nothing. It had changed colour, bright gold where it wasn't soiled with fresh blood. "It's gone," Draco said. He looked about. His vision was still blurred. "Others okay?" he asked.

Harry thought for a moment. "They weren't hurt, but I don't know where they've gone," he said sort of slowly, his voice quiet.

"It was that bad," Draco said. It wasn't a question. He wanted to reach out and hold Harry again but he was suddenly very aware of the state they were in.

"Yeah," Harry answered to Draco's non-question. "They should probably know that you're all right," he said, and then, without warning, he started crying again.

Draco suddenly felt helpless. He reached out to Harry, pulling him close regardless of how much blood he was smearing on him. "I love you and I am still here," Draco tried to soothe.

Harry took a gasping breath, trying to stop himself. "You were bl - bleeding - everywhere," he sobbed. "Her - Hermione said you were *dying*." He didn't know why that would matter. He'd pretty much known already that destroying the Horcrux would start to kill Draco, but he hadn't expected it to happen the way that it had. So horribly, and gruesomely, bleeding from every part of his body.

Draco nodded, not really surprised. "His blood was poison, infected with that bit of soul," Draco explained. He didn't add that he had expected something like this.

"Leakey!" Draco spoke into the room and the elf appeared with a pop. Its eyes grew even larger than normal as it took in their bloody condition. "Master Draco!" it cried.

"Tell Miss Granger and Mr Weasley to come here as soon as possible," he told the elf, who nodded and disappeared again.

Harry shuddered and sniffed, wiping at his face with his arms so as not to get any blood in his eyes. He knew he should probably put his trousers back on, but he couldn't seem to make himself move.

Draco tried to get to his feet, but he was still too weak. He hoped the others would get here soon. He felt he needed to get Harry out of this room and cleaned up.

Harry pulled his knees up slightly to try and cover himself at least a little bit. He knew he probably wouldn't have been able to get his trousers on in enough time anyway. Sure enough, only a few more seconds went by and Ron and Hermione appeared with two loud cracks.

Hermione gasped and covered her mouth.

Ron was even paler than he had been before and maybe even tinged a little green.

"Are you okay?" Hermione asked in a squeak of a voice, seeming to ignore their half-nakedness.

Harry simply nodded, looking up at her.

Draco nodded, too. "I think so," he rasped, "but we need some help. Can either of you do Cleaning Spells?"

Hermione quickly pulled her wand and began casting the charms, cleaning Harry, Draco and the room.

Ron slumped against the wall, staring at Draco with wide eyes and taking deep breaths.

Harry closed his eyes when Hermione began casting the charms and didn't open them until she was finished. He felt better when he finally looked at his hands again and saw no red there.

Draco looked at the redhead. "Thank you ... Ron," he rasped.

Ron swallowed and nodded, still breathing a bit heavily.

"Do you need help?" Hermione asked, eyes still wide with worry.

"I can stand," said Harry, trying to make his voice sound normal again.

Draco's eyes narrowed, noticing how pale Harry still looked. "Can you Apparate us to our suite?" Draco asked.

"Yeah, I think," said Harry, closing his eyes for another second and taking a single deep breath.

"Are you sure you're okay? Is there anything you need? Did it work?" Hermione asked quickly, voice still high.

"Yes, it worked," Draco said quietly. He handed the cup to her. "I think we all could use some rest," the blond said with a sigh.

Hermione still looked a little frightened. "If you really think

you're okay," she said with a small nod.

Harry nodded silently.

"So you *are* okay?" Ron asked Draco, swallowing again. "There's nothing wrong with you?"

Draco thought about it a moment, trying to decide if the answer should be reassuring or honest. "I seem to be fine now," he said, "Tired, but intact."

Ron let out a large breath.

"Okay., Well, you'll know where to find us if you need anything," said Hermione, glancing at Harry.

"Okay," said Harry, still obviously trying to sound like himself. "Good job. That's another Horcrux down. I would just Apparate right now, but I need to move over to Draco and I don't have trousers on, so" The last thing Harry wanted was for Ron and Hermione to worry about him, but he still felt a bit sick and his head was still pounding.

"Oh," said Hermione quickly. "Oh, all right," she looked at him a bit confusedly, but it sounded like there was relief in her voice. "Come on, Ron." With one last look at Harry and Draco, she was gone with a crack.

Ron looked at Harry curiously and then followed after her with one last nod to them both.

– CHAPTER FOURTEEN –

Reclaimed

"You sure you can Apparate right now?" Draco asked, frowning.

"Yeah," said Harry, crawling over to Draco slowly and wrapping his arms around him. He closed his eyes and braced himself, concentrating on the bed in their suite. The feeling of the Apparition made his head hurt even more and he groaned, but at least he hadn't splinched himself.

Draco groaned with him. "Bit of a rough one, but we're here," he gasped.

Harry nodded, tightening his hold on Draco and pressing his forehead to his shoulder.

Draco enjoyed the tight press of his lover. "Still here, still yours," he rasped, kissing the top of Harry's head.

Harry nodded again, closing his eyes. "It was worse this time," he said very quietly. "Much worse."

"Yes, it was," Draco said. His heart speeding up, though not sure if it was the memory or Harry's fear that upset him.

"Merlin, do you have to do that again, Draco?" Harry asked, voice cracking. "I don't want it to get worse. It even hurt me this time and that didn't happen before. Merlin, Draco, you can't even possibly know how much this scares me." He clutched at Draco's shirt.

Draco took a deep breath, closing his eyes. "Yes, it scares me, too," he whispered.

Harry let out a dry sob. What else was there to say? Nothing. He'd already talked about this with Draco - about Draco dying, but it didn't make it any less terrifying, and the image of Draco's bloody form on the floor kept flashing through his mind. He shivered.

"Shh, love," Draco soothed. "Don't think about it."

"I don't want to think about it," Harry whispered, eyes still shut tightly.

"Then look at me, touch me, feel me," Draco whispered. "See

that I am here and alive and completely yours."

Harry shivered again and brought one hand up and tangled his fingers in Draco's hair. "I love you," he whispered. "We're getting married - we are married. I love you." He tried to push the awful images and thoughts from his mind, trying to think and feel only Draco.

"My husband, my lover." Draco smiled. He sighed as Harry's fingers wrapped in his hair.

Harry sighed too, moving from Draco's shoulder to face him, finally opening his eyes. "I just want to feel you," he whispered, pressing his lips to Draco's very lightly. "I just want to touch you."

"Please," Draco opened his eyes, looking into Harry's with a look of need and desire. "I need you," he whispered.

Harry kissed Draco again, slowly this time and with more want. He slid his hand back down from Draco's hair and gently grasped the hem of Draco's shirt to pull it off of him, touching as much skin as he could in the process.

Draco raised his arms, helping Harry take his shirt off.

Harry let the shirt fall as soon as it was removed and ran his hands flat across Draco's chest and down his sides, pressing their mouths together again.

Draco opened his mouth to Harry's, his tongue sliding forward to meet his lover's. He trembled at his touch, naked and open.

Harry knew that making love to Draco wouldn't fix everything; that it wouldn't make him any less scared, but it calmed him and made him feel much better. The familiarity of Draco's skin, lips and tongue was so needed and ... relaxing almost. It was like it entranced him. He began pulling at his own shirt, wanting to feel more of Draco's skin.

Draco sat before his lover, watching and waiting. His own need was rising with Harry's, the other man's magic sending shivers over his skin.

Harry lifted his own shirt off and then pressed his chest to Draco's, making little whining sounds and sliding hands around to roam over the skin of Draco's back, touching him everywhere he could.

Draco shifted up on his knees, spreading them more and holding

his arms out from his sides. Harry's hands seemed to be everywhere and it made him moan and shiver.

Harry slid his tongue along Draco's lips, trailing his left arm from Draco's back and up his side again. He moved it along Draco's outstretched arm and entwined their fingers, his heart beating against Draco's chest.

"Yes, yes," Draco chanted, every touch from Harry making him feel more alive than ever.

Harry pulled Draco down to the bed with him, wrapping legs around him and grinding up into him, just wanting to feel all that he could. He held him very close to his body, not wanting there to be a single inch of space between them.

Draco curled himself around Harry, pressing every inch of skin against his husband's. "All of me, yours," he whispered.

"Mine," whispered Harry, the words comforting like they always were. He rolled them both over so that he was pressing Draco to the bed now and staring down at him. He Summoned lubricant and slicked his fingers before kissing Draco again, his eyes never leaving him.

Draco was panting at the look on Harry's face and his touch. "Yes," he answered, spreading himself for Harry in anticipation.

Harry closed his eyes and slid his tongue into Draco's mouth at the same moment as he pushed his fingers into him gently, groaning at that tight warmth.

"Ah," Draco sighed, mouth and body opening to his lover. His tongue slid alongside Harry's as his hand slid around the other man's back.

Harry prepared Draco slowly and gently, the pace exactly what he needed. He needed to know that he had time to take as long as he wanted with the man beneath him. He needed to know that he could do this all night and into tomorrow if he wanted to. "I love you," he whispered very quietly as he pulled his fingers out of Draco's stretched entrance and slicked himself.

Draco relaxed into Harry's touch, letting him take the time and enjoying it. His own cock was full and hard. He loved the feeling of being this turned on but totally submitting to Harry's choices. He was more than ready when Harry pulled his fingers out and readied

himself.

Harry locked eyes on Draco's face and guided himself into him, pushing in with careful ease. "Hold me, Draco, please," he said, sliding all the way in and lowering his body to kiss Draco's lips.

Draco held Harry close with his hand around his waist and his legs around Harry's hips. "Yes, inside me." Draco nearly wept at the feelings of love and pleasure that coursed through him.

Harry gasped quietly and moved with long, slow thrusts into Draco, trying to make everything count, trying to feel every little twitch and every little shudder.

Draco panted and sighed, each movement from Harry making him tremble. "Oh, Gods, yes," Draco moaned, lost in this slow love-making. It was like the opposite of the earlier experience. Harry's touch was soothing and warm, his magic sending pleasure in waves along with the feel of his cock.

Harry licked and sucked along Draco's skin, leaving light marks. "Draco," he moaned breathlessly, eyes half-closed. He traced all the lines and bumps in Draco's body with gentle fingertips. It was almost as if he were worshipping him, worshipping his beautiful body.

Every lick, every touch sent tremors though Draco's body, clenching around his lover's cock. "Harry, my love," Draco said, sighing, eyes closed and face showing his pleasure.

Harry gasped with pleasure as Draco clenched around him, a decidedly very wonderful jolt shooting through his body. "Draco," he gasped, a strong tingling in his lower parts signalling the start of his orgasm.

"Yes, yes, Harry," Draco chanted, feeling the rising power in his lover. He arched up into him, clenching around Harry's cock and smiling at the response.

Harry threw his head back, crying out Draco's name again as he emptied himself into him. It was a long orgasm, seeming to match the slow pace they had set and he felt utterly relaxed afterwards, going limp against Draco and trembling in the aftermath.

"Yes, yes," Draco cried out, coming in long shuddering spasms. Power, pleasure and sensation mingled in his body, seeming to erase every vestige of pain from him.

Harry wrapped arms around Draco's slick, trembling body and

held him tightly as they shuddered together. "I love you so much," he whispered breathlessly into Draco's ear.

"Yes, oh, yes, I love you," he answered. He laughed happily, feeling intoxicated and realising his throat no longer hurt. He opened his eyes and blinked, he could see again.

Harry smiled and sighed, not feeling like moving at all. He lowered his head to rest beneath Draco's chin and sort of pressed to the skin there.

"Perfect, completely perfect," Draco sighed. It was all worth it. He was thinking of the line that he would rather "die a thousand deaths" rather than give up one minute with Harry.

Harry nodded, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath of Draco's skin. He couldn't think of anything really in this wonderful euphoria.

Draco reached for his wand, and realised he had left it with Ron. He reached and found Harry's instead, using it to Summon the blanket, pulling it up over the two of them.

They had taken a few days to rest and were relaxing in the sitting room of Draco's suite. Draco stretched and walked over to the window, looking out over the gardens.

Harry stood up from his chair and stood behind Draco, wrapping arms about his waist and resting his chin on his shoulder. "We should take a walk sometime out there," he said, kissing the skin below his ear.

Draco rested his hand on Harry's at his waist and smiled. Every touch from his husband brought that same sense of joy and he never tired of it. "Mmmhmm," he hummed in response, leaning his cheek against Harry's hair.

Harry smiled and sighed happily, the feeling of Draco's warm body as wonderful as ever.

"When are we going to have that damn Quidditch game?" Ron asked as he frowned at Hermione, who was reading a book. He seemed bored.

Harry shrugged, not wanting to let go of Draco to look at Ron.

There was a pop and Leakey stood in the middle of the room, holding a silver tray with a parchment in the middle of it. "Master

Draco," he squeaked.

Draco turned and frowned at the elf. He patted Harry's hands and then reached for the parchment.

Harry sighed and let go of Draco, turning to look curiously at Leakey.

Hermione and Ron looked at the elf, too.

Draco picked up the parchment and broke the seal. He sighed.

"My godfather wants to see me," he said, handing the page to Harry.

Harry made a bit of a face as he took the parchment from Draco.

"Well, I'm going with you," he said firmly. "If you're going to go."

"What does he want?" asked Hermione, looking at Harry.

"It only says to see Draco," he said, looking at the parchment again.

"I can think of a number of issues he would like to discuss with me right now," Draco drawled, rolling his eyes.

Harry sighed and nodded. "So can I," he said.

"Are you going to go then?" asked Ron, raising an eyebrow.

Draco closed his eyes and nodded. "I will go," he said with a sigh.

"That means I am, too," said Harry. "No matter if he wants me there or not."

"And I suppose we'll have to stay here?" asked Ron, sighing heavily.

"Ron, we've been through this," said Harry. "It's already dangerous enough with only two of us going. Four would be worse and that's rather obvious I would think. If Snape's cover gets blown that would be ... well, it wouldn't be good. At all."

"Yeah, whatever," said Ron, sounding disgruntled.

"He knows, Harry," said Hermione, rolling her eyes at Ron.

"He's just worried about you, Harry," said Draco, nodding to Ron.

Ron looked at Draco strangely, as if not believing for a moment that Draco was sticking up for him, but then he seemed pleased with himself. "Yeah," he said indignantly.

Harry snorted. "He's only bored," he said, looking at Draco with a slightly raised eyebrow.

"I am not!" Ron exclaimed. "Well, maybe a little, but we really do worry when you leave without us. Me and Hermione both."

"Well, yes, that's true," said Hermione. "But I understand why we shouldn't go."

"Harry and I will go today. And we will play Quidditch this weekend," Draco said.

Ron grinned. "Great," he said.

"Today?" asked Harry.

"You have other plans?" Draco asked, one eyebrow raised.

"No," said Harry and then he shrugged. "Today's fine, I guess. Not that I'm eager to go, because I'm not." He sighed again.

"I just want to get it over with," Draco said.

– CHAPTER FIFTEEN –

Blood and Marriage

"As I said," said Aberforth, "he hasn't exactly been in the best of moods lately." He pulled his wand and poked at the boulder in front of them. "Don't let whatever he may say get to you," he added in an undertone to Harry.

Harry wished it were so easy.

Draco snorted. Aberforth's words were not helping his nerves any.

Snape appeared and his eyes narrowed immediately when he saw them. "I only sent for you," he said to Draco.

"And here I am," Draco said, with a mocking bow.

"It's sort of a package deal," Harry said, raising an eyebrow. "Especially now." Harry had to be utterly mad for saying something like that to Snape, but he was still angry from the last time he had seen the man.

"We'd better get inside," Snape sneered, ignoring Harry. He stepped up and took hold of Draco's arm, Apparating them without another word.

Aberforth looked at Harry sternly as if to say, "That was uncalled for", but took his arm and Apparated them inside as well.

Draco pulled his arm from Snape's as soon as they arrived in the room and walked over to stand by the small table.

Snape grimaced. "Did you kill him or did Potter?"

The blond's face hardened. "Yes," he said. And then the other two appeared.

Harry walked over to Draco quickly, staring at Snape, but not glaring or saying anything.

Aberforth moved silently to the table and sat down.

Draco's eyes were narrowed and he was still frowning at his godfather.

The older man turned and with a flick of his wand, brought tea

service to the table. He gestured for them to sit.

Harry frowned slightly and sat down. It always started off all right, but it never ended that way. It had always been so between him and Snape.

Draco regarded his godfather for a few more seconds and then took his seat beside Harry.

"You have been in the news a great deal lately," Snape said as he poured the tea. From anyone else it might have been casual conversation.

Here it comes, thought Harry.

Aberforth nodded in agreement with Snape, regarding them all with his blue eyes.

Draco added sugar and milk to his tea, taking a sip as he stared at Snape.

"So, Mr Malfoy, you are now the Lord of the Manor," Snape continued. "How did that come about?"

Harry's eyes narrowed slightly. "Surely you know," he said.

Snape ignored Harry, his eyes never leaving Draco.

"Father ... forced a confrontation ... and lost," Draco said, looking up at Snape at the last two words. "Where is my mother?"

Snape frowned, looking down into his tea. "I don't know where she is ... and neither does He."

Harry frowned, glancing at Draco quickly.

Draco held his face immobile. "Then she could still be alive."

"I believe so," Snape said, glancing up at him.

"You don't have any idea where she could be at all?" asked Harry. "Why would she just pick up and leave without telling anyone where she was going?"

Snape frowned, glancing at Harry but not answering him.

"We could offer her sanctuary," Draco began, glancing at Harry, "if she would accept it."

"Yes, of course," said Harry. "Would she have a reason not to?"

Both men looked at Harry this time. Snape snorted and looked away again.

"You have told me a certain story about your house-elf, Harry," Draco said. "Her loyalties are ... complex."

Harry winced. "But you're her son," he said quietly, but he didn't

say anything else. Draco had been Lucius' son, too, and what he had considered fatherly had been He shuddered just thinking about it.

"If I have the opportunity," Snape continued guardedly, "I will convey your invitation to your mother."

Draco nodded and then reached inside his robes and pulled out two folded parchments. One was addressed to Severus Snape and the other to Narcissa Malfoy. He laid them in front of his godfather.

Harry watched Snape's face, wondering what he would do when he saw what the parchments were for.

Snape looked at the envelopes, frowning. "So you plan on going through with this charade," he said with a sigh.

Draco smiled sadly. "I plan on marrying my husband publicly."

Snape's head snapped up at that and he looked intently at Draco and then between him and Harry.

Was it possible that Snape didn't know they were already married? Harry raised an eyebrow, staring at his former professor.

Draco smiled. "Yes, the blood bond is both ways now," he said in answer to the unasked question.

"And the Manor accepted it?" Snape asked, looking more curious than angry for a change.

Draco nodded, one eyebrow raised. "Completely."

Harry still didn't know too much about all the blood magic or why it was so incredibly remarkable that the Manor had accepted him. He stayed quiet like Aberforth, simply watching the scene.

Snape was quiet for a moment, apparently thinking about the implications of this news. Then he picked up the parchments and tucked them in his robes. "How public will the outer ceremony be?" he asked.

Draco relaxed, clearly relieved by Snape's reaction. He cocked his head. "It will be limited for security reasons and held at the Manor. Only those who are invited will be able to pass the wards."

Harry was looking at Snape with increasing disbelief. He had expected a screaming, disgusted Snape, or at least a sneering one. Was the man sitting before him actually contemplating coming to their wedding?

"The exceptions are your problem," Snape said.

Draco nodded again. "I have thought of that. But they would be

greatly outnumbered if they did try anything."

"Never underestimate your family, Draco," Snape said quietly. "It cost your father his life, apparently."

Harry thought it was best to stay out of this conversation for the most part. It seemed to be going pretty decently without him, and he didn't know what to say anyway.

Draco winced but nodded. "I will keep that in mind," he said softly.

Snape snorted and reached in his robes pulling out another piece of paper and handed it to Draco. He looked at it, puzzled, and then handed it to Harry.

"It's from a record of Rowena Ravenclaw," Snape explained. "The book this was copied from says she always wore this as it was a gift. It disappeared from a collection in a mysterious house fire twenty years ago."

Harry took the paper and looked down at the drawing of a beautiful brooch. "Twenty years ago," he said slowly. "It would fit. That's around the time Voldemort was making his later Horcruxes." He paused, looking up at Snape now. "We found another and destroyed it. The locket and now Hufflepuff's cup is ours, too."

Snape's eyebrows rose. Acknowledging Harry for the first time since they arrived, he asked, "Where was it?"

"The basement of the church next to his mother's grave," said Harry.

Snape didn't smile, but the look he gave Draco and even, grudgingly, Harry, seemed pleased. "And how did you destroy it?"

Harry winced and closed his eyes for a second. "Draco did," he said quietly. "He had to drink Voldemort's blood from the cup to destroy it."

Snape's head snapped back to Draco so suddenly it looked like he had been slapped. "You what?!" He was shaking now and looking paler than usual.

Aberforth's eyes grew large and he looked slightly alarmed.

Draco winced. "It has been ... purged ... from my body," he said quietly.

Harry winced again. "Draco is the only one of us who can destroy the soul pieces. Because of our binding promise I can ... push

... Voldemort back out of him."

Aberforth was still looking wide-eyed. "Couldn't that kill him? It's what was killing Albus - destroying a Horcrux."

"The binding promise saved him," Harry said quietly. "I can push Voldemort back out of him," he repeated.

Snape put his face in his hands. "You are using him to destroy them," he whispered.

"Severus," Draco said, reaching his hand out, laying it on the table in front of his godfather. "I want this," he continued, "it's better than what He had planned for me."

Harry couldn't help but go defensive at Snape's words. "I am not using him to destroy them," he said. "If you think for one second that I want him to do it, you're mad. I've begged him to let me do it, but he insists."

Snape scowled, his eyes narrowing as he looked at Harry. But before he could say anything, Draco reached further and took one of his hands. The man was startled and looked up into those grey eyes.

"I have my part to play in this," Draco said. "Just as you do."

Snape closed his eyes and sighed, nodding. He squeezed Draco's hand quickly, but then pulled away. "You should be going now," he said abruptly.

Harry was still staring at Snape with a frown on his face and he raised an eyebrow and then looked to Draco.

Draco shrugged and got up. This time he held his hand out to his godfather, who frowned but took it anyway. Then Apparated them from the room.

Harry sighed and got to his feet, waiting for Aberforth.

Aberforth got to his feet as well, grasping Harry's arm. "Two Horcruxes in such a short time is near miraculous," he said.

Harry nodded. "I didn't expect to find them so soon," he said.

"Nor did I expect you to. People have high expectations of you, but I also think you are greatly underestimated."

Harry didn't quite know what to say to that.

"I've never felt more sure that we will win this war," said Aberforth seriously and then he Apparated them outside the rock.

Draco smiled when Harry appeared and stepped to his side, taking his hand and Apparating them back to the Manor.

Harry took a few seconds to gain his balance after an Apparition from such a distance but then turned to Draco with raised eyebrows. "That went considerably better than I would have expected," he said. "No shouting at all and information about a possible Horcrux."

Draco smiled, leaning in and kissing Harry. "Let's tell the others," he said, and then looking seriously at Harry. "And I suppose you have some questions of your own."

Harry nodded. "Yeah, but let's tell Ron and Hermione first," he said, walking from the entrance hall to go and find his friends.

Draco followed Harry into room where Hermione and Ron were waiting. He felt oddly subdued now and found himself thinking through the conversation with his godfather.

"How did it go?" asked Hermione upon setting eyes on Harry and Draco.

"All right actually," said Harry, walking forward and pulling the parchment that Snape had given them from his pocket. "We got more information about a possible Horcrux. Snape said that it went missing from a private collection twenty years ago."

Hermione took the parchment and Ron looked at it over her shoulder.

Draco walked over to the window, looking out at the grounds. How long had it been since he had just walked outdoors?

"Ravenclaw's?" asked Hermione, looking up at Harry.

Harry nodded.

"Twenty years ago. Sounds right to me," she said.

Harry nodded again.

"Well, we need to find out the location now," said Ron. "If that's it."

"I'd say it probably is and yeah, I know," said Harry. "I still want to go to Godric's Hollow. I actually planned on going much sooner, but, with everything that's happened, I haven't been able to. I don't know what I could find there, if anything at all, but I do want to go."

Draco glanced over his shoulder. "Do we all go?" he asked.

Harry looked up at him. "I suppose," he said.

"We're with you, Harry," said Ron. "Wherever you go, we follow."

Harry gave him a small smile.

Draco nodded, his gaze returning to the gardens. "Can it wait until after this weekend?" he asked.

"Sure. There's not a time limit," said Harry, walking over to Draco and leaning against the wall beside the window. "But why this weekend?"

Draco smirked, looking back at Ron. "We have a Quidditch game this weekend and I haven't been on a broom since before ..." he looked down at the construct hand, "before we left Hogwarts."

"Ah, right," said Harry, smiling.

"I owed Fred and George and told them to tell Bill and Charlie," said Ron, grinning.

Harry nodded. "Great," he said. "If Bill comes, Fleur will probably come too, and that means we'll probably have to set up when to go to Diagon Alley, so we'll probably have to wait even longer to go to Godric's Hollow."

"We can go after," said Hermione, folding up the parchment she was still holding and tucking it into her pocket.

"Yeah," said Harry. "No rush or anything and we can try to look up some things about that brooch. It might give us some ideas about where to look."

Draco nodded, his expression still far-away. Two days to practise before everyone showed up. He made a fist and relaxed the construct, wondering at whether or not he could still play.

Harry glanced at Draco's face and then at his construct hand. He frowned slightly, looking away. He suddenly remembered what Draco had said about the arm being heavy. He imagined that might be sort of hard to handle on a broomstick. "You want to take that walk?" he asked, looking up again.

Draco looked up a bit startled. "Sure," he answered, smiling at Harry.

Harry smiled, too. "We're going outside for a bit," he said.

"Okay," said Hermione absently as she turned back to her book.

Ron looked at her as if to ask, Why are you so boring? "I guess I'll go polish my broom," he said. "We should go out for a fly later."

"Maybe," said Harry, holding out his hand for Draco to take.

Draco smirked at Ron's comment, but let the chance to tease him pass. He put his hand in Harry's and allowed himself to be led out.

Harry led Draco to the front doors of the Manor, realising that after half a month here, he still hadn't technically been outside the place. "Lead the way to wherever it is you want to go out here," he said once they were outside. He turned his head to look around and take in his surroundings.

Draco realised they had gone out the front door and looked around. He rarely used the front door, usually preferring the rose gardens in back and travelling by Apparition. He shrugged and followed the walkway around the manor. "This was a moat in past generations," he said absently, looking at the stone path.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Wow," he said, nodding. They walked along in silence for a bit. "So, Snape," he said.

Draco should not have been caught off guard by the change in topic, but he was. He had been ruminating on the changes in architecture of British homes. Truly. But here Harry was, asking him about his godfather, and the blond's steps faltered. He took a breath. "Yes, Snape," he said.

Harry raised an eyebrow at Draco's reaction, but he didn't say anything about it. "Um, well, he acted a bit ... different this time," he said.

Draco's response was somewhere between a laugh and a grimace. "Yes, he did," he said. Draco didn't know why he just didn't explain it to Harry instead of waiting for the other man to ask, but that was what he wanted, the asking.

Harry frowned slightly. "Well, why did he act that way?" he asked slowly, turning his head to look at Draco.

Draco shook his head. Subtle was not Harry Potter. They were on the east side of the Manor and he led Harry over to a bench and gestured for him to sit. He didn't know how to explain this without another of his lectures on wizarding culture. He considered how to get this across to the Muggle-raised Potter. "You know, one would assume that all Muggles accepted a marriage between two men if one went by your reactions," he began.

Harry raised his eyebrows. "Well, they don't," he said. "You saw how my relatives acted."

"Yes," Draco grimaced, "I did. And you have seen a number of different reactions toward our relationship from wizards. Did you

realise that not one member of my house said anything about the fact that my sexual partner was male? Only that it was you?"

Harry shrugged. "I didn't pay that much attention, but now that you mention it, yes," he said.

Draco shook his head again, always disturbed by the nuances that Harry missed. "This is where blood and class differences become important again," he said. "I know you hate this stuff but it really does matter."

Harry sighed, but nodded. "Well, what is it?" he asked.

"You are probably somewhat aware that among pure-bloods of my station, marrying and having children with another pure-blood is considered ... essential." He paused, waiting for Harry's reaction before continuing.

Harry frowned and stared at his hands, having not thought about that at all. "Well, I'm not a pure-blood, or a woman," he said quietly.

"No, you are not," Draco said, "and that means that my family would never approve of a marriage contract with you on either count. Even if you weren't ... well, who you are. Our marriages are arranged and approved by our parents."

"I think that's ridiculous," said Harry. "But you probably could have guessed that. I would never marry for anything but love." He paused. "Do you think your mother would disapprove?"

"Yes," Draco said without hesitation, "for the reasons I gave. But that's what is so complicated about reactions. Because marriages are arranged contracts between families, it means that love is not expected to be part of it. Nor are we expected to go without love or sex with someone we desire. Affairs are accepted practise."

Harry's frown deepened. "I wouldn't like having a marriage like that at all," he said. "I wouldn't feel ... married."

"So I gathered." Draco smirked, shaking his head. "You bound me monogamously before we were even married."

"Well, that was an accident, but I meant what I said," Harry said with a shifty look at Draco. "You wouldn't want to be with anyone else ... would you?"

"The point I am trying to make, is that affairs with men or women are not uncommon and don't have the kind of moral stigma among my class that they do among those classes who usually marry

for love." Draco sighed. "But the initial binding made me ineligible for marriage. By their view, you took something from my family. You took away the marriage contract rights of the only heir to the Malfoy estate."

Harry already knew that he had taken Draco's rights. "Well, all right, but what does any of this have to do with Snape? I mean, I understand what it would have to do with your mum, but ... what exactly are you trying to tell me?"

Draco sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. What was he trying to tell Harry? It was like speaking a language Harry didn't even know - Draco often got lost in the translation. "It means that, as my godfather, as the man who took a vow to look out for my interests, our binding put him in a very difficult position," Draco said, not able to completely keep the annoyance out of his voice now.

Harry made a face. "Well, I don't give a damn what he wants or anybody else. I'll marry you if I bloody well want to."

Draco groaned, sometimes just wanting to grab Harry and shake him. The next minute, wanting to throw him to the ground and shag him senseless. He turned his back instead, trying to remember what he was explaining. "You don't see it. The person who had the right to block a marriage of the heir is the head of the family, the Lord of the Manor. My father. But he is dead."

"So then you can do what you want," Harry said, wondering why Draco had turned away from him.

"Except that I can't, not really," Draco said. "The magics of this place have ... requirements." Draco was getting a headache trying to explain this to the other man.

Harry huffed. "Now I'm confused, Draco," he said. "Are you saying we can't get married now?"

Draco's laugh was the kind that spoke more of confusion than amusement. He started pacing again. "That's just it. The blood magic in the Manor has already accepted us as married. We are joined more completely than the legal ceremony could ever do. Severus' attitude changed when he heard that."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Okay ..." he said slowly. "So that's good then ... right? And what are the 'requirements' that the Manor has?" He still sounded a bit confused.

Draco winced, coming full circle here and not feeling like he was getting anywhere. "It means that until now, the Manor has never accepted a union that didn't include a pure-blood wizard and witch who were both capable of producing an heir. It has always been assumed that the magics in this place would insure the continuation of the Malfoy bloodline. I think that is part of what my father counted on."

"So ... it accepted us when it shouldn't have?" Harry asked slowly.

"Or the magics in this place have provisions we didn't know about? Or know something we don't? Or ..." Draco huffed, "or I am just guessing here. But I think my godfather was pleased with it, whatever it is."

"Er, okay, I guess," said Harry, eyebrows still raised.

"So that didn't make much sense to you did it?" Draco asked, feeling rather put out by his inability to communicate with Harry.

"Well ... it made sense ... but, I just ... don't really understand the point. I mean, unless there's something we need to do about it" He frowned slightly at Draco.

Draco took a deep breath and sat down on the bench next to Harry, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. He loved Harry, but moments like this made him feel alone. "I love you," he said quietly, "I guess that is all that matters for now. I will let you know if I figure the rest out."

Harry sighed. Now he felt like he had done something wrong. "Okay," he said quietly.

"And, yes, I think he will attend the ceremony," Draco said, smiling a bit.

Harry sighed again. "Well, that's good," he said for Draco's benefit. "You know, I hadn't thought of it before, but if he comes, I think there'll need to be some sort of explanation for everyone else. There is no way they're all just going to buy, 'Well he's Draco's godfather, so there.'"

"He would probably be in some sort of disguise," Draco said. "I doubt he would risk exposure at this point."

"Yeah," said Harry. "That would probably be better."

"Shall I show you the roses?" Draco smiled, taking Harry's hand again.

Harry smiled, too. "Sure," he said, getting to his feet again.

– CHAPTER SIXTEEN –

Flying

A few hours had gone by since Harry and Draco's walk, and as soon as they had got in, Ron had started begging to go out for a fly. Harry had tired of his whinging and finally agreed, but actually wanted a go on his broom. It felt like it had been forever.

"You going to come?" Harry asked Draco, Firebolt in hand and ready to head back down and meet Ron.

Draco was standing by the window again, looking out over the estate. "No," he said, quietly.

Harry frowned. "Why not?" he asked. He had somehow known that Draco wouldn't want to go.

Draco shrugged. "You and Ron go ahead," he said.

"Draco," Harry said, "you should come, too. It'll be fun. I know you haven't flown since school. How can you not want to?"

Draco did not like to lie to Harry. So he stood for a minute trying to come up with an answer that would sound both believable and could be a lie.

Harry sighed. "Please?" he said. "Please come fly with me? I'll let you do whatever you want to me tonight" He smiled and waggled his eyebrows, but he knew that it wasn't that great a deal. He would let Draco do that every night.

Draco rolled his eyes, but couldn't hide the smirk. "You wish," he said, but then sighed in defeat.

Harry's smile grew. "You'll come with me then?" he asked.

"I guess it is inevitable," Draco said with another sigh. "I will go change."

"Good," said Harry, kissing Draco on the cheek. "I'll wait."

Draco nodded and headed into their room, changing into practise gear. He returned with his broom and looked at Harry.

Harry looked Draco up and down. "Never noticed how good you look in Quidditch gear," he said with a smirk, trying to keep Draco in

a good mood.

Draco smirked too, giving Harry a similar look. "But I always noticed you," he said. "I think I mentioned certain locker room fantasies."

Harry grinned. "Yes, you did," he said and he moved forward to kiss Draco. "But we should probably go practise."

Draco nodded and led the way. At least the conversation about the locker room had made him less nervous about his hand.

Harry followed Draco from their room back down to where Ron was waiting, looking happy and clutching his broom. He smiled when he saw Harry and Draco.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

Harry smiled and nodded. "Yep," he said.

"Good. Let's go." Ron looked to Draco.

Draco led them to the back terrace. "Apparate, walk or fly to the pitch from here?" he asked them.

Harry shrugged. "Fly?" he suggested.

Ron grinned and nodded, mounting his broom at once.

"Do you know where it is?" Draco asked them.

Harry snorted. "How would we know where it is?" he asked.

Draco shook his head and looked at his broom. Then he looked up and pointed out to the west. "That way past the stables," he said. "It should be obvious once you reach it."

"You don't want to come with us?" Harry asked, frowning slightly.

"I will meet you there," he answered.

"I'll go with you if you want," Harry said, not mounting his broom.

"Merlin, Harry," said Ron impatiently. "You treat him like he's a bloody kid. C'mon."

Harry scowled at him.

"He's right." Draco sighed. "I will Apparate over there. And the grounds are still within the wards."

Harry huffed. "Fine," he said, climbing onto his broom and kicking off a few feet. "I'll see you in a sec." He flew down and around Draco, giving him a passing kiss on the cheek and not being able to keep a little smile off his face at the feeling of being in the air

again.

Ron rolled his eyes and kicked off from the ground, heading in the direction Draco had told him.

Harry gave him a second and then sped off behind him, looking over his shoulder at Draco for a quick instant.

Draco Apparated to the pitch. He stood in the centre looking back toward the Manor. Why had he agreed to do this? He looked at the construct again, holding it up in front of his face. Even if he could control it as well as his own hand, it would be like strapping a lead weight to his broom. Whoever designed this thing apparently did not have flying in mind when they had.

Harry sighed at the feeling of the wind in his hair and sound of it all around him. He did a few flips, testing out his muscles and reflexes.

"Show off!" shouted Ron from slightly behind him.

Harry laughed and did a rather dangerous, wild spin, smirking back at Ron.

Ron shook his head, grinning before pulling off an impressive move himself.

"Not bad!" Harry yelled, smiling.

"I know, prat!" called Ron with a laugh, and they both flew the rest of the way to the pitch, trying to outdo each other.

Draco launched off and managed to crash before he made it more than a couple metres. Which, all things considered, was probably for the better. No permanent damage, just a few grass stains.

The rather impressive Quidditch pitch came into view and Harry dropped lower, circling as he came down and frowning as he saw that Draco was sprawled on the grass. "Are you all right?" he asked when he landed next to him.

Ron landed a few feet away, looking at Draco with raised eyebrows.

Draco snorted, picking himself up and examining his broom.

"How is it?" Harry asked, even though the fact that Draco, who flew well, had crashed at all was enough of an answer.

Scowling, Draco rolled his eyes. "The broom is fine," he said.

"I didn't mean that," said Harry quietly.

"I'll just ... yeah," said Ron quickly, kicking off again.

Harry watched him fly off and then looked at Draco again. "Is it heavy?" he asked.

"I told you, it's hideous," Draco said in a voice filled with disgust. "It's all I can do to walk without leaning to one side. I cannot fly like this."

Harry winced. "Could you take it off?" he asked, but he knew that would probably only make Draco's right side too heavy. He sighed sadly.

Draco shook his head. "Not all of us can catch the Snitch with our mouths, Harry," he snapped.

Harry bit his lip and looked away. "I'd give you my arm if I could," he said quietly. "I wish I could."

"I know, Harry," Draco said, feeling selfish for snapping at him.

Harry suddenly didn't feel very much like flying at all. "You want to go back in?" he asked, staring at the Firebolt.

"You and Ron fly," Draco said. "I am going to read some."

Harry sighed and wanted to go with Draco, but he knew Ron would be highly disappointed. "All right," he said quietly after a few seconds silence. "We won't be very long."

Draco shook his head. "Really, Harry," he sighed, "take your time. Have fun. You need it."

Harry didn't think he would have much fun, but he nodded. He even wanted to offer to fly Draco around to keep him there, but he figured that would make him even angrier because he couldn't do it himself.

Draco leant in and kissed Harry lightly, then stepped back and Disapparated.

Harry frowned and was still for a moment, staring at the place Draco had just been. He really wished, more than ever, that he could do something about that fucking construct hand. He mounted his Firebolt half-heartedly and kicked off to join Ron in the sky.

"Good practise, mate," said Ron, red-faced from the wind and snuffling. He and Harry had just Apparated back to the Manor from the pitch.

Harry nodded, sniffing himself. "I wonder where Draco is," he

said.

Ron raised his eyebrows. "How does he even stand you?" Ron asked.

"What?" asked Harry, narrowing his eyes.

"You've only been away from him for a few bloody hours. He is a grown man, you know. You don't have to be up his arse every single second." He paused and it was a few seconds before he blushed at his own comment.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Oh, go shag Hermione," he said, waving Ron off behind his back as he took a few steps. He shrugged and then simply Apparated to his and Draco's suite. "Draco?" he called, setting his broomstick down and looking around for the blond. No one answered. He walked over to the bedroom door and opened it. He was met with the sight of a house-elf making their bed, but there was no Draco in sight.

"Oh," he said, his steps faltering a bit. "Er, is Draco in here?" he asked.

The house-elf squeaked in alarm and froze. "Master Draco is not here," she answered.

"Oh," Harry said again. "Do you know where he is?" he asked.

"I is not knowing Master Harry," she said, sinking to the floor on her hands and knees.

"Er, you don't have to do that," he said. "You can stand up, er, I don't know your name."

"My name be Fossey, Master Harry," she answered, but didn't move from the floor.

"Well, Fossey, get up from there," said Harry, bending to help her up. "Do you know where Draco might be?" he asked.

At his words, Fossey stood up quickly, stepping back from him. "Sorry, Master Harry. You be wanting me to find you an elf who knows?" she asked.

"Yes, please," Harry said. "I would appreciate it."

With a pop, she disappeared, and in less than a minute, another elf popped into place beside Harry. This one hit the ground immediately. "Master Harry," he said.

Harry sighed, shaking his head. "I'm not a king," he said. "Get up from there. Who are you then?"

"Yes, Master Harry," it said, hopping to its feet. "Benedict, I is."

"Do you know where Draco is?" Harry asked, wondering how many house-elves Draco had.

"Yes, Master Harry," he answered.

"Where?" asked Harry. He always seemed to forget that house-elves answered every question exactly as you asked it and said nothing more.

"Master Draco is at the top of the east turret, Master Harry," Benedict answered.

Harry smiled and nodded. "Thank you," he said. "Er, you can do whatever you want now," he said. "You know, er, whatever it was you were doing."

"Thank you, Master Harry," Benedict said, and disappeared.

Harry thought for a moment and figured the fastest way to get to the east turret would be to fly, since he had no idea how to get there from inside and hadn't been there before to Apparate. He walked across the room and walked out onto the stone patio before Summoning his Firebolt. He climbed on it and kicked off up into the sky.

He found the turret quickly, but took his time getting there, feeling guilty about Draco's arm. Spotting Draco's blond hair from the sky, he flew down slowly and landed quietly. "Hey," he said softly, climbing off his broom quickly and leaning it up against the wall. He hoped he wasn't annoying Draco as what Ron had said entered into his thoughts.

Draco had been lost in thought and only noticed Harry when he landed. His heart sped up at the sight of him – Quidditch uniform with the leather trim and the wind-blown hair. Draco hadn't changed clothes either, having Apparated directly to the turret. He had spent many hours here over the years. He took a couple strides across the stone and grabbed Harry roughly, bringing his mouth down on the other man's for a kiss that was almost bruising.

Harry's eyes widened and then closed as he gripped the fabric covering Draco's back tightly with both hands, opening his mouth to the kiss.

Draco's tongue thrust into his lover's mouth as he pulled him tight against his body, knee between his legs as he pressed him

against the stone edge of the turret.

Harry was already panting as Draco pressed him to the wall and he thrust against Draco's leg, letting out a groan and sucking on the blond's tongue.

Draco moaned into his mouth pressing Harry's body hard against the stone merlon and rubbing his erection against his lover's thigh.

Harry groaned again, the feeling of Draco pressing him so hard against the stone making his body thrum with pleasure. His cock hardened almost instantly.

Draco pulled back suddenly, grabbing Harry roughly and turning him around so that he was facing out, facing a view of the Manor and its environs, while Draco reached both his hand and the construct around him and unfastened Harry's trousers, pulling them and his shorts down.

"Oh, fuck," Harry said quietly, panting and trembling with pleasure and anticipation. Draco had to be the sexiest being on the planet. Only he could change Harry's mood from sombre and guilty, to incredibly horny.

Draco pulled his own trousers down, rubbing his cock against Harry's arse as he did a Lubrication Charm, coating both his cock and his fingers. He slid his cock up and down the crack of Harry's arse.

Harry hissed and tried to push back into Draco, silently begging to be fucked.

Draco pressed him down, bending him over the stone and spreading him with slick fingers. "Up here is almost like flying," he said as he bent over Harry. "Want to be fucking and flying?"

"Yes!" Harry gasped, shivering as the chilly wind whipped through his hair and over his heated and flushed skin. He clutched at the stone beneath him.

The sun was setting in the west and Draco had bent them over facing it. He grinned, feeling wild and flushed the way he did during a good match. He pressed the head of his cock against Harry's entrance, testing to see how ready he was.

"Draco, please!" Harry gasped. He felt so desperate for him, wanting his cock suddenly so badly. He felt like at least he could give this to Draco. He couldn't give him back the ability to fly, but he could give him himself.

Draco pressed in, groaning at the sensation of that heat with the fog in the air.

"Yes," Harry whispered, his eyes sliding shut with Draco's entrance into his body. Harry went higher than any broom could take him while Draco was inside him.

"Gods, yes," Draco gasped, the feel of Harry's magic and the warmth of his body making him shiver. He didn't go slow. He wanted a fast, hard ride.

"Mmmm, fuck," Harry moaned, rocking hard with Draco's thrusts. "Ride me," he growled through his teeth, fingers hurting against the stone.

Draco reached his hand around Harry, grasping his cock and smiling as he thought of the broomstick euphemisms he had heard over the years. He fisted Harry's cock as he thrust hard, his hips rocking in a way that wasn't unlike taking turns in flight.

"Yes!" Harry cried, his neck arching as the quick, hard fuck took hold of his brain completely and pushed every other thought away. "Oh, fuck yes!" he shouted, spreading his legs further apart.

Flames of power licked his skin as the wind blew his hair, and Draco set up a rocking motion that made them both sway with it. "Fuck, yes, always want to catch that arse of yours," Draco yelled.

Harry moaned loudly. "You've ... got ... it ... now," he gasped with the thrusts. "Fucking good ... with ... it ... too," he moaned.

"Yes, fucking your arse, fucking flying with you!" Draco growled. Then he was coming hard, his head thrown back as emptied himself into Harry, screaming wordlessly.

Harry threw his head back as Draco coming caused his fist to tighten around Harry's cock and he was coming a few seconds later, knowing that if Draco wasn't holding him up from behind and the stone from beneath, he surely would have fallen to the ground. He panted, feeling sort of crushed but loving it.

Harry's magic roared over him, adding its fire to the wind and Draco kept shuddering with it until they were both lying bent over the stonework again. The sun was low now on the horizon, painting the world in dark orange like the fire he felt.

Harry took deep, even breaths, smiling stupidly and staring out at the sky. What an utterly wonderful fuck that had been. His smile

grew and he sighed happily. Why were they up here again?

Draco was still gasping for breath and grinning. He let go of Harry and gripped the stone, pushing himself up again. He staggered back a bit, feeling a tad dizzy.

Harry winced as Draco pulled out of him and then he straightened up slowly, turning to face him and still smiling like an idiot.

Draco leant against a nearby part of the wall, using it to hold himself up. He tucked himself back into his trousers, still grinning at Harry.

Harry stood there, trousers around his ankles, and he couldn't be arsed to care. The wind blew against his skin and he shivered. Okay, maybe he cared a little. He bent and pulled them up and then pushed himself up with his arms to sit on the low wall.

Draco walked back to him, putting his arm around him and leaning in for another kiss. This time it was slow and tender, his tongue caressing Harry's lips.

Harry opened his legs so that Draco could fit between them and pulled him closer, kissing him just as slowly as Draco kissed him, smiling against his soft lips.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, relaxing into the kiss. He shivered in the wind, as the temperature dropped with the sun. Finally, he pulled back and looked at Harry. "Did you enjoy flying today?" he smirked.

Harry grinned. "With you," he said, licking Draco's lips quickly again and then pulling back to stare happily into his eyes.

"Get your broom and let's go inside," Draco said, still smiling. "I am getting cold."

Harry nodded. "You'll need to move, love," he said, squeezing his knees against Draco's legs.

Draco stepped back and picked up his own broom, waiting for Harry.

Harry hopped down from the wall, grabbing his broom and turning to Draco. "To the suite?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

Draco nodded and then, grinning still, Apparated to their suite.

Harry smiled and Apparated too. He dropped his broom and walked over to Draco to wrap arms around him. "I love you," he said quietly, resting hands against the sides of Draco's head and fingers in his hair.

Draco smiled at him. "Let's get showered and join the other two for dinner." He smirked. "I think we are running a bit late."

Harry snorted and pressed a kiss to Draco's lips before letting him go and walking off in the direction of the bathroom.

– CHAPTER SEVENTEEN –

Rings

Harry smiled around at everyone at the dinner table, his cheeks still a bit red and his hair windswept from Quidditch. The game had been fun, even if he wished that Draco had been able to play instead of watching from the ground. Charlie really was an extremely good Seeker, but Harry had beat him and he couldn't help but feel very triumphant about it.

"Ahh," sighed Bill, rolling up his sleeves to eat the food that had just been served. "That was excellent. It's been ages since I was last on a real pitch."

"Same here," said Charlie. "It's the only reason Harry won." He smiled and winked.

Harry grinned and snorted. "Right," he said. "Keep telling yourself that."

Fred and George laughed. "He did beat you fair and square, Charlie," said George.

"No excuses," said Ron, grinning too.

Harry laughed delightedly, in a very good mood, very hungry, and ready for a hot fuck as soon as he and Draco were alone.

Draco smirked. He knew all too well about how Harry's extraordinary luck at Quidditch went very well with his amazing skill. The combination was hard to beat.

Harry joked and laughed and talked about the game, and while he was distracted with trying to get the last bite of food from his plate without spilling it onto the table, Fleur caught his attention.

"Draco, 'Arry?" she asked.

Harry looked up and smiled. "Yes?" he said.

"I was just wondering if you 'ad decided on when to go to Diagon Alley."

"Oh," said Harry, setting his fork down. "Actually, we haven't talked about it, but we could go just about any time, couldn't we?" He

looked to Draco.

"For robes?" Draco asked, caught off guard by the sudden change in conversation.

"Well, yes," said Fleur. "I imagine you will want very nice robes for your wedding, so you will 'ave to get your measurements taken and zen give zem time to be made. Also, you still 'aven't picked out your wedding rings. Zose you will be wanting too, correct?"

Harry nodded, smiling.

Draco frowned, fisting the construct under the table. He looked around for a moment. "Excuse me, I will be back shortly," he said politely, and left the table.

Harry raised an eyebrow and watched Draco leave confusedly, frowning. He went to push himself up from the table to follow, but Fleur stopped him.

"Arry," she said quickly. "I theenk you should let Draco go for a while."

Harry frowned at her. "What?" he asked.

"I would like a private word with you if you wouldn't mind too terribly."

Harry turned his head and looked at the door Draco had left out of. He sighed. "Yeah, sure," he said resignedly. "What is it?"

Fleur got to her feet, indicating that Harry should as well. He did.

"May we move to a sitting room?" she asked.

"Yes, of course," said Harry, wondering what she wanted.

She bent and kissed Bill on the cheek before walking gracefully around the table and taking Harry's arm. "Lead ze way," she said.

Harry led Fleur to the sitting room that Draco, Ron, Hermione and himself inhabited most often and took a seat on the couch.

Fleur sat next to him, tossing her long hair behind her shoulder. "I theenk zat Draco is ... not exactly looking forward to getting your rings," she said.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Why do you say that?" he asked.

"'E walked out ze last time ze subject came up. I did theenk zat was what eet was, but now I am almost certain."

Harry frowned.

"You did not theenk of zat?" she asked, looking at Harry as if she couldn't believe him.

Harry's frown deepened.

Fleur sighed. "Men," she muttered. "In Eengland, wedding rings go on ze left 'and," he said, raising her own and wiggling her fingers.

Harry stared at her hand for a moment and then groaned, falling back on the couch and covering his face with his hands. "Oh, Merlin, I'm an idiot," he said. "I completely forgot about that!"

Fleur sighed again. "I am guessing zat Draco does not like his left 'and very much," she said. "I do not blame him," she said.

"He hates it," said Harry from behind his hands. "He says it's awful and heavy and that it's hideous."

"Well, would you want sometheeng symbolising your love for someone on sometheeng you 'ated so much?" she asked.

Harry sighed. "No," he said and he sat straight again. "Could he put it on his right hand?"

"I somehow theenk zat Draco would not be very keen on zat," said Fleur.

Harry huffed quietly, placing his hands in his lap. "What do I do?" he asked. "I've tried to tell him it doesn't matter to me. That it doesn't bother me."

Fleur nodded knowingly. "Eet matters to him," she said. "Bill hides eet well with jokes and laughs, but he iz self-conscious about his face. Eet does not matter to me. 'E iz still ze man I fell in love with, but you cannot tell him zat."

Harry looked at her. He hadn't given it any thought before. Fleur was married to someone with a physical disfigurement, too.

"Eet iz 'ard to deal with some days. I get angry with him when 'e will not listen zat I still theenk 'e iz beautiful."

"I know exactly the feeling," said Harry. "What do I do? I don't know how to make him feel better about it."

"To be 'onest," said Fleur, "I theenk zey 'ave to take care of eet for zemselves."

Harry sighed again. "I figured as much. Nothing I tell him works."

Fleur frowned and nodded.

"And now it's worse," Harry continued. "What are we supposed to do about wedding rings? I don't want him to hate picking them out. I don't want him to get angry or upset while we're doing that."

Fleur nodded again, still frowning. She was silent for a minute. "Draco and Bill are very different cases. Zere iz nothing zat can be done to 'elp Bill's face zat 'as not already been done, but 'ave you considered a new arm for Draco?"

Harry's head snapped up. "You can do that?" he asked.

Fleur nodded again. "Well, I just wanted to tell you to be ... sensitive with Draco and situations 'aving to do with his left arm."

Harry sighed. "Yes, I know," he said.

Fleur smiled gently at him. "Shall we go back?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so," said Harry, getting to his feet and offering Fleur his arm this time.

She took it and smiled again.

"Thank you for the idea," he said genuinely. "If I can do something like this, Merlin, I'll be eternally grateful to you."

"Well, eet was just an idea," said Fleur dismissively, but she looked pleased.

"A wonderful idea," said Harry, heading out the door and back to the dining room.

Harry saw that Draco was back in his seat when he and Fleur entered the room again. He sat next to him, giving Fleur one last little smile before kissing Draco on the cheek.

Draco had only been gone long enough to collect himself and had been surprised to find Harry and Fleur gone when he returned. He watched them return and raised his eyebrows at his husband.

"What?" Harry asked, raising his eyebrows at Draco in turn.

The blond narrowed his eyes, looking a bit curious and suspicious at the same time, but he didn't say anything. He smiled. "You almost missed dessert."

Diagon Alley was empty and quiet. The shops that had already been closed had now been joined by at least five more since the Death Eater's escape. It was always depressing to see the way Voldemort was affecting the wizarding world, but it was expected and wasn't all that much different from when Harry and Draco had come here last. They were there now with Fleur and Bill, the day after the Quidditch match and shopping for their wedding. Hermione and Ron had come along too, to get out of the house and Fred and George had headed

off to their own shop for work. Charlie had gone home to continue work on his assignment with foreign wizards.

"Dress robes I theenk we should get first," said Fleur. "Eet is ze closest shop to 'ere and will take ze longest to do."

"Sure," said Harry. He thought they should get dress robes first as well. He needed Draco's arm measurements and had told Fleur to suggest it. He still hoped very, very much that he would be able to get a new arm made for Draco.

Draco nodded, reaching to hold Harry's hand. He smirked, remembering the first and last times they were in Madame Malkin's shop. He didn't think they would get away with shagging in the dressing room this time.

Harry took Draco's hand and they made their way to the robe shop. He was thankful that it was still open. When they entered, Madam Malkin made her way over to them and seemed to turn a bit pink upon seeing who it was, but she smiled as well, seeming to remember what they had bought the last time they had been there.

"What can I help you with?" she asked very politely, turning automatically to Draco.

Fleur stepped in front of him. "Zey will both need new dress robes. Zey are getting married, as I'm sure you are aware, and ze colours are green and silver. I am thenking zat zey will need black dress robes with ... green trim. Is zat good for you?" she asked, turning her head to look at Harry and Draco over her shoulder.

Harry raised his eyebrows. "Sounds good to me," he said with a shrug.

"Exactly." Draco smiled warmly, squeezing Harry's hand.

Harry smiled too as they were led over to get measured. He tried to pay close attention to Draco's measurements, but he wasn't able to tell what they were as Madam Malkin simply wrote the numbers down and didn't say them aloud. He breathed a quiet sigh of relief when he saw Fleur discreetly pull a quill and a small piece of parchment from her bag to copy the numbers.

Draco stood on the little dais that the shop used for fittings and his smile grew to a grin, looking down at Harry and remembering being nearly the same position those years ago. He moved and turned and allowed himself to be measured.

Fleur slipped the parchment back into her purse. "Now, zer is also ze wedding party zat will need robes as well - or at least the females zat will be in eet. Not everyone is 'ere with us today, so we will need to come back most likely - or better yet, is eet possible for you to come out to take measurements at zer 'ouse? Possibly an assistant or something such as zat?"

"Oh, yes, we can do that," said Madam Malkin. "It will cost extra of course, but if that's what you want."

Fleur raised an eyebrow at Harry.

"I suppose that would be good," he said. "And safer. I don't want anything to go wrong before the wedding."

Draco nodded and stepped off the dais.

Harry smiled and kissed Draco on the cheek before climbing up himself for his turn. They were finished sometime later and Ron and Hermione had left to go off on their own for a bit. Bill looked extremely bored and stood up from his chair quickly when they were finally done.

Ready?" he asked. Fleur handed him the robes in their covers and then took his other arm.

"Yes, we are finished with zat at least. Now zer are ... rings," she said slowly.

Harry glanced at Draco from the corner of his eye.

"Zer is ze most wonderful jewellery shop 'ere," Fleur continued. "My ring is from France, but Bill's was from 'ere. Ze men's jewellery is very good and very beautiful." She smiled encouragingly.

Draco had been smiling and watching his lover. But when the rings were mentioned, his face went blank. He looked down at the ground but didn't say anything.

Harry frowned slightly but nodded to Fleur. "Lead the way," he said, reaching over and taking Draco's hand. He wasn't sure if he should say anything or not.

When they had reached the jewellery shop, Harry's heart was beating a little quicker; not only because he didn't want Draco to react badly, but also because he was nervous about whether or not he could get the new construct.

He had gotten Hermione to contact St Mungo's about getting a new arm and they had told her that they had never had anyone ask

that question before as it was not very common for people to lose limbs and be unable to reattach them. They suggested asking a jeweller to make the arm and then have it brought in to the hospital to check it out and make sure it functioned properly, but there was still the question of whether or not the jeweller would be able to make it at all. Harry was filled with hope, but he was nervous all the same for those hopes to be crushed.

Lawson and Smith's Lapidaries was a small but very expensive little shop. Draco had been there with his mother many times. He owned both tie tacks and cuff links made by them. The Malfoys even had an account. And he did not want to walk in the door. He felt like a fool. Why couldn't he just tell Harry?

Harry took a deep breath before stepping inside the shop, and he held Draco's hand a little tighter, still giving him quick little glances. "Do - do you want to look around?" he asked quietly, trying to keep his tone normal.

A tall wizard with odd-looking spectacles smiled when they walked in. "Mr Malfoy," the man greeted him, "it's a pleasure to see you."

"Mr Lawson," Draco replied. "This is Mr Harry Potter." The old man's eyes widened and he looked curiously at them. "My pleasure, Mr Potter," he said, extending his hand.

Harry smiled and shook the man's hand, a little surprised that Draco knew him, but when he thought about it, it wasn't really that surprising at all. "We're here for wedding rings," he said, trying to sound cheerful and giving Draco's hand an automatic squeeze again.

"Lovely, lovely," the man said, but he gave Draco a wary glance.

"And to arrange wedding party gifts," Draco added.

Harry nodded and cleared his throat. He walked a few feet over and bent to look at the many items on display in the glass case.

"Speaking of zose gifts," said Fleur. "I was 'ere not too long ago and I know just ze perfect thing for 'Ermione and Ginny. I saw eet over 'ere. Draco, 'Arry?"

"Oh, I actually think I see something good for Ron in here," said Harry, looking over his shoulder. "I'll be over in a minute, yeah?"

Fleur nodded and looked to Draco.

Draco nodded and followed where Fleur gestured. He glanced at

Harry. He was relieved to be talking about the gifts for the moment.

Harry waited until Draco was gone and distracted by Fleur before getting to his feet and walking back over to Mr Lawson. "Hi," he said, stepping off to the side slightly so that he could pretend we was looking at more jewellery if Draco looked over. "I hope you can help me. I wanted to ask if I could talk to you about possibly making a custom piece. You do do that, don't you?"

"Yes, Mr Potter." Lawson smiled. "We are specialists in custom work. Even those pieces in the glass are all originals made right here."

"Great," said Harry, smiling. "It's a surprise wedding gift to Draco from me and I want to keep it a secret." He paused. "It's actually not a piece of jewellery though. It's about his construct hand. I'm sure you noticed it?"

The man nodded, glancing toward the blond and back to Harry. "Yes," he said.

Harry sighed. "Well, he hates it. It's heavy, he thinks it's hideously ugly and I know he doesn't want to wear a ring on that hand." He paused again. "I contacted St Mungo's about getting a new one yesterday, where the hand was first given to him, and they said that that they've never had anyone ask that, as it's rare to lose a limb. They told me my best bet was to come to a jeweller to try and see if I could get one made, as I do want it to look good. Is it possible for you to do anything like that?" He bit his lip, staring at old Mr Lawson hopefully.

Lawson's smiled warmly, his eyes glittering mischievously. "Oh, our Mr Smith would love such a challenge. He is a bit of a tinker as well. I am sure he will need to know many details. Measurements, metals, shape."

Harry smiled hugely. "Really?" he asked. "That's terrific!" he said almost too loudly. "I have the measurements, but I don't know how I would go about getting the shape of his arm without him knowing what I was doing. And the metal ... well, I want it to look good, really good. Silver coloured metal I think would look best. I want it to last too and I want him to be able to feel like it's his arm - well - as close as he can get anyway. What do you suggest?"

"To make it close to the hand he has lost," Lawson said, sounding like a man thinking aloud, "it would be best to have an

impression of his remaining hand."

Harry nodded. "Yes, that would work the best ... only I have no idea how to get it." He sighed. "I suppose I could wait until he's asleep to get it and then send it to you? Would that work?"

"Yes, yes." The man nodded. "And I think titanium with silver plating."

Harry nodded as well, unbelievably happy. "Okay," he said, smiling. "And how much do you think this would all cost? Not that it matters, I'm doing it no matter what, but just so I know."

"I will work up some sketches and send you an estimate," the man said. "Oh, Mr Potter? Did you want the ring made part of that hand?"

"Hmm, actually, I'll just take them separate. I'd like to put it on him during the ceremony," Harry said. "He's not going to be very comfortable picking one out right now, but it'll be worth it later." He smiled again.

"I understand," Lawson said, patting his arm.

"Yeah," said Harry, looking over his shoulder at Draco. "I'll get you the measurements in one moment. My friend has them. And I'll get you the impression within the next few days. Oh, and the woman in St Mungo's I spoke with - Mediwitch Glazer - she said that if I did find anyone who could make the hand, to tell them that she would be available if you have any questions about the mechanics of it or things like that."

"Very good, Mr Potter," the man said.

Draco glanced over his shoulder again at his lover. He was deep in conversation with Lawson. He knew he was up to something, but given the occasion, knew better than to pry. He turned back to Fleur. "I was hoping to speak to you about a delicate issue, Madame," he said, in French.

Fleur raised a curious eyebrow. "Of course," she said, answering in French as well. "What is it?"

Draco frowned, spreading the thick fingers of the construct. "I cannot wear a ring," he said.

Fleur pursed her lips for a split second and then nodded. "Yes, I've already thought of that a few times. Have you spoken with 'Arry about it?"

"No," Draco said. "I tried to talk to him about this thing. But he insists it makes no difference."

Fleur sighed. "Perhaps this is something you should talk about though," she said, staring at Draco seriously. "If you cannot wear a ring, should you not come up with an alternative? Perhaps wear it around your neck? On your right hand? It is your decision, of course, but I would think that you might want to tell 'Arry what you are thinking about."

Draco frowned, huffing. "Merci, Madame," he said. "I will ... try."

Fleur nodded. "I am sure he will understand what you are saying," she said confidently.

Harry looked over his shoulder again at Draco and then turned back to Mr Lawson. "Thank you," he said. "A terrific pleasure doing business with you."

Draco had noticed several nice pieces that might work for the women in their wedding party and he knew they carried some nice men's jewellery, too. He pointed them out to Fleur for her list.

Harry walked back over to Draco and Fleur, smiling.

Fleur looked up from the list she was making and smiled at Harry.

He gave her a quick wink that Draco didn't notice and her smile grew.

"Find anything good?" he asked, pulling Draco to him lightly and kissing him full on the lips before pulling back and smiling.

"Yes, in the robe shop a long time ago," Draco whispered after the sweet kiss.

Harry grinned, his eyes going soft. He sighed happily, not being able to resist pressing his lips to Draco's for another soft kiss.

Draco pulled Harry to him for the second kiss, his breathing speeding up. Harry always did this to him, no matter where they were.

Harry smiled against Draco's lips and it was very, very difficult to resist slipping his tongue out, but he knew Bill and Fleur were both only a few feet away, not to mention Mr Lawson was still in the room as well. He pulled back, pressing his forehead to Draco's "When we get home, love," he said slyly.

"Indeed," Draco said, his voice a bit deeper.

Harry chuckled. Merlin, he loved that voice. He pulled away slowly, not really wanting to, and straightened his robe, taking a deep breath to calm himself. A simple kiss could do this to him? He was pathetic - and he loved it.

Draco felt warm and happy and decided that he would put his own discomfort aside for Harry. "So, the rings," he said as calmly as he could manage.

Harry's eyebrows raised slightly, but he nodded. "Yes," he said, "the rings." He took a deep breath. "I know ... that they go on our ... left hands," he said slowly, looking up at Draco with a slight wince. He didn't want to put Draco through thinking that he wouldn't be able to wear a wedding ring where it was supposed to go, but he also wanted to see the surprised look on Draco's face when he gave him the new construct when it was ready. He had to suppress a smile just thinking about it.

Draco's jaw tightened and he sighed. "I suppose I will have to wear it on my right," he said.

Harry gave him a small smile. "That's okay," he said. "Just because you can't wear a ring on your left hand doesn't make it any less meaningful. I'll wear mine on my right too so that we're the same." He brought Draco's right hand up and kissed it.

"No," Draco frowned, "I want it on your left. I want people to see it and know."

Harry smiled gently again. "Anything for you," he said.

"So I have an idea of what they should look like," Draco said.

Harry nodded. "You'd certainly pick out something better than me," he said. "What should they look like then?"

"Mr Lawson," Draco said to the man who stood nearby, not crowding them. The jeweller came over to him. "I have in mind a very simple, thick, gold band – but with a twist, literally. White and yellow gold entwined. Two opposites bound together."

Harry smiled. "Brilliant," he said, taking Draco's hand. "See, I would've never thought of that."

Draco smiled at Harry's compliment, liking the idea of how it would look on his husband's hand if not his own.

Lawson seemed pleased, too. "Tasteful and powerful," he said. "Let's just fit your ring sizes."

Harry smiled again and nodded, following the old man with Draco by his side.

It wasn't long before they had finished their shopping at Lawson and Smith's Lapidaries and they emerged with small bags with gifts for their wedding party and the promise that their wedding rings would be made and ready to pick up in due time. They visited a very nice bakery that specialised in elaborate desserts and picked out a design for a lovely cake. They also visited the florist, but Fleur took care of picking out and setting up a date for the flowers they had ordered to be delivered to the Manor. She also had them agree to hire a decorator to help when the time came, as she insisted that it would make everything look much more beautiful. Harry couldn't care less about what they did about any of that. He wanted it to be beautiful, of course, but mostly, he wanted it to be for Draco.

– CHAPTER EIGHTEEN –

Close Call

They finished off their trip with dinner at the Leaky Cauldron and were all quite tired after their full day of shopping. Harry found himself yawning and quite ready to go home - although really, he wasn't that tired. He had been able to stare at nothing but Draco's arse for at least the past hour.

Draco felt better, having gotten the ring business out of the way. He had always enjoyed shopping. It would have been more fun without the reminders of the Dark Lord everywhere. He was more than ready to return home and to some private time with Harry.

A flash of light disturbed his thoughts, blinding him temporarily and he had pulled his wand before he could even see again.

Harry jerked and stood abruptly from the table, his wand pulled as well as he attempted to regain his vision.

"Harry, did you buy rings today? How are the wedding plans going?" someone was asking as Draco regained his vision and saw a reporter with a camera.

Harry, having just nearly suffered a heart attack, slumped back into his chair with a groan of relief and annoyance.

"Our apologies, friends," Draco said to the table. "I hope you will forgive us if we leave abruptly." He reached for Harry's hand.

Harry allowed Draco to pull him from his chair, feeling even more relief from the fact that he wouldn't have to sit and talk to some ridiculous reporter. "See you later," he said.

Draco Apparated them to the Manor, sighing in relief as they stood in their suite.

Harry let out a deep breath. "Bloody hell, I almost cursed him!" he exclaimed, still a bit shaken. "You can't just sneak up on someone like that! Especially with what's been going on! Bloody idiot."

"Can't say he wouldn't have deserved it," Draco said, putting his wand away. "Now," he smirked, turning to face Harry, "I believe

someone made a promise."

Harry placed his wand back in his pocket and turned to Draco fully, a smirk slowly spreading across his face. "Too right I did," he said.

Draco's eyebrows lifted and his smile grew. "And Harry Potter always keeps his promises," he drawled.

"You're right about that, too," Harry said, nodding appreciatively. He waggled his eyebrows, and then suddenly, within a quick second, his eyes went dark and he licked his lips slowly. "Although that doesn't really matter, because I've wanted to fuck your tight arse hard all fucking day long." He stared straight into Draco's eyes, suddenly feeling that his clothes were much too hot.

The intense look in those green eyes and Harry words sent a shiver down Draco's spine and right to his cock. "As you wish," he whispered, waiting to see just what Harry had in mind.

Harry smiled smugly, raising an eyebrow and strutting across the short distance between them. He ran hands flat up Draco's chest, pushing the robe from his shoulders, and then ran them back down Draco's body to slowly untuck his shirt from his trousers, still smiling at him in that smug way that told Draco just how much Harry knew he wanted him.

How Harry could go from that sweet boy, who everyone thought they knew, to this, always amazed Draco. He trembled at the almost predatory look in those green eyes and spread his arms, letting Harry undress him as he liked.

"You want me, Draco?" Harry asked licking his own lips again as he slid warm fingers just under the hem of Draco's shirt, touching just a slight strip of that skin. "Tell me if you want me."

"Yes," Draco rasped, his throat tight. "Always want you. Always wanted you." He was trembling as Harry touched him.

"You want my cock?" Harry whispered, breath hot as he pressed closer and it ghosted across Draco's skin. He slid one hand down to rest on the forming bulge in Draco's trousers, not squeezing, just resting there. "My tongue?" He pressed closer still and ran the tip of his tongue very gently and slowly across just the very outer edge of Draco's lips.

"Yes," Draco whispered. "Yes." He licked his lip in response to

Harry's tongue but still stood, waiting and enjoying the tease and the promise in his lover's touch.

Harry caught Draco's tongue with his own, but pulled back quickly. "Whose are you?" he asked, voice suddenly a bit louder.

"Yours," Draco gasped. "I am yours." The words were submissive, but the tone was proud.

"For how long?" Harry demanded, hand tightening on Draco's erection now.

Draco gasped, his eyes half closed. "Always," he answered.

"Mmm," Harry hummed. "You're just full of correct answers tonight, aren't you?" he asked. "You *are* mine and you love it, don't you?" he said, squeezing harder at the word 'are'.

"I am," Draco answered, and smirking a bit, "And I do." He still held still, literally at his lover's mercy.

"I really don't think that smirk will do," Harry said, smirking himself. "What should I do to take it off your face?" He cocked his head to the side.

Draco gasped, his cock twitching hard at the promise and threat in Harry's tone. "Anything you want," he answered. "I am yours."

Harry took a single step back from Draco, staring at him with bright eyes that hid a hint of wickedness in them. "Handing over so much," he tsked, shaking his head. "How do you know I'm so good? That I really am 'St. Potter' as you so wonderfully put it."

Draco swallowed hard, his breathing quickening as he watched his lover. "I am yours, regardless," he said, holding very still.

"Good answer," Harry said, raising an eyebrow. "Perhaps you should be rewarded." He grinned and slowly reached hands down to pull his own shirt off, exposing his chest and hardening nipples. "Do I look good, Draco? Do you want to touch me?"

Draco licked his lips. "Beautiful," he whispered, "and yes." But he didn't move yet, his eyes watching intently.

Harry smirked again and began working on getting his trousers off, hands quick at the practised movements. His trousers were open now, his cock very obviously hard inside them. "How much do you want what's inside here?" he asked. He had no idea why hearing how much Draco wanted him made him so hard every time.

"More than anything," Draco continued in that voice that

sounded awed and lustful at the same time. "I want to feel you inside me, through me," he said. "I want to touch you, taste you, be part of you."

Harry flushed with heat and pleasure. "Come here," he said, eyes very heavily lidded and voice low.

Draco stepped to his lover, standing close but still not touching. He trembled at the heat and magic and love.

Harry leant forward to press his lips to Draco's, but touched no other part of him, and it only made him want it more. Not allowing himself to touch Draco made him ache to do it - made him ache in a very good way, in a very specific place.

Draco's entire body shuddered at the touch of those lips. His eyes closed and his mouth opened slightly. He was aching for Harry but enjoying the excitement of his teasing.

Harry smiled slightly against Draco's lips, using just the tip of his tongue to lick at them with each kiss while keeping it inside his own mouth. Merlin, he was insane. He had no idea how he was keeping his hands from the man before him.

Draco opened his mouth more, his tongue reaching for Harry's, unable to hold back completely. The smell of Harry, the heat of his body and the energy of him was all combining to make his breath speed up and his head swim. He had never wanted anything more than this man.

Harry sighed quietly through his nose, letting his tongue out at Draco's urging. He moaned when their tongues met and he moved a bit closer to Draco's still-clothed body, itching to touch him now.

Tilting his head more, Draco's tongue pressed in, stroking and caressing Harry's tongue and mouth. He trembled with the effort to hold himself still as Harry moved closer.

Harry moaned again, hands clenching as he fought to keep them at his sides. He moved closer still and pressed his mouth more firmly to Draco's, covering it with his own completely.

Draco breathed in Harry's breath and moaned into his mouth. He twisted his hand in the material of his trousers.

Harry pulled away quite suddenly, a hungry look in his eyes. "Enough," he said breathlessly, and then he grasped Draco by the front of his shirt and pulled him forward, pressing their bodies

together and forgetting that it had basically been him who had started all that in the first place. Now he wanted to fuck, badly. Very badly. He had been wanting to all day and his heart beat quicker.

"Yes, please," Draco gasped as he was hauled against his lover. He reached his hand forward to touch the bare skin of Harry's chest, fingers working the planes of muscle and moving toward his dark nipples.

Harry closed his eyes as Draco's long fingers touched him, and it was so simple, but they left a trail of heat behind them. Each new part of skin touched sent sparks along Harry's body, making him want Draco more, making him want his skin, his cock, his arse.

Draco's fingers found what they were looking for and he traced a circle on the hardened nipple before taking it between thumb and finger to gently pull.

Harry took in a sharp breath and his cock twitched. "I need you," he whispered so breathlessly that he wasn't sure if it was understandable. "I need to be inside you."

"Yes," Draco answered, his fingers making their way across Harry's chest to tease the other nipple. "Take my clothes off then," he whispered.

Harry pressed his face into Draco's neck, needing any sort of contact with him. He reached hands up to tug at Draco's shirt. He shivered as Draco's fingers still touched him, still pulled and played with those sensitive parts of him.

"Use your magic," Draco whispered. "Strip me bare with your power." Even the words sent a jolt down his spine.

Harry kissed and sucked at Draco's neck, feeling high off him, drunk with him. "*Accio my wand*," he whispered wetly against Draco's skin, and as soon as the wood was in his hand, he performed the nonverbal spell flawlessly. He dropped his wand and ran eager, anxious hands up Draco's chest, around to his back, squeezing his arse and up his back again, never able to get enough of him.

Harry's magic stripped him and ran chills down Draco's skin. His cock hardened more and his heart beat faster. He gasped and moaned as Harry's hands touched him. "Oh, Gods, yes," he cried. "I love you. I am yours!"

Harry splayed his hands flat against Draco's back as he began

pulling him backwards to the bed with him, not wanting to break contact. His skin was so smooth where Harry touched and it made his own skin burn almost, their heated, flushed bodies pressed against each other. Harry fell backwards onto the bed, taking Draco with him and then scrambling up the mattress with a hand still clutching at Draco's back, taking him along there, too.

Draco was pulled along with Harry as if it were some kind of dance and he was happy to follow Harry's lead. His hand grasped his lover's shoulder, helping steady himself as they fell onto the bed.

Harry turned them over, rolling on the bed with Draco, legs tangled together and sweaty already. He brought his mouth down on Draco's, sucking and licking and claiming it as his. He struggled to get out of his trousers still, even if they were undone, but didn't want to take his mouth or his hands away for very long.

Draco was panting, his body arching against Harry's as he felt devoured by his lover. The feel of the trousers against his cock made him groan louder, wanting Harry's flesh instead. He reached his construct hand down, pulling at the clothes, trying to help Harry remove them. The fabric tore as he pulled them to his lover's knees.

Harry gasped into Draco's mouth pushing down against him to grind their cocks together. A few more kicks of his legs and he finally managed to push the trousers all the way off and he groaned as he pressed against Draco completely, nothing between them except their own skin.

Draco's breath hitched and he shuddered as Harry's erection slid against his own. He wrapped his arm and his legs around Harry's back, using his hips to thrust against him.

Harry's entire body jerked as he felt Draco's legs around him. Not only did it feel amazing to be touching Draco everywhere possible, but the mental image of what Draco must look like was gorgeous. He loved Draco this way: spread for him, ready for him, wanting him and holding him close. "I want to see your face when you come," he whispered with their rocking movements. "I want to know I made you look this way. I want inside you."

"Please, yes," Draco begged, his eyes half-open, looking into Harry's. "Fuck me deep," he continued, watching the fire of his lover's look. "I am yours and you are mine."

Harry bent his neck and captured Draco's lips, his eyes still open. With his mouth occupied, he tried a nonverbal *Accio* for the lube and was thrilled that it worked, because he didn't have to break away from Draco, not because it had worked period.

The spark of magic made Draco moan again, thrusting against Harry, his hand entangling in his dark hair.

Harry whimpered as he finally had to pull away from Draco, even just a little bit to open the lube and prepare his lover. He wasn't quick about it, but he wasn't slow either. He latched his mouth onto the skin of Draco's collarbone as his oiled fingers stretched him out, moving around slickly and wetly inside of Draco.

Draco's head fell back against the bed, his neck arched and his eyes closed. The sensation of Harry's fingers in him was fantastic and even more so because of what he knew would follow. "Yes, yes," he chanted.

Harry was aching so hard and wanted to feel Draco around him so badly, he wasn't able to hold back too much longer. "I want you," he said as he slicked his cock. "I want to feel you. I want to scream your name and hear my name from you." He positioned himself. "I want to see you love me." He pushed inside.

"Harry," Draco gasped as he was filled by him, trembling and pulling at Harry's body with his own legs and his hand twisting in his hair.

Harry gasped with entry and his eyes fell shut, but he opened them after only a mere second, truly wanting to watch Draco's face, to look at his hair, to look at his glistening skin. He groaned as he moved his hips again, picking up a slick, deep rhythm, pushing as far into Draco as he could and loving how Draco's legs seemed to tighten around him with every slide forward.

"You ... are ... fucking ... amazing," Draco gasped, the feeling of Harry's cock touching him so deep sending waves of pleasure and magic through his entire body. He locked his feet behind Harry and used them to pull him even deeper.

Harry gasped again, Draco's words flooding his belly with warmth. Everything about ... everything was making this more pleasurable. The heat, the sweat, the wet noises his thrusting made, his own gasps and Draco's heavy breathing, even the rocking noises

the bed was making made him feel alive with sex. He thrust as hard and steady as he could into Draco, feeling his cock jolt as the bed rocked even louder.

Draco moaned with each thrust as Harry's cock went deep inside him. His own cock was slick with pre-come and sweat, the heat and friction of their bodies bringing him closer with each slide.

Harry used one hand to come up and push Draco's damp hair completely away from his face, staring into his eyes as he did. "I ... fucking ... love ... you," he half-mouthed, half-whispered to him.

Draco's smile was interrupted by another moan as Harry thrust in again. He caught his breath and looked back. "Love fucking you, too," he said with a smirk, and then he began to tremble as he felt his own orgasm building.

Harry's moan was half a laugh after that and he tried his hardest to hold back, to let Draco come first. "I want you to fuck me next time," he panted, trying to make Draco come with words. "I want your cock in me hard and deep like this." He emphasised with a thrust of his hips. "So hard for me, in me, fucking me." The words were not helping his own state as he felt the sensations and heat in his groin pulsing considerably.

"Fuck, yes!" Draco cried out, his hand clutching Harry's hair and his legs pulling him as deep as possible. His orgasm rippled out, spilling his seed between them and causing him to thrash his head.

Harry's moan was loud, as he watched Draco's expression of absolute rapture. He could feel Draco's come on his own skin and *he'd* pulled that from Draco. *He'd* done it. He thrust one last time and was pumping his semen into the man beneath him, filling him and crying out his name like he was the only thing that mattered - and he was.

Still shuddering with his release, Harry's magic spread warmth out in ripples and it prolonged Draco's own orgasm. He heard his name on his lover's lips and smiled dreamily. "Yes, my husband," he answered, carding his hands in Harry's hair.

Harry panted and pressed his face against the side of Draco's neck, his eyes finally closed now as he tried to catch his breath.

Draco petted his lover's hair, realising that he still needed a decent hair cut. He kissed his ear and gave it a quick lick, liking the

taste.

Harry grinned and snorted quietly. "We amaze me," he said happily, kissing the skin in front of his face.

Draco smiled happily at him. "We do make an amazing team," he said. "I feel" he looked up for a moment, trying to find the words and seeing the H instead. "I feel like I was meant to be yours," he finished.

Harry's smile grew. "I *know* I was meant to be yours," he said. "I couldn't imagine wanting it any other way, ever."

– CHAPTER NINETEEN –

Sleeping Dragons

Harry mostly walked to the dining room in the mornings - it had become like the kitchen at Grimmauld. Apparition was good for when you were in a hurry or feeling lazy, but Harry still wasn't fond of that unpleasant pressure. He was still in pyjamas, well, actually, he had pulled pyjama bottoms on after getting out of bed, because he mostly slept nude nowadays.

"Morning," he said once he'd entered the room and sat down at the table.

Hermione was reading the paper while Ron ate breakfast.

"Morning," she said absently.

Ron simply nodded, his mouth full.

"Anything in the *Prophet*?" Harry asked, reaching over and making himself a cup of tea.

"Hmm?" asked Hermione. "Oh, no, not really. Well, there was a Muggle killing last night. No connections to wizards at all. Just for sport." Her voice was quiet.

Harry frowned and shook his head angrily. "Mad, all of them," he said.

Hermione sighed and they were all quiet for a moment. "Oh, where's Draco?" she asked, looking around.

"He's in the shower," said Harry, shaking his head a little to clear it of the thoughts of hooded figures and innocent people being tortured to death. Hermione's question reminded him of why he wasn't in the shower with Draco. "I didn't get to tell you yesterday with Draco around, but when we went to that jewellery shop, the man there said they could make him a new hand." He smiled.

Hermione's face lit up. "Oh, Harry that's wonderful!" she said. "How are they going to do it?"

"Well, they needed the measurements of his arm. I had those from Madam Malkin's, but the man also told me that I should get an

impression of his right arm so that they could make the new one as close as possible to his missing one."

"How are you going to do that?" asked Ron. "You going to tell him?"

Harry shook his head quickly. "No, I don't want him to know anything. I was thinking about doing it while he's sleeping."

Ron snorted. "I don't know about you, but I'd wake up with someone trying to take an impression of my arm."

Harry rolled his eyes. "I know that. I was thinking I could slip him a Sleeping Potion or something."

Ron shrugged and nodded appreciatively. "I suppose that would work," he said.

Hermione made a small noise of uncertainty. "I'm not so sure it would," she said slowly.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Why?" he asked.

"Well, he can sense magic, can't he?" she asked.

Harry nodded. "Yes. Are you telling me a Sleeping Potion won't knock him out?"

"Well, I'm sure it would, but I don't think it would keep him asleep. He would probably wake up when you tried to take the impression. And he might see it before he drinks it."

Harry huffed. "Well, how else am I supposed to do it?"

"Stun him?" suggested Ron.

Hermione shook her head. "He might wake up through any spells like that, too. Unless it was a really strong one ... but that could hurt him and Harry doesn't want that."

"No, I don't want that," said Harry with a sigh. They were all silent again for a moment.

"Well," Hermione began slowly, "I don't think anything magical would work, because he can feel that sort of thing ... but maybe something Muggle?"

Ron raised his eyebrows. "Muggles have things to make people sleep?"

"Sure," said Hermione. "They have lots of things. Drugs to take pain away, to make you feel better, some to cure different illnesses, some to make you sleep."

"Oh, I know all about those 'drugs'," said Ron. "Fred and George

had something once that was a 'Muggle drug' they said. They went mad. Got it from some girl in the village by my place."

"Well, it's not *that* type of drug," said Hermione.

"So, what do you suggest?" asked Harry, one eyebrow raised.

"Well, I was thinking sleeping pills would probably work. They're not magical, so he wouldn't sense it and wake up. They would simply put him to sleep."

"Problem," said Harry. "We don't have any sleeping pills."

"Well, I'd have to send a letter to my mum," said Hermione simply. "She would send them to me."

"Your mum just sends you sleeping pills whenever you ask for them?" Harry asked, looking a little uncertain.

"I used to have to take them when exams came. I couldn't sleep then at all because I'd just get up and try to study more, and without a good night's sleep, I certainly would have failed!"

Ron and Harry were both silent and staring for a moment.

"Barking," Ron mumbled, shaking his head.

Hermione narrowed her eyes at him.

"Well, get them, I suppose," said Harry. "If you think they would work. I want the arm done before the wedding."

Hermione nodded. "I'll send a letter to mum today."

Harry smiled and nodded, taking a sip of tea and reaching for the paper that Hermione was finished with.

It was a few moments before Ron looked at Hermione strangely. "It's not exam time," he said slowly. "Hermione, where do your parents think you are?" said Ron.

Hermione sighed and looked up at him. "I had to tell them that I was going back to Hogwarts," she said. "They would worry too much if I told them the truth."

"So your parents think you're at school?" Harry asked, looking at Hermione with a frown on his face. "They don't even know you could be hurt or - or something else?"

"By your side, Harry, remember?" said Hermione, placing a hand on his arm.

Harry sighed. "I know," he said quietly.

Harry was sitting, drumming his fingers on the table, having just

finished his dinner. The sleeping pills had come from Mrs Granger a few hours ago and he was now simply waiting to give them to Draco. He looked at Draco now, sitting next to him. He knew a house-elf would be in at any moment to give them their hot cocoa and he already knew how he was going to slip the pills in.

Draco leant back on the sofa, closing his eyes, and sighed. "Who knew getting married would be so much work?" he asked the ceiling.

"Indeed," said Harry. He smiled. "But it's worth it."

Hermione smiled at him from across the room.

Draco snorted but smiled at the same time.

Leakey popped into the room, holding a tray with hot cocoas.

Harry tried to keep anything from showing on his face as the elf appeared, and he gripped the pills in his pocket.

Draco reached for his cocoa. He blew on it for a minute and then tested it with his tongue. Still a bit warm, he decided, and set it on the low table.

Harry noticed Ron staring at the cup of cocoa rather obviously and shot him a quick look.

"When do we have to get fitted for our dress robes?" asked Hermione. "Did Fleur say?"

Harry shrugged. "No, but probably not until a while. Ginny has to be fitted too and they'll probably only give her a few days off school." He still clutched the pills, his palm slightly sweaty around them.

Draco picked up his cocoa and sipped it again, smiling. It was just right. He leant back with it, long white fingers wrapped around the cup, enjoying the warmth.

Harry sighed quietly, sipping his own cocoa and leaning back like Draco, scooting a little closer to him.

"You three are unnaturally quiet tonight," Draco observed, putting an arm around Harry's shoulders and drawing him closer.

Harry was glad Draco couldn't see his face; he was sure he looked suspicious.

"Just thinking about that attack yesterday, I suppose," Hermione lied seamlessly. "There was another today, but they can't tell if it was Death Eaters or not. I heard it on the wireless."

"It will get much worse," Draco said quietly. He leant his cheek

against Harry's head, enjoying his scent and the feel of his hair.

Harry nodded, pulling away from Draco for a quick second to put his own cocoa on the table and then getting even closer than he had been before. He smiled and kissed Draco's cheek and then the skin at his jaw bone, nipping at it a little.

Draco's head fell back again, humming happily and giving Harry more access to his jaw and neck.

Harry had known this would work, but he did feel a little relief that Draco was doing what he wanted him to. He licked a little bit at his neck and then back up to his jaw before using one hand to turn Draco's face to his and kiss him, lightly at first.

Draco kissed Harry back, his mouth opening and his breathing a little faster. Harry didn't usually do this so much in front of the others, but Draco didn't care.

Harry couldn't help but smile against Draco's mouth as he slipped his tongue inside, hand on the side of Draco's face, stroking the skin there gently. A little more of this and Draco would have complete attention on him, and Harry would be able to give him the pills without him noticing.

Draco lost himself in Harry's kiss and touch, his eyes closed. He sucked at Harry's tongue.

Harry moaned very quietly and felt a bit sad that they wouldn't be able to go up and fuck after this, but then he imagined how happy Draco would be with the new hand and he took the pills out of his pocket. The hand holding the pills very much looked like it was simply going to grab Draco's shirt and he passed it over Draco's cup of cocoa and dropped them in. He rested his now empty hand against Draco's side, trying to slow him down a bit now so that he wouldn't forget about his drink altogether.

Draco sighed when Harry pushed him back. "Tease," he accused, but grinned wickedly at him.

Harry nearly laughed, but settled with a grin of his own. "Later," he promised. *Much later*, he thought.

Draco snorted, but sipped his cocoa again. "So, what is on our agenda for tonight then?" he asked the Gryffindors.

"Well, how about that information Snape gave you?" said Ron. "Do you really think that's what it is?"

"I don't see any reason why it couldn't be," said Harry. "Like we've said, it seems likely."

Taking another sip of cocoa, Draco nodded. "It certainly is worth investigating, but we shouldn't stop looking at other possibilities."

"No, we shouldn't," Hermione agreed. "And who knows if that snake is a Horcrux. We should make sure we've done everything possible before getting anywhere near Voldemort."

Harry nodded. "I want it to happen soon. I want that bastard gone."

"Too right, mate," said Ron. "Cheers."

Draco could tell these three were up to something, but he couldn't exactly place it. Ron usually made some kind of noise when Harry kissed him. Now he sounded a bit too enthusiastic. Draco took a big sip of his cocoa and considered whether or not he should be worried.

Harry sighed and leant back again, trying to keep himself from looking at the cup in Draco's hands. He reached up and began playing with the hair around Draco's face that he still couldn't pull back all the way.

"For a lighter subject," said Hermione, "have you two thought about where you're going to live after everything with Voldemort is finished? Here I assume?"

"We talked a little about it," said Harry.

"Well," Draco drawled, narrowing his eyes at Hermione's quick change in discussion, "we do own several places."

Hermione nodded.

"We talked about you two living with us if we stayed here," said Harry. "It's certainly big enough. Would you want to?"

Ron's eyes grew wide. "And have a Quidditch pitch? Hell yes!"

Harry snorted.

Draco smiled. "There is also a townhouse in London and a villa in France." He yawned, finding himself suddenly much more tired. He sipped again at his cocoa.

"I didn't even know about those," said Harry, noting the yawn.

"Maybe we should go to bed," Draco said, trying to stifle another yawn.

"Sleepy?" Harry asked, pulling Draco lightly into his arms.

"A bit," Draco conceded, really not wanting to miss out on that promised fuck.

Harry grinned and couldn't resist whispering into Draco's ear, "Would you be sleepier after you fucked me?"

"Yes," Draco whispered, thinking he would be happy whether it made him sleepy or not.

Harry smiled again. Normally, he would have already Apparated them to their bed, but he needed Hermione's help getting the impression and so he had to keep Draco there. He didn't make any moves to get to his feet, just continued to hold Draco, stroking his back now in comforting circles.

Draco drank a last sip of his cocoa and set it aside. "So, shall we?" he asked Harry, frowning when the room seemed to be spinning a bit.

"Yeah, just hold on one sec," he said. "Hermione, I really think - if you're going to stay up - that you should try and find some things about that brooch or just Rowena Ravenclaw in general, yeah?"

"Oh, definitely," said Hermione. "What are you doing tomorrow? I was thinking we should get to the books again."

"Harry?" Draco asked, looking confused, "something" He shook his head, feeling increasingly confused and tired. He reached a hand out for Harry to steady himself. Even though he was seated, he felt like he was falling.

Harry, Ron and Hermione all looked at Draco. Harry had a sudden urge to ask Hermione if the pills were supposed to do that to him, but he kept his mouth shut about that. "What is it?" he asked, just waiting for Draco to fall asleep.

Draco grasped Harry's shirt and pulled himself against his chest, curling into his body and fell asleep.

Ron craned his neck to look at Draco. "I think he's out," he stage-whispered.

Hermione nodded. "So do I," she said.

"Were they supposed to do that?" Harry asked, pressed into the couch.

"Of course," said Hermione. "They're called sleeping pills. Let's get the impression, shall we?"

Harry nodded and scooted and gently moved from Draco's grasp,

turning him over to better reach his arm.

"What exactly do you have to do?" he asked.

"It's pretty simple if you know how to do it," said Hermione. "Muggles would need plaster and all of that, but all we need is some parchment and a wand."

Harry shrugged and raised an eyebrow.

"Hand me those two big pieces of parchment in my bag, Ron," Hermione said, getting to her feet and coming to stand beside Draco and Harry. "Hold his arm out and keep it steady so that we do this correctly," she told Harry, pulling her wand out.

Harry took Draco's right arm and held it out like Hermione had said.

"Here," said Ron, coming over to the other three and holding out the parchment he had retrieved.

Hermione took one sheet from him and got to her knees to reach Draco better. She placed the parchment underneath Draco's arm and hand and covered the whole bottom of it, pulling up on it. "Cover the top of his arm with the other sheet and make sure it's over him firmly," she told Ron.

Ron got to his knees beside her and placed his parchment tightly over the top of Draco's hand and arm.

"Use your other hand to help me hold this, Harry, so I can do the spell," Hermione said, and Harry did, trying to hold the side of the parchment that Hermione had let go to hold her wand out.

She muttered an incantation and did a small twirly motion with her wand and the parchment began to form to Draco's arm, making what looked almost like a glove. When the paper stopped moving and closing around the flesh, Hermione lowered her wand and nodded.

"All right," she said. "It's done."

Harry pulled his hand away from the suddenly hardened parchment, and Hermione reached forward and slid the two pieces off of Draco and held them up to show two perfect impressions of the top and underside of the arm.

"All that trouble and it took five seconds to get the impression?" said Harry.

"He would have noticed that spell had he been awake,"

Hermione said. "Be glad that we didn't need to use plaster. What do you want me to do with these?"

"I don't want Draco to find it. Put it up in your room for now and I'll send it off tomorrow," said Harry.

"Want me to send it now?"

"Yeah, actually, that'd be great," said Harry, lying back on the couch and pulling Draco up with him to rest against his chest.

"You sleeping down here?"

"Nah, I'll just take a nap and bring him up to bed later if he's still not awake," said Harry.

"Harry, those pills will probably last quite a while," said Hermione.

Harry shrugged, not really feeling like moving.

"Well, all right. I guess I'll go send these and go to bed then. Night, Harry," said Hermione, making for the door.

"Night, mate," said Ron, following her.

"Night!" Harry called to both of them, pulling Draco closer against him as he relaxed into his heat and the couch.

– CHAPTER TWENTY –

Old Friends

Draco could feel Harry's body pressed against him. That was the way things should be. But the fact that they were both still dressed was not. It took him a minute to realise that they were on the sofa where he had apparently fallen asleep. He found he was a bit dizzy when he opened his eyes and he had to take several deep breaths. He brought his hand up, stroking Harry's dark hair from his face, admiring him.

Harry stirred a little and pressed his face into the warmth of Draco's hand, still breathing slowly and evenly.

Draco looked around the room, making sure they were alone. It must have been nearly morning, as it was mostly dark, but there was some hint of light through the curtains. He pressed his hand to Harry's cheek. Harry had apparently chosen to sleep on the sofa with him rather than wake him by Apparating them. It was sweet. Draco shifted so he could lean forward a bit and kiss the other man's closed eyelids.

Harry took in a deep breath and then held it before letting it out slowly, finally beginning to wake. "Draco?" he asked groggily, eyes still closed.

The blond continued kissing Harry's face – his cheeks, his nose, his chin, and finally, his lips.

Harry smiled and stretched his legs out before giving in and kissing Draco back, opening his mouth for him without hesitation.

Draco kissed him slowly and gently, his tongue teasing Harry's. He loved the feel of him pressing him down into the cushions and the feel of Harry's breath against his own face.

"Mmm," Harry hummed happily, sliding a hand down Draco's side and pulling him closer. "Wonderful way to wake up," he mumbled before returning to the teasing kiss.

"Mm, naked would be better," Draco murmured against him.

Harry grinned. "Can't argue with that," he said quietly, skin

growing warmer than it already was.

Draco had fallen against Harry and found himself half sitting, half lying on him. He pushed himself back up again, groaning a bit as he did.

"Mmmm," Harry hummed again, only this time it sounded more like a moan. "Here, let me get my wand," he said quickly, trying to reach around Draco to get to his pocket.

Draco stretched his arms and legs, feeling his joints complain. "Been a while since we did it in a sitting room." He smirked.

Harry laughed. "Yes, it has," he said, finally reaching his wand and pulling it out. And then with a smirk he said, "I hope Ron and Hermione don't come down here yet."

Draco smirked once more and ran his hand down his still clothed body, resting it against his growing erection. He began to rub himself through the cloth.

Harry's eyes followed Draco's hand's movement down his body and he bit his lip. "You're so fucking hot," he said, trying to remember what he had been about to do with the wand in his hand.

"And still clothed." Draco laughed, still stroking himself and watching Harry through half-closed eyes.

"Right," Harry said with a breathless laugh. He raised his wand and removed Draco's clothes, humming with pleasure at the sight of him. "Even hotter," he said, voice gone deeper now.

Draco's cock sprang into his hand as the clothes disappeared and he groaned loudly, his head thrown back. "Fuck," he said, grasping his shaft as he did.

Harry moaned, running his left hand over the skin of Draco's thigh. He raised his wand again and he was then as naked as Draco, and he moaned again at the very sudden feeling of so much skin pressed to his own.

Draco sat with his hand on his cock and his legs spread, grinning as Harry stripped himself, too. He was getting very good at non-verbal spells. "I think you should sit in my lap."

Harry grinned, his cock twitching at the words. "I think I can do that," he said huskily, moving to sit up as well.

"Good," Draco said smugly, arching a bit into his own palm as he slowly stroked his cock and watched Harry.

"Fuck," Harry cursed as he watched Draco stroke himself. If he didn't stop watching him, they were never going to get anything accomplished. He tried to remember the spell for lubrication and, after a few seconds of more staring, finally did. He slapped Draco's hand away from his cock, replacing it with his own now-lubed hand and slicking it, licking his lips as he did and staring at Draco's face.

Draco's smile was smug at the hungry look in his lover's eyes. He gasped and moaned as Harry took matters into his own hands. "Yes," he hissed.

Harry leant forward, pressing his chest to Draco's as he got up on his knees to prepare himself with his slick fingers. He bent his neck and kissed Draco messily, tongue sliding along Draco's lips and then inside them as he stretched his own hole.

Draco trembled, knowing what Harry was doing to himself as he kissed him. He returned the kiss and laid his hand on Harry's arse, helping spread him open.

Harry gasped into Draco's mouth as he felt his hand on him. He added another finger and thrust his tongue harder into Draco's mouth, trying to tell him through that what he wanted Draco to do to him. "Shit," he whimpered breathlessly before kissing Draco again.

Draco slid his hand down again to his own cock. "Mmm," he moaned into Harry's mouth as he rubbed the head of his cock against the other man's perineum, just below his entrance.

"Merlin," Harry let out shakily, removing his fingers and gasping again at the feeling of Draco's cock on him. He moved so that he was sort of crouching over him, feet pressed flat to the couch as he rose up a bit. "Hold your cock so I can sit on it, yeah?" he said in a very low voice, making it a question so that it wasn't a command. He smirked down at Draco.

Draco smiled up at him, nodding as he slid the head over until he felt Harry's opening against it. "Fuck, yes," he said, licking his lips.

Harry took in a shaky breath and grasped the back of the couch to help support his weight as he lowered himself onto Draco's cock, moaning loudly and face flushed.

Draco fought the urge to close his eyes, keeping them focused on Harry's face. Damn, but he was so beautiful. That flushed look always undid him. It had been part of what kept their rivalry going. He felt

the wet heat of Harry's body and the striking power of his magic as he slid over Draco's cock.

It didn't take Harry too terribly long before he was used to the feeling of being filled and ready to be fucked. He raised himself back up and slid himself back down on Draco. It was odd to support himself so much like this, and they'd never done it this way before, but it was brilliant and perfect and felt so bloody fucking good.

Draco had returned his hand to Harry's hip and his construct hand was gripping the cushion beside him. He loved that he could look right into Harry's eyes this way. He looked into them, lost in them as much as he felt himself deep inside Harry's body.

"You're so fucking good, Draco," Harry gasped, quickly getting used to the position and moving so that he was bouncing in Draco's lap now. "So fucking good."

"Yes, ahhhh, very good," Draco gasped as Harry fucked him. It was amazing and he was shuddering every time his lover moved.

Harry moaned and threw his head back, trying to move as fast as he could. "Fuck, yes!" he gasped, moving a hand between them to fist his own cock. "Fucking - oh my - fuck!"

"Gods, yes," Draco cried out, now thrusting up into Harry as he moved. "You are so beautiful ... riding me ... so hot," he gasped.

Harry gripped the back of the sofa with his left hand so hard, his knuckles were white. He was once again overwhelmed with everything around him. The sound of their slapping skin was making him feel close to coming. "Ahhh, Draco! Fuck me, yes, please! Fuck, Draco, fuck!"

"Yes, fuck me, beautiful," Draco was yelling with him now, his entire body trembling on the verge of release. Gods, the look on Harry's face would probably be enough to make him come. "Fuck, yes!" he growled as he began to climax.

"Oh, fucking hell, yes. That's it. Come in me," Harry moaned as he worked himself on Draco's cock even harder and sped his hand up. Fuck, he was going to come, too.

Draco came hard, filling his lover, the slickness making him want to cry it felt so good.

"Fuck, yes!" Harry yelled, watching Draco's face as he came, and then he was coming, spilling his seed between their bodies and sitting

fully on Draco's still semi-hard cock. "Fuck, Draco, you make me come so fucking hard," he moaned, panting and eyes finally falling shut.

Draco slid his hand up Harry's back, pulling him close, still panting. He pressed his face alongside Harry's so that it was partially buried in the dark hair. "I love you so much," he gasped.

Harry smiled. "Sure that's not just my arse you're talking about?" he joked breathlessly.

Draco chuckled, licking at his ear. "Your arse, your cock, your mouth, your hair, your hands, your chest," he whispered, "every fucking part of you. But the whole is so much more."

Harry smiled again and had to kiss Draco for that. "What did I do to deserve you?" he asked. "I feel like the luckiest fucking bloke in the world. It's corny as hell, but very, very true."

"Nothing." Draco grinned. "You don't deserve me."

Harry laughed. "You know, you being a smart arse only adds to your charm. I suppose you've truly got me in your clutches when I think that's cute. Oh, but wait - you're not cute are you?" He grinned and laughed again.

"No, I'm not cute," Draco said, arching one eyebrow. It was hard to look aloof when your cock was still buried in the man in your lap. "I am devastatingly cruel and gorgeous. A Slytherin prat. Remember?"

Harry chuckled and kissed Draco again. "Ah, that's right," he whispered.

Draco kissed him again, gently, and then pulled back to look into his eyes. "You don't deserve me. You deserve better," he whispered. "I'm just too selfish to have it any other way."

Harry gave him a small smile and a tiny eye roll. "Thank Merlin for being selfish," he whispered.

It was the first week of October and Ginny had sent a letter the previous week demanding that Harry, Draco, Ron and Hermione go up to Hogsmeade for a visit with her and a few friends. A Hogsmeade weekend was coming up for Hogwarts students. It was a good idea and would probably be fun. They were only stuck in the Manor until they decided to go to Godric's Hollow and so they had

agreed to go.

Harry was dressed warmly as the weather grew colder and he had just Apparated. He found himself standing in the main street of the town and, looking far down to his left at the Hog's Head, was glad that they weren't coming here for the usual reason.

There were three cracks in the air and Draco, Hermione and Ron were next to him in seconds.

Draco shivered and cast a Warming Charm on himself and then another on Harry. It was colder here than back in southern England.

"Thanks," Harry said, holding out his hand for Draco to take.

"Shall we go then?" asked Hermione, already starting off for The Three Broomsticks.

Harry nodded and followed behind her, noticing that the streets were still fairly empty and devoid of students. Perhaps they were a bit early.

Times like these Draco resented the missing hand almost as much as in bed with Harry. He couldn't use his wand with the construct and he liked the feel of Harry's hand pressed to his. It made him nervous that he would have to choose between having his wand ready or holding his lover's hand.

Harry pulled Draco along until they were inside the pub. It was much warmer in here than outside. He walked over to the bar and Madam Rosmerta turned, smiling at him.

"Well if it isn't Harry Potter," she said warmly. "What brings you up here?"

"Just here for a visit," said Harry, smiling at her.

"What can I get you?"

"Four butterbeers?" he asked, looking around behind him to ask what his friends and Draco wanted.

Ron and Hermione nodded.

Draco shrugged but nodded as well.

"All right then," said Madam Rosmerta, and she walked off in her heels to get their drinks.

Ron and Hermione walked off to get a table big enough for them and the rest of their friends coming later.

Madam Rosmerta returned in a few moments with the four pints of butterbeer. Harry grabbed two and gestured with his head for

Draco to follow him over to their table.

Draco snorted, but picked up the other two butterbeers. He was watching the room carefully. He was surprised that there weren't more students in the room. Those that were there were definitely watching him.

Harry handed Ron and Hermione's drinks to them and took his own from Draco once they were seated.

"Weird to be back here, isn't it?" asked Ron. "I feel like I should be going back up to school after this."

Harry sighed. "I don't," he said, feeling oddly detached from Hogwarts.

Draco glanced around the room. His face showed only the usual distant expression, but most of his attention was focused on the room, not the people he was with.

Ron shrugged. "Still weird," he said.

"Yeah," said Harry. He heard the tinkling of a bell ringing as the door of the pub opened.

"Oh, there they are," said Hermione, waving her hand to get Ginny, Neville and Luna's attention.

Ginny smiled and made her way over to the table, sitting down on Harry's right, Neville and Luna followed behind and took seats as well.

"Hey," said Ginny happily. "I know I've told you when I wrote, but congratulations on the wedding."

"Thanks," said Harry, smiling.

"Thank you," Draco said. He looked at the other two and then a flush crept up his face. He hadn't seen them since that night of Fleur and Bill's wedding. He dropped his gaze to stare at his untouched drink.

"Yeah, congratulations," said Neville, obviously thinking along the same lines as Draco.

"Getting married in October breeds Diggles," said Luna in her far away voice right out of the blue.

Harry looked at her and raised an eyebrow. "What?" he asked.

Hermione sighed and shook her head the tiniest bit.

"Anyway," said Ginny. "What have you lot been up to besides lazing about, not being in school, and getting married?"

"Try saving the world," said Ron.

Ginny snorted.

Draco smiled, shaking his head. "Weddings are more work than school," he answered with a smirk.

"Well, I suppose I can't argue too much there," said Ginny. "I saw what Fleur went through - well," she laughed, "I saw what Bill went through."

Harry laughed, too. "It hasn't been too bad," he said. "Fleur's really helped a lot. How's school been then? Different?"

"Yeah, you could say that," Ginny said darkly.

"How? I mean, with Crabbe, Goyle and a certain blond prat no longer there, it's gotta be easier," Draco teased.

Harry snorted.

Ginny smiled. "Yeah, well, you took some of my best friends with you - and my brother."

Ron rolled his eyes.

Ginny laughed again, but then turned serious. "But really," she said. "It's not the same anymore. Everyone's scared out of their minds that something is going to happen. A quarter of the whole school didn't even show up this year."

"And you should've seen McGonagall making the start of term speech," said Neville. "She nearly cried."

"It was very sad," added Luna dreamily.

Draco nodded, still distracted as he searched the room again with his eyes.

Harry sighed. "Sounds depressing," he said.

"It was at first," said Neville. "It's just empty now."

"Doesn't sound much better," said Hermione.

"It's not, but what can you do?" said Ginny.

Across the room, loud laughter erupted and Draco's head snapped in that direction when he recognised it. Pansy, Theo and Blaise were at another table. They were looking in his direction and laughing.

Harry looked up at Draco's sudden movement and then stared off, following his line of vision. He scowled and rolled his eyes at the three Draco was staring at.

While he watched, Pansy wrapped her arms around Theo's neck

and nearly climbed in his lap, snogging the other man. Blaise was laughing.

Ginny looked up too and laughed. "Isn't that a sight?" she said, rolling her eyes. "The blond prat and his former goons may be gone, but *they're* still here."

Harry looked away from the Slytherins, wondering why they were doing that anyway. As if he cared who Pansy Parkinson kissed.

"Hey, still here," Draco reminded Ginny. He turned away from the Slytherins and back to the table, reaching for Harry's hand.

Harry took Draco's hand and gave him a small smile.

"So, will you three be able to make it to the wedding?" Hermione asked after a few seconds.

"Yeah," said Ginny. "McGonagall's already said we could. We won't be able to miss too much school, but we'll be there."

Harry nodded. "Good," he said, taking a drink of butterbeer.

Draco sipped his drink, then looked at Harry. He forgot all about watching the room, or weddings, or Slytherins. He just sat looking at Harry smiling and talking with his friends. He remembered a hundred moments like this over the years. Only then he had been the one watching from across the room and it had filled him with jealousy. Now he was beside him.

The conversation lasted quite a while, talking and laughing just like normal - with Draco added in, and that, in Harry's opinion, made everything even better. He felt warm from the butterbeer and Draco's hand was still warm in his and he found that he wanted to kiss him.

He was just about to do that when the bells on the door jangled and a cold breeze whipped past. Harry looked up to see Professor McGonagall, wrapped in a cloak and looking white-faced and grim.

Draco had relaxed. He knew that was a mistake and the look on the professor's face reminded him of that. He looked around again and found that most people had left, including the Slytherins. He wanted his wand but he held Harry's hand, concerned about why McGonagall would be here.

McGonagall looked around the pub and her eyes landed on the table of Gryffindors, Luna, and Draco. She hesitated, but then seemed to right herself and walked briskly over to them. When she

was closer, Harry could see that her lips were pulled into a white line, but her eyes looked ... sad.

She glanced at Harry and the others, but they weren't who she turned to. "Ms Lovegood," she said, and Harry thought her voice might have wavered. He frowned.

"Yes?" asked Luna, sounding confused.

Harry's hand tightened unconsciously on Draco's.

Draco knew that look. He pulled Harry's hand into his lap. He wished he knew what to do but he just waited for the bad news.

"There is something you should know," McGonagall said quietly. "If you'll just come with me."

Luna's large eyes widened and she looked frightened. McGonagall helped her to her feet and led her off to a far corner of the pub, still in sight of the table.

Harry went cold suddenly. He knew that this wasn't good.

Draco pulled Harry close, putting his arm around him and waiting with him.

Harry kept eyes locked on McGonagall and Luna and watched as Luna's face grew steadily more and more horrified until she finally burst into tears.

Hermione gasped and clapped a hand to her mouth.

The entire table was silent and staring as McGonagall took Luna into her arms and patted her hair.

"Oh no," said Ginny quietly, voice wavering like McGonagall's had.

"Her father," Draco guessed. "That paper of his, the one that ran your article."

Harry closed his eyes and clenched his fist.

McGonagall led a crying Luna out of the pub, her face hard and staring straight ahead.

Harry felt guilt and anger sweep through him and shut his eyes even tighter.

Draco allowed himself to use both arms to hold Harry, kissing his forehead and stroking his hair with his hand. "Let me take you home, love," he whispered.

Harry wanted to let Draco hold him, but he pulled away from him and got to his feet, walking straight out into the cold outside.

He knew things would get worse. He knew that this would happen sooner or later. But if it was Luna's father, then it was his fault he'd been killed. He'd given that stupid interview. Luna would be an orphan. She'd watched her mother die and now her father was probably dead because of him. Luna was the last person in the world to deserve something like this. Harry resisted the urge to roar in fury and stuffed his hands in his pockets to keep from hitting something.

Draco was surprised when Harry got up and followed him quickly. "Harry," he called out, worried.

Harry stopped and looked behind him, trying to get his emotions under control.

Draco had his wand out and was looking around the now dark street. "Harry," he asked, "what are you doing?"

"Just -" Harry paused. What was he doing? "I don't know," he said quietly.

Draco stood beside him but still looked about. "It's not safe, Harry," he said. "We should get the others and go home."

Harry was silent for a moment. "Yeah," he finally said quietly, taking a deep breath of the cold air.

Draco put his construct hand in the small of Harry's back and gently pushed him back toward the door. "Harry, I can feel ... something," he said quietly.

Harry stopped in his tracks for a moment but then hurriedly began moving again, more scared now than angry. "What is it?" he asked.

"I don't know," Draco said, "but I have been feeling it all evening."

Harry frowned worriedly and hurried back inside the pub and back over to the table where Ron, Hermione, Ginny and Neville still sat.

Ginny was looking white-faced and Hermione close to tears while Ron and Neville were silent and frowning.

"You should get back up to school," Harry said seriously to Ginny and Neville. "Now. It's not safe and Draco thinks he can feel something."

Ron and Hermione's heads shot up and to Draco quickly.

"Before you go," Draco said to Ginny and Neville, "I want you to

know that if you need to come to us at any time, for any reason, the Manor wards will accept you. As will I." He looked to Harry for reassurance that he had said the right thing.

Harry nodded and looked at Draco thankfully.

Ginny and Neville nodded, but were looking confused.

"Tell Luna - I - tell her I'm sorry," Harry said. "If her father has died. Now get back up to school. Please."

Ginny stared at Draco for a moment as if trying to figure out just what he could feel, but then got to her feet and pulled Neville to his.

"Straight up to school, Ginny," said Ron, looking very worried and getting to his feet.

"Come on, let's go," Harry said quickly, looking around himself now like Draco had been doing all evening.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE –

Bloody Hero

Draco looked out the door, a frown on his face. He tried to tell what it was that he was feeling. It was harder in magical places like Hogsmeade, where magic was part of almost everything. What he sensed most was a feeling of being watched.

Harry pulled his wand and moved with his crowd of friends to the door of the pub. "Nothing will probably happen, but stick close and pull your wands just in case."

He waited until everyone was ready before pushing the door open and walking back out into the cold.

"We should walk them up," said Ron, eyeing Ginny worriedly.

"Yes," Draco said, but frowned, wishing he could convince Harry to Apparate home first. He knew better than to even ask. Gryffindors, he snorted. He let them take the lead, covering their retreat through town.

Harry moved quickly, wanting to get Ginny and Neville to the Thestral carriages as fast as he could. He hoped that whatever Draco was feeling he was either wrong about, or it was something that wasn't serious.

Draco cast a Shield Charm just as the first volley hit and sizzled against the spell. "Run behind us!" he yelled.

Harry spun around quickly and scowled when he saw Ginny and Neville spin with him. "Go!" he shouted at them.

Ginny looked furiously at him and opened her mouth, but Ron stepped in and grabbed her, throwing her small frame over his shoulder as he ran for it.

Harry looked wildly around him, trying to find the person who had thrown the hex. "Go!" he shouted at Neville again.

"Go with them, Harry!" Draco said, standing his ground.

Harry didn't even bother with an answer to that. "Neville, if you don't get out of here, I'm going to drag you, and then we'll both be

hexed!" he yelled, and Neville finally gave him a look to rival Ginny's and turned to run off behind Ron. Harry stood firmly next to Draco.

"Git!" Draco yelled at Harry as he fired another hex, ducking an incoming one a moment after.

Harry dove sideways to avoid a spell that looked like speeding fire. "Maybe *you* should go!" he shouted.

"No prophecy about me, Chosen One! Move your pretty arse!" Draco yelled back, casting another Shield Charm just before green fire hit it.

Harry growled with frustration and shot a Stunner at one of the hooded and masked figures. "Why do you have to be so bloody difficult?!" he yelled, diving sideways again.

"Difficult! I just saved your bloody hide!" Draco yelled, diving the other way and rolling to a crouch. "Are they safe yet, because we are definitely outnumbered!"

Harry looked over his shoulder very quickly and saw Ron and Hermione running back towards them, it cost Harry the second he would have needed to pull his arm back and a spell slashed it open. "Shit! Fuck!" he yelled, ducking again as the spells flying at them seemed to worsen and come at them quicker.

"Go, Harry!" came Hermione's voice. "Let's go!"

"Apparate, now!" Draco yelled, firing another volley of spells to cover them.

Harry leapt forward and grabbed Draco around the middle, Apparating them both before they could hit the ground, but they hit the hard floor of Malfoy Manor a second later, panting.

Draco lay under his partner, the breath knocked out of him as he tried to relax enough to start breathing again.

Hermione rushed over to them both and helped Harry off of Draco.

Harry hissed through his teeth and stared down at his slashed arm. "Ow," he said and then, "Is everyone all right?"

"I'm okay," said Ron.

Hermione nodded.

Draco rolled onto his side and started breathing again, his chest hurting. "Great. Fine," he sneered.

Harry frowned at him. "Sorry, but I wasn't leaving you," he said,

pulling his torn sleeve back to examine the damage.

Draco rolled to his knees and then got to his feet. He took Harry's arm and examined it. "To my lab," he said to the others, and then Apparated himself and Harry to his Potions room.

Harry sighed and rubbed his eyes with his hand and then began pulling his cloak and shirt off without any prodding from Draco.

They were alone for a second before Hermione and Ron were there, too.

"Are you all right, Harry?" Hermione asked.

"It's fine," Harry answered.

Draco snorted and picked up a vial, handing it to Harry. Then he went for salve and bandages.

Harry made a face at the potion before drinking it down quickly. "Ugh. Did the others make it okay?"

Ron nodded. "They made it up to the castle," he said.

Harry sighed again. "Good," he said, relieved.

Draco grabbed Harry's arm again and looked at it closely, seeing that the potion had already stopped the bleeding and started it mending, he opened a jar and smeared a salve on it. Then he began to wrap gauze around it.

"An attack on Hogsmeade? Fucking figures the day we're there," Harry said bitterly, wincing as Draco took care of his arm. "Someone should go and Floo call an Order member. See if Remus is at Grimmauld and he can get Tonks."

"I'll do it," said Hermione quickly, and then she was gone with a crack.

Draco finished tying off the bandage and began cleaning up. He still hadn't said a word to Harry since they'd got back.

"How long will this take to heal?" Harry asked Draco, holding his arm up and looking at it.

"Ron, leave please," Draco said in a very tight voice.

Ron raised his eyebrows. "Er, yeah, okay," he said, staring between Harry and Draco for a second before he Disapparated.

Harry looked at Draco, confused by his tone.

Draco turned steely eyes on his husband, looking like a man who was ready to explode. His voice hissed like a steam kettle when he spoke. "Just what the hell was that about? You have to be the bloody

hero? Could have been fucking killed!" Harry had probably never heard Draco swear so much outside of the bedroom.

Harry was taken aback for a moment but then he pulled himself to his full height and stared Draco straight in the eyes. "You wanted me to leave you and my friends behind to wait here so I could fucking panic and wonder if you were all dead or not? If you think for one second that I would have left, you obviously don't know me very well." His voice was low and dangerous.

Draco's eyes narrowed, his breath speeding up and he was shaking. "So you risk the fate of the entire war on one stupid skirmish?"

Harry glared at Draco and pushed past him, grabbing his shirt from the table as he went and pulling it angrily back on.

Draco turned and glared, stalking after him. "Just where the hell do you think you are going?"

Harry didn't answer him. He kept moving, not looking back.

Harry made it as far as the sitting room before Draco caught up with him, grabbed him, and shoved him against a wall. He glared at Harry. His face was flushed and he was panting.

Harry glared back, just as flushed with anger as Draco was. "What do you want?" he spat.

"You," Draco said, his mouth closing hard over Harry's as he pressed his body against the other man's.

Harry made an indignant sound and tried to push Draco away - for about a second. The hands on Draco's chest that had been trying to push him, grasped the material of his shirt and he pulled him closer against his own body.

The kiss was not gentle, Draco thrust his tongue against Harry's mouth, forcing his way past his lips. His erection was pressed against Harry's thigh and he actually growled when Harry pulled at him.

Harry groaned, his hands holding Draco in place forcefully. "Ughr, you fucking drive me crazy," he said, biting at Draco's bottom lip.

Draco gasped then returned the favour biting Harry's lip and chin, and grinding his body against his. Predictably, his hand found its way to Harry's head and fisted in his hair.

Harry hissed and began pulling roughly at Draco's shirt, trying to

get it off of him. He arched forward with Draco's erection pressed against him.

Draco used his hand in Harry's hair to twist, growling, "Turn around."

Harry gasped and looked at Draco challengingly. "Why should I?" he asked, biting Draco's lip again.

"Potter," Draco growled, and used the construct hand to try to force him

Harry growled and resisted. "What if I want to fuck you?" he panted.

"I am going to fuck you hard, Potter," Draco threatened, changing tactics and using his weight and a leg to sweep Harry's legs out from under him and land him on the carpet.

Harry hit the floor and tried to scramble out of the way, attempting to roll and get up.

Draco pinned him face down on the floor, kneeling on the small of Harry's back to hold him in place. He pulled his wand and removed both their clothes.

Harry growled and tried to push against Draco to flip over. "Fuck, I want to fucking hit you sometimes!" he yelled.

"Do it then, Potter," Draco growled, casting a lube charm and then slicking himself. "Fucking bloody hero," Draco sneered, fingers reaching for his arse.

That made Harry even angrier. He knew he would look like an idiot if he tried to reach back and hit Draco from his position, but he didn't care. He swung his arm out.

Draco's laugh sounded like every taunt he had ever made at Harry in school. The blond kept his knee on Harry's back and then slid his fingers between those round arse cheeks, pressing into his entrance.

Harry groaned despite himself when Draco's fingers pressed into him and he tried to buck up against him and hit him at the same time.

Draco pushed two fingers in, twisting them in and finding Harry's prostate.

"Fuck," Harry let out, jolting forward and sounding a little weaker than he would have liked.

"Yes, Perfect Potter," Draco sneered. "That's exactly what I am

going to do. Fuck you." Draco leant in, placing his left elbow on Harry's back, pushing down to hold him in place while he moved his knee down between his legs, forcing him to spread them.

Harry closed his eyes and tried to knock Draco's elbow off his back, clenching his teeth. "Call me that again and see what happens," he panted, his arse clenching around Draco's fingers seemingly on its own.

"Perfect Potter," Draco sneered, rotating a third finger in him and stroking his prostate repeatedly.

Harry couldn't even remember what he was going to do. He moaned and his entire body seemed to melt as Draco abused his prostate.

Draco chuckled wickedly when Harry's body surrendered. He kept his elbow on his back and slid his fingers out, sliding his hips forward. His cock was hard and leaking as he brought it to Harry's entrance. "Mine, Potter!" he growled as he slid into him.

Harry gasped and moaned helplessly, his heart thudding in his chest. He spread his legs wider, giving into Draco and throwing an arm over the back of his own head.

"Yes, mine," Draco growled again, moving his elbow to brace the construct against the floor and holding Harry's hip with his hand. He pumped his hips hard and fast.

Harry thrust back against Draco, muscles clenching. "Yours," he whispered so Draco couldn't hear.

Draco's heart was still beating frantically, the fear of their earlier fight making him feel on edge. He felt like he could feel every inch of Harry from the inside. And Harry's magic was still crackling like a lightning storm.

Harry gasped and panted and pushed back against his lover. He wanted him deeper, harder, faster, but he didn't say.

Something was shifting in the magic and Draco felt pulled in by it, his own body responding by pumping faster, deeper. Draco didn't feel in control. He felt he couldn't get enough of Harry.

"Yes," Harry gasped. "Merlin, yes!" His back arched and his whole body moved quickly and jerkily with Draco's thrusts.

Draco came screaming and, without knowing he was doing it, crying. He collapsed on Harry's back.

Harry grunted as Draco landed on top of him and reached a hand down to bring himself to completion. It only took a few strokes and he was coming, moaning Draco's name and shuddering as waves of pleasure overtook him.

The waves of magic were so strong they bordered on pain. Draco shuddered, holding on to Harry, still buried in him as Harry's body gripped his cock.

Harry lay panting and feeling like he wouldn't be able to move, his eyes falling shut and his cheek pressed to the carpet.

Draco was gasping, tears and sweat running down his face to drip on Harry's back.

Harry lay still for a few more seconds before he realised Draco was crying. "Draco?" he asked concernedly.

"You think you are so fucking heroic," Draco muttered into the back of Harry's neck. "Don't you get it? You die, we all die."

Harry closed his eyes again. "You don't understand," he whispered.

Draco slipped back and rolled off him, onto his own back. "I know you," he whispered. "And you can't stand the idea of anyone else dying. You won't let us protect you."

"I can't," Harry said fiercely. "I can't do it. I can't just sit around with people fighting. My friends fighting when they wouldn't have to if it weren't for me. You fighting. I can't."

"Yet, you ordered Neville to run," Draco whispered.

"I don't want them to fight! I'd take on a whole room full of Death Eaters to save one person I love from fighting! I don't love being a hero. I don't fucking do it to be a hero. I'm *not* a fucking hero. This is my fucking battle, Draco, and you're fucking right I don't want anyone else to die." Harry tried to push up and get to his feet, but found that he was still a little weak.

Draco rolled back, throwing his leg over Harry and holding him down. "Look at me," he commanded, wanting Harry's complete attention.

Harry did, glaring. "What?" he asked, voice hard.

Draco looked into green fire again and nearly held his breath. He forced himself not to flinch. "If you died tonight, in a minor skirmish, what would happen to the rest of your friends?"

Harry didn't want to answer because he knew Draco was right. He merely continued glaring.

"They would hunt every single one of them down," he said clearly. "Every one of them would die, most of them in pain."

Harry had to look away now. "I still couldn't leave," he said very quietly. "You just don't understand. I know who I am. I know what I have to do, but leaving any fight because of that would feel like running to me. It would feel like a victory for the other side. If someone died in a battle I ran from, I would spend the rest of my life wondering if I would've been able to save them."

"Then you condemn them with your pride," Draco said sadly, "with your inability to put the needs of others above your own."

Harry stared at Draco again mouth hanging open and then his eyes filled with tears. "My pride?" he asked in a high voice, and then he turned his head away and shut his eyes, tears falling.

"Yes, my love," Draco said quietly. "This isn't about whether or not you can live with it. It's about how many will die defeating him as opposed to all those who will die and suffer if he is not destroyed. There is no possibility that we will defeat him without others dying. It isn't possible."

Harry clenched his fist and squeezed his eyes shut even tighter. "No, you don't understand," he said, trying to keep his voice from breaking and failing. "No one does. No one ever will." He didn't know how to tell Draco what he wanted to.

"I understand you better than you realise," Draco said softly. "And I love you more than life itself. I don't want to die. But if I have to, I want it to mean something. I don't want to lie there and go cold because you didn't know when to let others fight."

Harry let out a choked sob and trembled. He didn't have anything to say to that. What was he supposed to say to that?

Draco reached out, cupping Harry's face and caressing his lips with his thumb. He lay there with one leg wrapped around Harry's body and waited for Harry to come to terms with what he had said.

Harry turned on his side and pressed his face into Draco's neck. "It's not fair," he whispered and he knew how childish and stupid that sounded, but Draco was the only person Harry felt like he could say that to. He would never say it to anyone else.

"No, it's not." Draco sighed, pulling his lover into his arms and holding him tight.

Harry cried into Draco's neck and felt like an idiot. He tried to stop but couldn't, the tears just kept coming. "I don't want to be Harry Potter anymore," he sobbed. "I just want to be with you. I want to keep you safe and be with you forever." He paused and cried harder for at least fifteen seconds before, "I want to kill Voldemort."

"Yes, you will do that," Draco soothed. "And then you can do whatever you bloody well want. With me, especially." He kissed him on the head again, rocking him gently.

That seemed to calm Harry a little. His crying wasn't so hard anyway. "Whatever we want," he whispered, fingers pressed into Draco's skin.

"Yes, anything," Draco whispered. "I am yours."

"Yours," said Harry, and he pulled back and kissed Draco gently on the lips.

When Harry pulled back from the kiss, Draco smirked. "And right now, what I want is off the bloody floor and to bed." He laughed.

Harry sighed and smiled. "You're a prat," he said.

"Undoubtedly," Draco agreed.

Harry snorted and wiped his face with a hand. "I suppose you should take me to bed then, since it is your bloody fault we're on the floor in the first place."

Draco rolled and got up, then pulled Harry with him, leading him by the hand to their room and putting him in the big bed. Then climbing in after him.

Harry yawned and sighed, rolling over to press against Draco. "I love you," he said, threading fingers through his hair.

"Mmmhmm," Draco hummed, "always."

– CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO –

The White Queen

Harry was reading the paper that had come that morning with the news of Luna's father's death. He'd read the article already, but found himself reading it again.

"Harry?"

Harry glanced up. Hermione was looking at him. "What?" he asked.

"I wanted to talk to you about something," she said, getting to her feet from where she was sitting on the couch.

Harry raised an eyebrow and nodded. "Be back in a few," he said to Draco, turning and kissing him on the cheek before getting to his feet as well. He followed Hermione out of the room, thinking she wanted to talk with him about Draco's construct.

"Ron," Draco said, "let's play some chess." It was one of the few things that they still had in common and Draco enjoyed his games with Ron. But today he had asked Hermione to get Harry out of the room so they could talk.

Ron nodded and then grinned. "All right," he said, "but you're not going to beat me."

Once they had the game set up and started, Draco moved a pawn and then looked up. "I have a strategy question for you and a request," he said.

"Sure," said Ron, moving one of his pawns as well. He looked up at Draco.

"In chess, the game is over when the king can't move without being taken. So it would be ludicrous for a player to refuse to sacrifice a pawn or even a knight to lose the king. Correct?" Draco moved a knight.

"Yeah," said Ron slowly. "But I'm not letting you in on my strategy," he said, clearly thinking Draco was talking solely about chess.

"If you thought of the fight against Voldemort as a chess game, it is obvious that the Dark Lord is the black king. Who is the white king? Who can we not win without?" Draco asked.

Ron raised an eyebrow. "Harry," he said, looking at Draco curiously.

"And is there any other piece on the board, or any set of pieces, that would be worth keeping if it meant you still lost the game?" Draco asked him, looking him directly in the eyes.

"No," he said quietly. "None."

"Not even the king's consort, the queen?" the blond asked, still watching Ron.

Ron looked at Draco seriously. "No," he said quietly, but firmly all the same.

Draco nodded, his eyes intent on Ron's. "Our king has only one opponent he has to defeat," Draco said, picking up the black king from the board and holding it up. "Nothing and no one else matters. If he is lost fighting a pawn or even a bishop"

"We lose," said Ron. "We all lose. None of the other pieces would matter after that. The game ends."

"Yes, exactly," Draco said. "And we came close to losing our king in a minor skirmish in Hogsmeade."

Ron frowned. "So what are you saying?" he asked.

"When it happens again, and it will, he is the one whose arse you pick up and get the hell out of there," Draco said. "He cannot be allowed to risk himself for anyone else."

"Shit, Draco, he'd fight me," Ron said seriously.

"Yes, I know," Draco said. "Stun him if you have to. And it would have meant letting your sister cover your retreat while the knight got his king out of danger."

Ron opened his mouth but then closed it again. He stared at Draco for a moment and then finally nodded slowly.

Draco nodded. "Thank you," he said, replacing the black king in front of him.

Ron let out a breath slowly and looked back at the board, staring at the white king.

Harry and Hermione came back in then, carrying drinks. Hermione had wanted to talk about the construct, but it hadn't been

anything important. She'd only wanted to know how Harry was going to put the wedding ring on the hand.

"Chess?" he asked, setting the drinks on the table for Draco and Ron. "Who's winning?"

"No one yet," said Ron.

Harry ran his fingers through his hair for the hundredth time, thinking the styling felt strange. He made a face as he looked at himself in a window he and Draco were passing. They'd just spent an entire bloody hour and a half in the stupid salon getting their hair cut. Harry had never had to wait so long for a haircut in his life.

They were on their way to the *Daily Prophet* offices now to give their promised interview and were walking along in Muggle London to get there, near Diagon Alley, where they'd gotten their hair cut.

"It feels funny," Harry said, running his fingers through his hair yet again.

Draco shook his head, glad he had told the stylist to pick a cut that didn't take a lot of products and that could handle Harry's habit of messing up his own hair. Not to mention, Draco's penchant for pulling that hair. "But it doesn't look funny," Draco replied calmly. His own new cut was still long enough to be tied back at the neck but trimmed and neat.

Harry shrugged. "It's different from how I usually cut it," he said, thinking it felt a bit shorter around the ears than normal. "You look good though."

Draco smirked. "You always think I look good," he teased, but enjoyed the compliment anyway.

Harry snorted and grinned. "Very true," he said, and then sighed, stuffing his hands in his jeans pockets. "So, will this interview be completely awful?" he asked.

Draco took one of Harry's hands out of his pocket and squeezed it. "Stick to the wedding. Don't talk about blood magic. If anyone asks about the binding or my family, let me handle it," he said.

"Good idea," Harry said. "You saw how well that went last time."

"Yes, and I don't want to have to change the subject by shagging you in the newspaper offices this time," Draco teased.

Harry laughed. "Wouldn't that be a wonderful front page

picture?" he said, shaking his head.

Draco flushed and shook his head. "Let's avoid that, shall we?" He smirked.

Harry chuckled at Draco's flush, knowing exactly what it meant. "Sure," he said with a smirk of his own.

They reached the door and Draco pulled Harry to him, body pressed to the other man's as he kissed him.

Harry smirked against Draco's lips and copped a quick feel before he pulled away from him. "Ready, love?" he asked.

"Wicked man," Draco hissed, but nodded, his cheeks still pink.

Harry resisted a laugh, his eyes lit up mischievously. He held Draco's hand and walked inside with him.

They entered into the building to find the reporter waiting for them. There was the flash of a camera before they even had time to open their mouths. "Ah, the Happy Couple," the man said, stepping up to them.

Harry raised his eyebrows and blinked a few times after the flash of the camera. He nodded at the man who had spoken.

Draco smiled calmly at the reporter. "Draco Malfoy," he said, holding out his hand.

"Yes, I know. I'm Bob." He shook Draco's hand. "And this is our famous Harry Potter," he said, holding out his hand to Harry.

"That's me," Harry said unenthusiastically, shaking the offered hand.

"Well, I am pleased to meet you ... both," Bob said. "If you follow me, we have a room set up for the interview and photos. There's tea, of course."

Draco reached for Harry's hand as they followed Bob to the room. Staff sitting at their desks were staring at them as they passed.

Harry followed the man to the mentioned room, thinking at least it would be better than the crowd of reporters. He honestly couldn't believe he was doing anything for the *Prophet* after all that they'd done to him. He wouldn't have done it if his and Draco's privacy wouldn't be in danger without the interview.

He held Draco's hand firmly and ignored the stares of the others.

It was a sitting room, not too different in some ways from the one the Room of Requirement had made for them. Tea service was

on the table. "We thought this would make it more cosy," said Bob, "and make the photos look more natural."

Draco nodded, sitting down on the couch and patting the seat next to him with a smirk as he looked up at Harry.

Harry smirked a bit as well as he sat close to Draco. He looked back up at the man then, waiting.

Bob seated himself across from them. He introduced the photographer as Jim. Jim would roam around taking photos as they talked and probably have them pose for some.

"And you remember the conditions of this interview?" Draco said. "Especially the one that says if we refuse to answer a topic, it is not to be brought up in the story?"

"Yes, Mr Malfoy. I have it all here and we will abide by your rules," Bob said. "So, are you two nervous about the upcoming wedding?"

Harry gave a small shrug. "No, not really anyway," he said. "It's just going to be close friends."

Draco smiled calmly. "Not nervous about the marriage part, but it is a lot to arrange."

Bob nodded, seeming to like their answers. "Where will you two go for your honeymoon?"

Harry thought for a moment. "Well, actually, I hadn't thought of that," he said, looking at Draco. He didn't think they would be able to take a honeymoon at all. Not with the threat of Voldemort hanging over their and everyone else's heads.

Draco looked surprised for a moment, having also forgotten that tradition as well. "Well, my family has a place in France," he said, "but we haven't decided yet."

"Well, who are the wedding attendants?" Bob asked.

"Close friends, like I said before," said Harry simply. "The Weasleys, a few friends from Hogwarts, and a few others. Nothing major."

"As Harry has said, we will not be focussing on traditional formal structure for the wedding, but on the strength of friendships in our lives," Draco said.

"Is that because all of your parents are dead?" Bob asked.

Draco sucked in a breath as if he had been punched.

Harry narrowed his eyes. "That's a rather blunt thing to say, don't you think?" he said heatedly. He moved closer to Draco.

Bob shrugged, "No offence meant, but since your parents were killed when you were young and Lucius Malfoy died recently, we were curious as to whether any of your other family members would be attending the ceremony."

Draco seemed to recover himself. "No, it isn't likely that any of our biological families will be attending. Next subject."

Bob looked like he wanted to argue, but he abided by their agreement and moved on. "So, how traditional will the vows be?" he asked. "Especially given the ... nature ... of your Binding Promises on record."

Harry stared, eyes still narrowed slightly. "We haven't even really discussed those yet either," he said. "Those are the things we have left to plan. How the ceremony will go, what we want to say, things like that."

Draco smiled blandly at the reporter. "It depends entirely on which traditions you are referring to, doesn't it?" He smiled more genuinely at Harry, before continuing. "I think I could agree that the tradition of 'loving and caring for each other in good times and in bad, in sickness and health' is already part of our relationship."

Harry smiled and nodded, too. "Very much a part," he said, wanting to lean in and kiss Draco, but refraining from doing so.

Draco smirked and kissed Harry softly, not surprised when the flash went off. He turned his attention back to the reporter.

Bob was grinning now, and then looked down at his notes, apparently distracted by their show. "Yes, erm," he paused, "so, you two were notorious rivals at school. When did that change?"

Draco smirked, raising an eyebrow and looking at Harry. "Has it changed?"

Harry snorted. "In some ways I would say," he said. "We're still competitive, but we ... make up now when we argue." He grinned, knowing he sounded suggestive, but not caring really.

Draco flushed at his answer, not able to keep the image of their last make-up sex from his thoughts. He took a few deep breaths to calm himself. "Yes," he smirked, "I can agree with that."

Bob smiled, too. "So when and how did things change? Were you

always ... attracted to each other?"

Harry looked at the ceiling thoughtfully for a moment. "I think I was, maybe, and didn't know it - or wouldn't let myself. Draco was a right git to me in school, but I wasn't too much better, I suppose. He had to make the first move though." Harry smiled.

That seemed to get Bob's attention, "So what did he do?"

Draco rolled his eyes. "I kissed him. I considered that he might hex me for it but things went better than I thought."

Harry nodded. "Much better," he said. "Well, not right from that moment, but later on I kissed him back."

"Harry, you said earlier that you are bisexual, who else have you dated?" Bob asked.

"Oh, well, no one really," Harry said turning a bit red. "Just one other girl in school a while ago, but we didn't really date. Didn't work out, obviously."

"What about Hermione Granger?" Bob asked.

Harry snorted. "No. She's very beautiful," he said for Hermione's benefit while she read the interview, "and probably the most wonderful girl I've ever met, but we've never dated, nor will we ever. She's like a sister to me. My best friend."

Draco nodded. "And I dated Pansy Parkinson for a while back at Hogwarts, but that ended early in sixth year."

"Why?" Bob asked, seeming to sense conflict.

Smirking, Draco looked at Harry. "Because I was already in love with someone else."

Harry smiled and felt stupid that Draco's words made him feel warmer, but they did.

Bob nodded. "So you already knew you were attracted to Harry then?"

"Yes," Draco said, not volunteering more, but smiling at Harry.

"When did you first kiss?" Bob asked.

"May first," Draco answered without hesitation, still looking at Harry.

Harry's smile grew, delighted that Draco knew when it had been without having to think about it at all.

Bob actually laughed. "You two do make a cute couple," he said. "Have people been accepting of you? We heard there were some

problems back at Hogwarts."

Harry shrugged lightly. "For the most part things have been okay," he said. "My best friend had trouble with it at first, but he's all right with it now and actually, he and Hermione live with us. As far as everyone else ... there's always going to be people who don't accept us, but everyone who matters has. I'm not really concerned about what the entire wizarding public thinks about my love life. If they're happy for me, that's great. If they're not, then, oh well, because my mind is already very much made up."

"Well said, Harry." Draco smiled.

"Wouldn't you, as a pure-blood, have more difficulties marrying a man, and one who isn't pure-blood?" Bob asked.

Draco actually looked contemplative rather than angry at the question. "It does present some difficulties for me, given that I am the last of the Malfoy blood line," he said, "but it is not the first concern for me."

Harry sighed quietly and didn't really know what to say to that. He and Draco hadn't really talked about that all that much.

"So that brings up an important issue for most wizarding families," Bob said. "What about children? Isn't that why most marry?"

Harry swallowed. "Um, well, we've never talked about that before," he said.

Draco nodded. "I have considered it, and I know some people will find it selfish of me, but being with Harry is more important to me. Children would be nice, but if we can't have children, we at least have each other."

Draco wanted children? Harry hadn't known that. He'd never really thought about having them himself, although a family would be very nice. But Draco was right, they had each other no matter what. He nodded and gave Draco a small smile.

"So why did the two of you leave Hogwarts instead of finishing school?" Bob asked.

Harry stared at Bob for a second and then glanced at Draco, wondering if this was something he shouldn't talk about.

Draco cleared his throat. He hadn't put that on the list of topics to avoid, so Bob hadn't overstepped the agreement, but he wasn't

sure how to safely answer. He tried to think fast. "While I commend the Board for keeping Hogwarts open, our own personal issues would make it difficult for the school to maintain our safety and that of our fellow students. We have decided to pursue private education at this time."

Harry nodded, glad for Draco's quick thinking.

"So how much danger are the two of you in?" Bob responded immediately.

Draco frowned at him. Since Death Eaters and their leader were on the list of forbidden topics for this interview, Bob was cutting it pretty close on the rules.

"These are dangerous times," Draco replied. "So do you still want those posed shots?" It was a change of topic and a warning.

Bob took the hint, sighing. "Yes, right this way, gentlemen."

They spent the next half hour posing both on the couch and standing by a mantle in the room for the photographer. The paper also assured them they would send them a complimentary album of the photos.

Finally, they were done and had said their good-byes to Bob and his crew. "Home?" Draco asked Harry.

"Home," Harry said, nodding and smiling at Draco.

They arrived to have their coats taken by one of the elves and Draco breathed a large sigh.

Harry pulled Draco to him, wrapping arms lightly around his waist and kissing him gently. "Wasn't so bad," he said quietly.

"Wait until we read the article and see if they manage to twist things," Draco said with a laugh.

Harry snorted. "Probably will," he said. "They always find some way."

– CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE –

Family Planning

Harry was lying back against the arm of the couch, Draco settled between his legs and resting against his chest. They were in the sitting room that connected to their bedroom and relaxing next to a warm fire.

Harry was running fingers through Draco's soft hair. It felt even softer than usual after being newly cut. "Draco?" he asked, breaking their comfortable silence to ask about what he had been thinking of for most of the day.

"Mmm?" Draco hummed softly in response, eyes watching the flames as he lost himself in the feeling of Harry playing with his hair.

"You know earlier when we were doing that interview?" Harry asked, twisting two pieces of hair together and watching them unravel again.

"Yes," Draco said, smiling at the odd things Harry did to his hair sometimes.

"You know that question he asked about having children?" Harry asked now, voice a little quieter.

Draco woke up a bit to see where Harry was going with this, but didn't move. "Yes, I remember," he said quietly.

Harry was silent for a few moments. "You want them?" he asked.

Draco was quiet for a moment. "If it were possible, yes," he said, "but not more than I want you."

Harry nodded. "They would be nice to have, though," he said. "Well, you know, not tomorrow or anything, but in the future. If it were possible."

Draco looked up at Harry, smiling and surprised. "You would want to be a father?"

Harry nodded. "Sure," he said, amused that Draco seemed surprised. "I've never had family before. One of my own would be - well, it's what I wanted more than anything once."

Draco turned over so that he was facing Harry, looking up at him with wide grey eyes. "You would?" he said with wonder in his voice.

Harry nodded again. "Is it hard to believe or something?" he asked with a small laugh.

Draco smirked. "You would spoil a kid rotten."

Harry smiled widely. "Probably," he said, nodding in agreement.

"So, after we win, we get a cat and a kid?" Draco laughed.

Harry chuckled. "We'd better get the cat first," he said, smiling happily at Draco.

Draco kissed Harry's chest. "Yes," he said. "Glad we have that settled."

Harry snorted. "As settled as it can be for now anyway," he said.

Draco laughed, nipping the nearest of Harry's nipples.

Harry smiled and twitched a little bit, raising his eyebrows.

Draco grinned at him, suddenly feeling much more awake than he had before. He raised an eyebrow in response.

Harry laughed and pulled Draco up more to kiss him. He kissed along the side of his face and to his ear. "Want to practise making babies?" he whispered, licking the shell and then kissing Draco's skin again.

Draco shivered as Harry started kissing and licking him. "Careful, Harry," he said. "No unplanned pregnancies."

Harry laughed and slid a hand down Draco's back, using his other to grip his chin and pull him forward. "Wouldn't want that," he said before kissing him slowly.

Draco opened his mouth, tongue sliding into Harry's mouth and his eyes closing as he relaxed into it.

"Mmm," Harry hummed, sucking Draco's tongue in further and allowing his hand to join his other on Draco's back, both resting at the base of his spine.

Draco was glad they were only wearing their matching silk boxers as the silk slid against his growing hardness. Harry sucking his tongue felt like he was sucking Draco's cock and those hands on his back sent magic up and down his spine.

Harry moved his hands lower to grasp Draco's arse and hold on to him tightly there, still sucking on his tongue and then releasing it to thrust his own tongue into Draco's mouth.

Draco sucked his lover's tongue now, swirling his own around in the same way he would if he were giving him head.

Harry moaned quietly and slid his right hand into Draco's boxers, slowly moving it down the skin of his arse and then into the crack to rub gently at his opening.

Draco sucked harder on Harry's tongue, trembling as his lover's finger found his entrance. He spread his legs a little wider.

Harry pressed the tip of his longest finger into Draco, his cock pulsing now with the feeling of Draco kissing him like he was. He moved his hips gently back and forth, pressing their erections together through the silk.

Draco squirmed, wanting to push back against Harry's finger as he rubbed against his cock.

Harry brought his left hand up and pulled away from Draco's mouth, missing the feeling of what Draco had been doing, but his cock was twitching as he brought his fingers up and slid them against Draco's wet lips. He moved two of them inside as he pressed the middle finger of his right hand further into Draco's hole. "Slick them up," he whispered huskily, watching Draco with half-lidded eyes.

Draco nodded quickly, opening his mouth and sucking on his lover's fingers with the same enthusiasm he had been kissing him with earlier.

Harry bit his lip and watched Draco, his breathing quickening. "Yes," he said, even though Draco wasn't even really doing anything to him. He was fucking hot.

Draco played his tongue up and down Harry's fingers as he bent his knees to open himself more for him.

Harry removed his finger from Draco's opening and out of his boxers and pulled on them. "Off," he said, voice still husky and low.

"Take them off with your magic," Draco told him, smirking.

Harry licked Draco's lips and then Summoned his wand impatiently. He performed the spell that he had pretty much mastered now on himself and Draco and then they were both wonderfully, gloriously naked. Harry moaned and moved saliva-slickened fingers down to probe at Draco's hole, at the same time thrusting up and against him.

"Fuck, yes," Draco said, the sensation of Harry's magic, his

fingers, and his cock simultaneously making him tremble.

Harry hissed through his teeth and pressed even deeper inside Draco, searching for his prostate. "I'm going to fuck you," he whispered, licking Draco's lips again. "Fuck you until you scream my name."

"Yes, fuck meeee," Draco gasped, and he writhed as Harry pressed against his prostate.

Harry moaned at the sight of Draco, his cock twitching and pre-come gathering at the head. He moved suddenly to flip them over and managed to keep his fingers in Draco's arse as he did. Once on his knees before Draco, he found his prostate again and rubbed his fingers against it, using his right hand to stroke Draco's hard cock.

Not expecting the move, Draco cried out, arching against Harry when he found himself under him and his cock in his lover's hand.

"Mmm, that's it, Draco," Harry said, licking his lips as he watched him. "I could come just looking at you."

"Rather ... you ... come ... in me!" Draco cried out. "Pleeceasssee!"

"Fuck!" Harry cursed, watching Draco's cock in his hand. He had to let it go and remove his fingers from his hole to Summon his wand again and do the Lubrication Spell, but the fingers were back quickly, wet with lube and slickly stretching Draco out. He leant forward and kissed Draco again, thrusting his tongue into his mouth as he worked his fingers to the same rhythm.

Draco pushed with his feet, lifting his hips higher and pushing himself onto his lover's fingers, opening mouth and body to him.

"Fuck," Harry moaned again, grasping his own cock with his slick hand and pumping it. He sat up on his knees and pulled Draco's legs up in the air and spread him far apart. He moaned at the sight and slid his cock against the crack of Draco's arse until he was wet and slick everywhere and Harry was panting and gasping for breath. He finally pushed forward into Draco, spreading his own legs to go as deep as he could, holding onto Draco's legs to keep them open as wide as he could on the couch.

"Yeesssss," Draco hissed, panting as Harry spread and entered him. The construct hand gripped the sofa but he reached his real hand for his own cock, stroking himself. He looked up with half-lidded eyes into his lover's face, watching the way he held his legs and

fucked him.

Harry flushed with heat, panting heavily now. "Shit, Draco," he whimpered, moving his hips forward and back quickly, gripping Draco's legs tightly. His eyes were glued to the sight in front of him, switching between watching Draco's hand on his own cock and watching himself sink into his tight hole.

Draco's body trembled as Harry's cock and magic entered and filled him. He gasped, sliding his own foreskin along his shaft in time with his husband's cock sliding into him.

"Yes," Harry growled as he thrust harder, rocking Draco's entire body. "Fuck, yes! Fucking so good!"

"Yes, fill me, fuck me," Draco chanted. "I am yours!"

"Mine!" Harry shouted. "Fucking mine, all of it!" He watched his cock claiming Draco for the thousandth time, knowing that he'd do it for the rest of his life and loving that he knew it.

"Yes, yours," Draco agreed, feeling his own orgasm coming quick as his hand sped up and he began to tense. "Harry!" he shouted as his come began to slick his hand and belly.

Harry groaned loudly as he watched Draco come, his own thrusts less quick and hard now as they were long and slow, feeling like he was about the fall over the edge. A powerful wave of pleasure hit then and he buried himself fully in Draco and spread his legs wider as he pressed himself in, his mouth open and his head thrown back as he came hard.

Draco shuddered as his husband filled him with his seed and magic. He felt part of Harry in a way that he could never have enough but was exactly what he needed.

Harry's breathing almost sounded like little whimpers as he stayed on his knees, still holding Draco's legs in the air and chest heaving. "Merlin," he let out weakly, staring at Draco's face.

"No, Draco," the blond wheezed, smiling

Harry laughed - or let out a few amused breaths through his nose, it being all he could manage. "You're so hot," he said, still panting.

"Yes ... we ... are," Draco said, his breathing still ragged. He lay looking up at the face and body of the man he loved.

Harry smiled goofily and pulled out of Draco gently, finally releasing his legs before falling onto his back on the opposite side of

the couch from Draco.

Draco stretched his legs, easing muscles held rigid and resting them against Harry's. He lifted his head a little so he could still see him.

Harry was still smiling goofily as he stared down at Draco happily, his body relaxing as everything began to go back to normal.

"People really wonder what we see in each other?" Draco laughed. "If they only knew"

Harry laughed, too. "Some of them do," he said, laughing harder at that.

Draco blushed furiously, closing his eyes. "Well, Truth or Dare will not be allowed at this wedding," he hissed.

Harry snorted. "Got it," he said, smiling at Draco's flushed face.

"Besides," Draco added, "we already did Great Rite. We don't have to consummate it with witnesses."

Harry raised his eyebrows. "We would have to consummate it with witnesses?" he asked, a bit shocked.

Draco raised an eyebrow. "Yes, that was the tradition. Blood, seed and magic exchanged with vows in front of witnesses. Which, I would point out, we did."

Harry thought for a moment, but then remembered Macnair. "Yeah," he said, a bit of a look on his face.

"Now, do you understand why people were scandalised when you said that in the Ministry?" Draco laughed.

Harry snorted. "I didn't know," he said with a light shrug.

Draco laughed. "Yes, you told the wizarding public that the Boy-Who-Lived did sex and blood magic with Draco Malfoy in front of witnesses."

Harry sighed and shook his head. "Figures I would," he said with a small chuckle.

Draco slid his foot down under his lover's arse and used his toes to pinch him. "Gryffindor git," he said with a grin.

Harry made an indignant sound and kicked out at Draco with no real force. "Slytherin prat," he said, smiling amusedly.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR –

Gifts

It had been quite a day - well, quite a week really. Bill and Fleur had been staying with them so that Fleur could help (meaning boss around) Harry and Draco with the final planning. Decorators had been there all week long and countless other people, who Fleur insisted were doing something to do with the wedding, although Harry wasn't quite sure what that was.

Ginny, Neville and Luna had arrived from Hogwarts early in the day to get fitted for dress robes. It helped that Professor McGonagall had agreed to lead the ceremony. Luna was much more subdued than usual, but with prodding from Harry and the others, she had started enjoying herself. All of their wedding party was there for a nice dinner in the evening before the day of the wedding and Harry and Draco had handed out their gifts to them happily.

It had been a nice day, albeit a very tiring one, but Harry was still very excited. Draco's new construct had come the previous week, looking absolutely perfect. It had taken every ounce of willpower Harry'd had to keep it from him for so long.

He couldn't keep the smile off his face when he and Draco had said goodnight to their guests and headed to their own rooms.

He turned to Draco now, still smiling.

"Give me a minute," Draco said, disappearing into the bathroom.

Harry smiled and nodded, stuffing hands into his pockets and dancing around weirdly with his legs while Draco was in the bathroom. He was so happy right in that moment, he didn't think anything could ruin his mood.

Draco opened the door to see Harry doing some sort of weird jig. He leant against the doorframe, arms crossed over his chest, and smirked. He had stripped while in the bathroom and was now wearing only a black silk dressing gown, which parted a bit to show his legs when he leant on the door.

Harry turned and saw Draco staring at him. He stopped dancing and laughed. "Oh, didn't know you were back," he said, grinning widely.

"You are ... amazing," Draco said in a way that seemed to imply amusing, one eyebrow raised and a smirk on his face.

"I know," Harry said happily, eyeing Draco's legs. He looked back up at him. "I have a surprise for you," he said, grinning again.

"And I have a gift for you." Draco smiled, enjoying his lover's appraisal.

"You first," Harry said, his eyes glittering.

"Oh, me first." Draco smirked, strutting across the room and standing before his lover. He looked him in the eyes. "Take your shirt off and close your eyes," he said.

Harry raised an eyebrow and smirked, too. He reached down, grasped the hem of his shirt and pulled it up, trying to make as much of a show out of it as possible before throwing it out of the way and closing his eyes, smiling.

Draco pulled the pendant from his pocket and slipped the chain over Harry's head. Then he leant in and gently kissed him.

Harry kissed Draco back softly, feeling the chain around his neck. He opened his eyes and smiled at Draco for a second before looking down at his chest and lifting hands to the pendant there. He grinned happily at what he saw. Depicted was a lion on top of a dragon, in white and yellow gold like their wedding rings. It was perfect. "I love it," Harry said quietly, looking up at Draco with a wide smile. "It's beautiful."

"This image of the lion topping the dragon is just for you." Draco smirked. "I had in mind something a bit less suggestive for the public."

Harry laughed quietly and pulled Draco down for a kiss.

"Mmm," Draco hummed into his lover's mouth, slipping his arm around him and pulling him close.

Harry rested his hands against Draco's jaw and kissed him slowly for a few long moments, but then pulled his lips away gently. "Want mine now?" he whispered laying another gentle kiss to Draco's lips.

Draco raised both eyebrows and nodded. He was thinking about what he wanted from Harry, and it wasn't the gift he'd mentioned.

"Okay," Harry said quietly, pulling away from Draco completely and taking his hand to lead them into their bedroom. "Get on the bed, please" he said, grinning at Draco.

Draco allowed his robe to slide from his shoulders. It slithered down his body and pooled at his feet. Then he looked over his shoulder and smiled at his lover before climbing onto the bed and stretching out on it.

Harry shook his head, but appreciated the view. He walked over to Draco and bent to kiss him. "You may want to sit up," he said. "You can take that position *after* I've given you your gift." He laughed quietly and pulled his face away, standing and staring at Draco.

Draco did as he was told, smirking at the promise in his lover's words and gaze. He sat looking up at him, construct hand resting on the bed and the other in his lap.

Harry grinned. "Your turn to close your eyes," he said, walking away to get Draco's new hand from where he had hidden it.

Draco closed his eyes, feeling relaxed and happy.

Harry took out the nice wooden box lined with black velvet that the hand had come in, walked back over to the bed, and set it gently upon it. He figured he should take the rest of his clothes off and did before climbing atop the mattress and sitting cross-legged in front of Draco, the box in his own lap. "Okay, you can open them now," he said, eyes sparkling again.

Draco opened his grey eyes to the sight of his lover sitting naked in front of him. Certainly one of his favourite views. It took him a little longer to notice the box in his lap.

Harry smiled and held the box out a bit. "I hope you like it," he said, knowing full well that Draco would.

Arching one eyebrow, Draco took the box from Harry, laying it in his own lap. He had absolutely no idea what the other man would give him. He paused a moment, looking at the twinkle in those green eyes before he unlatched the box and lifted the lid. It took him a moment to understand what he was looking at. It looked like a beautiful sculpture of a hand. It was silver in colour and about the same length as his ... construct. His eyes widened when he realised that it *was* a construct. He reached his hand in the box and lifted it out. It was done so well he could barely see the articulation of the

joints.

Harry's smile grew as Draco took the construct out of its box, and he sat waiting for him to say something.

Draco laid the hand carefully back in the box and then Summoned his wand. He removed the old construct, allowing it to fall to the bed. He smiled at Harry as he said, "Pick it up and hold it for me."

Harry picked up the hand for Draco, feeling like he'd never smiled so much in his life.

Draco was shaking a bit when he held the stump of his arm out to the end of the silver hand. He took his wand and cast the charm to attach it. He gasped when it did, his eyes going wide. He held his silver-hand up in front of his face, flexing the fingers and watching them move. "Harry, I can FEEL it," he said with wonder.

Harry reached his own hand out and pressed it, palm to palm, against Draco's new hand. "Can you?" he asked quietly, watching Draco's face.

"Gods, I can feel you with it!" he said, his voice sounding almost like a small child's in his delight.

Harry felt like his heart was swelling as he watched Draco's reaction. "It's warm," he said, hand still pressed to the construct.

Draco laced his silver-fingers through Harry's, grasping his lover's hand. Then he brought it to his face, running their combined fingers against his cheek. "It is, it really is," he said.

Harry nodded, ecstatic that Fleur had given him this idea and thinking that he would very much like to thank her the next time he saw her. "You like it then?" he asked quietly.

"Are you kidding, Harry? It's like having my hand back," Draco said, and then found himself suddenly with tears running down his face.

Harry picked the box up and set it aside before moving forward and then pulling Draco to him tightly. "Good," he whispered into his ear.

Draco sniffed, burying his face in Harry's hair and then, hesitantly at first, wrapping both arms around him. He groaned when the construct touched Harry's skin.

Harry squeezed Draco tighter, the construct warm against him.

He could hardly tell the difference between it and his real hand. "It feels just like you," he whispered.

"Harry, it's amazing," Draco said, voice nearly choking with his feelings. "I want to ... touch you with it," he said hesitantly.

"You can do whatever you like," Harry said, pulling away gently and smiling softly at Draco. "I want you to."

Draco's face was wet with tears and his eyes were shining as he looked at Harry. "I can't believe you did this," he said. "It's so beautiful."

Harry reached a hand up and wiped beneath Draco's eyes. "Nothing less for you," he said quietly.

Draco smiled, his eyes suddenly getting that wicked gleam in them as he raised his eyebrows. "Lie down, Harry," he whispered.

Harry smile was half a smirk as he did as told, stretching himself out before Draco and staring up at him in delight, feeling warm everywhere.

Draco slid one leg over Harry, so that he straddled his waist, still grinning as he looked down at him. He leaned forward, bracing himself on his right hand while he reached his silver-hand out to cup Harry's cheek, sliding warm silver fingers over his skin.

"Mmmm," Harry hummed. "Feels good," he said truthfully. It really did feel like Draco's actual hand.

Draco slid those fingers over Harry's lips, feeling their warmth and texture. He watched the magic in the hand as he did. It was layered in multiple charms. As skilled as the sculpting was, the magic involved was equally, if not more, complicated. Besides a Warming Charm, that seemed to be linked to his body temperature, there were multiple Movement and Sensory Charms. He slid the hand down Harry's throat, lost in both the feeling of the hand and the magic that emanated from it.

Harry hummed again and watched Draco through half-closed eyes, feeling so relaxed and happy. And the construct was gorgeous and somehow powerful-looking on Draco. It was amazingly wonderful.

Sitting up again, Draco lay both hands on Harry's shoulders and slid them down his body feeling skin, bone, and muscle under his hands. There were subtle differences in the way both hands felt

things. They were differences only someone who was a sensitive like him would feel. The flesh hand used nerves to translate the touch, but the silver-hand used Draco's own magical field to convey the touch. Because of his own gift, it actually made the touch more powerful.

Harry let Draco touch him, sighing quietly and happily as he did. "Gorgeous," he whispered.

Draco's hands had reached Harry's nipples and he circled those delicate points with the tips of his fingers. He gasped at the sensations as the nipples hardened under his touch.

Harry bit his lip and moved into Draco's touch. It had been so long since Draco had been able to give him equal attention in places on his body. It was always first this, then this next, but now it was simultaneous again and was twice as good.

Draco smirked, feeling like he had the first time he got a broom. He remembered testing it out and loving the feel of both what he was doing and the magic doing it. He took his index fingers and thumbs and gently pinched those hardened nipples, pulling slightly and watching Harry's reaction.

Harry gasped and twitched, smiling up at Draco with his mouth open very slightly as his breathing sped up.

"Yes," Draco purred. "This works very well, doesn't it?" He released Harry's nipples and then continued swirling his finger tips down his chest and belly. Draco could even feel the small scattering of hair on the other man's chest. More hair started at Harry's navel and Draco used silver fingers to gently tug on it, feeling its texture.

Harry gave a very short, quiet moan and nodded. "Yes, works very well," he said, watching Draco's hand on him.

Draco grinned, lifting himself and sliding back so that he knelt between Harry's open legs. He laid hands on either side of Harry, feeling the muscle and bone that made that gorgeous ridge of his hips. Then he slid the silver-hand inward, returning to those lovely black curls and following their trail to Harry's cock.

Harry's breathing sped up even more as Draco's hand moved closer and closer to his cock, and when it finally made contact, he hissed though his teeth and arched up.

Draco grinned, wrapping silver fingers around that warm shaft

and gently feeling the soft skin covering the hardened flesh. He could even feel the pulsing of Harry's heartbeat in the contact. He slipped the hand up, letting the silver thumb gently slide over the soft glans, wetting the pad of the thumb with the pre-come there. Draco moaned at the sensation, his own cock already leaking as well.

Harry hissed again. "Draco," he moaned, not wanting to rush him, but not being able to resist a little begging.

"Mmm?" Draco hummed, his attention completely on Harry's erection and the sensations he was feeling in his new hand. He began to stroke the man's cock, flesh on silver sliding smoother than normal.

Harry moaned and threw his head back. Was it possible that this new hand made wanking feel even better? It certainly felt like it was possible.

"Oh, yes," Draco purred. "That does feel good, doesn't it?" His own breathing sped up as Harry's magic began to react to his arousal.

"Yes," Harry gasped, responding to both Draco's touch, and his question. "Yes, Draco."

Draco grinned, Summoning his wand while keeping up the slide of the silver-hand. He used the wand to cast a Lube Charm and groaned at the sensation of the lubed silver-fingers against Harry's shaft. He set his wand aside and brought his right hand down to cup Harry's balls. Gods, he had missed being able to do that.

"Fuck," Harry moaned. "Yes, Draco!" He thrust up into Draco's hands, Merlin, *both* his hands. He hadn't realised how much he'd missed Draco's left hand.

Laughing happily at Harry's response, Draco moved up closer, pressing his knees to the backs of Harry's thighs and his hips forward until he could bring his own cock against Harry's. The next time he slid the silver hand up, he brought it back down over both their cocks and gasped at the feeling.

"Merlin, yes, Draco!" Harry cried, thrusting down into Draco's hand. "Please, make me come!"

"Yes!" Draco cried, the feeling of touching Harry with both hands and his cock overwhelming after so long without it. He stroked faster, knowing that when Harry came, he would too.

Harry gasped, spreading his legs open wider for Draco and

tossing his head. "Oh, fuck, fuck!" he cried, feeling the pleasure building. "Fuck!" it was a whine now, his voice higher.

Draco was thrusting with his hips now as his hand slid over their cocks, pressing them together. His balls gently slapped against Harry's as he moved his hips. Draco moved his right hand down and pressed fingers against Harry's opening, the tip of his index finger just entering him.

"YES!" Harry let out, half a groan, half a growl. Just that little bit was all he needed and he was shooting come over Draco's hand and his own stomach. He groaned and arched, pumping himself weakly into Draco's hand until he was spent.

Harry's magic flared and his hot come coated Draco's cock and hand, bringing Draco along with him. He arched his back, his cock pressed into Harry's as they came. Then he was dizzy, shoulders slumped and chin resting on his chest as he panted.

Harry slid hands across his own skin, smearing his and Draco's come over it, still on high from his orgasm.

Draco chuckled, watching with half-closed eyes as his lover played with their combined seed. He slid his silver-hand up to join Harry's hands.

Harry smiled and made sure to touch Draco's hand, loving that he could do so now without making Draco uncomfortable. "Perfect," he whispered.

"Yes, you are," Draco said with a smile, sliding his fingers against Harry's, caressing them. "I think we will both enjoy your gift to me," he said.

"Me, too," Harry said slyly, smirking. "It's brilliant."

Draco reached for his wand with his right hand and did a Cleaning Charm for both of them. Then he lay down on Harry's left side, so that he could rest his new hand on Harry's chest. He reached up and touched the pendant with it. "The lion and the dragon." He smiled. "Tomorrow we marry."

Harry smiled, too. "Whoever would have thought?"

"Only dreamed, but not believed," Draco said, sighing contently as he closed his eyes.

Harry closed his eyes too, sliding an arm around to hold Draco to him. "Believe it now, because I'm not going anywhere," he said.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE –

Vows

Harry blew his fringe from his eyes, paced, and had to bite his fingernails to keep from messing his hair up. He hadn't thought that he would be nervous, but he couldn't help the way his stomach swooped every time he thought about what he was about to do. He didn't know why he felt like he did. He was practically married already, but this was so *official*. They would really, *really* be married after this.

He stared in the mirror at his reflection, took a deep breath and then began pacing again. How much bloody longer did he have to wait? He was just about to raise an unconscious hand to his hair when there was an, "Ah, don't do that."

Harry looked over to see Ron, in dress robes and shaking his head at Harry. He was leaning against the door frame and smiling amusedly.

Harry let out another deep breath.

"Nervous?" asked Ron, stepping into the room.

Harry shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe a little."

Ron snorted. "What's there to be nervous about, mate?"

Harry stared at him for a second. "I'm getting married."

Ron snorted again. "You already are if you ask me," he said, coming to stand in front of Harry and holding out a white lily to pin to Harry's robes.

Harry smiled and let Ron pin the flower. "I know - I just - I'm getting *married*. For real. Married."

Ron smiled. "Yes, you are," he said. "It'll be brilliant."

Harry was silent for a second. "Do you really think so?" he asked, looking at Ron seriously.

Ron looked up at Harry from what he was doing. "Course," he said. "You two love each other ... and I'm sorry for being such a git before"

"You said sorry a long time ago," said Harry quietly, smiling at his best friend.

"Well, yeah, I know ... but not really," said Ron. "Draco really does love you, Harry. Really. A lot."

Harry nodded. "I know," he said.

Ron was silent now for a moment. "And it doesn't matter that his past is kind of, well - you know, or that you're both blokes. I can just tell that this is good for you. I am really sorry. I promise."

Harry's smile grew. "Apology accepted," he said quietly.

Ron smiled, too. "I'm really happy for you, Harry. Draco - he's a good bloke." He finished with the flower.

Harry nodded again. "Yeah, he is," he said, thinking of the man he loved with all his heart. He looked back up at Ron. "You're a pretty good bloke yourself," he said. "Thanks, Ron."

Ron grinned. "Hey, what are best mates for?" He turned Harry so that he was facing the mirror. "Now let's get you straightened up, yeah?"

Harry grinned, too. "Yeah," he said.

There was no reason Draco should be nervous. They were already married, for Merlin's sake. But he couldn't seem to sit still. Remus looked at him with that bemused smile and it made Draco want to throw something at him. "What?" he snapped petulantly.

"It's okay, Draco," Remus said. "Let me get the tie for you."

"I should bloody well be able to tie my own," Draco muttered, but surrendered to the offer anyway, standing and tapping the toes of his shoe. "Shouldn't we be down there now?" he asked.

Remus sighed. "One of your house-elves will let us know when it's time," he reminded the nervous blond.

"Benedict," Draco huffed.

"What?" Remus asked.

"His name is Benedict. Thanks to Granger's influence I have been trying to learn the names of all the bloody house-elves," Draco said with a groan.

Remus laughed. "How many are there?" he asked, trying to distract Draco, who had started an annoying habit of tapping his new fingers on things.

"I have no idea," Draco said. "Nor, apparently, do they. We supposedly have a village of them."

"A village?" Remus asked, truly surprised.

"Who would have thought it?" Draco shrugged. "They all look so much alike it is hard to tell. But I have learnt to recognise three, maybe four of them."

"There," Remus said, stepping back.

Draco started pacing again immediately. It felt like it had been days that he'd been locked in this room. What was Harry doing? Were the guests all here? Did Snape come? His mum? Oh, Gods, what had he been thinking doing this? He was already married. Why allow all this fuss?

Remus shook his head. "Draco. Draco." He tried to get the man's attention.

Draco stopped and frowned at him. "What?"

"I don't know which house-elf this is, but he's carrying a flower." Remus pointed to the elf who had appeared.

"Benedict," Draco said. "Time to go?"

The house-elf held the flower out. "Madame Fleur says you put this on," he said.

"I'll get it," Remus said, and began to pin the lily on Draco, a far away expression on his face as he did.

Draco watched him, suddenly remembering. "You miss them," he said quietly.

"Yes," Remus said. "They would have wanted to be here. For Harry and you."

"You are here," Draco said quietly. "And it means a lot to Harry. And to me."

"Master Draco," Benedict interrupted.

"Yes?" he snapped.

"Time to go," Benedict told him.

When Harry was finished getting dressed, he began pacing again, apparently, much to Ron's amusement.

"Have you seen Draco today?" Harry asked, suddenly feeling a strong urge to touch Draco. He hadn't been away from him this long since the night before Harry had cut his arm off. He was feeling

antsy.

"I saw him once today. He's fine," said Ron, shaking his head again.

Harry sighed.

There was suddenly a crack and a strange-looking little elf was standing there with long skinny legs and eyes that seemed to look a little past you rather than focussing. He dropped to the floor at Harry's feet.

"What's your name?" Harry asked automatically, knowing straight away that this was an elf he hadn't met before. Every elf he'd encountered previously knew not to drop to the floor when they saw him.

"Boas," said the elf.

"Stand up and don't drop to the floor when you see me," Harry said, trying to make the command sound kind.

Boas stood up immediately and stared at Harry with his strange eyes. "I is being sent here to tell you that it is being time to go," he said.

Harry took another deep breath and let it out slowly. He looked to Ron, who grinned.

"Ready?" Ron asked.

Harry nodded. "Ready," he said.

Draco and Remus Apparated to the east door of the hall. Benedict followed them a second later.

The doors to the hall were closed. "I'm going in now," Remus said to Draco. "You enter when McGonagall uses her wand to open them on both sides." He explained, even though Draco technically knew all this.

Draco was breathing deep and slow. Deep and slow, he told himself. Calm. I can do this. I will see Harry and nothing else will matter. Yes, that was it. Think of Harry's eyes.

Remus shook his head as Draco was clearly beyond even a polite response at this point. He opened the door a bit and slipped inside to take his place among the circle of friends and family.

Harry and Ron Apparated to the west entrance and once there, Harry immediately reached for his hair again.

"Don't," Ron said, slapping Harry's hand away and grinning at him. "Fleur will kill me if I let you mess your hair up."

Harry sighed, staring at the door in front of him and knowing that Draco was just across the room beyond.

Ron slapped his hands on Harry's shoulders and gave them a quick squeeze. "You look great, I'm sure Draco looks great and you're getting married," he said.

Harry nodded, only able to manage another slow breath.

"All right. I have to go in now. You know what to do, right?"

Harry nodded again.

"Okay, mate," Ron said with a small smile, "See you in a bit." Then he opened the door and stepped through it.

Draco knew the words that McGonagall was saying, the purpose of a marriage rite and all that. He had helped write the ceremony, after all. He didn't care now. He wished they had written a shorter ceremony. He wanted to be with Harry. Finally, after what seemed like hours but was probably only a few minutes, the large double doors swung open, revealing the circle of friends inside with a small table and Professor McGonagall standing in the centre. Draco paid them no attention. His eyes went directly to the opposite side of the room where the matching set of doors had opened to reveal Harry Potter standing there. Draco smiled, sighing happily, and was unaware of anything else. He didn't know if some part of him heard McGonagall call them forward. All he knew was that he and Harry both began walking toward the centre at the same time.

Harry felt like he needed to jump or scream to rid himself of his nerves, but thankfully, he was able to hold back from that. He stood listening to McGonagall and wishing it was over already. Finally, *finally*, the doors opened and Harry's eyes settled directly upon Draco, moving no where else, not even when he began to move forward. He smiled at that gorgeous man as they drew closer to one another, and wanted so badly to touch him, but he merely stood before him, his heart beating madly and his stomach swooping again in a way that was more exciting than nauseating.

Draco looked directly into Harry's green eyes and nowhere else. Even without the binding promise, he felt there was nothing he

wouldn't do for him. Looking at him, here, in a bounded magical circle was like looking back through time, seeing the face of that boy in the robe shop again and knowing he had to have him. He had to make him see him. Now Harry did see him; looked nowhere else. That is what Draco had always wanted.

Draco heard their names spoken as McGonagall asked, "Do you, Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter, enter this circle of your own free will for the purpose of binding your lives together in marriage?"

"Yes, I do," Draco spoke aloud.

Harry stared at Draco's face, a gentle smile on his own. He felt filled with love, utterly. It was a strange and wonderful feeling, like he was flying but grounded all at once.

"I do," Harry spoke after Draco.

A shiver of magic rippled between them with each of their words and tingled down Draco's spine.

"Those assembled are here to witness and affirm your exchange of vows," McGonagall said. "Draco Malfoy, what do you here vow?"

The words seem to flow from his lips without him having to think to recall them, and he felt the magic of the Manor responding to them. "I, Draco Validus Malfoy, vow and affirm that you, Harry James Potter, are my husband. I vow to be at your side through life's pains and pleasures, facing challenges and celebrating our triumphs, for a long as we both live. I am your mirror opposite. Look into the mirror of my eyes and see yourself in me. Look out at the world with me, and see what we can do, together. We have come a long way, and I want to travel the rest of my journey with you. I am yours, and would not want it any other way."

"And, Harry Potter," McGonagall prompted, "what do you here vow?"

Harry's heart soared with Draco's words. He felt lightheaded with them.

He opened his mouth to recite his vows and did so without any hesitation, every word true to its core. "I, Harry James Potter, vow and affirm that you, Draco Validus Malfoy, are my husband. I vow to be at your side through life's pains and pleasures, facing challenges and celebrating our triumphs, for as long as we both live. I promise to keep you safe from harm to the best of my ability, to love you with

every part of myself for my life and yours. I will be your best friend and your lover, your partner and your confidant for as long as time allows. I am yours, and would not want it any other way."

Draco trembled at Harry's words and the power in his magic as it swept through him. The Manor's magic flared in the stones of its foundation.

"In token of these vows, you have both agreed to wear rings. Rings made of white and yellow gold entwined, symbolising opposites which complement each other, remaining true to themselves but united together," McGonagall intoned as Ron and Hermione stepped forward with the rings.

Draco held out his right hand and Hermione placed it in his palm. He grinned as he stepped closer to Harry, waiting for him to hold his left hand out.

Harry's heart felt like it had disappeared, it was beating so fast. He held his left hand out, feeling like he might tackle Draco to the ground if he touched him.

Draco's hand trembled as he held the ring between his thumb and finger, sliding it on Harry's. The moment he touched him, the other man's magic spiked through him and he gasped. He licked his lips, his entire body now trying to convince him that Great Rite was a good idea after all. He had to reign in the impulse, pulling his hand back slowly as his breathing sped up.

Harry's breath hitched and he had to force himself to move back and hold his hand out for Ron to hand him Draco's ring.

Ron placed the ring in Harry's palm and Harry had to brace himself to touch Draco again.

Draco held his left hand out, the silver-hand sparkling in the torchlight. There was an audible gasp from behind the circle of friends and Draco glanced up. He froze.

Standing by the door and slightly to the back of the outer circle, was Narcissa Black Malfoy and a man whose features Draco didn't recognise but whose magical glamour told him it had to be Severus Snape.

Harry glanced over too, his mouth hanging slightly open and his fingers poised to slip the ring on Draco's finger.

Draco brought his eyes back to Harry. "Don't stop," he

whispered barely opening his mouth.

Harry looked at Draco and the rest of the room disappeared again. He held the ring and pushed it onto Draco's silver finger, his skin tingling where it touched him. He stared into his eyes, smiling again, and then performed a wandless, nonverbal spell to weld the ring to Draco's hand. He had been practising the spell with everything he had to get it right.

Draco thought he would pass out when Harry cast the spell. Harry's magic flared over them both, and, combined with the Manor's magic, it was overwhelming. Draco's arousal was climbing with it. He slid his hand against Harry's, taking hold of it.

"Let all those who would vow to honour and support these two in their marriage, please take a step forward and say, 'we do'," announced McGonagall.

Draco refused to look, fear prickling up his neck. Did Severus and Narcissa step forward or not? He heard the movement of all those who did, intoning with McGonagall, "We do." The torches flared again and Draco shivered, thinking that only Harry was keeping him upright now.

Harry looked at Draco and nowhere else, his hands shaking slightly. He couldn't seem to stop moving his fingers against Draco's, needing the friction and contact. He grabbed his other hand and held that, too.

"Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter, you are now wed. You may kiss your husband," McGonagall said.

Harry laced the fingers of both their hands together before taking a step towards Draco. There was literally nothing else in the entire world, in the entire *universe* as far as Harry was concerned. He brought their faces together slowly, his eyes falling gently shut. He could feel Draco's breath on his face, ghosting across his lips and finally, their lips met and he could've sworn his heart stopped right there before it picked up again, double time.

Harry stepped in and kissed Draco and the magic swelled higher. Draco moaned into his husband's mouth, pressing his body against him.

"Uh-oh," said an amused voice nearby.

Harry gasped and released Draco's hands to slide his own up

Draco's arms and then down his sides and around to rest at the small of Draco's back.

McGonagall cleared her throat. "We ask the guests and wedding attendants to adjourn to the feast hall for a light meal, where the grooms will join us ... erm, in a while."

– CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX –

Consummated

Draco was lost, knowing the only thing that he wanted right now was for Harry to be inside of him. He didn't just want it, he needed it. The magics around them swirled stronger, their pull as strong as his own desire, and he was unable to tell where one began and the other started.

Harry pulled back from Draco and rested their foreheads together, panting like no kiss should have made him do. "I need you," he whispered, hardly aware that anyone else was in the room.

"I am yours," Draco said, still pressing against him. "Now," he whined, still panting.

Harry moaned quietly and began pulling gently at Draco's robes, unaware of where he was, just knowing that he had to be with Draco as soon as he could.

"Use magic," Draco gasped, pressing his hard cock against Harry's thigh.

Harry gasped again and was able to do the spell wandlessly, the need was so strong. He pulled Draco flush against his naked body, running hands over his skin and sliding their lips together again.

Skin, Harry's skin. Draco needed it, trying to touch every part of himself to Harry's body when their clothes disappeared. He opened his mouth to Harry's surrendering to him. Yes, this was his.

Harry grasped Draco's arse with both hands and thrust his hard cock against what ever part of Draco it was. It was Draco; that was what mattered.

Draco groaned as Harry's cock slid against his own and his hands pulled his arse. "Fuck me, please," he begged.

Harry's fingers curled into Draco's skin and he moaned and kissed him again. "Yes," he hissed, lifting Draco bodily from the floor and then moving him onto the very edge of the small stone table near them. He stood in between Draco's open legs and grasped the back

of his neck, pulling him in for another kiss and sliding their chests together as he continued to grind into his husband.

Draco spread his legs, lifting them to wrap around his husband's waist as he met his lips with his mouth open. It was like he had to have as much of Harry inside of him as he could get. Draco sucked at Harry's tongue, his hands pulling his husband's hips.

Harry groaned and his cock ached to be inside Draco. He hated to break contact with him for even a second, but he had to pull hands and mouth away to pass his hand over his own palm. It was filled with lubricant a second later and Harry reached his hand down between their bodies to slick his cock, slicking Draco's in the process. "Draco," he whimpered as even that simple sensation of his own touch sent shivers through him.

"Yours, Harry," Draco gasped, Harry's slick hand making him shudder and moan. "Please, need you," his voice quivered as he begged, "need you now."

Harry didn't want to wait, but he said, "Lay back, love," in a very shaky voice and waited so that he could prepare Draco.

He let Harry lay him back, but he whimpered, the magic of the Manor seeming to ripple in his very flesh, pushing to the edge of painful. Pain that he knew could only be satisfied with Harry's magic inside him. "Hurry," he pleaded, "neeeeed you."

Wanting to give Draco whatever he wanted, and needing it himself, Harry did hurry with stretching Draco out. He pressed inside him slowly, white light bursting on the inside of his eyelids. "Hold me," he gasped, grabbing Draco's legs and pulling them around his own waist.

Draco's legs pulled Harry hard, trying to push him faster and he was thrashing his head with the overload of sensation and magic. He reached both hands for Harry, grabbing his arms and trying to pull him closer. "Harry," he cried out.

Harry thrust into Draco hard and quick, bending to kiss him. The huge room echoed with their cries and moans and the sounds they made with their bodies. Harry could smell lilies and Draco and he could feel Draco as if he were pressing all around him instead of Harry pressing into him. It was utterly perfect love-making, even with no bed and simply on top of a table. Absolute perfection.

Harry entered him and swelled to fill every part of him, chasing the pain away with pleasure that rippled through in waves so intense he felt lost in it. Lost in the magic of Harry and the ancestral blood of the Malfoy manor. The stones of the place hummed with it. The pendant around Harry's neck glowed, the dragon writhing under the body of the lion in unison with them. Draco's eyes widened and he looked from the image into Harry's eyes.

"I love you," Harry panted, thrusting impossibly faster. "This is yours." His skin felt hot, his blood boiling with feeling and with the magic he knew would give Draco pleasure. That knowledge seemed to heighten his own pleasure and he felt lost in it all.

"Yes, mine," Draco gasped, "Inside me, always." The torches spit and flickered as if sputtering in a wind and sweat poured from their bodies as they slid together. "I love you, always loved you," Draco moaned, the pleasure and power rising so high now that he felt like he would come apart.

Harry gasped and moaned. "Love you forever," he gasped, looking down into Draco's face and gritting his teeth as he reached his orgasm. His whole body seemed to pulse and tighten and then relax completely, the pressure leaving him with a great breath as he spilled his seed into his lover and cried his name for the world to hear if they could.

"Harry!" Draco screamed as the magic slammed into him, making the world spin and his body seemed to arch so hard and tight it felt like he would snap bones and muscle. His body swallowed the power and he had no idea how he held it. He didn't know if he blacked out but his vision blurred and when he was aware again, Harry had partially collapsed on top of him.

Harry was breathing heavily, trying to keep from pressing Draco into the undoubtedly uncomfortable table. His eyes were half closed and his body glistened with sweat.

Draco was taking big gulps of air and he tried to slow his breathing down. He was still shuddering with the after-effects of sex and magic. "Merlin," he breathed at last, "What did we do this time?"

Harry laughed weakly, staring at Draco with utmost adoration. "Is there anything left?" he asked.

Draco laughed too, his smile still showing how intoxicated he

was. "With you, anything is possible," he answered.

Harry smiled goofily and kissed Draco gently. "With us, you mean," he whispered.

"Yes," Draco laughed, returning the kiss gently. He shifted, realising just how uncomfortable the stone table was now that he was aware of his surroundings again. He turned his head, looking around. The hall was empty except for them.

Harry wiped his sweaty hair from his face and lifted himself up to pull out of Draco slowly, groaning a bit as he did. "Merlin, right in the middle of this room ten seconds after we're married. Is it just me, or do you think we're mad as well?" he asked shaking his head as he stared at Draco's naked body still laid out on the table.

Draco shuddered as Harry pulled out and away from him, the air suddenly cooler. He rolled to his side, struggling to make suddenly strained muscles work. His hair, which had been neatly bound at the back of his neck, was now loose and damp around his face and he blew at it as he tried to get off the table. He was a complete mess and there was a room full of guests "Oh fuck, Mother was here!" he groaned.

"Yeah," said Harry, wincing. "Was that ... Snape she was with?"

Draco rolled back putting his hands over his face as he blushed so hard his ears were pink. "Oh, Gods," he groaned again.

Harry bit his lip and scratched the back of his neck. "You want to head up and get dressed?" he asked quietly.

"I want to hide in our room," Draco said behind his fingers, "but that is hardly acceptable behaviour." He snorted at that.

Harry sighed and walked over so that he was standing looking down at Draco. He gently pulled his hands from his face and kissed him. "No, it's not," he said quietly, giving him a small encouraging smile.

Draco huffed and gave his husband an embarrassed smile. "Help me up, you git." He sighed.

Harry's smile grew and he pulled on Draco's arms to help him from the table.

Draco hissed, managing to stand on legs that felt like rubber. "Where's our clothing and wands?" he asked.

Harry frowned. "Um, well, our wands were in our clothes ... and

those are" He looked around him and even up at the ceiling. "Actually, I have no idea where."

"Benedict!" Draco called out.

The house-elf appeared moments later, bowing slightly but no longer grovelling. "Yes, Master Draco," he said. Apparently unphased by their appearance.

"Can you locate our wedding clothes and wands and bring them to us immediately?" Draco asked.

"Yes, Master Draco," he said and disappeared.

A few seconds later, the house-elf reappeared, and then Draco realised it didn't have the clothes. And was not, in fact, Benedict, but another elf. "Master Draco," it said, hitting the floor.

Draco huffed. "Up, off the floor and who are you?" he snapped.

"Babb, Master Draco," the house-elf said as she hopped to her feet.

"What is it?" Draco asked.

"Guests can no leave the Manor, Master," Babb said.

Harry stood hunched over slightly, trying to cover himself and staring at Draco with wide eyes and raised brows. He stood straighter when the first elf disappeared and then hunched again when the second one came. He was utterly confused about what it was saying.

Draco smirked at Harry's shyness around the elves. But before he could answer Babb, Benedict returned with their clothing and wands. Draco took his wand and did Cleaning Charms on both himself and Harry. As he began to sort his clothes from Harry's and put his on, he asked Babb, "So what about the guests is the problem?"

"Guests no can leave," she repeated.

He got his shorts on and considered the statement for a moment. "Are you saying the wards aren't allowing guests to leave the Manor?" he asked. She nodded emphatically. Draco laughed, shaking his head. "We'll be out to see to our guests in a few minutes," he said. "Please tell Madame Fleur."

Harry grabbed his underwear quickly and pulled them on. "People are trying to leave?" he asked. "What, do they think we're going to fuck all night?"

Draco laughed and continued getting dressed. "More interesting is the question of why the Manor would block anyone from leaving,"

he observed. "Usually wards don't block guests from leaving the party."

"You don't think anything's wrong, do you?" he asked, frowning worriedly as he pulled his trousers up.

"Wrong, as in Death Eaters, no," Draco said, his face thoughtful. "But we will need to discuss what happened here tonight. I might have dragged you off for a quickie after the ceremony, but I had not planned on having you shag me in front of Professor McGonagall and the rest of our friends and family."

"Hey, they were gone," Harry said, doing up the buttons of his shirt. "... I think."

Draco finished his tie, smiling at how easy it was with his new hand. He walked over and did the bow tie on his husband. "Only because McGonagall had the sense to clear the room," he said, blushing again. He stepped back and then lifted his wand to do a spell on Harry's hair which had returned to its wild state.

Harry huffed. "I don't know what I was thinking," he said. "It was like something had taken over my brain. As soon as I touched you, even just to put a ring on, it was like I had to have you."

"Exactly," Draco said, "and I know some of what happened but we need to go face our guests now."

Harry sighed and nodded, reaching out a hand for Draco's.

They walked hand-in-hand through the doors and into the room where the food was being served. Draco really had no idea how long they had been ... busy, but he was doing his best to put on a polite but unconcerned face.

Harry glanced over at Ron and Hermione and blushed a bit as Hermione shook her head at them. He didn't know what Draco wanted to do with his mother and Snape there.

Draco looked about the room and saw Narcissa and "Snape" off to the side talking. They looked up as Harry and he entered the room. Draco nodded to friends but led them straight to his mother, standing before her. He looked nervously into her calm face and tried to read it for signs of how she would react. He now wished he had known whether or not she had taken the vow.

Harry had no idea how to go about saying anything to this woman. She had the most piercing blue eyes he had ever seen in his

life and he was strangely a bit intimidated by her. It didn't help that the last time he had seen her, he had insulted her husband and nearly fought with her son, whom he had just married.

"Mother," Draco said quietly, "thank you for coming. I ... I have missed you."

She glanced at Harry and then past them to the room of people watching, most of whom seemed to be pretending not to be watching. Snape stood beside her, hands crossed against his chest, his expression recognisable in spite of the disguise. Narcissa gave a small smile and reached her hand out. Draco squeezed Harry's hand and then let go of it to take his mother's hand, which he leant over and kissed. Before he had a chance to rise back up, she turned her hand, wrapping long fingers around his chin and tipping his face up to her. Narcissa spoke to him in French, "Félicitations, ma aïdè petit-dragon."

Draco blushed. "Merce', Madame," he answered, smiling. She released his face and he stood up, gesturing to Harry. "I believe you have met before," he said politely in English. "But I believe a new start might be in order. Mother, may I present my husband, Harry Potter."

Narcissa held her hand out, palm down to Harry.

Harry figured he was probably supposed to do what Draco had done, and he took Narcissa's hand, bent down and then kissed it. "It's wonderful to ... meet you," he said, giving her a small smile.

Nacissa nodded, giving a small smile of her own and looking at him with a kind of curiosity in her expression. "You have her eyes," she said. "Did you know my son's favourite colour is green?" There was a twinkle in her eye when she asked.

"I, um, yes," Harry said, surprised that she had said something about his mother. He blushed a little, wondering what she was thinking of him.

Draco looked at the man beside her. "Thank you both for coming," he said.

Snape cocked his head for minute and then nodded. "Unfortunately, we cannot remain long," he said, "it is not wise. And your Manor seems to have held us captive."

Draco raised his eyebrows and looked at his mother too, who

nodded to him. "That is quite ... interesting," he said. "I will have to make sure the problem is corrected. Would you care to try now and see if the problem persists?"

Snape narrowed his eyes. "We will need to discuss this, later," he said in the same tone he used to give detention.

"Most likely," Draco said and then turned back to his mother. "This is still your home if you want it to be."

"Merce', Draco," she said, her demeanour distant again. "I will consider it."

"Let me walk you to the Floo," Draco said. "Harry, will you see to our other guests? I am sure they are eager to talk with you."

Harry nodded. "Um, it was nice to see you," he said to Narcissa before giving her a strange little half-bow thing and then straightening up quickly and walking over to the table that everyone in their wedding party was seated at.

He sat down next to Hermione, leaving a seat open for Draco on his left.

"That's Draco's mother, isn't it?" she asked.

Harry nodded. "I'm glad she came. Draco seems happy."

"Was the other ... Snape?" Ron asked, mouthing the last word.

Harry nodded again, looking over his shoulder to see if Draco had gone yet.

Draco walked with them to the entrance hall.

"I had heard about your ... hand," Narcissa seemed uncomfortable. "I should not have been surprised by it."

Draco smiled, understanding her distress. "Yes, but this ... replacement ... is better than the one they gave me. Harry had it made for me as a wedding present." He held it up, smiling at it and wiggled the fingers.

"Impressive," Severus said, and then, "Come to talk to me when you can."

"Be well, Mother," Draco said.

"And you, ma petit-dragon," she smiled and was gone with Severus.

Draco walked back to the wedding reception and stood watching his husband from the doorway for a minute.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN –

Reception

Harry was talking with Mrs Weasley now, telling her and the rest of the table what Draco's new construct was made from and the charms on it. She, Ginny and Hermione gushed over how good it looked and what an improvement it was.

Draco sauntered over to his husband, and stood with hands on his hips behind Harry, listening and watching. A few people glanced up and smiled at him.

Harry looked at faces suddenly focused on something behind him and he turned in his seat and smiled to see Draco standing there. "I was just telling them about your construct," he said happily.

Draco smiled, and used the silver hand to caress Harry's hair. "Works very well," he said with a raised eyebrow.

Harry smirked, knowing just how *well* it worked.

"It's gorgeous, Draco," said Ginny, smiling.

"It is very. And that was a lovely ceremony," said Mrs Weasley, although her cheeks grew a bit pink.

Harry flushed and looked at the green table cloth.

"Thank you, Mrs Weasley," Draco said, only slightly flushed as he slid into the seat beside Harry. "I must confess," he said, "I don't remember anything but Harry."

Harry realised that that was true for him as well, only it was Draco that had been the focus of his attention. "Me either," he said.

"Odd," said Ron.

Harry shrugged.

"When did my mother arrive?" Draco asked, trying to make the question sound light.

Remus looked up, considering him. "Just before the ceremony began," he answered.

Harry looked at Draco. He knew that nonchalant voice. He wondered what Draco wanted to know about his mother.

House-elves had appeared with plates of food for Harry and Draco as soon as they sat down. Draco didn't have much of an appetite at the moment. He obliged Ginny and company when they asked to see his hand and smirked a bit when they touched it.

Harry smiled, watching Draco and delighting in his obvious pleasure at being asked about the hand.

"It's warm like skin," said Ginny, surprised.

Harry grinned and nodded.

Draco glanced at Harry, eyes sparkling with amusement as the women continued to play with his hand as if it was a pretty piece of jewellery rather than a body part. Maybe they didn't realise he could feel every touch, but he was starting to blush a bit at the contact.

Harry snorted at Draco's blush and decided to tell the women just what they were doing. "He can feel everything, you know," he said, amused with the way Ginny was moving each of the fingers and then touching around the ring. "Like a real hand. It's like you're touching his skin."

"Hmm," said Ginny, touching the ring still as Mrs Weasley and Hermione slowly pulled their hands away.

Harry snorted again.

Draco smirked, still flushed, and discreetly moved his hand out of her grasp to reach for a drink. No sense pushing Harry too far.

Harry smiled.

"Why hello, you horny buggers," said a familiar voice from above.

Harry turned his head to see Fred smirking down at him and Draco, George next to him.

"Oh, don't you start that!" said Mrs Weasley, glaring slightly at her sons.

"Oh, we're just teasing," said George, waving his mother off.

Harry raised an eyebrow as a slight flush swept across his cheeks.

Draco flushed too, smirking as he suddenly became very interested in his food.

"I believe that would have been another free show we could have got," said Fred, grinning.

"That's right," said George. "Lucky we're gentlemen."

Nearly everyone at the table raised eyebrows at that one.

Fred and George laughed.

"No, but really," said Fred, "congratulations."

George nodded. "Yeah, you two are brilliant. Don't think anyone else could keep up with your sex drives anyway. Lucky you found each other."

Harry sighed. It never failed. Not even at their wedding would Fred and George refrain from teasing them.

Draco blushed so hard he thought his ears were burning. He picked at the food on his plate, not looking up from it. "Thanks," he tried to say, but it was barely a whisper.

Harry shot glares at Fred and George - glares with no real malice behind them.

Fred and George laughed and pulled up chairs to sit down.

Mrs Weasley huffed. "Well, anyway," she said, giving disgruntled looks to the twins, "what are you two planning now?"

Harry smiled up at Mrs Weasley. "Well, next we get a cat," he said happily, grinning at Draco.

Draco snorted, giving up on the food and pushing the plate away. "Yes, Harry promised we could have a cat." He smiled.

Ron gave them both amused looks.

"Well, that's great," said Mr Weasley, reaching into the centre of the table to grab himself some bread. "I saw your mother here, Draco. She had to leave?"

Draco nodded, a half-smile on his lips. "She could only get away for the ceremony."

"Who was that bloke she was with?" asked George, taking bread for himself as well.

Harry swallowed his mouthful too quick and coughed.

Hermione patted him on the back.

"A friend of the family," Draco answered. "So, I am ready for cake." He smiled. "When do we get to cut and eat it?"

"As soon as you're both finished eating, right?" said Ginny. "Better ask Fleur."

And a minute later, Fleur was there, looking stunning in her dress robes and dragging Bill along with her. "Zat was wonderful," she said happily to Harry and Draco. "You both looked seemply amazing."

Harry grinned and was glad that she left out talking about the end

of the ceremony. "Thanks," he said. "Pull up a chair. Everyone's sitting here anyway."

She and Bill did, the table now very full.

Draco looked at Harry, thinking of how beautiful and loving the man was. He slipped his hand under the table, laying it on Harry's thigh.

Harry grinned at Draco and didn't look anywhere else for a few moments.

"You did a very nice job on everything, Fleur," said Mrs Weasley. "It's all so lovely."

Fleur beamed.

Harry smiled at her again. "Yes, she did do a terrific job. Had it been only me and Draco working on it, I'm sure it wouldn't look half as good.

"You are very welcome," said Fleur happily. "It's been very fun."

Harry snorted and took another bite of food.

He and Draco both chatted with everyone at their table and soon got up to move around the room to thank everyone for coming. They had a short conversation with Moody, who was convinced that the food was contaminated with some unidentifiable substance, and also a talk with Kingsley and some of the other Order members about, of all things, their decorations. Harry thought it was rather amusing. Eventually, they found themselves back at the Weasley table with their close friends.

"Oh," Harry said to Fleur, looking up as he remembered that Draco had asked a little bit ago. "When do we cut cake?"

Fleur looked around her. "Most of ze guests seem to be fineeshed with zer meals. Anytime you like would be all right now."

"I am always ready for something sweet," Draco said with a smirk, squeezing Harry's thigh but nodding to Fleur.

Harry smirked, too. "You want to do that now then?" he asked Draco, eyebrow raised.

Draco rolled his eyes. "I think we should cut the cake before the twins start up again."

Harry grinned and Fred and George laughed loudly.

"Okay, let's go do that," Harry said, taking Draco's hand and standing up from the table.

Fleur got quickly to her feet to get everyone's attention, tapping her glass and gracefully waving her arms.

Harry flushed slightly and smiled as all eyes turned on Draco and himself.

The cake was big and very pretty, too big really for the small amount of people there and Harry led Draco over to it. He stood looking at the cake for a few moments and then turned to his husband. "What do we do now?" he whispered, grinning at him.

"We pick up the little silver cake server, cut ourselves a piece and then feed it to each other," Draco said, smiling. He picked up the cake server and put his silver arm around Harry's waist, pulling him slightly in front of him and facing out so that they faced the same way. Then he whispered in his ear, "And you try not to let this position get you too aroused."

"Prat," Harry said with a smirk, sudden heat making him flush.

"Put your hand on mine, so we cut the cake together," Draco told him.

Harry nodded and covered Draco's hand on the cake server with his own and then pressed forward and cut a piece out of the cake carefully, a soft smile on his face as he did.

They managed to get the piece of cake onto a plate and then set the server aside. Draco picked up the small dish and handed it to Harry. "You break off a piece and feed it to me," he said.

Harry nodded again and pinched a small bite-sized bit of cake from the piece on the dish, frosting smearing on his fingers. He lifted it to Draco's mouth, smiling goofily as his fingers made contact with Draco's lips.

Draco sucked the cake and frosting from his husband's fingers, licking them much more than was necessary. His eyes fell closed and he lost himself in the sweet taste.

Harry wasn't sure if he gasped or not and he knew there had to be something wrong with getting turned on so easily by almost anything Draco did, but his stomach swooped and his eyelids fluttered as he watched the man before him.

It was the laughter that reminded Draco where they were. He slid his mouth back and then gave the dazed looking man in front of him a quick kiss. "My turn," he said, smiling wickedly and taking a larger

piece of cake and frosting in his fingers.

Harry blinked a few times and then chuckled deeply, opening his mouth slightly.

Draco slowly ran the frosting around the outside of Harry's lips, smearing the sweet before gently pushing it inside.

Harry sucked Draco's fingers into his mouth, eyes locked on the grey ones in front of him as he swirled his tongue around the digits playfully, grinning around them.

Draco's cock was already hard again and he groaned at the suggestion of the tongue on his fingers. Suddenly, he pulled Harry to him, not removing his fingers but licking at the frosting around his husband's mouth.

"There they go again," someone said, laughing.

"Mmm," Harry moaned, sucking Draco's fingers more powerfully before pulling his mouth away from them to kiss Draco instead. He tasted like the cake and the icing and Harry licked at his tongue.

Draco's eyes closed as he lost himself in the taste of butter frosting and Harry, his tongue licking at him. His mind was suggesting other things he could do with the frosting.

Harry was just about to tangle his fingers in Draco's hair when someone cleared their throat right next to them.

"I theenk we can serve it now," Fleur said, flushed a pretty pink.

Harry pulled his mouth from Draco's quickly, his eyes going slightly wide. He couldn't believe himself and he blushed crimson.

Draco's face went pink as well. "Merce', Madame," he said, bowing to Fleur.

Harry turned a bit towards the cake, away from everyone else.

Fleur began directing a few house-elves to pass out the cake and Harry glanced at Draco, still red.

"I'm hard," he said very, very quietly through clenched teeth.

"Yes, me too," Draco whispered. He spoke softly, "Madame Fleur, we will be back shortly. Would you be so kind as to excuse us?"

The pink of Fleur's cheeks brightened and she nodded. She opened her mouth to say something, but then seemed to think better of it and merely turned back to the elves.

Draco took his husband's hand and said, "To our room?"

– CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT –

Piece of Cake

Harry nodded quickly and pulled Draco more tightly against him before Apparating them to their room without another thought.

Draco was still holding the dish of cake and he grinned, looking from it to Harry.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "I can tell when you're thinking something wicked," he said with a smirk.

Draco raised both eyebrows, smiling. "Take your clothes off, Harry," he said.

Harry took his wand out, still smirking, and performed the spell. He grinned when he was naked and hard before Draco.

Draco dipped his fingers into the frosting again and painted his lover's lips. Then he licked at the creamy sweetness.

Harry hummed and licked at his lips with Draco, but paid more attention to Draco's tongue than anything else.

He sucked on Harry's lips, cleaning them thoroughly before trailing frosting down his throat, and then following the trail, sucking and biting.

Harry gasped and tilted his head to the side. He grabbed Draco's hair, his body flushing with more heat.

Draco groaned when Harry pulled his hair. He trailed more frosting down swirling it around each of Harry's fast hardening nipples. Then he sucked the right one into his mouth and ran the point of his tongue across the tip.

Harry's cock twitched and hardened further, his heart speeding up like it always did wherever Draco was concerned. "Yes," he let out very quietly.

Draco sucked hard, only letting go of the nipple when he pulled back, stretching it until it popped out of this mouth. Then he licked frosting that clung to the light hair on Harry's chest until he came to the other nipple and resumed sucking.

"Merlin," Harry whimpered, watching Draco as he assaulted him with his mouth.

With another pop, Draco's mouth released Harry's left nipple. He reached fingers into the dish and took away both frosting and cake this time. Then he took the mashed confection and trailed it down Harry's belly and then wrapped the sticky hand around his cock.

Harry felt like he needed to lean back against something before he collapsed. "Oh, yeah," he breathed with a moan, looking down at the mess of his body and Draco's hand.

Draco released Harry's now frosted cock and grinned at the mess. "Lean on the bed post," he suggested.

Harry took a few shaky steps backward, not wanting to move his eyes from Draco. He felt behind him with his hand until it made contact with something hard. He leant against that something, pretty sure it was the bed post, but not certain. Who cared as long as he was able to endure what Draco was going to do to him?

"Remove my clothes, Harry," Draco said in a husky voice as he stood before him, wand hand still covered in frosting.

Harry Summoned his wand with a whimper from where he had dropped it on the floor and removed Draco's clothes. He had to resist jumping on him then and whimpered again.

Draco dropped gracefully to his knees and continued licking and sucking frosting where it coated Harry just below his navel, following the line of hair and frosting down.

Harry placed a hand the back of Draco's head, needing that contact. "Fucking gorgeous," he said, panting now.

"Mhmm," Draco hummed, his tongue leaving a wet trail as he moved down. He pulled back, panting now, when he reached Harry's cock. He laid his tongue against the base and then gave a long lick up the shaft.

"Shit," Harry gasped, hand tightening in Draco's hair. He leaned more heavily against the bed post, bracing himself.

Draco's tongue stopped just short of the crown, returning to the base of the shaft again, licking more frosting from one side as he slid his tongue up again.

Harry watched Draco with hungry eyes, resisting the urge to grab his own cock and press it into Draco's mouth.

One side of Harry's cock was still coated in frosting and Draco moved to lick again, still using the long slow strokes of his tongue to tease his husband (and himself).

"Fuck, Draco," Harry breathed in a strangled sort of way. His cock ached for more contact and he tugged on his hair a little bit.

Draco's cock agreed with Harry, dripping and bobbing at his words. He ignored them both, sucking and licking Harry's shaft until it was slick with his saliva and clean of cake. The crown was still coated in the cake mixture and pre-come.

Harry growled and moaned at the same time, his head falling back, unable to watch Draco anymore.

Draco smiled wickedly, pulling back to admire his work so far. The head of Harry's cock looked like a very tasty sweet and he licked his lips, preparing himself for the last morsel. He glanced up to see Harry's face, nearly laughing at the way it had screwed up in a combination of pleasure and frustration.

"Uggh, Draco, please," Harry groaned, taking a shuddering breath. "Please."

Draco chuckled, enjoying his husband's pleas. He leant forward and, using only the tip of his tongue, licked pre-come from the slit.

Harry groaned loudly, his head falling forward and then back again. "You're going to kill me," he let out weakly, shaking.

"Yes, evil, remember?" Draco chuckled. He wrapped long sticky fingers around the shaft and then began to use the flat of his tongue to lick the frosting from the crown.

Harry sucked in a sharp breath through his teeth. "Oh, fuck, yes," he breathed. "Yes." He closed his eyes and tried to tell himself that he would get Draco's mouth eventually. Any second now.

Draco licked all of the frosting and cake from the glans until the skin glistened, red and soft. Then he blew a hot breath over that sensitive skin.

"Oh, Merllllllin," Harry growled, gripping the post behind him and squeezing his eyes shut. "Pllleeease!"

"I have eaten the frosting, Harry," Draco said in a mock innocent tone, and asked, "What more do you want?"

"I want you to suck my fucking cock!" Harry growled, though the effect wasn't quite as he would have liked when his voice broke.

Draco chuckled deeply and slid his lips over that soft head, swirling his tongue as he did.

"Yes," Harry said with a relieved sigh. He grabbed the back of Draco's head again, massaging the hair and his scalp with his fingers.

Sliding further down, Draco hummed, the taste of Harry better than the taste of frosting. He lost himself in the delight of that thick flesh in his mouth.

"Yes," Harry said again, thrusting forward just the tiniest bit. He sighed Draco's name.

Draco slid back, and looked up. "Fuck my mouth, Harry."

Harry's cock gave a powerful jump at those words and his eyes fell half-closed. His entire body trembled and he waited for Draco to close his mouth over him again.

Draco curled lips around his teeth and slid his mouth over Harry's cock.

Harry moaned and thrust forward and back, fucking Draco's mouth like he'd said. It was nearly the hottest thing Harry had ever laid eyes on and he was frustrated that they seemed to keep wanting to close. "Fuck yes, Draco," he moaned, rocking his hips.

Draco focused on the flesh in his mouth and synchronised his breathing with the thrusts. His own cock bobbed each time Harry's cock hit his throat.

Harry gritted his teeth and growled and had to hold back lest he pound into Draco's mouth completely. "So ... fucking ... good," he growled between thrusts.

"Mmm," Draco hummed around his lover's cock, pushing himself down harder, so that Harry's cock went deeper.

"Oh, God!" Harry cried out, Draco's mouth on him an indescribably sexy sight. The feeling of his cock so surrounded by that slick, wet heat was unbelievable and so fucking good he thought he was going to come.

Draco's eyes were closed and his entire world had narrowed to breath and flesh. He could feel the changes in Harry's thrusts and the flare of his magic that told him he was about to come.

"Draco," Harry gasped in warning. "Draco I'm going to -" But he didn't get the words out as he began to pump his seed into Draco's mouth, letting out a strangled cry, his body flooding with hot

pleasure.

Draco gagged then and pulled back enough to swallow, sucking as he swallowed his husband's come.

"Oh shit," Harry exclaimed, voice high. "Oh, fucking shit." He was still very weakly thrusting, his hands lightly buried in Draco's hair.

Draco sucked him clean and then pulled back with a smile. He knelt, looking up at Harry. "That is having my cake and getting to eat it, too," he said with a laugh.

Harry laughed too, sucking in great breaths as he did, so it sounded kind of odd. "If you say so," he said, panting.

Draco spread his knees and put his hands on the floor behind him, leaning back so that he displayed himself to Harry.

Harry smirked, still breathing heavily through his mouth. "Give me a second and I'll suck you so hard, you'll see stars," he said, sitting on the edge of the bed for a moment.

Draco laughed, delighted that he could do this to Harry. He leant back until he was flat on the floor with his legs spread. He grinned, reaching his silver hand to his own leaking cock and began to slowly stroke those magic fingers along the shaft.

Harry watched Draco and his mouth actually began to water. He shook his head at him and then dropped to his knees on the floor. "You're so fucking hot," he said, lowering his mouth to the skin of Draco's stomach. "So *fucking* hot."

"I am yours," Draco said, the magic of the silver hand and the look on Harry's face making him tremble. His cock was slick and hard under his fingers.

Harry licked slowly down Draco's body until he was situated between his open legs. "Spread for me. Just how I like it," he said with an eyebrow waggle as he lowered his mouth again to tongue around Draco's navel. He could feel the heat coming from Draco's hard flesh and the very light brushes of the silver hand against his chest as Draco moved it over his own cock.

"Yes," Draco hissed, still stroking his cock and trembling under him.

Harry placed one hand over Draco's and stopped it, sliding ever lower until his face was buried in the soft hair at the base of Draco's

cock. He kissed and licked the skin all around him, sucking on it and leaving wet trails of heat everywhere his mouth went.

Draco groaned, thrashing his head in both pleasure and frustration. "Please, suck me," he begged.

Harry grinned and narrowed his eyes. "How does it feel to be on the other end?" he asked wickedly, giving Draco's cock a quick lick. He knew he wouldn't tease him for long though. He wanted him too badly.

"Lovely. Now suck me!" Draco gasped, thrusting up.

Harry chuckled and lowered his mouth over Draco's cock, grasping it lightly with his left hand and holding his side with his right. "Mmmm," he hummed before sucking up powerfully and releasing it again. "Delicious," he said, eyes glittering.

"More," Draco groaned when Harry released him.

Harry smiled and licked his lips before lowering them over Draco's cock again and losing himself in the feel of that throbbing flesh in his mouth. He was still for a few seconds, just tonguing the skin and moving the fingers of his left hand before he started to bob his head, his eyes sliding shut.

"Oh, yes," Draco encouraged, reaching for Harry's head with his silver hand, curling fingers into his thick locks.

Harry smiled around Draco, his encouragement making him go faster. He switched the angles of his head around, sucking and licking, trying to give Draco as much pleasure as he could. He lifted the fingers of his right hand up to his mouth and released Draco again, only for a quick moment to wet them. He returned to Draco's cock and pressed the slick fingers to his entrance, wanting Draco to beg for them.

"Please, so close, more, yes," Draco babbled now, shaking and feeling like he could weep with it.

Harry sucked and sucked and moved his fingers inside of Draco gently before sending them straight to rub against his prostate, stroking it, making Draco squirm.

After so much waiting, that was all it took. Draco came with a shout, clenching around Harry's fingers and thrusting into his mouth.

"Mmm," Harry hummed again, releasing Draco's cock with a smacking sound and catching the come in his open mouth. He had

no idea why he liked doing that. It was almost like a game. Trying to see if he could get it all. He licked at the head, panting and smirking at Draco with his eyes.

Draco pulled him back by his hair. "Enough," he gasped.

Harry grinned and nodded, knowing that feeling of oversensitivity. He laid his head on his hip and pulled his fingers from Draco's arse, smiling blissfully.

Draco lay back, fingers still entwined in the other man's hair as he panted. Finally, when he could speak, he laughed. "Do you think we can make it through the dancing this time?" he asked.

Harry, still smiling, raised his head to look at Draco. "If we can't, we must have a serious problem," he said with a laugh. "This was our second time coming in under an hour."

"Let's get dressed again." Draco sighed. "We are never going to live this down."

Harry sighed, too. "Maybe we can avoid Fred and George," he said, pushing himself up to kneel.

"How likely is that?" The blond laughed, rolling over and getting to his hands and knees before climbing to his feet.

Harry snorted. "Not likely at all as I imagine they'll seek us out on purpose," he said, getting to his feet as well. He looked down at himself and the cake still smeared over much of his body. "I will never look at cake the same way again," he said.

"Good." Draco smirked. He found his wand and did Cleaning Spells on them. "We need a spell to dress us as fast as the undressing spell," he said, laughing and reaching for his clothes again.

Harry laughed again too, reaching for his clothes as well. They dressed as quickly as they could and Harry let Draco finish his tie for him again. "Apparate?" he asked when they were done.

"Sure, let's dance," Draco said with a smile.

Harry smiled and wrapped an arm about Draco's waist before Apparating them to the large ballroom where their guests seemed to have congregated since their departure.

There was loud whooping almost as soon as they appeared.

"Here it comes," Harry muttered to Draco.

Draco pulled his husband onto the dance floor. "Dance with me," he said, putting his hands on Harry's waist.

Harry nodded, glad to have something to do to delay the teasing at least for a little bit. He placed one hand on Draco's shoulder and held his hand with the other. He smiled at him, remembering that night of amazing sex at Bill and Fleur's wedding, but thankfully, there was no stirring in his pants, only a pleasant humming in his brain.

Draco looked into his eyes smiling, leading them around the dance floor. There were "oohs" and "aws" and it sounded like Mrs Weasley was crying.

Harry snorted at everyone's reactions, but he liked them all the same. "We look pretty damn good together, I imagine," he said quietly.

The blond nodded. "We are fantastic," he said.

Harry grinned. "You're fantastic," he said, not being able to imagine anything better than dancing with his husband at their wedding after great sex.

"Of course, I am." Draco grinned, leaning in to kiss his husband again.

Harry smiled against Draco's lips.

After a few songs and more sappy words of love and gushing, people started to want to dance with Harry and Draco. Mrs Weasley and Ginny took turns with both of them. Now it seemed like everyone was dancing - Remus and Tonks, Bill and Fleur, Hermione and Ron. Then Fred suddenly cut in and grabbed Harry's hand.

Draco was a bit away from Harry, still dancing with Ginny when George grabbed him.

The twins led both men until they were close together and Fred and George could easily set up jokes with one another.

Fred twirled Harry around and Harry shook his head at him, grinning tightly despite himself.

"Oh, my, Draco," said George. "You're so light on your feet!" He spun Draco crazily like Fred had done with Harry.

"Who said you could lead?" Draco laughed, blushing.

"Well, well," said Fred to Draco, pulling Harry close to him. "Is that how it is with everything? *Harry* doesn't seem to mind being led." He dipped Harry suddenly and Harry nearly fell flat on his arse.

"Arsehole," he said, eyes slightly wider when Fred righted him again.

Both twins laughed.

Draco moved his silver arm down around George's waist and took the lead. Then he turned and dipped the man, bending him over his knee.

George laughed delightedly. "Shouldn't mess with this one," he told his brother, who was spinning Harry around again.

Fred laughed too, looking down at George.

"Hey!" said Harry indignantly. "Draco knows how to dance. I don't."

"I can see that," said Fred, grinning.

"Harry knows how to move when it's important," Draco quipped, laughing.

Harry flushed as the twins burst with laughter.

"Brilliant!" said George, allowing Draco to lead and following a little too enthusiastically.

Fred and Harry nearly knocked Ron and Hermione over.

"Oy!" said Ron.

"Sorry, little brother," Fred called, laughing and leading them back over closer to Draco and George again.

"Let's trade," Draco called to them when they got close again.

Fred and George shrugged, smiling, and let go of Harry and Draco in mid-twirl, switching off so that George got Harry and Fred was with Draco.

"My, but you are light on your feet," Fred said to Draco jokingly.

"I meant to get my husband back." Draco laughed.

Both twins snorted at that.

They danced with Harry and Draco and made various sex jokes throughout another song until finally making their departure with overly dramatic bows.

"It has been a pleasure," said Fred, reminding Harry of a house-elf with his posture.

"Indeed," said George. And then, laughing, the twins danced off with each other to bug their mother and father dancing a few feet away.

"Bloody mad," Harry said to Draco, shaking his head.

Draco blushed and pulled Harry tight, looking into his eyes. "I am bloody mad about you." He smiled.

Harry grinned widely. "Very good to know," he said, kissing Draco.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE –

Naked Truth

Draco lay in their bed with Harry – his husband – pressed against him. He looked up at the "H" and down again at the man with him. They had danced late, finally falling into bed exhausted from an amazing wedding day. He was sometimes afraid that he would wake up and find it had been a dream. A brilliant, beautiful dream.

Harry was clinging to Draco, his head on his chest and a leg thrown over him as he slept. He was starting to wake now, eyelids fluttering as he made small movements.

Draco smiled down at him. He waited for that first look into Harry's eyes in the morning.

Harry took a deep breath and then stretched his legs out sleepily. He opened his eyes with a yawn and smiled up at Draco. "Morning," he said thickly, relaxing again after his stretching.

"Morning ... husband." Draco smirked.

Harry's smile grew and he kissed Draco's chest. "I like the sound of that," he said happily.

"Say it," Draco whispered.

"Husband," Harry said quietly. "Draco Malfoy, you are my husband." He brought his left hand up and looked at the ring there, smiling softly at it.

Draco had fallen to sleep without removing the silver hand, so he held it up to Harry's, entwining his fingers with his lover's. "Harry Potter, you are my husband."

Harry stared at their entwined fingers and knew there could be nothing more perfect. "I love you," he said quietly with a bit of wonder in his voice. He was thinking of how only a few short months ago, he had hated the beautiful man who was now in bed with him.

"Six months," Draco said quietly, "since I kissed you; six months ago today."

"I can hardly believe that," Harry whispered. "I feel like I've been with you forever. Like we've always been together."

Resting their combined hands on his chest, Draco smiled. "It has been ... a busy six months," he answered.

Harry nodded. "That's one word for it," he said, looking at Draco's face again.

"So, what would you like to do today?" Draco smiled, eyebrows raised.

Harry grinned. "What do husbands do?" he asked, raising his own eyebrows.

"I think you may have to teach me." Draco smiled sweetly.

Harry grinned. "Me teach *you*? Well, that's a change, but I'll certainly give it a try." He waggled his eyebrows suggestively.

Draco smiled and sighed deep, waiting to see what Harry would come up with.

Harry moved up onto his hands and knees above Draco and then bent to kiss him slowly, circling one of his nipples with the hand that wasn't supporting his weight.

"Mmm," Draco hummed into his mouth, and he shivered at that first touch.

Harry smiled against Draco's lips and gently slid his tongue into his mouth, lowering his body more so that he could feel Draco's heat.

Draco slid his tongue against Harry's gently, slowly caressing. He cupped the back of his head with his right hand, laying his silver hand on Harry's side. He sighed, the position reminding him of the first time Harry kissed him in the Room of Requirement.

"Do you know that I will do this every day for the rest of our lives?" Harry whispered against Draco's lips before licking them gently again. "Even when we're old and can barely move."

"Yes, that's what I want," Draco said breathlessly. He realised it was true. "That is my greatest wish," he continued, his hands caressing Harry, "to grow old with you."

Harry's heart fluttered with that knowledge. "That's your greatest wish?" he whispered, eyes soft.

"Yes," Draco admitted, nodding and blushing a bit.

Harry kissed Draco again. "I hope we're one hundred and fifty with as many grandchildren - no, older than that." he whispered,

smiling.

"Yes." Draco laughed. "Boring them with tales of the bad old days and romantic prattle about the robe shop."

Harry grinned. "Indeed we will," he said. "Although I think we should stick to the first visit there." He laughed.

Draco laughed, grinning. "Probably." Then he smirked again, looking down between their bodies as Harry still knelt over him. "So are you going to hover there or do something wicked to me?"

Harry smiled. "As if I could be anywhere around you naked and not?" He moved forward and pressed their lips together again.

Draco's answer was delayed as he kissed Harry. When he pulled away again, Draco said, "Not if our wedding is any indication."

Harry laughed delightedly. "Okay, naked or clothed," he said, moving to straddle Draco and smirk down at him.

Draco blushed again, shaking his head. His cock gave an appreciative bounce at the memory.

Harry laughed again. "I don't care what you say. You're cute," he said, staring down at Draco and contemplating what he wanted to do with him.

Draco laid back and began stroking his own body with both his hands, watching Harry. His fingers played over his chest, his nipples hardening as he did.

Harry raised an eyebrow and watched Draco touch himself. He stared down at him with a small smirk still on his lips. "Cute and hot," he said huskily, sliding his own hands across Draco's body.

"Cute?" Draco sneered, rolling his eyes. His hands continued down his body, over his stomach to his cock. He wrapped silver fingers around his own cock and began to stroke himself. He watched Harry the entire time.

Harry's cock jumped this time. "More hot right now," he said quickly, grabbing Draco's hand and replacing it with his own. He stroked Draco slowly, making sure to squeeze at the head.

"Mmm." Draco sighed and licked his lips. "Turn around," he said. "Since you won't let me play with myself"

Harry's entire body flushed with heat. It took him a moment to actually get his body parts to do what he wanted them to. Finally, he managed to process Draco's words completely and turned so that his

hard cock was right in Draco's face and Draco's beautiful flesh was in his.

Draco grinned, turning on his side so that he could reach Harry's cock. He spent a moment enjoying the sight and inhaling the scent of him.

Harry closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and sighed happily. He opened his eyes again and grasped Draco gently with his hand, not doing anything yet except touching him.

Harry's hard cock bounced in front of him as he breathed on it. He reached his silver fingers for that lovely flesh, smooth fingers sliding down warm skin.

Harry let out a hot, shaky breath as Draco touched him. He kissed the head of Draco's cock very softly, lips barely any pressure at all.

Draco smiled, enjoying the soft skin sliding along under his silver fingers. He used the tip of his tongue to lick pre-come from the tip.

Harry kissed Draco's cock again, more open-mouthed this time. He slid the head against his lips, smearing the wetness across them.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, sliding his lips over the crown of Harry's cock, licking at the soft skin.

Harry tensed for a second from the pleasure, but then relaxed again, sighing through his nose. He moved closer and licked up Draco's shaft.

Draco shivered and sucked more of Harry's cock into his mouth, moving his right hand down to cup his lover's balls.

Harry moaned quietly, licking, kissing and sucking along Draco's skin before sucking on the head of his cock lightly, eyes falling shut.

Draco ran his tongue around the crown ridge of his husband's cock. His silver fingers kept sliding up and down.

Sliding his mouth down further, Harry was determined to keep his attention on Draco and his pleasure, not on his own, but Draco wasn't making things any easier. Draco was damn good with his mouth and always had been. He had a knack for reducing Harry into a quivering mess.

Draco always did enjoy competing with Harry. This was one of those situations where he won even if he lost. As it was, he began to pick up the pace, confident that he could make Harry come first.

Harry's movement faltered but then he bobbed his head quickly, moaning. Merlin, it was heaven between his legs but he tried to focus on what was throbbing in his mouth, swirling and pressing his tongue.

Draco could feel Harry's excitement in his magic as well as taste it in his mouth. He took more of his lover's cock inside, swallowing around it.

Harry's thighs quivered and he hated that he wasn't as good at this as Draco was. Draco swallowed around Harry and Harry moaned louder. Draco was definitely better.

Draco's concentration was good. He wouldn't tell Harry why, but he had been trained to concentrate. To be able to do this, no matter what the conditions. At least it allowed him to bring Harry so much pleasure. He focused his breathing, deep throating Harry.

Harry was breathing quickly out of his nose now, his skin flushed red and his eyelids fluttering. His cheeks hollowed as he sucked and he sped his hand up on Draco's cock. He tried to get Draco off, but he could feel his own orgasm approaching quickly.

Draco felt Harry's magic flaring as he slid Harry's cock deep into his throat and allowed it to constrict around it.

Squeezing his eyes even more tightly shut, Harry tried to hold his orgasm at bay, but it exploded out of him and he gasped around Draco's cock. He had to stop moving his head for a moment while the intense waves of pleasure coursed through him, rocking his body.

Harry's power always brought his orgasm, too. Draco shuddered, swallowing hard as he came into his lover's mouth.

Harry was surprised when Draco came, having not been expecting it at all, but he swallowed up everything that he could, panting through his nose again.

Draco gasped for breath, clutching at Harry's hips and resting his forehead against his husband's thigh.

Harry released Draco's cock from his mouth and his hand. He tried to say something, but found that he couldn't yet.

Draco kissed Harry's hip gently, lovingly stroking his skin.

Harry took deep, steady breaths, smiling at Draco's soft touch. "Wow," he whispered finally.

"Yes," Draco said, still petting Harry's hip and thigh.

"I think I will enjoy my life with you," Harry said with a weak chuckle, though he was quite serious. He kissed the skin just above where blond curls started.

"I should think so," Draco chuckled.

Harry smiled again and was quite happy to stay where he was forever.

Draco rolled onto his back. "As tasty as that was," he said, "I am still hungry. I barely touched food yesterday."

Harry sighed and pushed himself up. "Neither did I," he said.

"Do we stay in bed and eat or go down to the dining room?" Draco asked.

Harry stretched his arms over his head and then idly scratched his stomach. "Whatever you want," he said with a smile.

"Benedict," Draco spoke up. The house-elf appeared moments later.

"Yes, Master Draco," the elf said, bowing slightly.

"Merlin, Draco!" Harry cried, scrambling to get under the covers.

Draco snorted, completely unconcerned about being naked in front of a house-elf. "Harry and I will have breakfast in bed today," he said to Benedict. "If anyone asks, we are taking a day to ourselves and are not to be disturbed except in case of an emergency."

"Yes, Master Draco," the elf said and disappeared.

Harry shook his head and raised amused eyebrows at Draco. "Strange how you are embarrassed about anyone even mentioning anything about our sex lives, and then you're completely okay being naked."

"Naked is not sex," Draco said, "and house-elves are not people." He shook his head, lying back down.

Harry shrugged. "They still know you're naked," he said, but he settled down next to Draco and smiled at him. "A day to ourselves? Sounds lovely."

"They are naked too, Harry," Draco answered. "Yes, just you and me."

Harry looked at Draco confusedly. "They're not naked ..." he said, wondering why he was continuing to talk about house-elves anyway.

Draco frowned at him. "They don't wear clothes and they don't

care what they look like to us," he said. "And they certainly don't care about our genitals. They don't see us that way."

Harry stared at Draco for a moment. "I guess," he said with another shrug. "I still couldn't just hang around naked with a house-elf. I don't care if they're looking at my dick or not. Nor could I hang around centaurs, merpeople, goblins - or any other non-human creature that's intelligent - naked."

Draco shook his head at his husband, just as Benedict arrived with a tray of food. The elf set the tray on the bed and disappeared again. "See, he couldn't care less if I am naked," Draco said with a huff.

Harry snorted and reached for a muffin. "Well, you can certainly be naked around house-elves if that's what you want," he said, amused. "I'm not stopping you."

"And in front of other people?" Draco teased, pouring them both tea and picking up a scone.

Harry took his tea and raised an eyebrow. "Are you a nudist or something?" he asked, looking at Draco strangely.

"Not exactly," Draco said cautiously, nibbling on his scone and sipping his tea.

"Not exactly?" Harry asked, still looking at Draco strangely. "What's that mean?"

"It means that I like my body and I don't mind others looking at it." Draco smirked.

Harry made a bit of a face. He didn't quite know what to say to that. "Well, oh," he said.

Draco watched him for a minute, still eating. "Aren't you hungry?" he asked.

Harry nodded and took a bite of his forgotten muffin.

Draco reached his hand over and smoothed hair back from Harry's eyes. "I've upset you," he said.

"Oh - no, I'm all right," Harry said quickly, taking another bite to keep from having to say anything else for the moment.

Draco continued to eat, waiting and watching Harry.

Harry looked up at Draco when he had eaten the whole muffin and had no excuse for keeping quiet anymore. "What?" he asked simply.

"That's what I am waiting for, the what," Draco said.

"The what about what?" Harry asked, even though he knew it was stupid to play this game.

Draco snorted and got out of bed, picking up his wand and using it to pull the drapes open to let in the light. Then he opened the door to the patio and stood naked, looking out over the garden.

Harry frowned, looking a little disgruntled, and followed Draco despite freezing his balls off. "Have I upset you?" he asked quietly, wrapping arms about himself.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I didn't mean to, whatever I did," Harry said, shivering.

"So you stand naked with me where the world could see?" Draco snorted. "Back inside," he said, turning and pushing the Gryffindor back through the door and closing it.

Harry was utterly confused. He stood staring at Draco with arms still crossed tightly over his chest to keep the cold away.

Draco took Harry by the arm and pulled him back over to the bed and sat him down on it. "You lie to me one minute and follow me out into the cold the next," he said in exasperation.

Harry sighed. "I didn't mean to lie to you," he said quietly, looking at his own legs. "I just - I didn't know what to say."

Draco stood so close that Harry could not help but look at his legs as he looked down. "Tell me what is going on in there," he said, making a gentle tug at Harry's hair.

Harry huffed. "It's stupid, because - it just is, but I wouldn't like it very much," he said very quietly, still not looking up into Draco's face.

"Look at me," Draco said quietly.

Harry let out a quiet sigh, feeling stupid. He raised his head only to see that he was eye-level with Draco's cock. He raised an eyebrow at it.

Draco chuckled. "At my face." He smirked.

Harry couldn't help a small smile, and he looked up into Draco's face.

"So," Draco smirked, "you were going to explain to me what you don't like about me being nude."

"You know I like you nude," Harry said, looking at Draco as if

trying to figure out if he was being funny or not. "I just ... don't think I'd like others ... to." He blushed, having no idea why this conversation made him feel like such a dolt.

"You don't like others ... what?" Draco asked. He had an idea where this was going, but he wasn't about to say it for him.

"I wouldn't like others to fancy you or see you naked," Harry said quickly, not mentioning the fact that Harry hadn't minded at all when he had fucked Draco on the couch in the Weasley's living room.

"You can't control what others feel, Harry," Draco said. "For example, I know that there are a lot of witches and wizards probably envious that I have Harry Potter as my lover and husband. I don't mind that. I like that it is me you chose."

"I know," said Harry with a small huff. "That's why it's stupid. I know others fancy you." He paused for a moment. "Maybe it's not that then. I can't put it in words."

"It can't be that you would ever imagine me leaving you for anyone else," Draco chided him.

Harry sighed. "You can't do that," he said quietly. "Literally." He was silent for a moment. "But what if you wanted to?" he asked quickly, finally voicing one of his greatest fears. But then he immediately wished he hadn't said it. "No - just, never mind. I know you love me," he said quietly, staring at Draco's chin now instead of his eyes.

Draco reached for Harry's chin, tipping his face up. "Still don't trust me, love?" he asked sadly.

"Of course I trust you," Harry said seriously. "I would trust you with anything - I just - what if I'm not good enough for you?" Harry's voice was nearly a whisper now.

Draco shook his head. "Good enough? In what possible way could you not be good enough?" he asked. "Most of the wizarding world will tell you right now that I am the one not good enough."

Harry sighed and fell back to the bed on his back. "Well, they're wrong," he said. "Just like they're wrong about nearly everything else."

Draco laughed at that. "Probably," he agreed as he leant forward on both arms, his body hovering over Harry's. "Never doubt me, Harry," Draco said, looking into his eyes again. "I have wanted you

from the moment I met you and I always will."

Harry gave him a small smile and nodded. "I'm just an idiot, I suppose," he said.

"I suppose." Draco grinned, allowing his body to press down against Harry's and sighing at the pleasure of their skin touching.

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's back and his smile grew. "Mine," he said very quietly.

"Yours." Draco smiled, deliberately rubbing his body against Harry's as if to remind him what it was that was his.

Harry pushed his head down into the mattress to get a better look at Draco's face, grinning. "So, all day alone, eh?" he asked with a suggestive eyebrow waggle, rubbing himself against Draco in turn.

"All day, all night," Draco leered. "Think you can keep up?"

Harry smirked. "The question is, can you?" He chuckled low in his throat.

"Ah, so what is the challenge then?" Draco asked, grinning.

Harry's smirk was still firmly in place. "How many hard-ons you can get as opposed to how many I can?" he suggested, knowing full well he would win that one - with the binding promise and all.

"That's hardly a fair contest, given your magical advantage there," Draco pointed out immediately. "How about who can get the other off the most times?"

Harry thought for a moment. "You're on," he said finally, grinning from ear to ear.

– CHAPTER THIRTY –

Betrayal

Harry was wrapping up Sirius's journal in some simple coloured paper, nothing fancy. Lupin wasn't really much of a fancy man. Calm, down to earth, studious. Harry grinned, thinking how opposite Lupin and Sirius were, just like himself and Draco in different ways. They had probably been very in love.

Harry's heart gave a sort of painful beat at that. He looked over at Draco, who was sitting on the couch with him in the sitting room of their suite. He smiled softly at him and finished with the wrapping. "Done," he said, holding the book up.

He and Draco were visiting Grimmauld today. Mostly so that Harry could check up on things, but also to finally give Lupin Sirius's journal.

Draco watched Harry wrap the present. He smiled at him.

"You ready to go?" Harry asked, leaning over and kissing Draco lightly.

Draco smirked, flushing a bit. "Always," he said.

Harry shook his head, grinning again. "I meant to Grimmauld Place," he said with a small laugh.

"Wherever you go, my love," Draco said with a laugh.

Harry snorted and got to his feet. He grabbed Draco's hand and pulled him up too, wrapping an arm around his waist and kissing him properly this time.

"Mmm," Draco hummed into the kiss, licking at Harry's lips and pressing himself to his husband.

Harry smirked and pulled back so that his lips were a mere inch from Draco's. "We should probably leave, or we're never going to," he whispered.

The blond smirked but nodded, reaching a hand around to pat his lover's arse.

Harry snorted again and pecked Draco's lips before pulling him

closer to Apparate them. They were gone with a crack like a gunshot and then standing in the kitchen at Grimmauld Place.

Remus had been expecting them and was waiting. "Nice to see you two again so soon," he said.

Harry smiled and let Draco go. "It is," he said, shaking Lupin's hand.

Lupin also took Draco's hand. "Didn't expect to see you two out so soon after your wedding. Can I get you some tea?"

"Well, the world doesn't stop for a wedding, and sure, tea sounds good," Harry said, moving over with his package to the table.

Draco smiled. "Yes, thank you." He took a seat next to Harry.

Remus set the tea on the table and joined them.

"How've you been the past week then?" Harry asked Lupin, adding sugar to his tea.

"Well," the man said, "preparing to go back undercover again. Fenrir's pack seems to be attacking more boldly than ever."

Harry made a face. "Yes, I read about the child killed near Bristol," he said, sounding sickened.

Draco sat quietly, sipping his tea. He reached his hand under the table and patted Harry's thigh.

Harry sighed and was silent for a few seconds, just moving his cup around in his hands. "Well, I brought you something," he said, pushing the package forward, thinking that now was as good a time as any.

"What is it, Harry?" Remus asked, picking up the package.

"Just something I found while I was staying here. I thought you would want it." Harry offered Lupin a small smile.

"Harry, tell him," Draco said. "He might prefer to open it privately."

Harry gave a small shrug. "It's, um, a journal Sirius kept. It's all from when you lot were in Hogwarts." He didn't say any more, thinking that Lupin might not want to know that he had read anything sexual between him and Sirius.

Remus' eyes opened wide and he looked down at the package, fingering it gently for a moment. "A journal written by Sirius?" he asked, sounding unable to believe it.

Harry nodded. "I'm not going to lie and say I didn't read any of it.

I did. It's his. A bit bare in the front, a lot of complaining," he grinned, "but it's his."

Remus' eyes seemed far away for a moment. "He wrote a journal," he said softly, looking down at it. "He never told me."

Draco nodded. "You ... seemed the right person to have it," he added.

Harry smiled gently at Lupin and nodded in agreement with Draco.

Remus seemed choked up and unable to find words for a minute. "Thank you," he said, still holding the journal.

"You're welcome," Harry said quietly, placing a hand over the one Draco still had on his thigh.

Draco sipped his tea and watched Remus. He wanted to say something. To tell him how sorry he was that this had happened to Sirius – and to him. But he didn't have the words.

Harry sat quietly for a few moments, wondering if he should say anything more. "I - I know how important Sirius was to you," he said quietly. "I never really talked to you about it."

Remus looked startled for a moment and then considered the two young men, smiling sadly. "Well, we were young," he said.

Harry opened his mouth, but no words came out. He didn't know what to say. He smiled sadly as well.

Draco looked at him. "He defied his family for you," the blond said. "It was more than youth. He loved you."

Remus looked up at them, nodding. "I wish I had been as true as him," he said sadly.

"By the bit I read in that journal," Harry said quietly, still smiling. "I would say Sirius was pretty mad about you. You couldn't have done that bad a job."

"You couldn't have known," Draco said. "They told you he killed them. There was the evidence."

Harry was confused for a moment about what Draco was talking about, but then he understood. He looked down at the table, staring at his tea.

"I should have known better," Remus said. "All those years, I believed he did it."

"Don't blame yourself, Remus," Harry said quietly. "Everyone

thought he did it. I thought he did it." He paused. "He thought you had been the one passing information to Voldemort at first. Those times were ... bad."

Remus looked hard at Harry. "Would you believe it of Draco?" he asked quietly.

"I did," Harry said. "Up on the tower, before he stood in front of the Death Eater's wands, I thought he had tricked me. I thought that he had been playing me the entire time. I was prepared to hurt him." His hand pressed down on Draco's. "Anyone can make a mistake when evidence like what was against Sirius is present."

Draco looked at Harry, face unreadable. "Would you have fought me if I had killed him?" Draco asked Harry.

Harry closed his eyes. He knew that he would have. "I - yes," he said quietly. "Before you said what you said about me killing you myself if you did it, yes, I would have fought you."

"Good," Draco said, "because that's what you should do if someone betrays you."

Harry looked up at Draco and simply stared at him. "I don't think I have to worry about that between us," he said.

"No," Remus said, "I don't think you do. And I think you have both made your point. Thanks. I appreciate this." He patted the book.

Harry finally looked away from Draco and gave Lupin a small smile. "Inevitably," he said after a few seconds, "we should also talk about what's going on with Voldemort. There were the attacks on random Muggles outside London three weeks ago, and the attack on Hogsmeade before that - the one we were present for. Any relations between them? Heard anything from Tonks or Kingsley?"

"The attack in Hogsmeade isn't related to the Muggle attack," Draco said, "and it wasn't random."

Harry looked at Draco with raised eyebrows. "How do you know?" he asked.

Remus looked interested as well, sitting forward. "Yes," he said. "What happened that night?"

"Well, they weren't in the town when we arrived," Draco said. "They arrived and set up while we were sitting inside."

"How would they know we were going to be there?" Harry asked.

"We didn't tell anyone except Ginny, Neville and Luna."

"No, they didn't," Draco said. "We were betrayed. Or at least, I was."

Harry's eyes widened. "What?" he asked.

"There were some of my ... old friends ... there that night," he said quietly. "They left and then the Death Eaters showed up."

Harry glared, suddenly looking very angry, but he didn't say anything. What good would screaming do him?

Remus nodded. "So you think one of them sent a message," he said.

"Yes," Draco said quietly, pulling his hand away from Harry when the other man's magic flared, sending an uncomfortable shock up his arm.

Harry let out a angry growl. "We could've - you could've died!" he said. "What fucking terrific friends!"

Draco frowned at Harry. "Why are you yelling at me?" he snapped. "I didn't send the bloody message."

Harry sighed exasperatedly and put his head in his hands. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I didn't mean to shout."

"So," Remus said, "this means you need to remember that you are targets. That they will be looking for you."

Harry snorted humourlessly but nodded.

"Yes," Draco said quietly.

Harry looked up from his hands, trying to push his anger away. "Bloody hell," he said. "It's impossible to trust anyone. Well, I trust some, but anyone could fucking turn on you at any moment. It was worse the first time around, wasn't it?" Harry asked Lupin. "Or at least it's not as bad yet," he added bitterly.

"I didn't trust them, not really," Draco said. "But ... I didn't realise they would do that either."

Harry sighed and nodded to Draco.

Remus stared at them both for a second. "No, it's not as bad yet as it was during the first war," he said in answer to Harry's question. "Things will get worse. You won't be able to trust the fly on the wall. That's how it was then."

Draco was quiet, listening to Remus.

"The Ministry was filled with spies. The person next to you

could've been a spy, and while that is still true now, it is nothing to what it was then. Lily and James had to actually leave work in fear of being spied on by Death Eaters, or even the many people controlled by the *Imperius* Curse," Remus continued.

Harry sat straighter suddenly. "They had to leave work?" he asked.

Lupin nodded. "It was that bad."

Harry frowned. "No one's ever told me what they did," he said.

"Ah," said Remus. "They were Unspeakables."

Harry raised both eyebrows. "They were?" he asked.

Remus nodded. "Almost straight out of Hogwarts," he said.

Harry was silent for a moment. "They worked in the Department of Mysteries then."

Remus nodded again. "Yes, that's where they worked. Not exactly sure what they did there, but then, no one really knows what goes on with all that."

Draco listened intently, watching Harry. He didn't know a lot about Harry's parents. He was curious.

"I've been in there ... as you know." Harry was quiet again. That had been the night Sirius had died.

Remus nodded sadly. "Yes, I know," he said. "As have I, but it's still difficult to make heads or tails of the rooms or the different things studied there - even after seeing some of it. James and Lily's work was top secret. They never told anyone what it was they did." He sipped his tea thoughtfully. "I would imagine it involved a lot of research. They had a whole big locked room in their house devoted to their work before they had to go into hiding."

Draco's eyes widened, cocking his head.

"Could it have had anything to do with the Order?" Harry asked.

Remus looked thoughtful again. "Well, not saying that some of the things they studied might not have been helpful to the Order, but that was their job. They didn't start there for the Order. Anything they did there was on assignment, but I'm sure some of the things that had helped us that first time around might have come from research of Lily and James's."

Harry sat listening.

"Your mother was amazing at inventing spells. Handy ones. One

for mending cuts with what sounded like a song almost, one for mending minor breaks, a nearly unbreakable Shield Charm - or at least, none of us could break though it. She even had a spell that projected calm. It was like she could take potions and somehow make spells that did the same thing as them quicker. Only thing is, most of them were nonverbal and no one else could ever do them."

Harry's eyes were wide. Why did it seem like some of this was ringing some sort of bell in his head?

"Harry's getting really good with nonverbal spells." Draco smirked.

Harry looked at Draco and smirked too, putting the curious thoughts inside his mind away for a bit. "I'm all right," he said.

Draco looked back at Remus now. "I don't really know much about what happened, other than what everyone knows," he said.

Lupin nodded. "No one really knows a lot about that night. Voldemort went there to kill you, Harry, because of that prophecy. That much is certain."

Harry sighed and then slowly turned eyes on Draco. He'd never told him that it had been Snape who had given Voldemort the information about the prophecy.

"I know the prophecy is what Father was sent to get by the Dark Lord, and one of the reasons I was punished," Draco said quietly.

Harry gritted his teeth.

Remus regarded Harry's expression calmly, but didn't comment on it. "Yes," he said to Draco. "I imagine Voldemort was not happy with the Ministry mess."

"No, they took me to see him right after," he said in a near whisper.

Remus frowned. "He's cruel. He shows no mercy towards anyone."

Harry was glaring now again. "We will win this war," he said, voice hard.

Remus gave him what might have been a smile, but it was hard to tell.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE –

Half-Blood Prince

Harry toed his shoes off once he and Draco arrived back at the Manor. He'd Apparated them from Grimmauld straight back to their suite's sitting room. His mind was filled with thoughts of Voldemort and his parents and he still couldn't quite place what was familiar about what Lupin had said about his mother. He sat down on the couch, thinking.

Draco watched Harry curiously but didn't disturb him, removing his own shoes and outer robe. He flicked a wand and the fireplace came to life, burning warm on what was now a cold November night. Then he settled in next to Harry on the sofa.

Harry leant into Draco automatically, but he was so lost in thought that he barely noticed Draco was touching him. "Maybe I'm mad," he muttered to himself, thinking aloud and staring into the now lit fireplace.

"Yes, love," Draco answered, smiling, "but in what way this time?"

Harry startled a bit when Draco spoke. "Oh," he said, then grinned and rolled his eyes at him. "It's probably nothing," he said slowly, "but all that stuff that Lupin mentioned about my mum seems ... familiar somehow. It's like I've heard it somewhere, or seen it." He shrugged. "I don't know."

"You mean the stuff about her and potions?" Draco said. "Severus talked about it once to me. Slughorn wasn't the only one who remembered her as gifted with them."

Harry's eyebrows rose high up on his forehead. "Snape said something to you about my *mum*?" he asked. "My mum being *good* at something?"

"Why wouldn't he?" Draco asked. "It was your father he hated."

Harry snorted. "My mum was a Mudblood," Harry said with a sneer. "I heard him call her one once."

"Really? Professor Snape?" Draco looked incredulous. "Odd given that he is half-blood."

Harry's mouth dropped slightly with shock. "He is?"

"Yes, he's ... oh, bloody hell," Draco cursed, jumping up from the couch and running into the potions lab.

Harry's eyes widened and he stood up uncertainly from the couch. "Draco?" he called, confused.

Draco grabbed the Potions book and ran back into the sitting room, flipping open the book to the fly-leaf. "Half-Blood Prince," he read, "and the handwriting is a lot neater now, but it's the same. Fuck."

Harry was still confused. "What are you on about?" he asked.

Draco pulled his wand, "*Accio book, Specialised Potion Ingredients.*" The book flew from the lab and into the blond's hand. He flipped it open to the fly leaf, showing it to Harry. "*To Draco Malfoy, my most promising student. Your godfather, Severus Snape.*"

"Draco, what ...?" Harry began, eyebrows low, but then he looked between the words on Draco's book and the words on his own book and gasped. "No fucking way," he said. "No. Fucking. Way."

"I can look it up in the *Book of Wizarding Bloodlines*, but I am pretty sure that Prince was his mother's last name," he said. "I am sorry I didn't remember before now."

Harry gasped again. "Hermione said - that article - bloody hell." He slumped back down on the couch, looking dumbfounded.

"I told you my godfather is a complicated man," Draco said, sighing.

"That whole year I was using Snape's book?" Harry asked, making a bit of a face. "*Snape?*"

Draco chuckled at his lover's reaction. "You spent all year telling your mates how brilliant the Prince was." He laughed. "Wait until you tell them who it was."

Harry made a sound of slight disgust. "Hermione's going to rub it in my face," he said, still slumped low on the couch. He reached up and took the Half-Blood Prince copy from Draco and flipped through it, looking at the notes and spells scribbled in the margins. "I can't believe it," he said.

"Wouldn't he love knowing you were doing so well in Slughorn's

class using his notes?" Draco was laughing again.

"Oh, yeah, I'm sure," Harry said sarcastically. He stared down at the book open to an Adrenaline Potion. In the margins were the usual notes explaining how to make the potion better, but there was also a circled word with an arrow pointing to the potion. It looked like the circled word was a spell. He frowned at it.

Harry's eyes widened as he thought back to the conversation with Lupin. "Do you think?" he asked, looking at the writing on the page.

"There's a way to find out," he said. "Do you want to try it or me?"

Harry looked at Draco warily. "*Sectumsempra* was in here and that bloody cut you open," he said.

Draco's face went still for a minute, remembering he had also used the spell to kill his own father. "Yes, but I knew what the spell did before I used it," he said.

Harry looked from Draco to the page in the book, thinking. "I'll do it," he said finally.

"Go ahead, cast it on me," Draco said, putting the book down on the table.

"I meant I'll do it to me," Harry said, sitting up more.

"Harry, we've had this talk before." Draco sighed. "Besides, worried you won't be able to keep up with me?" He smirked.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "That won't work," he said. "I'm the one who can will an erection. I don't need a spell to keep up with you." He cursed himself as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

"Very good. Then do the spell on me," Draco said with a grin on his face.

Harry huffed and stared at Draco with narrowed eyes. He was silent for another minute. "Fine, but if this hurts you, I'll kill you - better yet, I'll kill Snape," he said, pulling his wand out.

Draco huffed, but knew better than to disagree when he had won the argument.

Harry looked down at the page of the book again to read the spell. He looked up at Draco and winced. "I can't believe I'm doing this," he said, biting his lip. He pointed the wand at Draco and muttered the spell. Something very, very white shot out and hit Draco squarely in the chest.

Draco felt the jolt of Harry's magic, which as usual, seem to go right to his cock. Then his eyes widened as his heart sped up and his breathing quickened. He got up from the sofa and stood for a moment.

Harry was looking at Draco warily. "Well?" he asked, hoping that it was what it was supposed to be.

"Well, if it was the middle of the day, I think I would challenge you to a game of Quidditch." Draco smiled. "But since it is the middle of the night and my cock is as hard as a broom handle, I think we may have to come up with some way for me to use all this energy."

Harry raised his eyebrows and nearly laughed at the quick, perky way Draco was talking. "Hmm, I wonder what we could do?" he asked, relieved now that the spell had worked.

"I feel like I could do just about anything," Draco said, laughing as he reached his hands out to Harry. "Want to dance?"

Harry did laugh now. "Sure," he said, smiling. "But we don't have any music." He had thought Draco would suggest fucking him, but dancing was nice too, and would probably lead to fucking, and Harry was up for anything Draco wanted to do.

Draco flicked his wand and a music box on the mantle started playing a waltz. He began to dance with his husband, looking with sparkling eyes at him.

Harry laughed louder, allowing Draco to lead him around the room, a huge smile on his face.

"Dance with me, lover." Draco laughed. "I love this, and I love you." He liked the spell a lot, too. He had been tired before it was cast and now he felt like he could stay up all night.

Harry was laughing so hard now, he nearly had to stop dancing to catch his breath. It was like Draco was high or something. "I ... love you ... too," he gasped.

"Can't keep up now, can you?" Draco laughed, knowing he should slow down but not wanting to stop. "I wish it was warm out so I could take you dancing outside and then make love to you under the stars."

Harry's eyes glittered with that possibility. "Warming Charm," he said, still being twirled and led around the room.

"You are so right, my love," Draco said, and then Summoned his wand. "Ready to go?" he asked.

Harry grinned widely and nodded. He liked this spell, too.

Draco Apparated them out of the Manor and out into the gardens, in a grassy area near a fountain. It was a cold, clear night and he immediately cast Warming Charms on them both.

Harry smiled as he felt the heat sweep through his body until he was as warm as he had been inside their room. He grinned up at Draco, waiting for what he would do next.

Draco leant in and began to nibble on Harry's lips as his hands began to unbutton the man's trousers.

Harry hummed with pleasure, lifting warm hands to tug Draco's shirt loose and then slide under it, caressing the skin there.

"Yes," Draco gasped, sliding a hand into Harry's trousers and along the length of his cock. "Always hard for me." He sighed.

Harry let out a hot sigh against Draco's lips, fingernails biting gently into Draco's skin. "Always," he whispered huskily.

"Imagine what you are going to look like, spread naked in the moonlight with my cock in you," Draco whispered against him.

Harry let out another hot breath, though it was shakier this time. His cock twitched and he licked Draco's bottom lip slowly.

Fingers wrapped around Harry's cock sliding the skin of his cock up and down as Draco moved his mouth to capture Harry's tongue, sucking it into his mouth.

Harry felt lightheaded and it was everything he could do not to whimper. His hands were still resting on the skin of Draco's stomach and sides, but he wasn't moving them. He was lost in the sensations Draco's hand and mouth were providing him.

Draco continued to suck on Harry's tongue as he stroked his cock, feeling Harry's magic begin to hum against his skin.

Harry's breathing was definitely picking up now. He moved his hips slowly with Draco's strokes, feeling even warmer now.

Draco sped up his movements, hand still sliding up and down that lovely flesh, fingers caressing the head on the up stroke and his mouth sucking Harry's tongue. He used his silver hand to wrap into Harry's hair, holding him tight.

Harry moaned as Draco grasped his hair and he was suddenly

aware of how hot his groin felt. "I'm going to come if you don't stop," he gasped, tearing his mouth from Draco's.

Draco grinned into his eyes. "I am going make you come and come again, Harry," he said. "I wonder how long this spell will last and if you can keep up with it."

"Oh, God," Harry panted, his head dropping to Draco's shoulder. "Oh, fuck." He continued thrusting gently into Draco's hand, his own hands gripping Draco's skin tighter.

"Yes, I will fuck you, Harry," Draco purred, "but first you are going to come in my hand, standing here." His hand was slick with Harry's pre-come and he moved it fast and sure along his flesh.

Harry was panting heavily now, feeling the pressure building up. "Yes," he said weakly. "Oh, Merlin, yes."

Draco was panting, his face pressed against the side of Harry's as he moved skillful fingers quickly, feeling the energy building in his lover. "Come for me, Harry," he purred.

Harry clutched Draco harder and hissed through his teeth, his eyes squeezed shut. "Oh, *bellllll*," he moaned, Draco's words pushing him over the edge. He spurted into his hand, jerking and twitching as he came.

Draco clutched Harry to him, holding his cock as hot come slicked his hand and Harry's magic made his entire body shudder.

Harry took shuddering breaths, turning his face to press it into Draco's neck. How was he still standing exactly? His knees felt awfully weak.

Draco wrapped arm and silver hand around Harry, holding him against him still. He pulled his hand gently out of Harry's trousers and then used his wand to do a Cleaning Spell for them. "Can you stand?" he asked, smiling and still feeling full of energy himself.

Harry's eyelids fluttered and he shrugged lightly. "Don't know," he said, swallowing.

"Help me slip my shirt off," Draco said, still holding Harry up with his other arm.

Harry finally remembered that his hands were on Draco's skin. He slid them up, pulling the shirt with it. "I think I can stand," he said, not being able to lift the shirt with Draco's arm in the way.

Draco let his arm relax so that Harry could remove his shirt, and

then he took it from him and tossed it on the ground, before doing a Transfiguration Spell. The shirt rippled and stretched until there was a thin mattress on the ground instead.

Harry smiled, feeling slightly normal again now that the effects of his orgasm were dying. He reached down and tugged off his own shirt, tossing it away.

Draco grinned, unfastening his trousers and pushing both trousers and shorts off to stand naked in the moonlight.

Harry moved a bit slower than Draco did, but soon, he was standing naked too, admiring the beautiful man in front of him. He looked made from moonlight with how pale he already was.

Draco was awed by the sight of his lover in the night like this. The moonlight brought out the contrast between the dark hair on Harry's head and body with his golden skin. Draco tossed his wand to the ground beside the mattress and began sliding his hands over the hair and skin on Harry's chest.

Harry bit his lip and then sighed, feeling utterly relaxed even though he was standing. Draco's hands felt amazing against him, they always did.

"You are so beautiful," Draco said, leaning in to leave a trail of wet kisses across Harry's collar bone, and his hands continued to stroke the skin of the other man's chest, sides and back.

Harry felt a shiver go down his spine. "Not as beautiful as you," he whispered, eyelids feeling heavy as he watched Draco.

Draco sucked Harry's nipple into his mouth, using his tongue to flick over the sensitive tip. His hands slid down Harry's back until they cupped both cheeks of his arse.

"Mmmm," Harry moaned, using a hand to stroke Draco's hair and the other to draw patterns on his back.

Draco kissed and licked his way to the other nipple, his hands kneading Harry's arse as he did.

Harry was letting out quiet, deep breaths now, feeling heat again and the accompanying arousal. "Always hard for you," he whispered, feeling himself making that statement true.

"Mmm, good," Draco said as he released Harry's nipple. "Because I want to be deep inside you." He stood up more, pulling Harry against him so that his thigh pressed against Harry's cock and

his own was pressed to Harry's thigh.

"Deep, deep," Harry said, voice low. "So deep." He rubbed his hardening cock against Draco, rolling his hips.

Draco grinned and looked around. The mattress was a good idea, but not what he was in the mood for. He took Harry by the hand and led him over to an apple tree. This late, most of the apples had been picked by the elves or lay around the tree. Draco leant back against the tree and then pulled Harry against him again.

Harry raised an eyebrow and smirked at Draco, unsure about why he wanted to lean against a tree, but he said nothing and continued to move his cock over Draco's leg.

Draco Summoned his wand and then did a Lightening Spell on Harry, grinning as he did. Then he did the Lube Spell on his hand. He reached his hand around and began to slide slick fingers into him.

Harry gasped, eyes widening as he realised what Draco was going to do and his heart sped up, his body flushing with heat. "Oh, fuck," he let out, feeling off balance from the spell and having to grip Draco tightly with fingers that felt like air to keep from falling over.

"Yes, that's it." Draco smirked, sliding fingers in and out of Harry, feeling him open to him. His silver hand held Harry against his own body, cocks still pressed to thighs. "You are going to wrap those wonderful legs around me and ride my cock, Harry," Draco said in a husky voice.

Harry nodded, unable to remember right then if he had ever been more aroused. "Going to ride it hard," he breathed, trying to find his centre to get a hold of the spell he was under.

"Are you ready for me?" Draco crooned, three fingers already sliding into him. His own cock was slick with pre-come and aching by this point.

Harry tightened his muscles up to help keep his balance and nodded again, wanting Draco so badly, he thought he might cry.

Draco's laugh was deep, and he slid his fingers out and then grasped Harry's arse in both hands, lifting and spreading him at the same time. "Put your legs around me now, Harry," he gasped, pulling him up against his body.

Harry whimpered as he complied. It was not as easy to move his legs as it was normally, but he managed, feeling himself getting the

hang of being under the spell. He wrapped light arms around Draco's neck as tightly as he could and legs around him, feeling like he might have a heart attack simply from the image of their position in his mind.

Harry was so light with the spell that with his arms and legs around him like this, Draco could hold him with only his silver hand. He reached down and positioned his cock against his lover's entrance before pulling his body down slowly, impaling Harry on his cock.

"Yes," Harry moaned pitifully, the feeling of Draco's cock in him making him feel lightheaded again - well, he was lightheaded at the moment, literally.

Draco's fingers continued to grip and spread Harry's arse cheeks as he began to slide his lover's body up and down on his cock. "You are so spread and tight and I can feel myself so deep inside you," Draco gasped, his eyes closed as he leant back on the tree.

Harry gasped and watched Draco's face in front of him with half-closed eyes, his cock throbbing now. "Oh, yes, fuck me," he said, wanting to kiss Draco, but wanting to look at him too.

"Yes, Merlin, yes," Draco said, legs trembling, but he held himself braced against the tree as he fucked Harry on his cock. The slide of that flesh into Harry and into his magic was always overwhelming. This position seemed to spread him so open and impale him so deep that Draco felt delirious with it.

"Ah!" Harry cried out loudly as Draco fucked him. "Faster, please!" Harry needed to feel Draco pounding into him. Needed to feel his cock.

Draco groaned, unable to talk anymore as he began rocking up into Harry, his hands digging into his lover's arse as he fucked him harder and faster. "Ride me," he gasped, panting for breath.

Harry hissed and moaned and tried his hardest to push down against Draco, attempting to move and rock his hips. "Oh, fuck, yes!" he yelled. "Oh, fuck, fuck!" Everything was a vast blur. The only thing he acknowledged was Draco's cock up his arse.

"Fuck, Harry," Draco gasped, his body trembling with both the effort to thrust and his oncoming orgasm.

"Oh, shit," Harry gasped, throwing his head back and feeling his arse and balls tighten. "Oh, Merlin, yes!"

Draco was coming and he could feel Harry's orgasm coming like a storm. He thrust hard and deep, pulling Harry's body against his so that his cock was pressed between them as he pumped his seed deep inside his lover.

It was the oddest-feeling orgasm Harry had ever had. His body felt light already, and so when he came, he literally felt like nothing but air. He thought it very likely that, if Draco hadn't been holding onto him, he might have floated away. He let out a loud moan as he spilled his semen between his and Draco's bodies, going limp, his arms and legs loosening their hold.

Draco slid down the tree to his knees, still holding Harry impaled on his cock. "Gods, love," he said, sighing as he buried his face against Harry's neck.

Harry was still panting and could barely hold his head up, let alone talk.

On his knees with Harry in his lap, Draco slid his hands up and around, pulling him tight. "Wear you out, Harry?" he teased.

"You ..." Harry breathed, "are far too ... cocky for your own ... good." He let out a shaky breath after that. His voice even sounded airy, like Luna's.

"You like my cock, Harry," Draco licked his ear and nipped at his neck just below it.

"You want another go?" Harry asked incredulously.

"I like this spell," Draco said, "but I do believe it is wearing off."

Harry gave a weak laugh. "I would let you fuck me again if it wasn't," he said. "Even if I just laid there and smiled." He laughed weakly again.

"Very tempting," Draco chuckled. He Summoned his wand and then the Transfigured mattress. Then, holding Harry against him still, he laid down on it and released the Lightening Spell.

Harry sighed and then arched his back to stretch it. He moved closer to Draco and kissed him, pressing their chests together, still wrapped around him.

"Don't suppose either of us has the energy to Apparate us back to our room?" Draco asked sleepily.

"Merlin, I don't," Harry said. "Will the Warming Charms hold up?"

"I hope so." Draco sighed.

Harry chuckled. "I think I can manage renewing them," he said, Summoning his wand. He did the charms again for each of them and then settled back with Draco.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO –

Insatiable

Harry shivered slightly and wriggled closer to Draco, his eyes still closed. He wondered why he was a bit cold, and why he had no blanket, and why their bed didn't feel like it usually did. Moving even closer to Draco, pressing his body against his to warm up, Harry opened his eyes and realised they were outside. The previous night came back to him then. He smiled and kissed Draco's nose. It was still dark out, but the sky was lighting up very slowly.

Draco shivered, wrapping both arms and a leg around Harry, pulling him close.

"I'm bloody cold," Harry whispered, pushing hands between their bodies to keep them warm. It seemed he was getting colder by the second.

"Mmm," Draco answered, "yes, cold."

Harry pressed himself to Draco. "In or another charm?" he asked, teeth beginning to chatter.

"Inside," Draco whispered.

Harry nodded and Summoned his and Draco's wands before Apparating them to their bed. He scrambled under the covers quickly, still shivering from the cold outside.

"What?" Draco asked sleepily when Apparating woke him up. He followed Harry under the covers, pulling his body close again.

Harry smiled and relaxed against Draco. "I didn't say anything," he whispered.

Draco was pressed against Harry, his body warming up now. The silver hand was actually warmer than his flesh one and he ran that over Harry's chest and belly.

"Mmm," Harry hummed, his eyes shut again. "So, how was that spell?" he asked, smirking.

"Useful." Draco smiled, silver fingers trailing down the soft hair on Harry's belly until he caressed his cock.

Harry gasped quietly and grinned. He became aroused immediately, his cock twitching and slowly hardening in Draco's hand.

"Yes," Draco whispered, fingers wrapping around his flesh as his own cock hardened as well. "Want you inside." He smiled again.

Harry opened his eyes and moved forward to kiss Draco. "Want me to fuck you?" he asked slyly against Draco's lips, moving a hand down his back to grab his arse.

"Deep and slow," Draco said before licking Harry's lips.

Harry opened his mouth to Draco and slipped his tongue in, moving it slowly and far inside. "Like that?" he whispered wetly before licking along Draco's lips.

"It's a start," Draco said, sliding silver fingers along the length of Harry's cock.

Harry grinned and then concentrated. "I wonder if I can" he muttered, pressing dry fingers against Draco's entrance. He concentrated hard.

Draco gasped at the sensation, first of Harry's still slightly chill fingers and then at the tingle of magic in them.

Harry tried to focus his magic into his hand, his eyes closed again. He could feel the power trying to comply. Finally, after a few long seconds, his fingers were suddenly slick and they slid inside of Draco quickly. Harry groaned when he felt the magic work, almost sounding like it had been pleasurable.

"Gods, Harry!" Draco cried out, magic and lube and Harry's fingers making him shudder and his cock twitch.

Harry took a deep breath and chuckled. "Too bad I can only seem to do sex spells this well," he said, stretching Draco.

Draco's response was a moan, silver fingers still wrapped around Harry's cock.

Harry groaned again and slipped his fingers out after a minute. He passed his hand over Draco's on his cock, concentrating very hard again. It might not have taken so long if he wasn't being tossed off, but it worked again and Draco's hand was suddenly slick.

Draco cried out again, as Harry's magic caressed him. "Oh, please, yes," he begged. "Please fuck me."

Harry moaned and got to his knees in front of Draco. He

grabbed his legs and pulled him down to him quickly, grasping his cock and looking up at Draco's face as he spread his own legs and Draco's before pressing his hips forward. He leaned over him and slid inside firmly but not too hard, hissing through his teeth.

Harry's magic and his cock pressed into Draco and he was so aroused he nearly came then, panting and looking up into his lover's face.

Harry thrust forward steadily and continued to stare down into Draco's flushed face. "You're so fucking good," he told him, rocking his hips forward and back. "So good."

"Yes, yes," Draco chanted as his lover thrust in, the feel of him inside sending sparks of pleasure up his spine.

Harry's breathing was heavy and his head dropped forward after a few minutes. He looked down and could see himself sliding into Draco and Draco's cock wet with pre-come. Harry whimpered and thrust harder, quicker.

Draco began to shudder as his body built up to orgasm. He had both hands fisted in the sheets and he spread himself wider, allowing Harry to go deeper.

"Fuck," Harry gasped, sudden tight-feeling pleasure invading his body. It seemed to whip through him quickly and he was coming before he even realised it. "Oh, fuck, Draco," he moaned, thrusting weakly as he pumped his seed inside him.

Draco came with a low moan, his head spinning and his body spasming. Gods, he loved starting his day this way. He wrapped arms and legs around Harry, pulling him close and making small contented humming noises.

Harry dropped his head onto Draco's shoulder and pressed his face into his neck, panting still. He smiled and reached a hand up to cup the side of Draco's face.

"Every morning that starts like this is a good morning," Draco said, kissing the side of Harry's head.

Harry nodded and rested for a few seconds before lifting himself and pulling out of Draco. He fell back to the bed next to him, pressed nearly over the top of his whole side.

"So, we finally did it under a tree after all," Draco said, laughing.

Harry snorted, remembering the story in the *Prophet*. "It was

better than anything the paper could've thought up though," he said, smirking.

"I am so glad you feel that way," Draco laughed, "because I definitely want to do that again sometime."

Harry's smirk widened so that he was grinning now. "Sure," he said and he kissed the corner of Draco's mouth. "Did your back get scratched at all?"

"Didn't notice if it did," Draco said. "You tell me."

"It might have felt a few scratches," Harry said, "but I haven't looked. Let me see." He rolled slightly so that he wasn't lying on Draco anymore and sat up.

Draco shrugged and rolled over so he lay face down. He looked back over his shoulder at Harry.

"Eh, not too bad," Harry said, running fingers down the few red lines on Draco's back. "You'll live." He smiled at him.

"Mmm," Draco hummed at the feel of his fingers and smiled, laying his head back down.

Harry snorted quietly and then straddled Draco so that he was sitting on his arse. He started at Draco's shoulders and pressed his hands and squeezed down his back, working his muscles. "It's kind of weird, isn't it?" he asked, watching the progress of his own hands thoughtfully now.

"Mmm," Draco murmured, enjoying both the massage and the feel of Harry straddling him. He didn't know what Harry was talking about. Personally, he was wondering how he could be so relaxed and getting so aroused at the same time.

Harry snorted again. "I suppose it's useless to talk to you while doing this?" he asked, amusement in his voice.

"About what?" Draco mumbled, still not really paying attention to much besides the other man's touch.

Harry was silent for a few seconds, still massaging Draco's back. "Well, that spell worked, didn't it?" he said finally. "If that book is Snape's, isn't it weird that he was sort of doing the same thing as my mum?"

Draco mused that all the blood seemed to have left his brain. But he honestly did think about the question, even if Harry's balls were pressed against his back side. "Not if they knew each other," he

answered.

"Well," Harry said slowly, "they were in the same year ... but I doubt they were friends or anything" He thought about the memory of Snape's he had viewed. They hadn't seemed like friends.

"Why wouldn't they be?" Draco asked, wiggling his arse a bit to rub against Harry.

Harry sighed and shook his head at the rather obvious way Draco was moving against him. "I saw a memory of Snape's in Dumbledore's Pensieve once. One that he hadn't wanted me to see. It had to do with my mum and dad."

"In Snape's memory?" Draco asked, rubbing himself against Harry and rubbing his cock against the bed.

"Well, it was Snape's memory in the Pensieve," Harry said slowly. "Remember in fifth year when I was taking 'Remedial Potions'?" he asked sarcastically.

Draco snorted. "Yeah." Meanwhile, he had started rocking his hips back and forth against the bed and Harry on top of him.

"Well, I wasn't," Harry said, raising an eyebrow at Draco's movements. "Snape was trying to teach me Occlumency."

"You learnt Occlumency?" Draco asked, rocking harder now.

"Are you managing to truly register a word I'm saying?" Harry asked, amused again, his body moving because of Draco now.

"Mmhmm," Draco murmured, his breath speeding up now, his cock hard and his brain only really registering some of the words.

"You are not," Harry said with a laugh. His own cock had been steadily getting harder, but he gave into it now and rubbed himself down against Draco, thinking they could talk in a minute.

Draco moaned as he felt Harry's cock against his arse. Hadn't he just come? It didn't feel like it. He was so hard he hurt as he rubbed himself between bed and lover.

"Turn over," Harry said, voice suddenly low as he climbed off of Draco.

Draco groaned as compulsion had him turning before he could even argue the idea. "Why?" he managed as he rolled onto his back.

"Because," Harry said simply. "You've made me hard now, too." He reached over and spread Draco's legs apart before moving between them. He grasped both their cocks together, his own still

slippery from before.

"Oh, yes," Draco gasp, arching up into his hands.

Harry smirked and pumped his hands over both their cocks, rocking his hips gently and appreciating the sight of Draco greatly. "You're going to come for me again," he said. "And then I could make you again, and again after, I reckon." He was trying to sound controlling and confident in his ability, but it wasn't working very well as he gasped a few times.

"Yes," Draco gasped, feeling his body and his own magic responding to Harry's will. He tried to force his eyes to remain open, only partially succeeding as he thrashed his head, arching up.

"Fuck," Harry panted, speeding up the strokes, making sure to squeeze along the heads and thrust a bit into Draco's cock.

Draco ran his own hands over his own chest, pulling on his nipples as the feel of Harry's cock against his own kept him shuddering and thrusting.

Harry could hardly take the image of Draco touching himself. A strong shock of pleasure travelled through him as he watched him. "Shit, I'm gonna come!" he cried, his body tensing.

Words, touch, and magic from his lover and Draco was lost, coming in spurts over their cocks, Harry's hand and Draco's own chest.

Harry came with Draco, amazed at how often they seemed to be able to do that. Shudders and shivers ran through him and he let his hands slip from both himself and Draco, panting above him.

Draco sighed, very relaxed and happy. He smiled up at his lover. "Were you saying something?" he teased.

Harry shook his head and took a deep breath before letting it out in a sigh. "Yes, I was actually," he said, sounding amused again.

"Maybe we could talk about it over breakfast." Draco smirked. "I'm hungry." He reached for his wand and did Cleaning Spells on both of them.

"Of course you are," Harry said with a laugh. "But me, too."

Draco got dressed, marvelling at the fact that watching Harry dress was turning him on. He knew he was only seventeen, male, and just married, but really, this was getting distracting. Fine, so Harry had

always been distracting. Yet, he seemed more so now than ever.

Harry looked up at Draco, buttoning his shirt up, and smiled at him. "What?" he asked, tucking the pendant Draco had got him inside the shirt.

Draco flushed and rolled his eyes, but went back to combing his hair.

Harry chuckled lightly, delighted that he could do what he could to Draco. Harry hadn't really bothered to do his hair since the wedding and simply stood with hands in his pockets, watching Draco do his own.

Draco finished and turned, shaking his head at Harry's mop. "Did you at least comb or brush it?" he asked.

Harry shrugged. "I combed it," he said. "It just does this."

Draco huffed, covering his desire to grab Harry's hair and ... Okay, think about food. "Apparate or walk?" he asked him.

"Eh, let's walk," Harry said, hands still in his pockets as he began to walk backwards towards the door, still smiling at Draco.

The blond followed his husband through the sitting room, picking up Snape's Potion book along the way. "You're teasing me on purpose," Draco complained half-heartedly.

"I am?" Harry asked, widening his eyes, but there was a hint of a smile on his lips.

"Git," Draco muttered, still frustrated by his recent mood. It was fine to be like this right after the wedding when they could stay in bed all day. But they had work to do.

Harry chuckled. "All right, I'll stop," he said, turning and holding out his hand for Draco to take.

Draco actually hesitated, but took his lover's hand. The contact sent a shiver up his arm and he took a quick breath, concentrating on calming himself while they walked.

"Oh, hey, do you play piano?" Harry asked suddenly when they were out in the hall. "I've been meaning to ask you. I saw that you have one."

"We have several. And, yes, I used to play," Draco said, feeling unaccountably grumpy suddenly.

"You should show me sometime," Harry said, not noticing Draco's grumpiness. "I think that would be unbelievably sexy," he

said truthfully.

"I haven't played in ... a while," Draco said.

"It's not something you forget, is it?" Harry asked. "You don't have to if you don't want to."

Draco held up his silver hand, considering it. "I will have to ... try it. See if it works the same," he said.

Harry nodded. "I can't play anything," he said. "Just Quidditch."

"And chess," Draco said. "And me."

Harry snorted. "Can you guess which one I like the best?" he said, grinning.

Draco's breath sped up and he licked his lips. "Yes," he answered, voice a bit breathy.

"Can we bloody make it down to breakfast?" Harry asked with a small laugh, flushing a little now.

"Can we?" Draco asked, flushed but still walking.

"We really should," Harry said, shaking his head and taking a deep breath to try and clear it.

Draco continued on, looking more at his feet and concentrating on putting one foot in front of the other.

"Maybe we shouldn't hold hands," Harry said, feeling too hot. He could not believe himself.

Draco looked at him – and stopped in his tracks. "You ... upset?" he asked, his voice too deep.

Harry shook his head no as a shiver went down his spine at Draco's voice. He wasn't upset, he was trying to make it to breakfast.

"Maybe we should Apparate to breakfast?" Draco asked, clearing his throat at the way it seemed to be constricting on him.

"Yeah, we should," Harry said shakily. "I believe we are insatiable."

"You, too?" Draco asked, eyes widening.

"Must you ask?" Harry said.

"No," Draco said, realising that, as usual, Harry's magic was crackling over his skin. He stepped up and pinned him against the wall with his body, holding his hands over his head and closing his lips on Harry's.

Oh, Merlin, I am not about to have another go, Harry thought, and then Draco's tongue was in his mouth. Yes I am.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE –

Ancestral Magic

Draco thrust his tongue against Harry's lips. His cock was hard again and he wanted to fuck Harry right then, right there, in the hall. "Apparate us to the bedroom or I will fuck you here," he groaned.

"I can't," Harry whined, trying to rub himself against Draco. "I'll splinch us."

"I can't either," Draco gasped. "Can't concentrate."

Harry groaned, not really caring where the fuck they did it.

Draco pulled back just enough to pull Harry away from the wall, turn him around quickly, and then push him back. He pulled his wand and removed their clothes with the spell before pressing his cock into the crevice of his lover's arse.

Harry pressed his hands to the wall and clawed it slightly. "Yes," he whispered, wondering how he even had the energy.

"Spread your legs," Draco groaned, casting the Lube Charm and then dropping his wand to press his fingers into Harry.

Harry opened his legs wide immediately. "I want you to fuck me," he breathed. "I want you to fuck my arse hard."

"Yes," Draco growled against his ear, "that's exactly what I am going to do." He slicked Harry quickly and then his own cock, pressing into him.

"Oh, fuck, yes," Harry moaned. "Fucking cock's so good." He pressed back, his knees shaking.

Draco thrust hard, driving deep inside his lover. He loved this, he loved this man. "Yes, fuck, yes!" he cried out.

"Fuck, Draco, yes!" Harry cried, leaning fully against the wall with his body and then reaching a hand down to his own cock.

Draco was fucking Harry hard and deep. He wanted to be inside, deep inside and he felt like he would never get enough.

Harry pumped his cock furiously, face screwed up in what might have looked like pain in any other situation. "Yes!" he cried out again

and again, not caring how loud he was - the very ability to care had flown out the window.

Draco felt his balls and body tighten, knowing he would be coming soon. "Yes, going to fill you!" he yelled.

Harry's toes curled on the floor and he moved his hand even faster. "Oh, fuck, fuck," he whimpered, feeling the pleasure peaking. He opened his eyes to look at Draco over his shoulder, wanting to get even a small visual to finish him off. As soon as he opened his eyes, there was movement from down the hall that caught what little attention he had.

Ron froze, his eyes going wide and his mouth dropping open.

Harry's eyes widened too and they stared at each other for a few shocked seconds before Ron turned and fled, ears gone alarmingly red.

Draco came hard, slamming his hips and cock forward into Harry, screaming out Harry's name.

Harry had been so close that not even seeing Ron could keep him from coming. He moaned loudly and shuddered. It might have been stronger without catching sight of Ron, but it was still good.

Draco leant against Harry and the wall, panting. His cock felt so good inside him that even now he didn't want to move.

"Draco," Harry said after a few seconds.

"Yes," Draco whispered against his ear, still not moving.

"Ron just walked in on us," he said, still sounding a bit breathy.

"Merde" Draco said, resting his head against Harry's shoulder.

Harry nodded, flushing and still pressed against the wall.

"I think we have a problem," Draco whispered.

"Problem?" Harry asked, not knowing if he could move or not.

"I love this," Draco whispered, his cock still in his partner. "I love being inside you and you inside me. I have come three times in the last hour and I am still hard."

Harry's eyes widened. "You're hard right now?" he asked.

Draco moved a bit, demonstrating the fact by sliding just a bit back and forward again.

Harry's eyes grew even wider. "You came ten seconds go!" he said.

"I know," Draco gasped, head still resting against Harry. "I can't

seem to stop wanting."

"As much as I love you to be like this," Harry said, frowning slightly now, "I'm not so sure that's normal."

Draco gritted his teeth and forced himself to pull back. He shuddered and stepped away. He leant his back against the wall, gasping.

Harry hissed quietly when Draco moved away from him and stood staring at him. "Are you okay?" he asked, sounding worried.

"No," Draco said. "I want" He looked away.

"What, Draco?" Harry asked. "You want what?"

"You, now, again," Draco moaned, looking like he was in pain.

"Are you hurting?" Harry asked, sounding very worried now.

"Does it hurt when you are close to coming?" Draco asked. "No, but"

"Draco, what?" Harry asked, getting frustrated with his unfinished sentences.

"Please take me back to the room," Draco pleaded.

Harry moved forward quickly and wrapped arms tightly around Draco. He Apparated them back to their suite and then stepped back slightly, staring at him with lowered brows.

Draco walked into the bedroom and threw himself back onto the bed.

Harry followed and stood looking at Draco. "What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"I thought I told you already," Draco snapped. He burrowed under the covers.

Harry was very confused. "Are you mad at me?" he asked, frowning.

"No, no," Draco cried, though whimpering was closer to the sound he made.

Harry opened his mouth, but hesitated. "You - you want to fuck me again?" he asked.

Draco actually hid under the covers this time.

"You can," Harry said uncertainly. He really didn't mind if that was what Draco wanted, but he didn't think that he would be able to get hard again, binding promise or not.

Draco threw the covers back, still lying in the bed. "Come here,"

he whispered.

Harry did, slipping into the bed slowly and moving close to Draco to lie on his back beside him.

Draco rolled on top of him. "Inside me or inside you?" he asked.

"I don't think I can get hard again, love," Harry said. "You're just going to have to do me."

"You can always get hard." Draco laughed. "The Binding Spell."

"Within reason," Harry said, giving Draco an amused smile despite his worry.

"Reason has nothing to do with it," Draco said, as he reached for his lover's cock.

Harry waited and felt Draco's hand on him, and while it felt good, nothing happened really. "I really think I need at least twenty minutes," he said. "But go ahead. You can fuck me. It'll feel good no matter what."

"You sure?" Draco asked. "We haven't ever done it when we weren't both wanting it."

"Draco, it's fine," Harry said. "Really, I don't mind." He gave him a small encouraging smile.

Draco closed his eyes and groaned, rolling away from Harry.

Harry frowned. "What now?" he asked, propping himself up on his elbows.

Draco grabbed a pillow and hid his head under it, lying face down on the bed.

"Draco, what the bloody hell is going on?" Harry asked, very confused now. "I thought you said you wanted to fuck again."

Draco mumbled under his pillow.

Harry huffed and sat up fully. He reached over and tugged the pillow away from Draco. "What?" he asked.

"This is fucking ridiculous!" Draco said, crying.

Harry frowned very worriedly again. "What's wrong?" he asked, laying a hand on Draco's back.

Draco shivered at Harry's touch, his entire body aching with it. "I don't know," he gasped, tears running down his cheeks.

Harry gasped. "Is there something actually *wrong* with you?" he asked, voice higher now.

"I don't know," Draco gasped. "I just ... I just want you."

"W - well, will that make you feel better?" Harry asked. His heart was pounding now and he wasn't so sure it would help anything at all if Draco fucked him again.

"Please," Draco whispered, rolling onto his back again. "I want to be inside you." His cock was still hard and aching.

Harry hesitated again. "Draco, something's wrong," he said seriously.

"Yes, I said that," Draco gasped.

"No, something's wrong with you really," Harry said. "It is not normal to act this way." He wondered what on earth he should do. Get Hermione?

"Yes, I said that," Draco snapped. "I've been saying that!"

"Well, what do I do?!" Harry asked, looking at Draco with wide, fearful eyes.

"Other than fucking me?" Draco sneered. "I don't know. I said that already. Didn't you hear a thing I said?"

"Will fucking me make you stop acting like this?" Harry asked, still very confused.

Draco growled this time, rolling over and grabbing Harry, pinning him face down under him. "I ... do ... not ... know!" he ground out. "I want to ... fuck you ... now."

Harry was actually a little frightened for a moment and tensed, frozen. *This is Draco*, he told himself. *There's just something wrong with him.* He tried to relax. "Go ahead," he said, not knowing what else to do. And he knew the Binding Promise was on his side if he needed it to stop Draco.

Draco reached down, fingers slipping into Harry quickly. He was still slick and wet from earlier in the hall. Draco pulled his fingers out and then pressed his cock into Harry, sliding inside. He shuddered holding himself there.

Harry took a deep breath and pressed back against Draco, clenching the muscles in his arse.

"Yes, oh, yes," Draco gasped. He began to move then, slowly but deeply.

It was very, very strange to be fucked this way, Harry thought. "That's it, love," he whispered.

"Harry, you feel so good, so amazing," Draco moaned as he slid

in gently again and back again. "You are still so slick with my come and I want to fill you again."

Harry felt a slight stirring in his groin at those words, but still not much of anything. He began trying to will an erection, trying hard. He focused on the movements inside him. "I want you, too," he said, still pushing back against Draco.

Draco felt a flicker of Harry's magic and smiled. "Yes, fucking you deep. Feeling myself inside you, my come inside you," he whispered.

Harry actually whimpered the tiniest bit when Draco brushed his prostate. It felt odd to be touched there now, but still strangely good. He couldn't quite put his finger on the sensation.

"Yes, I am inside you, Harry," Draco said, keeping the slow, deep rhythm.

Oh come on, stupid cock, Harry thought. *You've never let me down before.* He knew it was strange to be talking to his own penis inside his head, but he couldn't help it. Draco hit his prostate again and Harry felt a pleasurable hum surge through him. Yes, that's it, he thought.

"Yes, love," Draco said. "I can feel your magic. Feel it like I feel myself inside you." Draco rocked his hips, setting a smooth rhythm. He concentrated on the feelings inside him and his lover.

Harry grunted, feeling his cock finally starting to respond a bit. "Yes, Draco," he said, sounding strangled.

Draco pulled Harry's arse higher so that he was up on his knees. The change in angle allowed him to push deeper. He reached a hand around him, fingers stroking over Harry's cock.

Harry was getting hard now, and while everything had felt good before, it definitely felt better. He thrust into Draco's hand, face pressed to the mattress still and turned to the side so he could breathe properly.

"Push up on your hands," Draco said, still stroking him with his hand and sliding deep inside.

Harry gripped the sheets for a second and then did as Draco said, now on his hands and knees. He spread his legs further apart for Draco and gritted his teeth as he pushed back against him now.

Draco rocked Harry's body with his thrusts, using it to fuck and stroke him in time with the movement.

Harry gasped and moaned and hissed, feeling blissful even though he was still worried about Draco. He felt like it went on forever, but then, they should both have been able to last quite a bit longer than usual. Harry was drenched in sweat now, his arse actually starting to feel a bit sore, but sore in a good way.

The long slow fuck was fantastic. Draco lost himself in movement, sensation and magic. The build up of power inside of himself and Harry was slower, yet, it felt ... deeper.

Harry was taking shaky, shallow breaths, thinking that if one of them didn't come soon, he was going to die. He could feel the start of an orgasm ... perhaps, but it also felt sort of far away.

"Yes, relax," Draco said. He loved the slick sound of his cock sliding in and out of Harry and their combined breaths. "Let it build," he told Harry.

Harry nodded slowly. Everything felt slow. He wondered if they could just do this forever. And, God, Draco was inside so deep. Harry felt like he touched the very core of him.

Draco had no idea how long he fucked Harry, it was blissful and he felt he didn't want to stop. Then the energy began to build inside him and he could feel it answering in Harry, their magics intertwining where their bodies were joined and spreading out from them.

Harry's breath sped up and shortened even further as he began to feel the definite build up. "Please, Draco," he barely whispered.

"Yes, Harry," Draco said, feeling it too but not speeding up yet.

Harry closed his eyes, unable, once again, to decide how he felt. The fact that the orgasm wasn't coming as soon as usual was oddly not frustrating. It was sort of calming, but he still didn't know if everything was all right. It felt like it was, but he couldn't tell for sure. What if Draco wanted to do it again after this? He pushed that from his mind for the moment and focused on the pleasure.

"Yes, don't focus," Draco said. "Just feel, just let it go." He was rocking a bit faster now, feeling the energy pulling him.

Harry took as deep a breath as he could manage and tried to do what Draco said. In, out, in, out, in, out, like his breathing, like the thrusts, almost like the sound of the blood pounding in his ears. He felt everything starting to feel even better as that inevitable peak wound closer.

When Harry relaxed, the power rose; its energy vibrating through their bodies. Draco rocked faster and harder into Harry's body and he could feel his own orgasm held at bay by the power as it waited for Harry.

"Yes," Harry whispered as waves of humming pleasure washed through him, each one stronger than the last. He knew it wouldn't be much longer now. Not much longer.

"Yes, Harry," Draco whispered, panting now as he began to rock faster and faster, the magic swirling up into him and his head spinning with it.

Harry felt that last wave, stronger than all the rest and it washed him over the edge as if he'd dived into it. His body shuddered and he gasped and moaned and nearly passed out. "Oh, Draco, Draco," he whispered, rocking his body in the motion the waves wanted him to go. "Draco."

Harry's orgasm brought Draco's with him as the magic peaked. Draco felt his husband's body shudder and clench around his cock and he felt Harry's cock coming hot in his hand. Draco felt like he had been coming for hours and was finally released from it. He rocked their bodies with the waves of power until it subsided. Then he was released by it and fell quietly to the bed beside Harry.

Harry's arms gave way and he fell to the bed too, head turned in Draco's direction, but eyes still closed. His breathing was still shallow, but slowly, very slowly, returning to normal.

Draco lay on the bed where he fell, eyes closed and breathing slowing down. He felt like was floating somewhere soft and warm.

It was several minutes before Harry could even open his eyes again. He finally did and looked at Draco. He opened his mouth, but no sound came out yet. Harry stared at Draco for a little bit longer and then felt like maybe he could use his voice. "Draco?" he whispered.

There was no answer and Harry frowned.

"Draco?" he tried again, a little louder now. His heart started beating quicker as he realised that Draco had passed out. It was not due to the binding promise, Harry had fucked Draco only a short time ago. "Draco, wake up," he said, knowing that it probably wouldn't work. That command hardly ever did.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, sleepily, still feeling like he was floating.

Harry let out a tremendous sigh of relief. "Are you awake?" he asked, wriggling over closer to Draco, still feeling weak himself.

"Mmhmm," Draco hummed, then, "No, not really." His hand quested out for Harry, finding his arm and squeezing it.

Harry sighed again, exhausted. "What the bloody hell was that about?" he asked.

"Magic," Draco whispered then he pulled on Harry's arm, trying to bring him closer still.

Harry moved closer to Draco and pressed against him. "I figured that much," he said.

"Good," Draco sighed, arm wrapping around Harry as he relaxed again.

"Do you even know what it was?" Harry asked. "That was weird."

"Mmhmm," Draco hummed, barely aware that Harry was talking.

"Well, what then?" Harry asked, giving Draco a little shake.

"Sleepy, Harry," Draco said.

Harry huffed and a few seconds later, yawned. He rolled his eyes, wanting to know what had happened. "Fine, but we're talking about this when we wake up," he said, laying his head on Draco's shoulder.

Draco loved waking up with Harry in his arms. Only, he was a bit sore this time. He reached a shaky hand out to smooth hair off Harry's face, smiling at the sleeping man.

Harry let out a snore and moved in his sleep, forming himself to Draco more.

Draco kissed his forehead softly, then his eyes. He loved Harry's face so soft and open like this. Kissing his way down the sleeping man's face, he came to his lips and kissed a little firmer.

Harry began to slowly wake up as Draco kissed him. He shifted around a bit more and then finally opened his eyes, yawning as he did. "Sorry," he said, as he had yawned right in Draco's face.

"Sorry for what, my love?" Draco asked, smiling softly.

"For yawning in your face," Harry said with a snort. He stretched his legs out and then hugged Draco tightly.

"Well, you can make it up to me by kissing me," Draco teased.

Harry smiled and pressed his lips to Draco's, enjoying the soft, simple kiss. He pulled back. "So you're awake now?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," Draco smiled then looked down his body. "But not too awake, thankfully."

"Oh, Merlin," Harry said, clenching the muscles in his arse to test how sore he was. It wasn't too bad, but it did hurt a little. "If you were 'too awake', I'd die." He laughed a little. "Or at least, my arse would."

Draco smirked. "I can think of lots of lovely ways to make it feel better."

Harry shook his head, smiling at Draco as if he couldn't believe him. "I might take you up on that offer later," he said with a smirk of his own. "But for now, I'd like to know what exactly it was that happened."

"And I want some food," Draco said. "So cover up if you like." Then he called for Benedict.

Harry huffed as Draco barely gave him time to cover himself.

Draco insisted on doing Cleaning Spells and waiting for the food before he would talk about what happened. Once he had his tea and some sausages, he looked up at Harry. "So, you were asking what happened to us, right?"

Harry nodded, eating breakfast himself. "What was it?" he asked.

"I am not sure," Draco said cautiously. "I have some ideas. I think it is part of the ancestral magic."

"Ancestral magic of the Manor?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Draco said between bites, "that's the second time it has essentially pushed us to have sex with its magic."

"Weird," said Harry. "Why would it do that?" He sipped his tea.

"That's the part I haven't figured out," Draco said. "I think it is time I start learning more about the ancestral magics in the Manor."

Harry sighed. "How do we go about that?" he asked, thinking it was one more thing to add to his list.

Draco sighed, rolling his eyes at Harry. "I will start where I always start: in the library," he said. "But then I will probably need to go into the lower levels."

Harry ate a piece of toast, thinking. "When was the first time it forced us? The wedding, right?"

Draco smirked. "The first time right at the end of the ceremony. After the cake and all the next day, was just us."

Harry laughed. "I know," he said. "We never did figure out why it wouldn't let Snape and your mum leave. Do you think that has anything to do with it?"

"Yes," Draco's forehead wrinkled as he thought about it. "It is definitely doing something. Something that was started in the Offering Room."

"Weird," Harry repeated. "You don't think it's doing anything that could be dangerous, do you?" he asked, suddenly wary.

"That depends on one's definition of dangerous" Draco mused, thinking. "It doesn't want to injure or kill the two of us. In fact, it seems very keen on strengthening our binding promises."

"Well, what on earth would that establish?" Harry asked. "I was under the impression that they were pretty strong."

"If I knew, I would say so." Draco huffed. "Which is why I need to find out."

Harry nodded. "All right then," he said, finishing the last of his tea. He sighed.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR –

Not a Cat

Harry was sitting on a sofa, flipping through The Half-Blood Prince's Potion book instead of doing research on Ravenclaw's brooch. He didn't think that there was really anything else they could find out about the brooch in Malfoy Manor, and he was still curious about what Lupin had said about his mother and the similarities between those things and the things in the Potions book. He hadn't yet finished talking to Draco about what he had been talking about before the Manor had seemingly taken over Draco's sex drive, nor had he mentioned anything to Ron and Hermione - he had hardly spoken at all to Ron today, or yesterday. Ron was sort of avoiding eye-contact with both Harry and Draco.

Harry sighed, snapping the book shut. "Do any of you honestly believe we're going to find anything else here?" he asked.

Draco startled when Harry snapped the book, frowning at him. He huffed, but shook his head.

"Well, where do we look?" asked Hermione.

"It's not a matter of looking for it and just simply finding something," Harry said. "We probably need to go back to Snape again." He made a face at that, but actually thought it might prove to be an interesting visit if they did go. Perhaps he could slip a few questions in about his mother - or maybe he would just ask him flat out.

Draco nodded, his finger still holding his place in the book he had been reading. He had no idea how to find the brooch but the historical research had led to some interesting points about the magics of Hogwarts and other magical architectural sites. There was even a small section on the Malfoy Manor.

"Not only do we need to go for Horcruxes, but he might be able to tell me things about my mum too if this book is really his and the spells she did and the ones in here really are related," Harry said.

Hermione raised an eyebrow at Harry. "What are you talking about?" she asked.

Harry sighed. It's now or never, he thought. "Draco and I think the Prince was Snape," he said, holding up the book still in his hand.

"Think?" Draco huffed. "It's his mother's last name and his handwriting."

"Well, okay, we're pretty sure it is," Harry corrected.

"*Snape*?" asked Ron.

Harry made another face and nodded.

"How did you figure that out?" asked Hermione.

Harry sighed again. "You were right," he said with a small huff. "Well - sort of."

Draco picked up the *Wizarding Families Lineage* book that was lying next to him. He had checked on Snape's but had been doing some of his own research for the Manor issue. He opened a page he had a bookmark in.

"*Severus Snape was born January 9th, 1958, to Eileen Prince, the girl you saw in that article, and Tobias Snape, a Muggle,*" Draco read, adding his own side commentary.

Hermione grinned and then turned to Harry with raised eyebrows. "Told you," she said.

Harry rolled his eyes slightly. "Well, you thought she was the Prince, so you weren't completely right."

"Closer than you," Hermione said, still looking a bit smug.

Draco snorted at the juvenile argument. "The point is that we know this is his work. And that it sounds similar to work that Lily Potter was working on at the same time," he said.

Hermione looked curious. "How do you know that?" she asked.

"Lupin told us the other day," said Harry. "Well, he told us a bit about my mum's work. He also told us that my parents were Unspeakables."

Hermione looked very interested now. "They worked in the Department of Mysteries?"

Harry nodded. "Lupin said some of the spells my mum invented while working there came in real handy for the Order, but they sounded similar to the spells in the Prince's - or well, Snape's - Potion book."

"Spells that did what is usually done with potions," Draco added. "Like this one," he said, pointing to the spell he and Harry had tried.

Hermione got to her feet to look over Harry's shoulder at the book.

"And Slughorn told me that my mum was really good at Potions," said Harry. "And we know Snape was."

"And Severus actually mentioned Lily Evans to me," Draco said. "Mentioned her excellence in potions."

Harry nodded, but then frowned. "Did he say Lily *Evans*?" he asked.

"Yes," Draco said. "Why?"

"That's just odd," said Harry, still frowning. "My mum would've already been Potter long before Snape ever said anything to you about her."

Draco was quiet for a moment. "I think he was talking about when they were at Hogwarts," he said quietly. "I had the impression they had been friends."

"Yeah, you said that already," said Harry. "But I still have trouble believing it."

Draco shrugged. "Why? Because he didn't like your father? Or you?"

"You didn't see what I saw," Harry said. "You must not remember a word I said to you yesterday."

Draco frowned at him. "Because it's clear that if a person insults the other and doesn't get along with them, they will never become friends?" Draco drawled, raising both eyebrows.

Harry stared at Draco for a moment. "We're different," he said finally, but he knew it was a half-arsed, lame attempt at a counter statement.

"I wasn't just talking about you. Was I, Hermione? Ron?" he said with a smile.

Hermione and Ron both nodded.

"He has a point, Harry," said Hermione. "Ron and I have become friends with Draco, not his significant others. Why couldn't Snape and your mum have been friends?"

Harry sighed. "Well, I guess they could have been, but I still don't believe it without proof."

Draco shook his head and rolled his eyes, but didn't actually comment on his defensive response.

Hermione sighed. "Well, not that it isn't interesting, because it is, but why is any of this important?"

Harry shrugged. "Because I'd like to know and ..." he paused for a moment, "Snape was the one who passed the information about the prophecy to Voldemort. Dumbledore said the reason he trusted Snape was because of the remorse he showed after my parents were killed. I'd like to know if that's true."

Draco watched his husband, considering what he was saying. "So, is this still about whether or not to trust Snape? Or is this about wanting to understand your parents and what happened to them?" he asked.

Harry sighed again, not really sure about what he wanted to know exactly. "With all the things Snape's done to me over the years, all the things he's said about my father." He paused again. "I want to know if he truly feels regret for sending Voldemort to kill them."

"I thought it was Pettigrew who betrayed your parents?" Draco asked.

"He did," said Harry bitterly, "but Snape overheard the prophecy as it was being told to Dumbledore when he was in the Hog's Head. He ran to Voldemort and told him. It led Voldemort straight to my mum and dad."

"So you think he knew it would lead to them?" Draco said, frowning and thinking about his godfather.

"I don't know," Harry said quietly. "It leads me to believe that he was my mother's friend even less."

"Severus is ... complicated," Draco said. "I don't know if things are ever that simple to anyone in Slytherin. You can be friends and you can still hold other loyalties."

Harry huffed quietly. "There is no excuse for handing a friend over to Voldemort," he said, looking at his hands.

"I didn't say there was," Draco said, wincing at his memory of his own recent experience with his old friends.

Harry took a deep breath. "Well, it doesn't matter - not right now anyway," he said finally. "We need a Horcrux. And how are you doing with your research, Draco?"

Draco scowled and reached for another book. "I found an old sketch of the founders in this book," he said opening it to the place he had marked. "It shows her wearing a brooch like the one Severus showed us."

Harry nodded. "Okay, so we know that it was hers, but that's not what I was talking about," he said. "I meant with the Manor. I know there's not really anything more on Horcruxes here."

Draco huffed, setting yet another book aside, and picking up the original one he had been reading. In the discussion, he had set it down without marking his place, so now he had to find it again. Finally, he located the passage on the Manor. "This is a book on traditional wizarding architecture. Or more specifically, on the magic that makes places like Hogwarts and the Malfoy Manor more than just buildings," he said.

Hermione and Ron looked confused, but Harry didn't stop to explain to them.

"What is it if it's more?" he asked.

"Hogwarts moves on its own and has lots of odd behaviours for a building, right?" Draco said, trying to lead them where he wanted them to go.

"Yeah," said Harry slowly.

"The Room of Requirement has to somehow know what a person needs and then provide it, right?" he asked again.

Harry nodded. "Mmhm."

"Essentially, you have a building that acts independently and, as least on some level, thinks," he said.

"So the Manor thinks then?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow.

Hermione was looking at them strangely. "I have no idea what you two are on about, but Hogwarts can think - on some level, like Draco said. If the Manor has magic like Hogwarts, then it would be much the same."

"The theory is that enough magic can be put into a building over time that it ceases to be a thing and essentially becomes a magical creature of sorts. The Malfoy Manor has generations of blood and lineage magic in it," Draco said.

Harry nodded. "Okay," he said slowly, "makes sense. But I still don't know what it was trying to make us do. I suppose that requires

more research?"

"Yes," Draco sighed, "because we have to know what types of functions the Manor's Ancestral Magic was directed to do. Beside carry on the Malfoy lineage."

Harry nodded and was silent for a few moments as he began gathering notes and papers up, but then he really thought about what Draco had just said and he froze, eyes growing wide. "Draco," he said very slowly and quietly, "think. What did the Manor make us do?"

Draco blushed, rolling his eyes at his husband. "Do you really want me to discuss this here?" he asked.

Harry had forgotten for a moment that Ron and Hermione were even in the room. He looked up at their confused faces and then back to Draco. "Perhaps we shouldn't, but do you get my point?"

"Well, he did see it," Draco said, laughing.

Harry rolled his eyes and blushed. He didn't want to look at Ron's face right then. He just kept looking at Draco. "Okay, take what the Manor was making us do, and what you just said one of its purposes is." His eyes had gone wide again.

"But Harry, it doesn't work that way. Didn't they teach you about that in Muggle school?" Draco teased.

Harry huffed and rolled his eyes. "I know it doesn't work that way," he said.

"What exactly did the Manor make you do?" Hermione asked slowly.

"Exactly what it sounds like," said Harry, blushing anew.

Hermione didn't blush, just looked confused. "The Manor is trying to make you have ...?"

Harry nodded.

"It wants you to have a baby? But you're both male."

Draco blushed again. "The Manor's magic has been pushing us together more than is even usual for us," he said, without looking at Hermione or Ron. "The wedding was an example of that."

Harry flushed brighter and nodded. "But it doesn't make any sense," he said. "We can't have children. Why would it do that?"

"Like I said before," Draco shrugged, "I was surprised it accepted you as a partner for a Blood Marriage Rite. That is usually a breeding pair."

"Well, I don't have a hidden vagina!" Harry said sounding a little hysterical. "I don't understand."

Hermione was looking at them both with knitted brows. "It is strange," she said. "The both of you have had weird things happen with your magic since you got together."

"Since we got together?" Draco was sounding a bit tense now, too. "From the stories I hear," he continued, "Harry's magic has always had a wild side."

"Well, yes, it has," said Hermione. "But since you've got together it's been ... *much* stranger."

"I am still here," Harry said, wringing his hands.

"No one said you weren't," said Hermione, seeming far too calm to Harry. "Think about it," she continued. "Doesn't it seem like his magic has got stronger or something? You said the Manor usually only accepts breeding pairs. Maybe it accepted him because his magic is stronger - different."

"I understand how the binding promise happened," Draco said. "Harry has very powerful wild magic. When he gets upset or emotional or ... well, it intensifies, changes shape."

"Wasn't it like that when you both did Great Rite?" Hermione asked.

"Yes, the Manor's magics flared when Harry's did and the next thing we knew" Draco trailed off again, remembering.

Hermione just stared at him.

"So, wait, what?" Harry asked, voice higher and sounding nervous.

"What did I say that you didn't understand?" Draco frowned.

"I know what happened that night. What I want to know is what does this mean?" Harry asked quickly. "Can I get ... can you ...?" He couldn't even say it.

Draco's face went through so many expressions that it would be funny under other circumstances - wide eyed, scowling, confused, and finally worried. He opened and closed his mouth several times then gave up and buried his face in his hands.

Harry didn't know what to say or do. His heart was beating quickly and he suddenly felt the need to get to his feet and pace.

Hermione was still staring, looking more thoughtful than

anything else and Ron was bug-eyed and his face was bright red.

Draco was trying not to hyperventilate or be sick. He took long deep breaths, trying to calm himself.

Hermione cleared her throat oddly. "In case this is a possibility," she said, "I suppose you might want to ... erm ... look into ... protection or something."

Harry's eyes widened further and he stared at her as if she were some very strange creature.

Draco grimaced, his voice a bit high as he said, "If the fact that neither of us is female isn't a barrier to this magic, what would be?"

Hermione winced. "Well, I suppose you're right," she said with a quick look at Harry.

Harry let out a very strange sound. "Oh, Merlin," he said.

"Let's try to be rational about this," Draco said, his voice quavering a bit. "I have felt the Manor's magics flare significantly on three occasions. First, after Lucius died and we did the Great Rite. Second, at the end of the wedding ceremony. And, third, yesterday. But yesterday was different."

"What happened yesterday?" Hermione asked.

Harry closed his eyes. He'd been the one fucked yesterday. He nearly fell over.

Draco's face and ears coloured again. He nearly whispered, "The first two times the Manor had Harry ... top. But yesterday, it pushed me to."

Harry's breath quickened. "What's that mean?" he asked, half the syllables squeaks, half whispers.

"Repeatedly and for a long time," Draco added, not able to keep some amusement out of his voice when he heard Harry.

Harry nearly fell again and had to sit down. He did on the floor, face going very pale.

Draco slid off the couch, to sit on the floor with Harry. "Breathe, Harry," he said, taking his hand.

Harry tried to take deep breaths, but he couldn't, they were shallow. He just stared straight ahead, face still pale.

Draco felt almost guilty that if one of them was pregnant, it was probably Harry. Almost. Mostly, he felt relieved and excited. But he didn't think that Harry would want to hear that right now. So he just

held his hand and waited.

Harry swallowed and closed his eyes. He was silent for a long time. "Do you think I'm ..." he finally whispered so quietly, he wasn't sure if he was heard. He couldn't look at Draco.

"Would that be ... bad?" Draco asked cautiously.

"I don't know," Harry said, terrified. How was he supposed to feel about possibly being bloody *pregnant*? He trembled and leant into Draco.

Ron and Hermione still didn't say anything.

Draco put his arms around Harry and pulled him close. "I love you," he said. Meanwhile, he was trying to think of how someone would test for something like this. He closed his eyes and focused on Harry's magical energy, the feeling that was Harry. He began rubbing comforting circles on Harry's back and then down until he came to the base of his spine. He took several deep breaths and focused on the magical energy he felt there.

Harry didn't know what Draco was doing, but it did comfort him. He pressed his face into his neck, wishing the world would stop spinning.

Draco's heart sped up when he felt a flicker of something different. Slowly, he slid his arm around Harry. It would seem like he was just holding him close, but his hand was now on Harry's belly. He stopped moving when he felt that different magical pulse again. He nearly stopped breathing as he sat there feeling a different magical signature than his husband's.

Hermione was staring at Draco like she knew what he was doing. She raised a questioning eyebrow at him, frowning slightly.

Draco's eyes were still closed and his heart was beating madly inside his chest. He smiled. It was unbelievable, but his husband was carrying another life inside of his body.

Harry trembled again and clutched Draco tighter. He still didn't know what to say. All he could do was hold on.

Draco began to rock Harry, trying to comfort the frightened man. "I love you, Harry," he whispered. "I will be there, by your side, no matter what."

Harry tensed at those words but nodded, his face still pressed into Draco's neck. He tried to pull himself together, but it was very

hard to do.

"It wouldn't be so bad, would it?" Draco whispered. "We said we wanted a family." He kissed the part of Harry's face he could reach.

"It's not that," Harry whispered, tears forming in his eyes before he even knew what they were coming from.

"What is it then, love?" Draco whispered, kissing and stroking Harry's hair with his silver hand.

"What about - Voldemort?" Harry gasped, finding himself almost unable to breathe. "What about H - Horcruxes?"

"All the more reason to defeat him," Draco said. "We can find a way."

Harry squeezed his eyes tightly shut. He didn't even know why he was crying already. He didn't even know if anyone was pregnant, but he nodded to Draco - or against him really.

"And like the Horcruxes," Draco said, looking up at Hermione and Ron, "no one but us can know. Not until it is safe."

Ron and Hermione both nodded, looking serious.

"Is he ...?" Hermione mouthed.

Draco met her eyes and nodded.

She brought her hand up to her mouth slowly.

Ron was staring between them, wide-eyed.

"Harry, do you understand? We will need to protect this secret," Draco said, kissing his face again.

Harry was a little bit confused. He brought his face back just the tiniest bit and stared up at Draco, silently asking him if he knew.

Draco's eyes were soft and he smiled down at Harry. "I suppose we need to find a cat now," he said quietly.

Harry let out a small breath and his eyes filled with new tears and he was torn in so many different ways all at once, he felt like a million pieces. "Oh, Draco," he sobbed, hugging him again and just holding him tight. "Draco."

"Shh, love," Draco soothed. "Your magic is the most powerful I have ever heard of, Harry. Trust it."

Harry sat and hugged Draco and cried until there was a big wet spot on his shirt, his mind reeling. He finally stopped, although he had no idea how long it had been and gently sat up straighter, wiping at his eyes and nose.

Draco pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and handed it to him. His right hand still rested on Harry's waist and he used his silver hand to smooth the hair back from those green eyes.

"So, I am?" Harry asked, sounding stuffed up, but oddly calm now.

Draco lifted his hand, taking Harry's and laying it on his belly, just above his naval. "Here," he said quietly.

Harry closed his eyes and his face was expressionless for a few moments, but then he smiled a very, very tiny smile.

"Just a tiny spark of magic right now," Draco said, "but a strong one."

Harry let out a strange laugh that sounded almost like a sob. "I don't even know what to say," he whispered, not taking his hand from his belly.

"Are you ... okay?" Draco asked, thinking he understood but still wanting to hear it from him.

Harry sighed quietly and nodded. "Yes, I think so," he said.

"Good," Draco said, placing his hand over Harry's on his belly and smiling. He leant in and kissed him gently.

Harry smiled that small smile against Draco's lips.

Hermione got up from her chair and walked over to Ron, pulling him up and leading him out of the room with her.

Draco's tongue slid against his lover's lips, his silver hand at the back of his head.

Harry leant into Draco, his eyes falling shut again. "I love you," he whispered.

"Always yours," Draco whispered back.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE –

But How?

Harry was lying in bed awake. It was early morning and he was staring up at the canopy of his and Draco's bed, his hands on his stomach. Was he really going to be a father? Was he really *pregnant*? It seemed like something out of some weird dream, and yet, there he was. And, God, he was scared, for so many reasons. He was wondering about a lot of things now that he thought of it. Almost too many to say aloud.

He turned his head to look at Draco still sleeping and smiled softly at him. A part of that wonderful man really was inside Harry now.

Draco's hair had fallen into his face, he huffed, blowing at the soft strand that tickled his nose.

Harry's smile grew and he reached over to move the hair from Draco's face gently.

"Mmm?" Draco hummed at the feel of Harry's fingers on his face. He opened sleepy grey eyes and smiled when he saw Harry looking back at him. "Morning," he whispered.

"Morning," Harry whispered back, returning his hand to lay with his other on his belly.

Draco smiled and laid his hand on top of Harry's. "How long have you been awake?" he asked.

Harry shrugged lightly. "'Bout a half-hour," he said.

Draco nodded, watching his lover. "How do you feel?" he asked.

Harry shrugged again "Normal," he said. "I can't tell the difference."

"Still such a small thing," Draco said, smiling, "but definitely alive."

Harry smiled too and waited a few seconds before asking, "How do you feel?"

Draco smirked. "Honestly?"

Harry snorted. "Of course," he said.

Draco blushed, looking down at their hands on Harry's belly. "What is a man who keeps being given everything he ever wanted supposed to feel?"

Harry smiled. "You aren't scared?" he asked.

"Nothing I wasn't scared of yesterday," he said, "and maybe even less of that as well." He made a strange smile at that.

Harry looked at Draco curiously. "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Well, my hero," Draco smirked, "you are less likely to run foolishly into unnecessary danger if you know it will endanger our child."

"Ah," Harry said with a sigh. "I thought you might say that."

Draco chuckled. "Am I getting predictable?"

Harry snorted. "No," he said. "Only with some things."

Draco's expression turned serious. "With being willing to do what it takes to protect my husband and, now, my child? Good, because I want you to know that you can depend on me."

"I know I can," Harry told him. He was silent again for a few seconds. "I'm a little afraid of what will happen to me," he said quietly, finally.

"What are you afraid of?" Draco asked quietly.

"How will it ... come out?" Harry asked, wincing. He knew it should probably be the thing he was least worried about, and there were things that worried him more, but this was definitely up there.

Draco's eyes widened. He thought about saying he didn't know but didn't think that would go over very well. "I am sure we have time to figure that out," he said. "Whatever magic put you in this situation is bound to help with that part, too."

Harry took a deep breath and nodded. "What if I'm crap at being a dad?" he asked next. "I don't know anything about babies."

"But we know people who do know about babies," Draco said. "Like Mrs Weasley. I am sure she will be delighted to teach us."

Harry nodded again. "What about your mum? What will she think? What did she even think about us getting married?"

Draco laughed. "I think this might actually help with her. Do you know what she said to me that day?"

Harry shook his head no.

"She called me her selfish little dragon." He smiled. "It's something she used to say about me when I was young. It meant that when I really wanted something I didn't stop until I got it."

Harry smiled again. "I suppose that is true," he said, looking up at the canopy again and at the H he knew was there, even though he couldn't see it without his glasses on.

Draco smiled happily at him. "I never thought it possible to have what I really wanted. You. After that, anything seems possible."

"Anything is possible apparently," Harry said, raising his eyebrows and patting his stomach.

"When you are involved, at least." Draco said, grinning. "I am almost afraid to admit how much I want this."

"A baby?" Harry asked, smiling.

"A baby with you," Draco said. "A part of both of us. As long as he or she has your eyes."

Harry grinned. "What will it look like?" he asked, trying to picture himself with Draco's nose or Draco with his eyes.

Draco shrugged. "What do you want him to look like?" he said and smirked.

"Him?" Harry asked. "If it's a him ... I don't know ... I suppose I want him to have my eyes if you do."

"I would love a girl too," Draco said, "but I think I would be more comfortable with a boy."

"Yes, probably," Harry said. "We've both been boys before." He laughed quietly. "I never thought I would be having this conversation."

Draco's eyes sparkled. "Lay back," he said.

Harry did, settling in amongst the pillows.

Draco moved down so that his head was near Harry's stomach. "Move your hands," he whispered, looking intently at that place.

Harry slid his hands up so that they were resting on his chest instead of his belly.

Draco sighed, closing his eyes and laying his head on Harry's belly. He cheek was pressed against that spot and his heart sped up at the sensation.

Harry breathed slowly and evenly, smiling down at Draco. "What

do you feel?" he asked.

"Mmm" Draco hummed. "It's hard to explain. I can only use metaphors to describe magic that I sense. Like I see your magic as green fire. But this is different."

Harry nodded and simply lay there, letting Draco feel their child. Their baby. *Their baby*. He smiled gently again. "I didn't think we'd ever become parents so young," he said quietly and laughed just as quietly. "We've not even been together a year yet and we're married and going to have a baby." He sounded a bit in awe, as if he couldn't believe it, and really, he couldn't.

Draco opened his eyes, looking up at Harry. He smiled and kissed his belly.

Harry smiled down at him and sighed. "We move quickly, don't we?"

"I think it would seem that way to you," Draco said quietly. "For me, well, six years of wanting doesn't seem such a short time."

"Yes, I know," Harry said, running fingers through Draco's hair. "Wow," he said after a few moments. "Wow, I just - I can't believe this. It's mad! But I think ... I think I'm happy."

"I know I am." Draco smiled, nuzzling the skin and hair on Harry's belly.

Harry sighed at the feeling of Draco touching him and continued sifting fingers through his soft hair, just feeling Draco and thinking. There were other questions he had, more serious ones, but he didn't want to ruin the mood. "I wasn't kidding when I said I would probably spoil a child," he said, smiling.

Draco snorted. Then after a moment, he looked serious. "I know you will be a good father, Harry," he said quietly.

"I hope so," Harry said softly, thinking of his own childhood and knowing, even then, that he would want to give everything he'd not had to his own baby. "I hope we can do it right." But then he really thought about it and realised that there was no way he and Draco wouldn't be able to.

Draco felt conflicted. He wanted to promise not to be anything like his own father. But he didn't know what that meant. And he didn't want to bring up a painful topic when Harry was so happy.

"Will I need to go to a Healer?" Harry asked eventually. "How

will they know what to do? Has this ever happened before?"

"I ... I don't know," Draco said. "I will find out."

"That's what I'm most nervous about," Harry said. "Besides, well, besides ... Voldemort, but I don't want to talk about him right now."

Draco nodded, lifting his head up and beginning to kiss and lick Harry's belly, moving down.

Harry grinned and raised an eyebrow at Draco, watching him.

Draco nuzzled the soft hair just above Harry's cock, enjoying the thick softness of it.

"Mmm," Harry let out with a soft sigh, feeling the pleasant, warm feeling of arousal flooding his lower abdomen.

Draco inhaled the scent of his lover, rubbing his face against his half-hard cock and smiling as it twitched.

Harry's hand was resting gently on the back of Draco's head and he continued to stare down at him, his breathing picking up a little now.

Draco crawled over Harry's leg, lying down between them and continuing to rub his face against his lover's cock and the soft skin of his balls.

"Mmm," Harry sighed again, his cock twitching once more. "Draco," he whispered.

"Yes," Draco answered, sucking the soft skin of Harry's balls into his mouth.

Harry bit his lip and closed his eyes, arching the tiniest bit. "Feels good," he said, voice low and slow sounding.

"Mmhmm," Draco hummed against those sensitive organs, licking and sucking at them.

Harry gasped, the hand in Draco's hair tightening just a tad, his other running slow patterns and stripes up the skin of his own chest and stomach.

"Lift your legs and spread them," Draco said, his voice husky.

Harry's face and neck flushed almost immediately with heat. A shiver of pleasure went through him and he reached with both hands to grasp his own legs and spread them wide open.

"Oh, Gods, you are beautiful," Draco whispered, and then lowered his face, licking the flesh below Harry's balls.

Harry closed his eyes again as his heart beat faster and his breath

came quicker. "Oh, Draco," he breathed, his cock hardening even further.

The sound of his name said by Harry in that breathless voice was always one of the sexiest things Draco had ever heard. His own cock was hard now as he continued to lick and suck downward, enjoying the trembling in Harry's body.

Harry knew what was coming and his nails bit into the skin of his legs as he attempted to grip them tighter and pull them further apart. He wanted to be as open for Draco as he could, always wanted to be.

Draco lay flat on the bed, his face pressed against Harry as his mouth reached Harry's entrance, he ran the tip of his tongue around that soft, tight hole.

"Yes," Harry whispered, trembling. "Merlin, yes."

"Mmm," Draco hummed, hands coming up to rest on the lovely flesh of Harry's arse, holding him spread as Draco's mouth sealed over his lover's opening and he swirled his tongue against it.

"Oh, God," Harry gasped, his toes curling in the air. His thighs quivered and he was panting now.

He loved reducing his lover to panting and sobbing like this. Harry was spread like a feast for Draco as he sucked and bit and licked at him. Then he pressed the point of his tongue into the more relaxed muscle, feeling the softer flesh just inside.

Harry made a strangled noise and gasped again, gritting his teeth and tossing his head a few times. "Draco, so good," he whimpered.

Draco's eyes were closed, his hands holding Harry's arse and his tongue fucking him. He was lost to the taste, scent, feel and sound of him. He hummed against him, feeling the ripple of magic as Harry's desire rose.

Harry's muscles tightened around Draco's tongue, almost as if trying to pull it in further. "Please," he begged now. "Draco, please!"

Draco pressed his tongue deeper and faster, fucking him with his tongue and loving the sound of him begging.

Harry let out a groan that was half of pleasure and half of frustration. "Please!" he cried again. He wasn't even really sure what he was begging for. He only knew he wanted more.

Draco slid his tongue out, licking against that puckered opening again. Harry was so open for him. Draco pushed himself up and slid

forward until his hips pressed against Harry's thighs. He held out his hand to Harry. "Lube Spell?"

Harry released one of his legs and passed his hand over Draco's. He wasn't surprised when the spell worked for him again. Everything always seemed to work better when he was in this state of mind.

Draco smiled as the jolt of magic went right to his cock. He brought his slick hand down to his own hard cock and coated himself. Then he pressed forward against Harry, that slick, open entrance ready for him. He looked up at Harry. "Want me inside you?" He smiled.

"Yes!" Harry gasped. "Please, Draco, yes!" His chest was heaving and he could think of nothing other than wanting Draco's cock in him.

Draco slid forward in one smooth stroke, burying himself inside his husband. "Oh, yes," he gasped, shuddering as he felt himself surrounded.

Harry wrapped his legs around Draco and pulled him closer. "'Ohhh, fuck me please," he breathed, opening his eyes just a crack to look at Draco.

"Yes, my love," Draco whispered, his cock thrumming with the wet heat and magic of him. He leant forward, bracing himself on his silver hand and flexing his hips back. Then he slid forward again, setting a smooth rhythm that took him deep with each thrust.

Harry cried out and moaned as sparks and waves of pleasure shot up his spine and through him. He pressed his hands to Draco's skin, his chest, his back, trying to touch every part of him that he could.

Draco watched Harry's face through half-closed eyes as he fucked him. He never tired of this. He loved being inside him and he loved Harry inside himself. It always felt so right, so complete. "Harry, I love you," he whispered. "Since I first met you ... I wanted you."

Harry gasped and cupped Draco's face as his entire body was rocked with his thrusts. "I love you," he whispered, panting still. "More ... than ... anything."

Draco wrapped slick fingers around Harry's cock and began to stroke him in time with his thrusts. "Yes, inside you, part of you," he chanted.

Draco's statement was truer than it had ever been. "Inside me,"

Harry repeated, gasping again at the feeling of Draco's hand on his cock. "Part of me!"

"Mine," Draco gasped again, panting as he could feel his orgasm building.

"Yours!" Harry answered, throwing his head back and shouting things he couldn't understand, even if they did come from his own mouth. He came in hot spurts between their bodies and over Draco's hand, shuddering and gasping for breath, his hand clutching Draco's back for dear life.

Harry's orgasm always brought Draco's, warm come on his hands, body tightening around his cock and magic flowing over his skin and up his spine. Draco's come filled his lover as he moaned, thrusting deep inside.

Harry's eyes were still open, but just barely. He panted, holding Draco close and feeling like someone was going to have to pry him from his fingers in that moment. "Merlin, I love you so much," he said.

A look of absolute contentment on his face, Draco smiled happily at his husband as he slid his slick hand up from Harry's spent cock, swirling his fingers in the come on his lover's belly and pressing a hand over that place again, feeling that new magic under his flesh.

Harry sighed happily and gave Draco a squeeze with both his arms and legs.

"I think he likes the magic," Draco whispered, focussing on feelings he couldn't explain. It felt good to share them with Harry. His family had known about his talent, of course, but few others.

"I'm sure he'll get plenty," Harry said, smiling, his face lit up with emotion.

Things were sort of quiet during "research time" that day. Harry was still completely caught up in the fact that he was pregnant and didn't have much room in his mind to think of anything else. Ron seemed a tad uncomfortable and Hermione was antsy. She'd opened her mouth several times now before closing it and throwing Harry quick glances.

Harry was staring at the floor, still trying to work out how it was really even possible, and when he looked up, he saw Hermione staring at him yet again. He sighed. "Hermione, what do you want?"

Out with it."

She huffed a bit and pursed her lips - for a second. "Well, I - I don't want to intrude or anything, and I don't really know if you want to talk about your being, well, pregnant"

Ron winced.

She continued. "But I just ... I mean ... I'm curious about this. Very curious. You *are* a man carrying a baby. I know we talked a little about it when you found out, but I really just want to try to understand it better."

Harry raised his eyebrows. "I know as much as you," he said. "Probably less, since I see that you've been reading up on Magical Architecture and how it can affect things." He nodded toward the book in her hands.

Draco looked up from the book he was reading, arching an eyebrow. "I've been looking through books on fertility magic," he admitted, "but nothing so far about a man getting pregnant."

"Well, didn't you say that it had something to do with the Manor?" Hermione said. "You said the Manor was pushing the both of you to ... have intercourse."

Harry flushed a bit, but was actually pretty interested as well to know how he had got into the state he was in.

"Is it really called intercourse if it's fucking up the arse?" Draco asked with a grin.

Harry's eyes widened and his flush deepened considerably.

Ron, apparently, found this an appropriate time to cough loudly.

Hermione flushed, too. "Well - I - I didn't want to say *that*," she spluttered.

"Why not?" Draco said. "Because if we are going to talk about how a man is pregnant, there are some basics here that really do not map on the normal ways."

Hermione sighed, still pink. "Okay, well, fine," she said. "It was pushing you both to have sex then."

Ron coughed again.

Harry resisted a groan of embarrassment.

Draco laughed at his husband's discomfort. "The texts on sex magic explain it as an exchange of personal magical energy. Bodily fluids contain part of the essence of the person and their magic."

"So, obviously, this child was made mostly from magic, as with a woman you need, well, the egg and the sperm," Hermione said. "That sort of thing. Harry doesn't have any eggs."

"I don't have anything a woman has," Harry said, still red. "I'm perfectly male and ... pregnant."

"But he does have seed and so do I," Draco said. "So, if it is somehow possible to make a man pregnant, why wouldn't it be possible for the magic to combine the seed of two men?"

"Well ..." Hermione began slowly, raising her eyebrows, "there are chromosomes. A female's eggs are all X chromosomes. A male's sperm is both X and Y and two Xs make a girl and an X and a Y make a boy, so how would you even determine the sex if ... well, actually, I suppose if Harry gave an X it would have to have worked ... And there's also DNA and, well, everything else, and all of that takes a little more than a bit of mixed semen to make."

Harry was now even more confused than he had been before.

Draco's eyes narrowed and he frowned. "What are you talking about, Granger? What do letters have to do with the act of creating a child?"

Hermione looked confusedly at Draco for a moment. "What do you mean" But then her eyes widened in understanding. "Oh, that's right," she said. "You wouldn't know, would you?"

"I know where babies come from," Draco sneered. "And I know a fair bit about bloodlines and breeding."

"Well, there's no need to get snippy," Hermione said, raising her chin a bit. "I didn't say you don't know where they come from. I was talking about, well, Muggles, I suppose. I've never studied pregnancy from a wizard's point of view. I'm sure it's fascinating."

"So Muggles have babies differently?" Draco asked, frowning.

"Of course not," said Hermione. "They just have a different way of looking at certain things. You do know about sperm and eggs, right? And I'm not asking because I assume you don't know. I just want to know what the differences are."

"The man's seed combines with the essences of the woman in her body," Draco drawled in the tone of someone reciting from memory.

"Well, yes," said Hermione. "And both the egg and the sperm contain what will become the DNA of the baby. You know, blood

type, eye colour, hair colour. All kinds of things like that. I suppose I just don't understand how anything combined. A woman gets pregnant when the egg in her uterus is fertilised by the sperm from the male. How did your seed even combine? I mean ... where you were ... well ... Harry's sperm isn't ... in the back."

Harry covered his face and wondered if he could slip out of the room.

Ron made a strange type of noise that was sort of like that of a squashed bird as he squawked and tried to hold it in at the same time.

Hermione rolled her eyes at him.

Draco flushed a bit, but grinned at Harry. "Well, he did give me some of his first," he laughed.

Harry shook his head, face still covered.

"So, you think you magically transferred both yours and Harry's seed into him?" Hermione asked.

"Well, I'm thirsty," said Ron quickly, slapping his hands to his knees and then getting to his feet. He left the room, ignoring the fact that he could've had a house-elf bring him something.

Hermione shook her head at him and then gestured for Draco to answer her question.

Draco shook his head and grinned. "I don't know how any of this is possible. But then how does Tonks change the shape of her face? We use Transfiguration to change living things into non-living things and vice versa."

"Well, that's true," said Hermione. "But this obviously isn't the norm. There are other men who have sex and they're not getting pregnant."

"And no one else has survived the Killing Curse, except Harry 'The Boy Who Lived' Potter," Draco said.

Harry sighed. "So basically, we can't explain this any better than: Harry has weird magic and the Manor does, too. It resulted in a baby by throwing Draco somewhere in there and now Harry's pregnant." Harry's voice sounded increasingly hysterical by the end of this statement.

Draco rolled his eyes and shook his head. "So let's not talk about eggs and letters. Let's focus on what we do know here. First, we know that Harry has a form of wild magic. What does it mean to say

he has wild magic? It means that his magic doesn't always need a spell to work. It seems to react very strongly to his emotions and desires." The blond smiled, taking a breath before continuing. "The Malfoy Manor has Ancestral Magic designed to further the Malfoy blood line and keep this place an active focus of magical energy. But the circumstances are more complicated than that. The magics of this place didn't start working on the two of us until Father died."

"Because you were his heir and then you needed one," said Hermione. "I suppose it makes sense that it would push you both together right away."

"Yes," Draco said. "At that point, I became the only living member of the Malfoy bloodline. And I was already magically bonded to Harry and therefore not eligible to marry anyone else. The Manor's magic may have recognised in Harry the potential to create a Malfoy heir."

"So you said it pushed you together a few times," said Hermione. "First when your father died, then at the wedding, and then when you actually got Harry pregnant. Why did it put you together at the wedding?"

"Great Rite," Draco said with a smirk.

Harry looked up, confused. "But I thought we did that already," he said.

"We did it with one Body-Bound witness of no relation to us," Draco said. "But why did we still want a ceremony in front of our friends and family if we were already married?"

"Well, because we wanted to show everyone how much we love each other - or at least, that's why I wanted one," said Harry.

"Since most of those people know us already and how we feel about each other, what is the significance of the ceremony then? Isn't it to witness and therefore consecrate the vows we took?" Draco prompted.

Harry shrugged a bit. "Well, I guess," he said. "But I didn't plan on ... well, what happened."

"Yes." Draco grinned. "Apparently the Manor's magic wanted the more complete version of the ritual."

"Well, why did it lock people inside?" Harry asked. "Remember?"

"I think it wanted to make sure that everyone was there through

the entire rite," Draco said. "Notice that it released them when we were done."

Harry nodded. "So all of this has to do with my magic and the Manor knowing that it could be used to make a baby?"

Draco shrugged but grinned. "I think it was trying to find a way to make an heir from the start," he said. "Then there was that *Daily Prophet* interview that got us thinking about it. That's when things seem to change direction again."

"Us wanting children," Harry said quietly. "What did it do? Take that as the go ahead?"

"I think you saying you wanted a baby somehow got your magic involved," Draco said.

Harry shook his head and placed a hand on his belly. "My mouth seems to get me in quite a bit of trouble," he said with a small smile.

Draco snorted. "In more ways than I ever thought possible."

Harry rolled his eyes but was still smiling.

"Well, I suppose that's as close to an explanation we're going to get," said Hermione with a sigh, though she was smiling a bit at Draco's comment, too. "I suppose your magic will take care of everything, Harry, even if we don't know how it's working."

The blond walked over and kissed the top of Harry's head. "See, even Hermione agrees with me," he said.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX –

Upside Down

They had reached a dead end on the search for the brooch. So, they decided to try to talk with Snape again and see if he had any more information. Draco was nervous about returning to Hogsmeade after the last visit had gone so badly. After a week of arguing about it, he finally gave in and now they were Apparating to the street outside the Hog's Head.

Harry moved quickly with Draco to the side of the building to go through the entrance in the back that Aberforth had told them to use. He unlocked the door with his wand and stepped quietly through, not catching the attention of anyone else, or so he hoped. He looked around for Aberforth and saw that he was already discreetly staring at them from the bar.

He didn't walk over to them immediately, but waited a few moments as to not draw attention and then finally walked over and simply walked up the stairs. Harry followed, unusually aware of everything around him.

Draco's eyes were narrowed, his focus as much on the eddies of magic around him as well as on what he could see with his eyes. He stayed close to Harry, holding his wand under his robes.

"Have you found another?" Aberforth asked as soon as they were inside a room.

Harry shook his head. "It's why we've come. We need Snape's help."

"We need to ask him some background questions," Draco added. "Is he available?"

"Yes, but you're lucky you've caught him today. Plans for the other side have been underway. He has been away often."

Harry took a very quiet deep breath. "All right. Can you take us to him?"

Soon, they were all standing outside the boulder that Harry had come to hate, waiting for Snape to let them in.

It seemed they waited much longer than before for Snape to show up and he looked surprised by them when he did. "Did you find something?" he growled by way of greeting.

Harry huffed. "No," he said.

"We need to ask you some questions," Draco said, standing close to Harry. When Severus nodded, Draco released Harry and walked up to his godfather.

Snape took Draco's arm and Apparated into the familiar chamber.

Aberforth did the same to Harry and once inside, Harry made his way over to the table and sat down, knowing the routine.

Draco cocked his head, sniffing the air and frowning at his godfather. He took the seat as the older man gestured, but continued to look at him with interest.

"I don't have time for tea," Severus snapped. "What do you want?"

"We don't know where to look for this Horcrux," said Harry. "We've been able to look through books and find out that the brooch is what the Horcrux most likely is, but there are no books on Voldemort's past."

"Were you injured?" Draco asked, eyes narrowed as he noticed the wince when Severus took his seat.

Snape frowned at his godson. "Nothing to worry about." He looked toward Harry. "So what exactly do you expect me to do?"

"That's a powerful Healing Potion you used," Draco pressed his point. "Are you still in pain?"

Harry turned from Snape and stared at Draco curiously. "You're the only other person Dumbledore told about the Horcruxes. We thought you might be able to give us some ideas at least," Harry said, speaking to Snape but still looking at Draco.

Snape frowned at Draco but didn't answer him. "Where have you tried to look?" he asked.

"You have spell damage," Draco continued to Severus, refusing to let it go.

Harry didn't answer Snape this time. He looked from him to

Draco, deciding to let them have their battle or whatever it was.

"Let it go, Draco," the man nearly growled at him.

Draco scowled, crossing his arms on his chest. "Then tell us about the first war," he said in cold voice. "What places were part of it?"

Harry nodded, looking at Snape again.

"The Ministry was actively seeking Death Eaters," Snape said. "So, most of the places the Dark Lord worked from were unpleasant and remote."

Harry nodded again. "Do you think it likely that he might've hidden a Horcrux in any of those places?"

Draco quirked his mouth, making a strange face. "Death and pain," he said. "Every place so far was associated with it. Where he hurt someone. Where someone died. Where someone is buried."

Snape's eyes widened, looking interested at what Draco was saying. "Yes," he said, "that would seem to be the case. You could try looking in places where he killed. Or where they are buried."

"Do you know where any of these places are?" Harry asked Snape.

"There was a Muggle massacre that he participated in and was ... pleased with," Snape said. "A small village burned to the ground."

"Miller's Crossing," Draco said.

Harry looked at Draco and then to Snape. "Might it be somewhere there?" he asked the older man. "Voldemort had killed so many. But even though it was a whole village it would not have been very shocking, or at least have attention drawn to it now. Somewhere he could hide a Horcrux where no one would bother to look."

"We should try it," Draco said, never having taken his eyes from Severus.

"What other places do we have to try? None," said Harry. He raised an eyebrow at Snape, waiting for what he thought.

"Start there," Snape said, "and I will consider what other places fit the description you have suggested. Let me know what you find." He avoided meeting Draco's eyes, seeming to focus on answering Harry instead.

Harry raised both eyebrows now, but nodded. He thought it was very strange for Snape to be answering him. Usually Snape ignored

him completely.

"Well, if that is done," Snape said, standing, "I am quite busy."

Harry looked to Draco, asking him silently if he was ready.

Draco stood quietly, nodding to Harry. Then he stepped up to his godfather, waiting for him to Apparate them out.

Aberforth stood up from the table as well, eyes on Snape. The man was so quiet and observing, that Harry nearly always forgot he was there at all.

Harry held his arm out to him and Aberforth Apparated them outside.

"Tell me," Draco said to Severus.

"I can't," his godfather answered.

Draco nodded, taking his arm and Snape Apparated them to the spot where the others waited. Then Snape Apparated away without saying another word.

Harry stared for a moment at the spot where Snape had been, but then looked away. "Thank you," he said to Aberforth before wrapping an arm tightly around Draco then they were gone too, back to the Manor. Harry always felt a little disoriented after such a long distance and he shook his head and blinked a few times.

Draco didn't let go, holding Harry against him while they readjusted after Apparating.

"What was that about?" Harry asked after a few seconds.

"He recently used a powerful Regeneration Potion," Draco said.

"Let's find Ron and Hermione. We need to talk."

Harry nodded, frowning slightly.

"What did you find?" Hermione asked when all four of them were in the sitting room they used most often.

"Severus suggested we try a place that used to be called Miller's Crossing," Draco said.

"It was a Muggle village that Voldemort burned to the ground according to Draco," said Harry. "I've never heard of it."

"I believe I've read something on it before," said Hermione. "Why there?"

"The Dark Lord has an obsession with Death. And every place we have discovered a Horcrux has been related to death or pain that he caused," Draco answered.

"So this is a guess then?" Hermione asked.

"Anything from here on out is a guess," said Harry. "There's a chance it may not be there, but what will it hurt to look? Seems as good a place as any as of now. Better than any because what Draco said is right. Dumbledore even said that Voldemort thinks there is nothing worse than physical pain and death; it's his greatest fear."

Draco frowned, thinking about that. He hadn't heard that before. "He underestimates what people are willing to endure for others," Draco said quietly. "Because he wouldn't be willing to suffer for the sake of another."

"Exactly why I'm alive," said Harry.

"And why I am," Draco said.

Harry nodded, laying a hand on Draco's leg. "It's a terrible weakness when you think of it," he said.

Hermione nodded to him. "Self-service might help you make it to the next battle, but you will never win the war."

"So, can you find this place on a Muggle map even if it doesn't exist any more?" Draco asked Hermione.

"It should be on older maps, unless it's been made unplotable."

"Voldemort seems too arrogant to have used a protection so common," said Harry. "I bet we can find it."

"How soon?" Draco asked, anxiety prickling up his spine.

Harry sighed. "As soon as possible," he said heavily.

"Not today," Draco said, looking at Harry. "You need rest."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Do I?" he asked.

Draco smiled. "Yes, you do," he said, wrapping his right arm around him and laying it on his belly.

"Yes, you had better after that Apparition all the way to Scotland and back," said Hermione, getting that small smile on her face that she had been getting any time anything came up about Harry's condition.

Ron's cheeks and ears always turned a bit pink and they did now.

"We'll have dinner in our suite." Draco nodded to Hermione.

Harry sighed but didn't argue. He didn't want to try and get a Horcrux today anyway - well, he did want to get it and have it, but he didn't want to go through the process of getting it. The thought of that scared him even more now.

Hermione nodded to Draco, that small smile still on her face.

"Do I need to be carried up to our room?" Harry asked Draco jokingly.

"Well, at least I can Apparate us," Draco said and then with a nod at the others, did just that.

Harry flopped down on their bed almost as soon as they arrived and stared over at Draco, sort of smiling, but sort of not too. He was glad they weren't going today, but he didn't like that they were soon, but he also did want to go. He was confusing himself with his own thoughts.

Draco sat on the bed and removed his shoes and socks before lying down with Harry.

"So, when do we go then?" Harry asked, sheepishly kicking off his shoes as well after Draco.

Draco sighed. "In a day or so, after she finds the location," he said unenthusiastically.

Harry nodded, biting his lip. "Draco?" he asked.

"Yes, love?" Draco asked, rolling toward him and laying his hand on Harry's arm.

Harry took a breath and opened his mouth, but then hesitated. He waited a moment before finally speaking. "What if there's something like there was last time? Like that fire. You didn't see what happened obviously, but it felt like the Cruciatus Curse. I nearly passed out and I couldn't breathe."

"You could stay behind and let us look for it," Draco offered, knowing Harry wouldn't agree but needing to try.

Harry shook his head no, frowning. "I have to go," he said. "What if you pass out again? What if I need to do what I did last time?"

"Then you fuck me." Draco smiled, running his hand up Harry's arm.

Harry huffed. "I need to be there then," he said.

"Yes," Draco sighed, "I suppose you do."

Harry nodded and was silent for a few more moments. "Draco?" he asked again.

Draco ran his hand down his arm again, fingers curling around Harry's hand. "Yes?" he responded.

"I'm going to get bigger, right? Like as big as a pregnant woman?" He made a strange face at that.

Draco broke into a grin and started laughing. He couldn't help it. Harry was adorable.

Harry frowned at him in a disgruntled sort of way. "I don't see what's funny," he said.

Shaking his head and chuckling still, Draco reached his arm around Harry's waist. "I suppose you will," he answered.

Harry sighed. "How will we do it then?" he asked.

"Fuck?" Draco smirked.

Harry nodded, looking at Draco seriously.

Draco thought about it for a moment. "I suppose that will get tricky later on," he said. "I mean, it's not like I can go without it."

"That's what I'm talking about," Harry said. "I mean, I suppose you could still fuck me, but that's not what we need."

"Well, I can think of a few positions that will work." Draco smiled. "We could even practise them ahead of time if you like."

Harry grinned and snorted. "Like what?" he asked.

Draco's smile widened as he starting envisioning different possibilities. "If you can still stand," he said, "you can bend me over a chair or just about any surface lower than your belly."

Harry sighed again. "It won't be too big for that?" he asked envisioning his own body and what it would look like. He was probably exaggerating the size inside his mind and he made another face. "I'm going to look weird," he said.

"You will look different," Draco said with a smile. "And I know a way to ride you that wouldn't put pressure on your stomach."

"And which way is that?" Harry asked, not thinking that different sounded much better than weird.

"I could show you." Draco waggled his eyebrows.

Harry grinned again. "You could," he said.

"You know you have been getting very good not only at nonverbal but at wandless magic, too." Draco smiled.

Harry nodded. "I've had wonderful motivation," he said, smiling.

"So strip me, Harry," Draco said in a low, sexy voice.

Harry's eyes lit up and he bit his lip. Concentrating hard, but not as hard as he'd had to the first few times he'd done it, he passed his

hand over Draco's body and delighted when his clothes disappeared.

Draco shivered at the sensation of Harry's magic sweeping over his skin. "Gods, I love that," he gasped.

Harry grinned widely. "Me, too," he said before he did the same thing to himself. It took two tries this time, but it did work.

Draco sat back on his knees admiring his naked lover. He casually began stroking his own cock as he smiled down at Harry.

Harry's eyes, of course, strayed down to that wonderful appendage between Draco's legs and he watched him, his cock twitching at the sight. He ran a hand slowly down his own body and gripped his forming erection, still grinning at Draco's.

Draco was already getting hard when he saw Harry begin to play with himself. The sight made Draco's mouth water and he moaned. "I am going to fuck myself on your cock, Harry," he said.

Harry let out a breathy moan and his heart sped up. "Good," he said, voice gone deeper.

Draco smiled, his cock bobbing as he climbed atop his lover's legs, straddling Harry's thighs, but facing away from him. He slid back up until he knelt above where Harry was stroking himself. "Prepare me, Harry," he said, smiling as he looked back over his shoulder.

Harry moaned again. "You look so fucking good," he said, pushing dry fingers to Draco's entrance. They were slick the next moment and he rubbed them gently at Draco's hole, his cock twitching again. "Fuck," he said, knowing this was going to be a good one.

Draco moaned loudly when Harry's fingers pushed in and even more when he felt the spell cast inside him. "Yes, fuck," he gasped, spreading his legs wide for his lover.

Harry let out a few shaky breaths, stretching Draco and wiggling his fingers around inside him. "Gonna ride me hard?" he asked, hoping that he would be able to last longer than he was thinking he was going to be able to at the moment.

"Yes, deep and hard," Draco gasped, trembling. He used his silver hand to brace himself, holding Harry's leg just above his left knee. Then he reached back for Harry's cock with his right hand, wrapping his fingers around the thick flesh.

"Oh, fuck," Harry gasped. He didn't know if it was such a good idea for Draco to do that but he didn't stop him. "You ready for me?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," Draco breathed as he angled Harry's cock and leant back against it, sliding it along the cleft of his arse until he came to his entrance.

Harry hissed and clenched his teeth, waiting for Draco to slide onto him. He looked so gorgeous with Harry able to see the expanse of his back and shoulders and the slender, lean muscles there.

"Can you see your cock about to slide inside me, Harry?" Draco asked.

Merlin, Draco was so fucking hot! "Yes," Harry groaned, looking down at his own flesh in Draco's hand.

Draco's eyes closed as he focused on the sensation of leaning back against Harry's cock, feeling the brief pressure and then that give as he slid down, taking Harry inside his body.

"So hot," Harry moaned, gripping Draco's sides lightly. "You're so hot." He felt on fire with pleasure, his cock throbbing.

Fully seated, with Harry inside him, Draco now gripped both of Harry's thighs and began to rock. This felt even more like "riding" than any position he had tried yet. He was sure that Harry would appreciate the view.

"Oh, fucking Merlin," Harry gasped, watching the slow arching movements of Draco's back and his own cock in Draco's arse. He actually forgot to breathe for a few seconds. Fucking had never looked so good.

"Mmm," Draco hummed. The angle was different and he took it slow, exploring this new position. He liked the way his own balls pressed against Harry's on every downward stroke.

Harry lay still, letting Draco set the pace and wanting to focus on the image in front of him. His stomach fluttered and pleasure shot through him everywhere.

Draco was lost in sensation - the pressure of his opening stretched around Harry's thickness, the slick feeling as he leant back, driving that cock into himself until he felt full. He was panting now as he fucked faster.

Harry thought he was going to die he was so aroused. He

couldn't keep from thrusting up into Draco now and he was moaning and panting, his mouth open in what looked like an expression of awe.

"Yes, Harry," Draco gasped as Harry began to thrust up into him, his magic like sparks up Draco's spine each time he sunk into Draco's body.

Harry felt like he was going to come soon, but he didn't want to. He wanted to fuck Draco all day like this and would if he could. His brain was so addled, that seemed possible.

Draco was rocking back onto Harry's cock and then forward onto his thighs in a rhythm that was making his own cock bounce against his belly. He reached between his legs and beneath his balls, cupping Harry's balls in his right hand.

"Fuck, Draco!" Harry cried, knowing there was no way in hell he was going to be able to hold back much longer. He thrust up faster, harder, his face flushed.

"Yes, yes, yes," Draco chanted with those thrusts, as he felt his own climax rising.

"I'm gonna come!" Harry gasped. "Fuck!" The temperature of his body seemed to rise for a few seconds and he was coming hard, his face screwed up with the force of his orgasm.

Harry's come filled him as his magic rippled up Draco's spine. Draco threw his head back, moaning as he came too, muscles clenched around the thick cock inside him.

Harry was still panting and staring up at Draco's gorgeous body arched on top of him. The sight took his breath away.

Draco slumped forward, holding himself up with his arms against Harry's thighs, panting.

"Damn," Harry said breathlessly. "I think I can handle this position." He smiled.

Draco chuckled, still breathing ragged. "Yes, I think it works." He smiled, hair hanging around his face as he rested.

Harry took a deep breath, still smiling, and put his arms behind his head. He sighed contently.

Draco leant forward, slowly lifting his hips and letting his lover slide from his body. He rolled to his side, collapsing on the bed, with his head near Harry's feet.

Harry chuckled, looking down at Draco. "You going to stay down there?" he asked after a few moments.

"Until I can move again," Draco said, chuckling. After a moment he said, "Did you realise an 'H' is still an 'H' upside down?"

Harry laughed. "Thank you for that fascinating fact," he said.

Draco laughed, delighted and sated. He reached a hand over and patted the thigh of the man beside him. "I love you," he said.

Harry sighed again. "Love you, too," he said.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN –

The Queen's Gambit

Harry was sitting next to the window of the train, looking out at the sun and watching as it dropped lower and lower in the sky the further they went. He, Draco, Ron and Hermione were on their way to what had once been Miller's Crossing. The closer they got, the worse Harry felt, but at the same time, his determination grew. He was once again torn with his feelings, but he was nervous, more so than he had been before.

Draco sat beside his lover with a book in his lap. He was trying to read but mostly he was worrying. He glanced nervously at the dwindling light then smiled at the profile of Harry against the window.

Harry sighed and looked away from the sun, his knees bouncing nervously. He saw Draco smiling at him and he returned a small one of his own and laid a hand on his leg.

The blond smirked, Harry's touch enough to send a shiver through his limb.

Harry chuckled very quietly and shook his head at Draco.

All four of them were very strangely quiet, Ron simply looking out the window like Harry had been doing and Hermione reading like Draco.

Draco leant over whispering in his lover's ear, "I want you. I always want you." Harry smirked now and whispered back, "Is that such a good idea?" There was a slightly amused smile on his lips, but his eyes glittered.

Draco nuzzled his lover's hair and whispered again. "Are you suggesting we do it on the train?"

"How?" Harry asked, glancing quickly at his friends sitting just across from them.

Grinning, Draco shook his head, pressing kisses to Harry's cheek. "You are insatiable," he teased. "I suppose we could find an empty

compartment."

Harry sighed, wanting nothing more than to get up from his seat and do just what Draco had said, but now that he thought of it, it didn't seem like such a wise idea. "Maybe we shouldn't," he said a little sadly.

Draco was hard just from talking about it. He huffed and sat back, trying to calm down.

"I'm sorry," Harry said, grinning a little guiltily. "I promise when we get home."

"Well, it's a good thing we took care of things before we left home," Draco smiled, "but I still can't get enough of you."

Hermione looked up from her book then and raised an eyebrow at Draco's words.

Harry smiled and blushed slightly.

Draco rolled his eyes and picked up the book again, trying to concentrate. He didn't know if he was actually managing to take in what he read but at least he was calmer.

Harry scooted in closer to Draco and looked down at the book in his lap. "What are you reading?" he asked, wanting to take his mind off things for at least the little while they had before the train ride was over.

"It's Muggle," Draco laughed. "A collection of short stories by Saki."

Harry shrugged. "Oh," he said and then yawned, feeling a bit tired. He had been feeling more worn out than usual lately.

"Shall I read you a story, Harry?" Draco asked.

"Sure, if you want," Harry said, smiling and leaning against Draco's side. He brought his legs up onto the seat and tucked them under himself.

Draco opened the book and read, "The Story Teller." It was one of his favourites -a story about bored children on a train and he was amused that even Ron and Hermione listened.

Harry felt relaxed, the sound of Draco's voice soothing and calming while he rested his head on Draco's shoulder. He'd enjoyed the story and it seemed that Ron and Hermione had too. Draco was a very good reader, Harry decided. He had a good voice for such a thing. Perhaps Harry would have him talk him to sleep one day.

When he was done, Draco closed the book and tucked the small hardback away. "I think we are at the next stop," he said with a smirk.

Harry sighed and sat up, the warmth and safety that he had felt just moments before, slowly trickling away from him. He rubbed at his eyes for a few seconds and then got to his feet, Ron and Hermione doing the same.

They disembarked in the twilight. "Maybe we should stay here for the night and go on to Miller's Crossing in the morning," Draco said, looking around nervously.

Harry looked at Draco and considered for a moment. "It will be no different now than it is in the morning. It was daylight when we went to the graveyard and that didn't stop it from being horrible. Let's just get it over with."

Draco wanted to argue, but he didn't have a good reason. So he frowned and nodded.

"So how do we get there now?" asked Ron, looking around like Draco.

"Unless you have some type of Muggle transportation idea," Draco sighed, "we walk."

"It doesn't look like there are any taxi cabs here," said Hermione.

"How far is it?" asked Harry, pulling his coat tighter around himself.

"Three kilometres," said Hermione. "Which means it'll probably take us about forty minutes, maybe a little less, to get there."

Harry sighed, but nodded. "All right, let's get going then," he said.

Draco had his wand in hand under his robe as they walked. The area was wooded and he found himself walking down an old road but watching every shadow in the deepening twilight. It was quiet except for the crunch of their steps in the snow and the huffs of their breathing, white trails in the air.

"Damn it's cold!" Ron hissed quietly after they'd been walking for a half-hour.

"Shhh!" Hermione said, frowning at him. "We're nearly there."

Harry had to agree with Ron. His fingers and toes were cold, and he couldn't feel the tip of his nose anymore. He held his wand too, lit, as it was dark by now.

"How are you doing, Harry?" Draco asked.

"I'm all right," Harry said, sniffing and sounding stuffed up. He half wished they had chosen to stay now, but determinedly carried on.

Draco snorted, shaking his head. "Still a lousy liar, Potter," he grumbled.

"So, I'm cold," Harry said defensively. "So is everyone else. I'm fine."

Draco considered doing a Warming Charm on his lover but decided it would put him at greater risk if they ran into trouble. If there was anyone or anything sensitive to magic out in this Muggle backwater, then Harry would be lit up like a torch.

"Are we close?" asked Ron after a few more minutes. "Can you feel anything, Draco?"

"Besides cold?" Draco snorted but then took a deep breath and concentrated. He stepped away from Harry. "Something," he said, "but it is either very old or shielded. Up ahead though."

Harry clutched his wand tighter and walked a little quicker. If Draco could feel something, it meant there probably was a Horcrux. What were the chances of there being anything magical other than that out here?

They came around a bend and the fog was thicker here. There were buildings, or at least the remains of buildings with masonry sticking up like bones in the snow.

"Merlin," said Ron quietly as the village came into view.

"This is horrible," said Hermione, frowning sadly while she looked around.

"Where would it be if it were here?" Harry asked, also thinking that the sight of the little village was awful, but still wanting to find what they needed quickly and get out of there.

Draco pulled out his wand and closed his eyes, allowing himself to concentrate. Then he opened his eyes and picked his way through the snow covered rubble in the dark. It was slow going since the snow made it easy to trip on buried rubble.

Harry, Ron and Hermione followed behind Draco, stumbling and tripping.

Harry kept his eyes and ears open, nervous in this dark, depressing place. The hair on the back of his neck was on end and he

stuck close to the blond in front of him.

Draco shivered but it wasn't the cold now. He had begun to sweat and he was feeling a prickling of dark magic that made the hair on his arms stand up.

"Is it near?" Harry whispered to Draco, feeling uneasy.

"Stay here a minute," Draco said, holding a hand up.

Harry frowned and paused, not really wanting to, but thinking he should let Draco do what he had to. Ron and Hermione stilled too, wands at the ready, just in case.

Draco kept his eyes half-closed only really looking at his feet to keep from tripping but using that other sense to let it pull him toward the magic. He came to an old building, still mostly intact, but burned out.

Harry watched Draco, waiting for some sort of signal from him for them to move forward. He still felt like there was something bad going to happen, but he figured it was probably just his nervousness about retrieving a Horcrux.

"Down!" Draco yelled suddenly, throwing himself sideways into the snow just as the bolt of magic came out of the dark interior. It hit stone and shattered it.

Harry gasped and dropped into a crouch. Hermione gasped as well and ducked down, covering her head with her arms. Ron dove forward and landed at Harry's side in a crouch as well, holding his wand out.

Draco had tried to roll, but the snow had made it difficult to move. He had also landed on something sharp and hard that had hurt. The only thing he could think of was Harry. A dark figure appeared in the doorway, firing at him. Draco sent a Body-Bind Spell back into the dark.

Harry jumped back up to his feet and ran as fast as he could toward Draco.

"Harry, no!" yelled Ron, heading after him.

Harry ignored Ron and shot an Impediment Curse where the first spell had come from and where Draco had cast his.

Draco jumped to his feet, getting between the doorway and Harry. "Get! Down!" he yelled.

"Harry!" Ron yelled again. "Listen to him!" He shot a Stunner.

Harry bared his teeth and ducked down only a little, sorely tempted to push Draco out of his way.

Draco snarled, crouching and firing hexes into the darkness. "Ron!" he screamed.

Harry was confused when Draco yelled for Ron, but there was no time to wonder. He was just about to fire off another hex when he suddenly felt arms around his waist and was lifted bodily from the ground.

His eyes widened and he was too shocked to do anything at first, then he realised that Ron had grabbed him and was now carrying him away. "Ron, what?! No!" he yelled, struggling in his arms.

"Harry, stop!" Ron shouted, voice strained.

Harry pushed and writhed and tried to get loose and managed, falling to the ground and scrambling back up, but Ron grabbed his legs and dragged him a few feet before picking him up again and throwing him over his shoulder like he had with Ginny that day in Hogsmeade.

Harry kicked his feet and clawed at anything he could reach to try and get down, but Ron was strong and kept moving and Harry could only watch as they moved further and further from Draco. "What are you doing?!" Harry screamed. "Draco!"

Draco covered their retreat, crouching and trying to keep whoever was in the house busy while Ron got Harry to safety. He fired random hexes, not even knowing if they hit the mark most of the time. He had felt the surge of someone Apparating inside just before the first spell hit. Now he could feel multiple magical signatures in the ruins. "Get out!" he yelled again, hoping the trio listened.

Hermione was firing hexes and jinxes with Draco and at his words she faltered and looked behind her where Ron was still struggling with Harry. She looked as if she didn't know what to do.

Harry was still kicking and screaming for Draco and Ron was making strangled noises and apparently trying to get him to hold still, panting. "Harry, stop!" he let out in that same strained yell. "Harry, the baby!"

Everything seemed to stop for a single spark of a second and Harry's eyes went wide and he let out all the air in his lungs. He

stopped struggling and went limp and almost frozen with terror, his eyes filling with tears that didn't spill over.

Almost as soon as Harry stilled, Ron stopped and then Apparated suddenly, leaving both Hermione and Draco behind.

Draco felt more than heard the pop as Ron and Harry Apparated out. "Granger, go!" he yelled. He had his body shielded behind a low pile of bricks that used to be a wall. He saw her returning spells with the others in the ruins.

Hermione stared at Draco fearfully for half a second. "What about you?!" she yelled as she sent another hex. A curse barely missed her.

"Go, and I will too!" he snapped, ducking another hex.

Hermione hesitated, looking torn and terrified, but then she closed her eyes and was gone with a loud crack.

Draco sighed and closed his eyes, concentrating. He felt the hex hit before he could make the jump.

Harry was shaking as he and Ron appeared in the entrance hall at Malfoy Manor.

Ron was pale and shaky too and he was still panting. He placed Harry gently on his feet, but didn't let him go completely. "Stay here. I'm going back," he said.

Harry's eyes widened. "Then I am too," he said, voice barely a whisper. He hardly knew what to feel. He was in shock still that Draco was all the way across England with what had seemed like an army of Death Eaters and Harry was safe at home.

"Harry, the baby," Ron said quickly, his voice pained.

Harry made a sort of whimpering sound and had never felt more conflicted in his entire life. Just then there was a crack in the air and Hermione was there, white-faced.

"Where's Draco?" Harry asked as soon as Hermione was there. "Where is he?"

"He said he was coming right after me," Hermione said, eyes wide and fearful as she looked around her, almost as if she expected to see Draco there.

"Where is he?" Harry asked, voice getting higher with fear.

"I'm going back," Ron said again.

Hermione clapped a hand over her mouth and her eyes filled with tears.

"I have to. I'm not leaving him there," Ron insisted.

Harry was nearly hyperventilating now.

Ron rounded on him. "Don't you leave here," he said. "Don't you dare fucking leave." He spoke to both Harry and Hermione now. "I don't care how long I'm gone. Don't either of you go back there."

Harry couldn't look at him. He was shaking uncontrollably and trying to hold himself back from Apparating with every ounce of willpower he possessed.

Ron moved forward and kissed Hermione's forehead. "Don't you dare let him leave," he said, and then he was gone again and everything seemed far too quiet to Harry.

When Ron Apparated back into the ruins, there was no sound. No hexes or blasts, no yells or screams.

He crouched low to the ground, his long legs bent sideways. He stared all around him, his wand out, and tried to hear a sound, anything. His heart started pounding when the thought crossed his mind that he was already too late.

As he made his way to where he'd last seen Draco, the wind blew cold and strong. But nothing else seemed to be moving.

The only sounds he could hear were the natural sounds of the night and his own panting. He was terrified, but his wand was steady.

When he reached the spot where Draco had crouched behind the wall, something caught his eye, a darker spot in the snow. When he looked closer he found a brooch - a brooch in the shape of an eagle, lying in the middle of an impression of where Draco had fallen.

He stared at it with wide eyes. There was no way in hell that a Horcrux would simply be laying out in the open. He reached for the brooch and picked it up.

Nothing happened. It was cold from lying in the snow but otherwise nothing seemed unusual about it.

He was confused and scared and his brows were low over his eyes. He stood straighter, looking around him. Something was definitely not right - obviously not right. What the hell was going on?

There were lots of footprints in the snow, but no one else. Whatever happened after they left, it was done. The Death Eaters

were gone and so was Draco.

Ron did not want to believe it. He could not fail Harry. He clenched his fist and closed his eyes, holding back the scream of rage that threatened to overtake him. He stood cold in the snow for a few minutes, his eyes still closed. He covered his face with the hand that wasn't holding his wand and tried to pull himself together. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly, looking up to watch the mist rise up into the sky. Finally, he took one last breath and Disapparated.

Harry had collapsed to his knees while Ron was gone and Hermione was on her knees next to him, holding him and rocking him, telling him that it was going to be okay and sounding like she was trying to comfort herself as well.

Harry barely heard her words. He wanted to scream and yell and cry, but he could do nothing and he hated that he had a reason to do nothing. He wished he didn't. He wished he could be reckless and go after Draco, but the reason was inside him and he wished it weren't right at that moment.

Ron appeared back inside the entrance hall and he saw Harry and Hermione huddled together and had to close his eyes again as they both looked up at the crack.

Harry was filled with quick relief at the sight of Ron, but there was no Draco with him and then Harry filled with even more dread. "Where is he?"

Ron looked like he was in pain and he shook when Harry asked his question. "Gone," he said in one simple word.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT –

Like Hell

The whole world seemed to cease its orbit around the sun and time itself seemed to stand still for Harry. "What?" he asked, but no sound came out.

"He wasn't there," Ron said, not looking at Harry. "No one was. They were all gone. Only this was there." He held his hand out, holding something, but Harry wasn't interested in whatever it was. He didn't fucking care.

Hermione reached out a trembling hand and took whatever it was from Ron. She sucked in a quiet breath. "Surely this isn't ...?" she asked.

"I don't bloody know," said Ron, voice cracking.

"Where is he?" Harry asked silently again, unable to find his voice. He could feel some sort of uncontrollable something building up inside him, and he was shaking like mad.

Hermione looked up from the brooch at Harry. Her eyes widened at the sight of him and she reached out a hand to him.

Harry was shaking so badly, he didn't think he would be able to move. It was like there was a war going on inside his body, but the side that was fighting for Harry to get up and do something, to save Draco, was winning.

Ron was staring at the floor, looking the very picture of defeat.

"Harry?" Hermione asked gently, fear evident in her voice.

"I can't stay here," Harry said suddenly, his voice finally returning. "I'm going."

Ron looked up at him. "No, you can't," he said.

Harry got quickly to his feet, finding that now that he had decided to do something, he didn't feel as helpless. He turned burning eyes on Ron. "Yes, I fucking can and if you try to stop me, I *will* hex you. I promise you that."

Ron's brows lowered into a kind of scared frown. "Harry, the

baby. And if you're hurt, not only are you putting it in danger, you're putting us all in danger. You die, we all do."

Harry glared harder. Ron sounded far too much like Draco with that. "He told you to do this, didn't he?" he asked, voice dangerous.

Ron kept that same expression and didn't say anything, and that was all the answer Harry needed.

"Fuck both of you," he spat and Ron looked to the floor. "I don't have time for this," Harry said then. "I'm leaving. I'm going to check that place out for myself."

"Harry, there's nothing there," Ron said, looking up again. "You'll just waste time."

"You're going to let him go?" Hermione asked Ron shrilly.

"No one is *letting* me do anything," said Harry angrily. "And where else the fuck am I supposed to go?!"

"You didn't even look at what Ron brought back," Hermione said.

Harry rounded on her and snatched the thing out of her hands.

He looked down at it and furrowed his brow in confusion. It looked like Ravenclaw's brooch ... but there was no way "Where did you get this?" he asked Ron quickly.

"It was lying in the snow where Draco had been," Ron answered.

"Why would it be there?" Harry asked. "There's no way"

"Could someone have put it there?" asked Hermione.

Harry stood there, thinking. He felt like he was wasting time, but what else could he do? He didn't know where Draco was. "It couldn't have got there any other way," he said.

"But who would put it there? Draco didn't have it. It certainly didn't fall out of his pocket," said Hermione. "And what are the chances of something like that being there when it's exactly what we were going there to look for?"

Harry frowned and stared at the brooch in his hands. He knew it was not a Horcrux. He may not have had Draco's ability, but anyone could feel the power of a piece of Voldemort's soul. This was nothing but a brooch, probably not even really Ravenclaw's. "No one else knows about the Horcruxes," he said slowly.

They were all silent for a moment, but then, almost at the same exact time, they all widened their eyes.

"Snape," Hermione whispered.

"But I thought Snape was in the Order!" said Ron, eyes even wider.

"How else would it have fucking got there?!" asked Harry, anger burning through him. "Snape's the one who told us it was the brooch and Snape's the one who fucking told us that it was a good idea to go to Miller's Crossing! He knew we were going to be there!"

"You think he ..." said Hermione fearfully.

"Set us up!" Harry yelled, finishing her sentence. He was shaking with anger now.

Ron and Hermione were both silent for a moment, looking disbelieving.

"What do we do?" asked Hermione, voice quiet and frightened.

"I'm fucking going to Snape!" Harry yelled.

"You think he'll be there, mate?" asked Ron, sounding doubtful.

"What else am I supposed to do?!"

"Calm down, Harry," said Hermione quietly. "We'll never get to Draco if you don't."

Harry growled and closed his eyes, taking several deep breaths. "I'm going to the Hog's Head right now," he said once he'd opened his eyes again. "Are you two coming with me or not?"

Ron let out a quiet breath and seemed to decide that there was no use arguing with Harry. "Yes, I'm coming," he said.

Hermione looked between both men. She finally nodded.

"Then let's go," said Harry, and without another word, or even a warning to the other two, he Disapparated.

He appeared in front of the Hog's Head, knowing he was conspicuous with his Muggle clothes on, but he pulled the hood of his coat up anyway and strode to the front entrance of the pub. "Pull your hoods up," he said to Ron and Hermione when he heard the loud cracks from their Apparition. He didn't look back at them before he opened the door.

There was no time to be slow and cautious, and no point in the Muggle clothes anyway. He walked right over to the bar where Aberforth was standing, staring at them with wide eyes, although it was apparent he was trying to hide his shock.

"In the back," Harry said to him, insistence clear in his voice.

Aberforth turned quickly and headed into the room where he had spoken with Harry and Draco the first time they had come here.

Once the door was shut and locked with a Silencing Charm added, he turned to Harry. "What the devil are you doing here, boy?" he asked, sounding like he thought Harry was mad.

Harry probably did look mad right then with his crackling magic and fierce eyes. "I need you to take me to Snape," he said.

"What more could you need from him?" Aberforth asked, brows low. "Did you find another already?"

"No, but I need you to take me to him now. There isn't any time!" said Harry.

"What's happened?"

"I don't have time to explain!" Harry said angrily. "This is a life and death situation! Please take me to him!"

Aberforth frowned deeply at Harry and there was a flicker of fear in him. "He won't be expecting you this late at night. Do not be surprised if he is displeased."

Harry snorted strangely at that.

At that moment, Aberforth seemed to notice Draco missing and examined Ron and Hermione. "Where's ...?" but then his eyes widened.

"Please, now!" said Harry, desperation beginning to settle in.

Aberforth reached out and took Harry's arm quickly and they were gone the next second.

Harry found himself once again in front of the huge rock in the forest and he watched as Aberforth quickly took out his wand and prodded it.

Snape usually took no longer than a minute, but two passed and he was still not there.

"He may be sleeping," said Aberforth, and Harry thought he hid his fear rather well, although it was nothing to what Draco could do. Harry's heart panged in his chest and panic stabbed at him.

Aberforth prodded the rock again and they waited three minutes this time.

Harry raised eyebrows and looked at him.

"I can't take another one in without Snape's permission, but I can go in alone. Wait here," said Aberforth and he Disapparated, leaving

Harry in the snow.

Harry wrapped arms about himself and stared at the ground. Where was Draco? Who had him? Was this all Snape's idea? Harry knew he shouldn't have trusted the bastard. He closed his eyes, swaying back and forth and waiting.

Aberforth was back in minutes, but it had seemed like hours.

"He's not here," he said, sounding like he was confused about something.

Harry stared at him.

"He's not here, but he should be," Aberforth said. "He was not to be gone today."

"Are there any signs of a struggle?" Harry asked quickly.

Aberforth shook his head, frowning. "None at all," he said. "Looks completely fine."

Harry growled in anger and frustration. "I'm going back," he told the old man in front of him.

Aberforth turned his frown on Harry.

"I'm going back, now," Harry repeated.

Aberforth nodded and they were both gone and once again standing in the back room of the Hog's Head in seconds.

Ron and Hermione looked terrified and they both sighed with relief when they saw Harry.

"Bloody hell, mate! You didn't come back for us!" said Ron.

Harry ignored him.

"Does someone want to tell me just what is going on here?" Aberforth asked, staring primarily at Harry.

"Snape set us up," Harry said angrily. "I know he did now. He's gone when he's not supposed to be and there is no sign of a struggle. He's the only person, aside from you, who knew we were going to Miller's Crossing."

Aberforth paled. "What's happened?" he asked.

"We went and there was a Death Eater attack," said Harry. "They were already waiting for us when we arrived. It was set up. Ron, Hermione and I got out okay, but Draco didn't. Ron went back to get him, but the place was deserted and he found this in the snow where Draco had last been." Harry pulled the fake brooch out of his pocket and thrust it into Aberforth's hands.

Aberforth's eyes widened as he stared at the object. "This is not-

"No, it's not a Horcrux, but it is a brooch in the shape of an eagle, modelled after the one Snape told us to find, found where Snape said it was a good idea for us to look for it. And Snape is the only other person who knows of any of this. Now my husband is gone and I want to know where the fuck he is," said Harry in that dangerous tone again.

"Snape is not ... Surely not" said Aberforth.

"I don't have time to discuss his fucked up loyalties!" Harry shouted. "Draco could be dea-" but his own words took his breath away.

Hermione placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Do you have any idea where Snape could be?" Harry asked, quieter and with his eyes closed now.

"I - I have no idea where he could be," said Aberforth, seeming struck dumb. "This is not possible."

"And yet here we are," said Harry stonily.

Aberforth looked at him and took a deep breath. "I have nothing for you," he said, sounding very serious now. "Go to Grimmauld and find help there. If there are Order members, you will need all the help you can get. You are wasting time standing in the back room of this pub."

Harry frowned, staring hard at Aberforth.

"I will go back to the bolt hole and search for anything that may be there. I'm no use to you in a fight," the old man continued. "Go, now. There is no time." He turned and unlocked the door for them, stepping back to let them pass.

Harry took a deep breath and exited quickly, not stopping when he was in the main part of the building. He walked straight over to the front door with Ron and Hermione and didn't give Aberforth a backwards glance.

Once out in the snow again, Harry turned to his friends. "We're going to Grimmauld then," he said quickly. "Lupin is probably there. I don't know what he'll be able to do for us, but he might know about Death Eater hideouts from Tonks or something."

Hermione looked at him doubtfully.

"I know it's a far stretch, but what other choice do we have?"

"None," said Ron. "Let's go."

Harry nodded once and the three of them were Apparating again, this time to land in the foyer of number twelve Grimmauld Place.

Harry took a few steps, looking around the room and walking over to the foot of the stairs. "Remus!" he called through the house. "Remus, it's Harry! Quick!"

Mrs Black's portrait began screaming and then Remus came running down the stairs – in his shorts. "What's happened?"

Harry paid his underwear no attention. "It's Draco. Death Eaters have him," he said quickly, that desperate edge back in his voice.

"Draco?" Tonks asked, coming down the stairs wearing a dressing gown. "What happened?"

The portrait continued screaming.

"Let's go to the kitchen," Remus said as Tonks came down the stairs and handed him his robe as well.

Harry walked with them and then turned to them. He realised he didn't know how to explain this without mentioning Horcruxes.

Hermione stepped forward. "We thought we had a lead on where Death Eaters were hiding. We didn't have time to contact anyone else about it, so we simply left by ourselves - Harry, Ron, Draco and I. It seemed as though Death Eaters were already there when we arrived, waiting for us. We fought them, and we three got away, but they have Draco. We were set up -" She stopped suddenly, looking to Harry.

"We were set up by Snape," he said.

"By Snape?" Tonks asked. "How would Snape set you up?"

"I don't have time to explain," said Harry. "But he tricked me into thinking he was still in the Order. The point is, I trusted him and he set us up and now Draco is gone! Death Eaters have him and I don't know where to look for him. I only have until morning!"

Remus and Tonks exchanged glances. "I should tell you we will handle this," he said, holding up a hand when Harry started to respond, "but I know you better than that."

Harry nodded. "So then what do I do?" He asked, talking more to Tonks than anyone. "Do you know where they might've taken him? Do we have any information on Death Eater whereabouts?" He spoke quickly, nearly jumbling his words.

Remus nodded to her and she sighed. "Yes, we have some

intelligence on it," she said. "We haven't gone in there because it is too dangerous."

"Well, it's not too dangerous right now!" said Harry. "Draco could be there!"

"I'll take you," Tonks said.

"I am going, as well," Remus said, getting up. "Is there anyone else we should bring with us?"

"We don't have time!" said Harry. "Who knows what they're doing to him already!" He felt Hermione's hand on his shoulder again and tried to calm himself, but the more time slipped past, the harder it was to do so.

Tonks and Remus went upstairs to get dressed. "We'll be right down, Harry," Remus said.

Harry began pacing, hands clenched in his own hair.

Ron and Hermione both followed him with their eyes, looking scared and worried.

"Mate?" Ron tried, but Harry didn't answer.

The other two dressed and returned quickly. "So does anyone have a plan of what to do when we get there?" Remus asked.

"The problem is deciding which of the locations to try," Tonks said. "Did'ya check Spinner's End?"

"I don't know that place," said Harry. "What is it?"

"It's where Snape lives," said Tonks. "It's a known Death Eater house. We have intelligence that Wormtail has been there."

Harry took a deep breath. "We could go there then."

"Do you think Snape would have taken him to his own house?" Hermione cut in. "Surely he must have at least been aware that you might go to help from the Order. Doesn't he know that everyone in the Order knows where he lives?"

"We can try there," Tonks said. "Even if he isn't there, it might give us a clue as to where else he would go."

Harry nodded quickly. "All right, yes, let's go then!" he said. "We haven't any time!" He couldn't seem to stop saying that.

"Harry," Tonks said, "I get it. I understand how you feel." She smiled briefly at Remus. "You want to find Draco and make sure he is safe. But if we rush in unprepared, we could get him killed."

Harry covered his face with his hands. He knew Tonks knew

what she was talking about, but he could hardly stand still. "What do we do?" he asked in a pained voice.

"We will Apparate to that area," Tonks said. "Then we will approach the house and see what we can tell from the outside. There are bound to be wards. We will need to take them down before we go in."

Harry nodded. "Okay," he said. "And then?"

"Then we fight like hell to get him and us out of there!" she said in a fierce voice that he hadn't heard before.

"Damn right," Remus added.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE –

The Black Queen

They arrived in a wooded area that Tonks explained was the closest they could get to the house with Apparition.

In the dark, and already on edge because of their situation, every noise sounded like a threat to Harry. Every snap of a twig, every whisper of the wind, sounded like the swish of a cloak or the quick drawing of a wand. Harry was so on edge when they finally reached an old cobbled street, that when he saw a cat streak past, he nearly hexed it. He breathed a sigh of relief and continued following Tonks up the street, travelling in the shadows.

"There are lights on in the house," Tonks whispered. "Most likely, someone is there."

Harry's heart started thudding in his chest as he nodded, wand out and ready to strike when Tonks gave the word.

Ron and Hermione stuck close to Harry, their wands held out as well.

Tonks cast several Revealing Charms and frowned. "Why would the normal house wards be down?" she wondered aloud.

Harry looked at her, frowning as well. "They're down?" he whispered.

"Yes," she whispered. "Someone has put up a Detection Charm but the wards to keep out unwanted guests are disabled."

"That doesn't sound like something Snape would do," Remus added.

No, not at all," agreed Harry. "Something is not right here."

Tonks concentrated and did a spell on herself. "I have put a Concealing Charm on myself," she said. "I think I can get past the Detection Spell and look to see what is happening in there."

Harry nodded, clutching his wand tighter. "Be careful," he said.

She crept forward, until she was able to get to a window where there was a light showing through. Then she came back quickly.

"Rodolphus is in there," she whispered, "and a couple others. I couldn't see the faces."

"Draco?" Harry asked, eyes wide with fear and hope at the same time.

"I couldn't see him," she answered. "Nor Snape."

Harry let out a heavy breath and closed his eyes for a moment. Opening them he said, "I don't know where Snape is, but they've probably got Draco locked up somewhere. Rodolphus Lestrage, Bellatrix's husband. We're dealing with big names here." Harry's heart began beating even faster. Bellatrix was one of Voldemort's most trusted. He had even saved her back at the Ministry. Harry half expected Voldemort to show up to join whatever was going on in the house. "Whatever this is, it's big."

"Trying to capture Harry Potter would be," Remus said. "And Draco is a big target as well. If Snape turned, they would know he is Secret Keeper for the Order, as well."

"Oh, God," Harry gasped, suddenly feeling like he couldn't breathe. "He can't tell anyway. We need to go in, now." He actually took a step forward, but Ron slipped an arm across his shoulders and over his collarbone and held him put.

"I know what the inside of the place looks like," Tonks said, "so I can Apparate in. But the rest of you will have to come in through the doors. I just don't know if we can take them out." She frowned, looking between them. "We really should call for backup."

"We would have to go all the way back," Harry growled, still held in place by Ron. "They could start whatever it is they need to do at any moment!"

"Harry," Remus said, looking very sad, "He has been gone a few hours already." The older man looked afraid to continue but took a breath. "The Lestrages aren't known for holding back. If they have Draco, they have already started trying to get information from him."

Harry paled, thinking of Neville's parents. "All the more reason for us to go now," he said.

"I agree," Remus said, "but only if we can actually get him out."

"I wish we had a way to know how many we are facing," Tonks worried aloud.

Harry took several deep breaths, trying to think. "Are you loud

when you Apparate?" he asked Tonks.

"I know a way without noise," Tonks said. "It is harder but I can do it."

"Okay," said Harry and Ron finally loosened his hold. "Go to the Manor. The wards should let you in. They're set to allow everyone who was at the wedding. My Invisibility Cloak is in mine and Draco's bedroom. Cast a Summoning Charm, it will come. You can use that to see inside the house. I still don't think we have time to get backup, but if you must, send a message to someone or something, but make it back here as quick as you can. Just know that even if you're not back yet, and I hear him scream, I am going in there. Not a single one of you can restrain me. I'd like to see you try." He glared at all of them. "So be fast."

Tonks left, running back into the woods before Apparating. Time seemed to be going in slow motion as they waited for her to return.

Harry hardly moved at all from his tense position. His ears were straining for any noise and his wand was gripped tightly in his hand. *I'm coming, Draco*, he thought, wishing that Draco could hear him, or even feel him somehow. *I'm coming*.

"Don't hex me," came Tonks' voice from behind them. She had used the Cloak to get close before taking it off.

Harry and the others turned to look at Tonks and Harry had never been more glad to see her. "Are you ready then?" he whispered, feeling very ready himself. "Did you send off any messages to any of the others?"

"I sent an owl to Shacklebolt letting him know where we are and what we are doing," she said. "I don't suppose you want to wait for the other Aurors to get here?"

"No. Go," said Harry. "They'll get here when they get here."

"So, Tonks is Apparating inside," Remus said. "Two should go through the front door and two through the back."

Harry nodded.

"I'll go with Harry," said Ron, and Harry wondered what exactly Draco had said to Ron about his protection.

"Hermione and I will take the front," Remus said. "You two make your way around back."

"You'll know to come in when I take down the Silencing Charm

from inside," Tonks said. "Ready?"

Harry glared at the words "Silencing Charm", but nodded. So she'd known there was a Silencing Charm. No wonder he hadn't heard any screaming. His heart began pounding again.

Tonks put the Invisibility Cloak back on and Apparated into the house.

Harry nodded once to Lupin and Hermione and then indicated his and Ron's direction with his head. Harry nearly held his breath as he and Ron made their way to the back of the house, through the snow, holding their wands at the ready.

Nearly to the back of the house, there was light coming from the dining room and Harry caught sight of Bellatrix Lestrange. She was holding her wand and it looked like she was laughing.

Harry took a sharp breath and his stomach plummeted. He knew that whatever was going on in there, whatever was making Bellatrix laugh like that, was not good. He knew if he looked in and saw Draco at the end of her wand, he would bust through the glass, forgetting the plan and try to get to him. Ron seemed to know this too and gripped Harry's sleeve when Harry started moving towards the window.

"Harry," he said, "we have to keep going."

Harry screwed his eyes shut. *I'm here, Draco. I'm here.*

Draco was trying to breathe. He had been screaming so much and so long that he could taste blood in his mouth.

"Poor whittle boy," his aunt laughed. "I bet you wish your mummy was here, don't you? Of course, your daddy can't help you, can he? You killed him."

Draco didn't even try to respond. His explanations hadn't worked when he still had a voice.

"Maybe we should try something new with him," his Uncle Rodolphus suggested, holding a very ordinary but sharp knife up to the light. "We could make it so Potter never looked at him again," he laughed.

"Drakey, darling," Bellatrix cooed at him. "You wouldn't want that, would you? You are such a pretty thing. Do you really want us to have to change that?"

Draco felt the cold blade sliding up his naked leg. He shuddered.

Somehow the idea of it did frighten him more than the pain of *Crucio*. His uncle bent over the dining table where Draco was tied spread to its top. He could feel the sharp edge of the knife pressed against his balls now. His sharp intake of breath made his uncle grin. "Can you hold still while she puts you through it again, Draco? Or will you castrate yourself by moving? Let's find out."

Tonks arrived in the living room and had made her way toward the sound of the screaming. Now she stood, watching in horror and trying to decide which target would be the best. She would have only seconds when she took the shields down. She cast the spell to take the Silencing Charm down and then fired on Rodolphus.

Unaware of what was about to happen, Bellatrix cast *Crucio* on Draco and the night exploded with the sound of his screams.

Harry heard the screaming and it was the most terrible, horrifying sound that had ever met his ears. The sound of his lover's voice like that nearly killed him and he burst through the back door, paying Ron no attention as he followed closely behind. He ran through the kitchen he'd entered as fast as he could, and then flew into the dining room and fired a hex at Bellatrix immediately. It missed her only by centimetres.

Bellatrix ducked and fired back at Harry.

Remus and Hermione used a spell to open the front door, where they were greeted by two Death Eaters and saw the retreating back of Rabastan, who was going to his brother's aid in the dining room.

Rodolphus had fallen across Draco. Tonks had no time to check on him as his brother fired a hex that nearly got her. It shattered a glass cabinet door on the wall behind the table.

Harry dove sideways and knocked into the table Draco was tied on. He glanced at him quickly and nearly whimpered, but then he pushed himself back up fiercely, totally unaware of what any of the others were doing. He had only eyes for Bellatrix. He shot an *Expelliarmus* at her, but knew it was futile even before it was halfway across the room.

Bellatrix laughed and put the table between her self and Harry. "Come to get your pet, Potter?" she sneered. "Does he scream as nice for you?"

Rabastan had ducked back into the hall and Tonks had followed him. They traded shots from different doors. She had him pinned down, but that meant she couldn't move to help Harry either. If she moved, she risked Rabastan's hexes.

Hermione had taken a Stunner and was down. But Remus managed to take the other robed figure out before he ducked behind the sofa. The one that had hexed Hermione was now firing from the shelter of another doorway.

Draco was oblivious to anything but the pain of the Cruciatus Curse that set his body on fire. He couldn't even tell if the knife was still against him as the pain was everywhere at once.

Draco's screams were ringing in his ears and Harry shook with rage and furiously fired another hex but missed again. Bellatrix's smug, yet vicious face made him want to tear her apart with his bare hands. Fuck wands. But he didn't drop his wand. He stood low and defensively and tried another jinx, the screaming messing with his concentration.

Bellatrix grabbed a handful of Draco's hair and pulled his head up, pointing her wand at his throat. "Potter," she sneered, "I could make the screaming stop - forever."

Instead of panic, Harry felt fierce power rise up in him and he glared at Bellatrix like he could burn holes through her with his eyes alone. He wanted to hurt her. He wanted her to scream and cry and he pushed the spell out of himself wordlessly and finally hit her, wanting her nowhere near Draco.

Bella fell back, screaming under *Crucio*. She didn't drop her wand but she released Draco.

The Cruciatus Curse stopped suddenly and Draco was again trying to breathe. He felt pain but it was now only between his legs. The knife was cutting into his left thigh and he was pressed to the table by the weight of his uncle. He heard his aunt screaming now and the sound of hexes hitting walls.

Harry felt a strange relief when Draco's screams ceased. He felt like that cleared his head. He couldn't take that screaming.

"Harry! Down!" yelled Ron from somewhere in the room, and Harry ducked as a spell from some other Death Eater went flying over his head, but he couldn't care. This woman was still far too close

to Draco. He lifted himself up again and ran at her, pouncing almost.

Bellatrix threw off the hex just as Harry dived for her. She rolled, trying to get away from Harry as he came at her.

Draco heard Ron yell and he looked about, trying to see Harry. He pulled uselessly at the ropes that bound him to the table. He hated being helpless in the middle of a fight.

Harry growled as he missed Bellatrix and tried to shoot a Body-Bind at her, but she was quick.

Ron tried a hex at her as well, but had to dive sideways as she managed to shoot a curse at him and avoid Harry's at once.

Rodolphus groaned and lifted himself off Draco, reaching for his wand.

Draco was still struggling to get free when the man began to move. He tried to yell for Harry but his voice wasn't working.

"Poor Potter, always losing everyone!" Bellatrix taunted. "My Lord will see you dead soon. I know your secret and it won't work!"

Harry's eyes widened. "I have no secret," he said, eyes focused on Bellatrix. His heart was beating double time now.

"Who do you think gave you that brooch?" she laughed. "I know what you are looking for, but you won't find them!"

Rodolphus smiled down at Draco, pulling his wand out and reaching for the knife with his other hand. Draco tried again to talk, but only managed a choking sound.

Harry's head snapped in Draco's direction and he saw that Rodolphus was moving again. He knew it was risky to take his wand off Bellatrix for even half a second, but he did and pointed it at the man over top of Draco, firing a Stunner at him.

Rodolphus fell backwards this time, his wand and the bloody knife clattering to the floor.

Draco concentrated hard, using a nonverbal Summoning Charm to call the fallen wand to him and then to release the ropes.

While Harry's attention was turned, Bellatrix cast *Crucio* on him, delighted to see him in pain again.

Harry screamed at the top of his lungs, falling to the ground and writhing, his body contorting in all sorts of unnatural shapes and angles. It hurt even worse than he could ever remember feeling it and he wished to die. It felt like it went on for years, like he would be an

old man when it stopped.

Draco tried to sit up, but was too weak. He could also feel the pain in his leg that told him he was injured as well. When Harry started screaming, Draco forced himself to roll toward the sound. He saw Aunt Bella standing over him, laughing. Draco's best nonverbal spell was Body-Bind, so that is what he concentrated on. He barely had time to register that he had hit her before he passed out.

Harry stopped screaming and groaned, his belly aching even after the spell had been released. He clutched his stomach and pressed his hands into it, feeling like that was the only thing that would keep his guts inside.

Ron rushed over and dropped to his knees beside Harry, eyes wide with fear.

Bellatrix had fallen in the Body-Bind but it was a weak spell and she managed to throw it off. She pointed her wand at Harry, ready to cast the Killing Curse.

Tonks managed to take out Rabastan and then came up behind the Death Eater who had Remus pinned down, casting a Stunner on him as well.

Harry opened his eyes weakly and saw Bellatrix impossibly standing once more. "Ron," he rasped.

Ron turned swiftly, hesitating for only a split second before throwing his body over Harry's and then throwing his wand arm out and shouting, "*Avada Kedavra!*" just as the word "Avada -" left Bellatrix's mouth.

Harry watched in what seemed like slow motion as Bellatrix crumpled to the floor, her expression still one of fury mixed with shock.

Remus released Hermione from the hex, while Tonks went to help in the dining room. She arrived just as Bellatrix crumpled to the floor. "Oh, hell," she cursed when she saw Harry and Ron on the floor and Draco lying in a pool of blood on the table.

Harry's belly was still throbbing, but he hadn't really registered that yet. He didn't try to move except to throw one arm around Ron's neck, who was staring blankly at Bellatrix's body with wide eyes and an unnaturally pale face.

Hermione rushed forward and dropped to her knees beside them

both, sobbing.

"Are you two okay?" Tonks asked, moving to examine Draco. She was nearly tripped over the other Death Eater who Ron had taken out earlier. "Remus!" she yelled.

That's when Harry's brain started working again and he released Ron and struggled to his feet, body trembling. "Is he okay?" he asked Tonks, moving over to Draco and nearly crying from what he saw.

Remus arrived then, too. "They're secure for now" he trailed off when he saw the mess on the table.

"He's lost a lot of blood," Tonks said, and then cast the spell to stop the bleeding from his leg. "The cut is really deep," she added.

Harry gasped as another sharp pain clenched his stomach. He moved his hands back to his belly and pressed them against it again. "No, please no," he whispered, eyes filling with tears but not from the pain.

"Are you okay, Harry?" Remus asked, turning to him. Tonks looked worriedly from Draco to Harry.

"I don't know," Harry sobbed.

Hermione pressed her hand to her mouth from the floor as tears spilled from her eyes as well.

"Remus," Tonks said. "I have to stay here and secure the prisoners until more Aurors arrive. Will you take Draco to St Mungo's? Ron, Hermione, can you two take Harry?"

Remus nodded, pulling the naked and bloody body of Draco into his arms.

Ron was still shaken and pale. Hermione nodded though, tears still streaming down her face. She got to her feet and pulled Harry into her arms. "It's okay," she whispered to him. "I'm sure everything's fine."

Ron finally got shakily to his feet.

"Can we Apparate from here?" asked Hermione.

"Yes, the wards are down," Tonks said. "I will follow as soon as I can."

Remus smiled at her and Apparated to St Mungo's.

Hermione followed with Harry seconds after, and Ron after her.

– CHAPTER FORTY –

Crisis Room

Harry was still clutching his stomach and the Apparition did not help him.

Several medical staff rushed to take Draco from Remus when they saw the bloody body in his arms. Remus began explaining to them that he was cut, had suffered blood loss, and probably extended time under the Cruciatus Curse.

Harry didn't say anything to the Healers. He was afraid to. He needed Draco.

"Harry, what does it feel like?" Hermione asked.

"It's not right," Harry said. "Stabbing pains. It's not right."

Remus returned a few minutes later. "Harry, they are working on him now," he explained. "How are you? Are you injured?"

"Take me to him," Harry said, not answering Lupin's other questions. One hand was still pressed to his stomach.

Remus frowned, looking toward Hermione and Ron in case they had anything to tell him. "Harry, if you are injured, you should see a Healer," Remus said.

"Take me to Draco now, please," Harry said more insistently.

Hermione and Ron said nothing to Lupin, though Hermione looked like she wanted to, but she kept her mouth shut.

"Okay, Harry," Remus said, taking his arm and leading him. They found the room where Healers were working on Draco and stood just inside the door, watching.

"He isn't waking up," a Mediwitch complained.

"He didn't respond to *Ennervate*," a Mediwizard told her. "We have a potion that could help with the blood loss but he can't seem to swallow."

"Was his throat damaged?" the Mediwitch asked.

"Probably," Remus said from the doorway. The Healers looked in their direction then. "He was under Cruciatus, so he may have

damaged his throat screaming."

Harry moved into the room. "Draco, wake up," he tried, voice shaking only slightly. He ignored the strange looks the Healers gave him.

Draco gasped and the Healer's turned back to their patient. "He's semi-conscious. Give me the Throat-Healing Potion first," the Mediwitch told one of the assistants who brought the vial. She pressed it to Draco's lips and he groaned and coughed when she poured it into his mouth, massaging his throat to make him swallow.

Harry watched, scared, hoping and praying that Draco would be able to heal quickly. Not only because he wanted Draco to be okay, but also because now that he and Draco were fairly safe, all he could think about were the pains that seemed to be lessening, but were still there all the same. He needed Draco to tell him what was wrong with him.

Draco groaned in pain again, but this time it was louder. "Good," said the Mediwitch. "Now the potion for the blood loss." She was handed the potion and tried to get Draco to take it but he was thrashing his head.

"Harry?" he groaned. "Where's Harry?"

"I'm here, Draco," Harry said, moving into Draco's sight. "I'm here. Just take the potion, love, please."

Draco let them give him the potion, grimacing as he swallowed. Someone had cast a Cleaning Charm on him. The Mediwizard was examining the wound area. "There were several very serious cuts but they are healing well," he said. "One had hit an artery."

"His temperature is too low," the Mediwitch said. "His hands are as cold as ice."

"What time is it?" Harry asked, looking down at Draco worriedly.

"He's passed out again," the Mediwitch said. "There has to be something we missed. Could it be the effect of the Cruciatus?"

Remus stepped up beside Harry. "What is it Harry?"

"It's the binding," Harry said. "He needs me." His hand was still pressed to his stomach. It was the worst time for this to happen.

"Excuse me," Remus said to the nearest Healer. "We may know the problem."

"What?" the man snapped, clearly unhappy with being

interrupted while his patient was in crisis.

"I can't really go into detail right now," Remus said. "But I believe you need to leave your patient with his husband. They have a magical binding that may be affecting him."

"What does that mean?" The Mediwizard scowled.

"I have to have sex with him," Harry snapped, not at all in the mood to be embarrassed or argued with. He was still terrified and wanted Draco awake *now*.

The Mediwitch looked up at that as her male colleague looked about to argue. "Oh!" she said. "Yes, you two have been in here before." She looked around at the other Healers. "Clear the room, now," she ordered. Within five minutes she had the other Healers, even the annoyed Mediwizard, out of the room. She looked kindly at Harry. "I will be outside if you need anything," she said.

Remus nodded. "Me too." And followed her.

Harry began pulling off his clothes quickly, his belly was not really hurting anymore, but throbbing in the way your toe might after it's been a few minutes since you stubbed it. Once naked, he slid onto the exam table with Draco and pulled him close, kissing his lips. "Merlin, thank Merlin," he whispered, running hands over Draco skin, but there was no time. He performed the Lube Spell and was preparing Draco in the next few seconds.

Draco felt Harry's touch, his warmth and magic tingling. He tried to respond but his body wasn't cooperating.

Harry had turned Draco over and entered him gently, feeling odd to have the terrifying pains in his stomach and the pleasurable feel of Draco surrounding him all at once. His breathing was shallow as he thrust forward.

Harry's magic began to flow into him and Draco groaned, the feelings of pain and pleasure mingling. "Harry," he gasped.

"Draco," Harry answered quietly, thrusting quicker now to get it over with. He'd never wanted to have sex less in his life. He was surprised his cock was able to keep hard, Binding Promise or not.

"Yes, Harry," Draco answered, "yours." He could feel Harry's cock inside him and his hands on his skin. Warmth flowed from the contact and he wanted it. He shuddered and thrust back against Harry.

Harry closed his eyes, holding Draco's hips and rocking his own. Wanting to get it over with only seemed to be making it last longer, although Draco's voice, returned to how it was supposed to be, albeit a little hoarse, was helping him along.

"Harry," Draco gasped, "I feel you. You found me." Draco was confused. He didn't know where they were or what had really happened. All he knew was that he was with Harry. Harry was inside him. Pain had quickly turned to pleasure now and he was moaning with every thrust.

Harry gasped and laid a hand on Draco's back, feeling his skin warming beneath his fingers. "Yes," he groaned, both answering Draco and from pleasure.

"Yes, love," Draco responded to both Harry's voice and touch. "You feel so good inside me," he said, reaching his hand back to touch Harry.

Harry was panting now. Thrusting and panting. "Please," he whispered, moaning a second after. It felt good, but the pressure wasn't building up fast enough for him. He opened his eyes and stared down at Draco's body, and the way it rocked with Harry's movements.

Draco looked back over his shoulder at Harry, wanting to see his eyes. He smiled at him. "Yes, husband, fill me," he said breathlessly, rocking back into Harry.

Harry looked into Draco's eyes and then he was suddenly coming with a hoarse shout, gripping Draco's one hip with the hand that still rested there and pressing nails gently into his back with his other hand. He felt relief in this orgasm more than anything.

Draco felt his husband's orgasm in his body and then the magic that burst over and through him. He shuddered with it, one hand reaching back to hold Harry's hip. "Yes!" he cried out.

Harry slumped forward a bit, panting, head dropping as he waited to be able to ask Draco what he desperately needed to. His eyes filled with tears again as he thought about what Draco might tell him and the look Draco might have if that were the case.

"Harry?" Draco asked. "We are in the hospital, right?"

Harry nodded, but then remembered that Draco probably couldn't see him. "Yes", he said voice thick as his tears threatened to

fall.

Draco loved the feel of Harry pressed against him but he needed more. "Harry," the blond said, "I want to see you."

Harry took a shuddering breath and pulled out of Draco gently. He crawled up the bed and closed his eyes, falling beside Draco on his back.

Draco rolled so he was facing Harry, looking at his face as he reached out an arm to pull him against his own body. "Talk to me," he whispered.

"What's wrong?" Harry half gasped, half whispered. "There's something wrong with the baby. What is it?" He couldn't open his eyes. Couldn't.

Draco closed his eyes, sliding his hand over Harry's chest and down to his abdomen. "Somebody cast Cruciatius on you," he said with anger in his voice. "And ... that's interesting," his voice changing to curious.

"What?" Harry asked quickly, his eyes opening finally. Draco didn't sound upset.

"I never knew anyone could do that," Draco said with awe in his voice. "There's some kind of Shielding Spell around the baby."

Harry let out a sigh filled with such utter relief it almost sounded like a groan. "It's okay?" he asked, looking at Draco's face.

Draco looked up at him, smiling. "You put a Protection Spell around the baby that pushed the Dark magic away from it," he said. "How did you do that?"

"I didn't even know I did," Harry said, wrapping arms around Draco's neck and pulling him down. "I was so scared," he whispered.

"Well, you did," Draco said. "It's kind of like a regular Shield Spell, only it used your magic to repel the hex." He smiled and held Harry again. "It's okay, love," he reassured him. "I'm alive, you're alive and so is the baby."

Harry clutched Draco to him and groaned with relief again. "You're okay?" he asked, just wanting to hear the words again.

"Yes," Draco said, leaning over to kiss him.

Harry kissed him back. His lips, his cheeks, his eyelids. And then suddenly, he pulled back and was looking at Draco angrily.

Draco felt the shift in Harry's magic. He braced himself, waiting

for it.

"What the bloody hell did you tell Ron? Why the hell did he do that?" Harry furrowed his brow, his forehead wrinkled

Green fire. It always took Draco's breath away. "Nothing I didn't tell you," he answered.

"Did you tell him to bloody run with me?" Harry asked, still angry. "Are you out of your mind?"

"Is this the place for this discussion, Harry?" Draco asked calmly.

"And where would you prefer we have it?" Harry asked, raising his eyebrows.

"At home," Draco said, looking around the crisis room. "Do I have clothes?"

Harry was still looking angry but he sat up. "You didn't come here in any." And then after a pause, "What happened? Or is that a discussion for home as well?"

"Be as mad as you want," Draco said, "but get me out of here. We know it isn't secure."

Harry nodded seriously at that, standing up from the bed. "Do you think they'll argue to keep you here?" he asked, pulling his boxers and trousers back on.

"Depends on what happened to me," Draco said. "I remember *Crucio*. Not much else."

Harry winced and anger flared through him. "You were cut on your leg too, but I didn't see anything else."

"Did Ron and Hermione get out?" Draco asked.

Harry nodded. "They're here. Waiting outside."

"Take me home, Harry," Draco said with a sigh. He lay back on the table.

Harry pulled the rest of his clothes on and walked over to the door, opening it a crack. He could see that the Healers and Lupin were still there, now joined by Ron and Hermione.

Hermione turned and looked at him and then rushed forward. "Is he okay?" she asked quickly.

"He's fine," Harry said with a sigh.

Remus looked relieved. "Tonks and Shacklebolt need to talk with you as soon as they can," he said.

Harry sighed again, a slight huff this time. He turned his head and

looked over his shoulder at Draco. "Tonks and Kingsley want to talk to me," he told him.

"Harry, take me home," Draco said again.

"Does it have to be tonight?" Harry asked Lupin. "Can't they come over to the Manor tomorrow?"

"I will let them know," Remus said. "You take care of Draco. I have to go help Tonks."

Harry nodded, thankful. "Can I take him straight home?" he asked the Healers, simply being polite because he was taking Draco home no matter what they said.

The Mediwitch looked surprised. "He nearly died, Mr Potter. Usually we keep patients that severely injured for several days."

Harry's breath hitched at her words but he shook his head. "He's okay. I'm taking him home. It isn't safe here. The last time he needed to stay overnight, we both nearly died. I think it's appropriate for me to feel how I do and I think he and I would both agree that he would rather take his chances in the safety of our own home."

She frowned but nodded. "You may take your husband home when you are ready," she said quietly.

"I'm ready now," Harry told her. "Remus, I'll talk to you tomorrow. You two meet me at home, yeah?" he asked Ron and Hermione.

They nodded, both still looking a little shaken.

Harry took a few steps backward and closed the door again, turning to Draco. "We can leave now," he said. "They're letting us go."

Draco sighed, sliding off the table and standing next to Harry. He felt a bit weak but nothing drastic. "Where's my wand?" he asked.

Harry frowned. "I have no idea actually," he said, trying to think back to if he had seen it.

Draco shivered. He was normally very comfortable nude, but right now he didn't feel good at all. "Take me home, please," he whispered.

"Should we just Apparate from here?" Harry asked, picking his coat up from the floor and wrapping it around Draco.

Draco nodded, drawing the coat around himself and pressing his body against Harry's.

Harry wrapped arms around Draco and closed his eyes. He didn't Apparate them directly to their bedroom, only because he wanted to make sure that Ron and Hermione had made it back okay.

They were both there and turned their heads to Harry and Draco when they arrived.

"You both all right?" Harry asked them.

"We're okay for right now," said Hermione. Ron merely nodded.

Leakey appeared beside them. "Master Draco, Master Harry." He bowed.

"Get my dressing gown," Draco said to the elf, who disappeared to do as he was asked.

"Are you ... okay?" asked Hermione, her eyes lingering on his stomach.

"Yes, I'm fine," Harry said, laying a hand across his abdomen. "Draco said we're both okay." He rubbed his hand across his belly. He still felt odd doing this, but there was something strangely normal about it as well.

Hermione looked relieved and hugged Harry.

Leakey popped back in and held out the dressing gown to Draco. The blond took Harry's coat and handed it to the elf and then put the robe on. "Bring us tea in the sitting room," he told the elf, and then looked toward the others.

Harry rubbed Hermione's back as he hugged her. "Let's go get some tea, yeah?" he asked her quietly.

She nodded against his chest and the four of them made their way to the room, Harry sticking very close to Draco's side, nearly pressed against him.

– CHAPTER FORTY-ONE –

The Right Thing

Draco put his arm around Harry and then sat down on the sofa with him, just as Babb showed up with a large tea tray with biscuits and sandwiches.

Harry sighed and sat pressing himself to Draco, arm resting across Draco's stomach. "We're all okay," he said, talking to himself as much as the others.

Hermione nodded.

Ron seemed to finally come out of whatever daze he'd been in since they'd got away and looked at Harry. "Yeah," he said. "We are."

Draco shifted so he could put his hand on Harry's belly.

They sat in silence for a few more moments and Harry discovered that he wasn't really angry anymore, or at least couldn't be right then. "I - I'm not really mad anymore - but ... I don't like that you two took it upon yourselves to take me out of a fight," he said quietly, talking to Ron and Draco.

Ron looked away from Harry, but he didn't look ashamed.

"Ron did the right thing," Draco said. "And you know it."

Harry let out a quiet huff. He looked up at Ron. "You were brilliant in there," he told him, choosing to ignore Draco's comment. "I'd be dead right now if it weren't for you."

"With you, whatever it takes," said Ron, a hint of pride in his voice.

Draco raised an eyebrow, unsure of what they were referring to. "We would all be dead now if Ron hadn't got you out back at Miller's Crossing," Draco continued.

Harry took a deep breath, knowing that Draco probably wouldn't take this well. "Bellatrix Lestrange almost killed me," he said. "Ron got her instead, right before she was able to speak the curse."

Draco leant forward, pouring tea for all of them while he thought about that. "You shouldn't have come after me," he said quietly.

"How could I not, Draco?" Harry asked. "You would've died if I hadn't done something."

"And you could have died," Draco said, shifting so he partially faced Harry. "I would be dead then as well."

Harry didn't know how many times they would have this same conversation. Neither of them would ever change their thinking. He didn't say that he would rather be dead than without Draco, because he knew that was selfish and he knew Draco wouldn't like it, but he did think it. "I know," he said.

Draco leant forward, putting his face into his hands and sighing. He felt tired and sore and sick at heart.

Harry sighed too, staring at Draco. "I'd like to know what bloody happened," Harry said to him quietly a moment later. "How the hell did *any* of this happen?"

"We were set up," Draco said, still leaning forward. "Aunt Bella and my uncles set a trap for us."

"How the bloody hell would they have done that?" Harry asked. "They couldn't have known where we were going to be. The only people who knew were Aberforth ... and Snape."

"Snape wasn't the person who told us about Miller's Crossing," Draco said. "Bella did."

Harry frowned at Draco confusedly. "What?" he asked. "How is that even possible?"

Draco leant back and closed his eyes. "Do you remember what happened when we went to see Snape last time, Harry?"

Harry was still staring at Draco confusedly. "He ... you said he was injured, right?"

"I said he had taken a powerful Regeneration Potion," Draco said. "And he wouldn't tell me why. Bellatrix had used Polyjuice, but then took the Regeneration Potion to mask it. It confused my ability to read the magic. My aunt knows ... knew about my talent."

Harry's eyes widened. "But then - where's Snape?" he asked.

"Did you get him out too?" Draco asked, frowning. "They had him tied up."

Harry shook his head. "No, we only saw you. Lupin picked you up and then we left, right then and there. You were bleeding too badly to stick around. "Tonks stayed" But then Harry's eyes

widened further. "Shit!" he cursed. "They'll take him in!"

Draco got up quickly and winced. "Leakey!" he said into the room.

Harry watched as the house-elf appeared. Ron and Hermione were watching with wide eyes also.

Draco went to a nearby writing table and pulled out parchment and quill. He began writing quickly. "I am sending an owl to Shacklebolt," he said.

"Holy hell, will it reach in time?!" Harry asked.

"I don't know," Draco said. "How long has it been since you took me out of there?"

"About an hour," said Hermione quickly.

Draco finished the note, using the Malfoy seal to stamp the wax. Then he handed it to Leakey. "Take this immediately. Give it only to Auror Shacklebolt."

Harry watched as the elf took the letter from Draco and disappeared immediately.

"If they take him in," he said, sounding nervous, "we're all fucked."

"Snape won't tell them anything," Draco said, starting to write another letter.

Harry sighed heavily and flopped back against the couch. "What a fucking mess," he muttered, sitting there limply, but then he shot up straight again. "The Horcruxes!" he shouted. "Oh, God! The Horcruxes! Bellatrix knew about them! If Voldemort finds out-" He jumped to his feet, heart beating madly.

Draco scowled, finishing a second letter and then calling for Benedict. He gave the elf the letter. "Take this to Auror Tonks, and only her."

"Draco! The Horcruxes!" Harry cried again.

"Bloody hell," said Ron, the colour draining from his face.

Hermione had a hand pressed over her mouth.

Draco frowned. "Yes, she knew about them. But I don't think that she told anyone else about them."

"Not even the ones she was with?" Harry asked quickly. "Her husband?"

"She may have told them, but they wouldn't share that

information with the Ministry," he said, walking back over to sit down wearily on the sofa.

"Yeah, well they'd fucking tell Voldemort!" Harry cried. "He can't know!"

"Sit down," Draco snapped. "Drink your tea and eat something."

"Are you out of your mind, Draco?!" Harry asked. "This is it! He knows, I lose! We're all fucking dead!"

Draco's head hurt. "Didn't you say they were caught?"

"They were! But that doesn't matter!" Harry said. "What if they say something about it in Azkaban? They could say anything about it - one single thing and that's it - we're done!"

"Stop shouting, Harry!" Draco growled and closed his eyes. "Sit down and eat something!"

Harry gripped a hand in his own hair. "Do you not *understand?*" he asked, managing to keep his voice down, but only just.

"I was tied to a fucking table and Crucio'd for hours," Draco snapped, "but I have not lost my mind! I do know that you had better feed yourself and our child before we do anything else."

Harry frowned at him a little angrily and huffed. He sat down on his couch next to Draco a little harder than was necessary and grabbed a biscuit. He could hardly believe he was sitting there eating when the entire fate of the world was very possibly at stake.

"I can feel that you haven't eaten, Harry," Draco sighed, "probably since the train yesterday."

Harry didn't answer him. His mouth was full anyway.

"Erm, what exactly are we going to do?" asked Ron, his face clearly saying that he'd never seen an odder argument.

"First, I have sent letters to both Tonks and Shackbolt to contact us immediately," he said. "Second, Harry is the only one pregnant but I would guess that neither of you have eaten either. So eat while we wait."

Harry glanced at Draco a little guiltily. He hadn't known that he'd sent letters for immediate contact. He should've known that Draco was the furthest thing from an idiot in the world - he did know that. He felt bad for shouting at him now.

"So, while we wait on our fellow Order members to get in touch with us," Draco said, "we eat and we figure out what happened."

Harry nodded, still chewing. He moved a little closer to Draco again.

"Well, we only know up to when Bellatrix took you from Miller's Crossing," said Hermione. "That and what happened after we got to Spinner's End."

"My aunt's plan was to capture you. Somehow she figured out that Severus was working with us," Draco said.

"They must have captured him or something," Harry said, finally having swallowed. "They had him, so that's what had to have happened."

"So, she took his place that day and set it up to capture all four of us," Draco said. "Thanks to Ron and Hermione, she only got me."

"Why would she go after Snape?" Hermione said slowly. "You'd think Voldemort might get angry over something like that. Doesn't Snape work closely with him?"

"But she suspected him. She always has. They have never gotten along. It's an old story. Aunt Bella wanted proof. Proof to get Severus and Harry Potter as a present for her Master," Draco explained.

"So that's what happened then," said Harry. "She knew we were going to get Horcruxes and set us up posing as Snape. And you say she didn't tell Voldemort about us knowing of the Horcruxes? How do you know she didn't?"

"She was quite pleased to tell me all about it since she expected I wouldn't remember any of it later," Draco said with a huff.

Harry nodded and took a sip of tea. "Good. I'm glad she was fucking out of her mind."

Draco frowned. "I shouldn't be able to remember now."

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Well, how do you?" asked Ron.

"I figure I was taken around 8 PM, right?" Draco asked.

"Around then," said Hermione, nodding.

"And it was at least twelve hours later when I became conscious in St Mungo's, correct?" he asked.

Harry nodded this time.

"That means I spent most of that time with Aunt Bella," Draco said. "How long can a person stay sane under the *Cruciatus Curse*?"

"I'm not sure" said Hermione. "It all depends on how strong the curse is, I suppose. If it's cast strongly, you might go insane after only a little while, but short bouts of it that aren't as strong would feel worse and keep you sane longer."

"The curse was strong and most of eight hours would not be considered short." Draco sighed. He didn't even know how he was talking calmly about this.

"Fucking hell," Harry said angrily, clenching his fists.

"I ... have no idea then," said Hermione, frowning.

"She wasn't happy with my refusal to cooperate," Draco said.

"Cooperate with what?" asked Harry, scowling. He scooted closer to Draco.

"Finish eating," Draco said, noticing that Harry had only eaten half a sandwich.

Harry huffed and took another bite, chewing quickly and then another bite after that. Surprisingly, it did make him feel better.

"She wanted information on what Horcruxes we had found, what we had done with them and what we thought was left," Draco explained. "And she wanted me to take her to you, of course."

Harry swallowed a large bite. "You can't say anything about Horcruxes to anyone anyway," he said. "I ordered you."

"For which I am very grateful," Draco sighed. "I didn't have to resist. The binding did it for me."

Harry sighed too and finished off his sandwich. "When the hell are they getting here?" he asked suddenly, frowning with frustration.

Leakey popped into the room, holding out a parchment. Draco reached over and took it. "It's from 'Tonks," he said, "They found Severus in the basement of the house. They have the Death Eaters held at the Ministry. She and Shackbolt will meet us at Grimmauld."

"Let's go," said Harry, leaping to his feet immediately. He looked at Draco. "Do you want to get dressed?"

Draco looked out the window at the weak winter sunlight and sighed. What he wanted was to go to bed. He nodded. "Be right back," he said and then groaned. "I don't have a wand, so I can't Apparate."

Harry stepped forward and pulled Draco up from the couch. "I'll take you," he said, closing arms around him. The next second, they

were standing in their bedroom.

Draco leant in and kissed him. Then he began getting dressed.

Harry gave a small smile at the kiss. "That bed is so tempting, and I'm achingly tired - have been since the bloody train, but this is important. If we don't talk with them right this second, something really bad could happen. It's not just me being the impatient bastard that I am."

Draco looked up sharply and stepped up to Harry, grabbing his arms and scowling. "I don't ever want to hear you insult yourself like that again," he hissed. "Never."

Harry raised his eyebrows and was a bit taken aback for a moment. "Erm, okay, love," he said, still looking at Draco with eyebrows high on his forehead.

Draco frowned but nodded, pulling Harry against his body for minute. "You called me that once," he whispered.

Harry frowned. "What?" he asked.

"A bastard," Draco whispered, still holding him close.

"I've probably called you everything under the sun," Harry said, whispering now as well. "I'm sorry."

Draco pulled back and looked at him. "It is one of the worst insults you can call a pure-blood, outside of other blood-related insults." He shook his head. "Never mind, you didn't know."

Harry sighed. "It wouldn't have mattered to me then - when I called you that, but I won't say it again now."

Draco nodded. He felt on edge and he couldn't have said why. "I'm ready," he said.

"Me too," said Harry, opening his arms.

Draco stepped into them, wrapping arms around his husband.

Harry Apparated them back into the sitting room where Ron and Hermione were waiting for them. "Everyone ready?" he asked, not bothering to remove his arms from Draco.

"Ready," said Ron. Hermione nodded next to him.

Harry held Draco tightly and Apparated, once more in a short time, to the kitchen of number twelve.

– CHAPTER FORTY-TWO –

Soul Dilemma

Tonks was waiting for them. She jumped up when they appeared. "Draco, I was shocked to hear from you," she said. "You look a lot better than you did a few hours ago." She looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"Where do you have Snape?" Harry asked, not wasting time on greetings or anything else.

Tonks raised an eyebrow at Harry.

"You'll have to forgive my husband. He lost all his manners somewhere in the night," Draco said with a grimace.

She smiled and nodded. "Remus is with Snape upstairs. He was injured but didn't want to be taken to St Mungo's."

Harry threw Draco a disgruntled look but then turned back to Tonks. "Also, did you happen to see Draco's wand anywhere? He doesn't have it."

Tonks rolled her eyes at Harry and pulled Draco's wand from her robes. "Our aunt had it," she said, handing it to Draco.

"Thanks." Draco nodded. "And Rodolphus? Rabastan?"

"In custody," she said. "Along with the two others."

Harry made a very small indignant noise, wondering why he was the only one that seemed to be worrying about this whole mess. "Can we see Snape?" he asked Tonks.

Tonks frowned again at Harry's odd behaviour. But then she started up the stairs. "Come on," she said with a sigh, weariness showing in her footsteps and the way she pulled on the railings on the way up the stairs.

Draco took his husband's arm and followed. Ron and Hermione followed behind as well.

Harry frowned at Draco as they made their way up. He didn't think he was being so rude considering the situation.

Remus looked up as they came in. Snape was lying in the bed,

eyes closed. He was clearly bruised and battered, his face even paler than normal.

Harry couldn't explain exactly how he felt about seeing Snape like that. The man had always intimidated him and made him feel an idiot, but he didn't look so intimidating right then.

Draco released Harry's arm and sat down on one side of the bed, reaching for one of Severus' pale hands. "Severus," Draco whispered.

"He's sleeping," Remus whispered. "They hadn't been too gentle with him either."

Harry looked at Lupin. "How badly is he hurt?" he asked. "Anything that needs major attention?"

Remus sighed. "He would heal faster under proper care," he said, "but that's not really feasible. I've done what I can here."

"I can hear you," Snape sneered. "I am sick, not deaf." His hand tightened in Draco's.

Harry turned his head again to look at Snape. Of course, he would be as wonderful as usual.

"Nice to hear your voice, Godfather." Draco smiled. "You had me worried."

Severus turned his head, opening bloodshot eyes and regarding the young man. "Draco, I thought ... I am glad to see you too."

And Draco thought Gryffindors were weird. Harry waited, wondering what the hell Lupin and the others must be thinking.

Tonks shut the door behind her and leant on it. "So, time for answers," she said. "Because if you want me to help clean this mess up with the Ministry, I want to know what the mess is."

Harry sighed heavily and rubbed his eyes for a moment. "Have you told them anything at all yet?" he asked Snape.

Snape's answer was to raise an eyebrow and look at him with contempt. Draco laughed, shaking his head.

Harry huffed and scowled at Draco. Why did he feel in such a bad mood suddenly? "Fine. Draco can ask the questions since you'll talk to no one else," he snapped.

Remus looked at Harry, as did both Snape and Draco. "Actually, Harry," Remus said, "I have to agree with Tonks on this. You need to tell us what is going on."

Harry looked around the room at them all and then leant against

the door. "Snape's still a spy for us," he said. "Dumbledore ... ordered him to kill him."

Remus huffed and sat back. "How long have you known this?" he asked.

Harry sighed. "Quite a while," he said. "Months."

Tonks muttered something under her breath that didn't sound very complimentary. Draco sighed and shook his head. Snape nodded.

"And what happened yesterday to lead to this mess?" Remus asked.

Now this is where it got very tricky. It would be hard to do this without telling about Horcruxes. Once again, Hermione came to Harry's rescue.

"We've been in contact with Professor Snape and he's been passing us information," she said. "That's where we got the lead on where the Death Eaters were going to be, only, according to Draco, it wasn't Professor Snape we got the information from. It was that Lestrangle woman, Polyjuiced into Professor Snape. She set us up after learning that Professor Snape had been helping us - although, I'm not sure how she got that information from him."

"She didn't," Snape said, frowning.

Harry furrowed his brow and looked at Snape, confused. "Then how ...?"

"I wish I knew," Snape said, grimacing.

Draco was still holding the man's hand. Even more surprising was that Severus was letting him.

"This is not good then," Harry said very seriously. "Is your cover blown?"

"It would help if we knew what information she had passed on to others. We may need to 'interview' the Lestrangle brothers," Snape answered.

"Whatever happens, Voldemort isn't going to be happy about this," Harry continued seriously. "This is Bellatrix Lestrangle that is dead. Something very, very bad is going to happen. No doubt in my mind. And yes, questioning the Lestranges is something we should do as soon as we possibly can. Without the Ministry being there."

Draco looked over at him. "Harry, even if they can get us in," he

said, "there is no way the Ministry will let any of us question them without an Auror present."

"Fuck," Harry cursed, rubbing his forehead and closing his eyes.

"I might be able to get you in with me," Tonks suggested.

Draco raised an eyebrow and looked at Harry.

Harry looked up at her, thinking. "We can't do it with anyone else," said Harry. "If we can't get you, we can't do it."

"Harry," Draco said, "tell them."

Harry closed his eyes for a moment. He looked at Draco again. "Are you sure?" he asked very seriously, not at all sure himself.

"You need them," Draco said, looking to see if Hermione and Ron agreed.

Ron was looking hard at Harry, his posture showing his uncertainty.

Hermione was looking at Lupin and Tonks, her face serious and conflicted.

Harry covered his face with his hand. "This is - possibly the hugest secret you will ever have to keep in your lives," he began, making up his mind.

Draco nodded, listening while Harry explained the Horcruxes. He didn't like putting these two at additional risk. Yet, he trusted them.

"... and that's how I can kill him. We have one more left to find and then Dumbledore told me that he thought there was one in Voldemort's snake, Nagini, and the last piece is in Voldemort himself," Harry finished.

Remus shook his head. "Why didn't you tell us this before?" he asked. "We could have helped you."

"Dumbledore told me to tell no one. It's not a matter of trust, it's a matter of keeping this away from Voldemort. If he knew that I was told about them, he would make more and fetch the ones he has. No one would ever be able to kill him. If any one of you were caught by the other side - imagine what would happen if this information was taken from you? Everyone has their breaking point. It was - *is* safer if the least amount of people possible know about it. That's why I didn't tell you."

"I understand, Harry," said Tonks. "But now that we know, we can help. How is this related to the Lestrage brothers? Are you

worried that they know?"

"Bellatrix knew about them," Harry said. "It's what we really went to Snape for - to find out about a possible location for one of them. If she knew, then it's possible she at least told her husband. If they know about them ... I don't know what we will have to do with them. Even a Memory Charm can be broken - and it's already been proven that it's not exactly hard for Voldemort to break them out of prison - and he would. Especially to get information on Bellatrix's death. If we modified their memories, he would break through."

"And you need to find out if they told anyone else," Snape added.

"Harry, unless you change your orders to me, I can't talk in front of them yet," Draco sighed.

"You can talk to anyone about the Horcruxes who knows of them," Harry said promptly.

"No," Draco said. "That would have meant Aunt Bella could have got the information. Say I can only talk to the people who are currently in the room about them."

"You can talk about Horcruxes only to the people currently in this room," Harry said.

Draco sighed and nodded.

Snape frowned, watching the exchange. "You use the binding to shield yourself?" he asked Draco.

Draco smiled. "To make sure that even when captured like that, I can't betray Harry."

"Clever," Snape said, sounding impressed in spite of himself.

Harry hid his smile by ducking his head for a moment. "So, do you think you can get us in to question them?" he asked Tonks, looking to her now.

"I will talk to Shackbolt," she said. "I can't tell him the whole story, but I think he will trust us enough to give me access."

"Then what?" Draco asked. "If they know, what do we do?"

"You kill them," Snape said.

"What?" squeaked Hermione.

Harry's eyes widened.

Draco took a deep breath but nodded.

Remus put his face in his hands. "You can't ask them to do that," he said.

"I didn't ask them," Snape said. "I told them what needs to be done. Do you have a better idea?"

"I can't do that," Harry said seriously. "It's what separates us from them. I won't kill them. We'll have to take them and keep them somewhere. Here maybe, but I can't kill them - no matter who they are."

Draco winced. "How will you get them out of the Ministry without getting Tonks and Shackbolt arrested?" he asked.

"I don't know, but I'm not killing them," Harry said, his tone implying that he was not arguing about this. He stared hard at Draco.

"I hear you," Draco said. "So we go find out what they know."

Harry nodded. "Yes. I can't see how they won't know though. Even if they only know a tiny bit we'll have to take them. Voldemort can piece things together. Even the slightest inkling would make him check the Horcruxes."

Tonks arranged it and several hours later they found themselves being led to a holding cell the Aurors had placed the Lestrage brothers in. The stone walls and iron bars looked very much like a dungeon.

Draco walked beside Harry, quiet and thoughtful.

Harry couldn't ever remember being so tired, despite the nap he and Draco had taken in their old room at Grimmauld, but he was determined to get this done.

"How do we do this?" Harry asked Draco. "Do you even know?"

"First," Draco said, "you tell me I can talk to them about Horcruxes. I think I have some ideas."

"You can talk to them about Horcruxes," said Harry. "And good, because I have a slight feeling they're not going to want to cooperate."

Draco's eyebrows rose. "Slight feeling?" he teased.

Harry shook his head and smiled amusedly despite the situation. "Yeah, just a little hunch."

Draco shook his head at the Gryffindor. "Good hunch, that one," he said.

"I would expect so," said Harry, looking sideways at Draco and cocking his head.

Tonks looked sideways at the two of them. "Are you two ever not flirting?" she asked.

Harry snorted and smiled at Draco.

"Never," Draco answered in a serious tone.

– CHAPTER FORTY-THREE –

Threats

Tonks shook her head. They stopped in front of a cell and she used a skeleton key to open the lock. It actually looked like it was made of bone. "Don't ask," she said when Draco opened his mouth to do so.

Harry shrugged lightly and stood waiting to be let inside, hoping that this would all work out.

Tonks went through first, using a Binding Spell to secure the prisoners before letting Harry and Draco enter. The two LeStrange brothers glared at them from the bench they were now tied to.

"I assume you know who I am. No need for introductions," Harry said to the two men when he entered. The smaller one, Rabastan, glared harder, but did not say anything.

Rodolphus didn't just glare. He gave new meaning to the words "if looks could kill". He spat at the ground.

There were two chairs set up for Harry and Draco to sit in Harry assumed, and so he took one of the seats, staring hard at the Death Eaters.

Tonks took up a position by the door with her wand in her hand.

Draco didn't sit yet, but stood behind Harry. He looked at Tonks. "Can you put a Silencing Charm on the room?" he asked.

Her eyes widened at that but then she nodded and did so.

Harry raised an eyebrow, but didn't say anything. "Your wife is dead," he said to Rodolphus, not taunting, just telling him. "I'm not aware if you knew or not."

Rodolphus looked between Harry and Draco's faces as if trying to determine if he believed them. Draco had slipped into his familiar cold distant expression. Rodolphus looked at him. "I should have cut your balls off and fed them to you," he sneered.

Harry glared. "Saying that is no help to you now, is it? Nor is spitting on the floor. Your wife is dead and you and your brother are facing lifetime sentences in Azkaban and you sit here and throw

threats now? You really are thick, aren't you?"

"Azkaban won't hold us and you know it," Rodolphus sneered. "Next time we take your fuck toy, maybe we will see how good he is."

Rabastan smiled just the tiniest bit and made a show of looking Draco up and down.

In that moment, Harry reconsidered killing them. He felt his magic flare up high and he clenched his fists.

Draco didn't flinch. Didn't show any emotion at all. He knew what kind of men he was dealing with. He felt Harry's magic flare and inwardly smiled.

"You don't like that, do you?" Rodolphus grinned. "Yes, my dear Bella liked *Cruciatius*. I think more direct methods might work better with him." He leered, "And be more fun."

Harry made a jerky movement as though to get out of his chair, but then closed his eyes and took a deep breath, rubbing his forehead.

Rabastan snorted very, very quietly at him.

"What makes you think the Dark Lord would bother freeing failures like you?" Draco asked in a bored-sounding voice.

Rodolphus hissed. "We didn't fail!" he snapped back.

Harry looked up again. "Oh, no, you didn't fail. After all, you only managed to fuck up his plan in the Department of Mysteries and now managed to get one of his most trusted killed. I'm sure he won't mind."

Rabastan was glaring again, his lip curled.

"His father fucked that up back then," Rodolphus sneered. "We are still valuable to our Master."

"Not when he finds out that Aunt Bella and you kept secrets from him," Draco said.

"We had a plan and we will still finish it," Rodolphus countered.

"Oh? And how, may I ask, are you going to do that?" asked Harry, raising an eyebrow. "You are tied to a bench and all."

"Like I said, we are still valuable to our Master. He won't leave us in Azkaban," Rodolphus grumbled.

"He hasn't come for Macnair," Draco said. "Maybe he is tired of fuck-ups like you."

Rabastan glared harder than ever. "We looked for Him. We are devoted to our Lord. His most faithful. He will always come for us."

Harry snorted. "As far as he's concerned, you're both nothing but two big piles of shit out of his arse. Yeah, he'll use you if he needs to. Always room for another dog. But what use are you to him now? You seem to fuck up every time you try."

"We know what you were doing in that old Muggle place!" Rodolphus hissed. "And he will be very grateful when we tell him."

"Or will he punish you for keeping the information from him and getting caught?" Draco asked.

Rabastan seemed to have nothing to say to that. He glared at the floor, fear flitting across his face for a split second.

"Who else knows?" Harry asked.

"Why the fuck would I tell a Mudblood and a traitor?" Rodolphus sneered.

"*Legilimens*," Draco cast without warning.

Harry's head snapped towards Draco as did Rabastan's, both of them looking slightly surprised for a few moments.

Draco staggered back from the images he got. Reliving his own torture from the other man's perspective made his stomach clench and he had to grit his teeth to keep control of it.

Rodolphus roared with anger, struggling against the ropes. "I will finish what your father should have!" he screamed at Draco. "I will cut you to pieces, you filthy whore!"

Harry flung from the chair and punched the man square in the face, watching as blood poured from his nostrils. "Don't you ever call him that again," he growled.

Tonks flinched but held her ground.

Draco was leaning against the wall, sorting through the memories he had gotten from the other man's mind. Harry's magic flared and he privately wished Harry would do more than hit him.

Rabastan's face as he gazed at Harry might've been one that was slightly unnerving if he were fighting him.

"Is there anything?" Harry asked Draco, panting from his sudden rush of anger.

"Yes," Draco hissed, still breathing deep. He had got a pretty clear idea that Rodolphus' threats were serious and there were images

to go along with them of what he would do to carry them out.

"Does anyone else know?" Harry asked. "Or just them?"

"Just them," Draco said. "Bella wanted all the credit. So she had them wait until they completed their plan."

Rodolphus spat blood at them, screaming in rage. "I swear it, I will make you pay! I will rip you apart myself!"

Harry punched him again, in the same place.

Rabastan struggled against his bindings, snarling like an animal.

"I want nothing more than to kill you both," Harry spat. "Right now. You're filth. Less than human and not fit to walk the earth, and yet I'm going to let you live. At least it gives me the satisfaction of knowing that Voldemort would never take back two servants with life debts to Harry Potter."

Draco stood considering his options. Unlike Harry, he did not feel as generous or noble about the idea of letting these two live. He found no satisfaction in the idea that they would have a chance to carry out their threats. He eyed Tonks, wondering if she would intervene if he took more serious action.

Harry shook his hand out as if to rid it of Rodolphus' filth. He stepped back from him and stood glaring at the two men. "We have to take them. There's nothing more we need to find out. Let's go."

"Harry," Tonks said, "how do we get them out of here without being stopped?"

"You can't do anything?" Harry asked her. "Say you've got orders to move them or something?"

"I'll do it, Harry," she said, "if it is that important. But it will mean my job and possibly worse."

Harry groaned and covered his face with his hands. "I don't want that, but you know how important it is," he said. "We can *not* leave them here."

She nodded and then cast a Body-Bind on both the Lestrange brothers before taking away the spelled ropes. "Where do we take them, Harry?" she asked.

Harry brought his hands down from his face and looked at her. "I don't know," he said. "I thought Headquarters, but we can't take them there."

"We have underground cells at the Manor," Draco suggested.

Harry did not like the idea of these two in his and Draco's home while they slept. "Is that a good idea?" he asked. "Is there absolutely no way out of those cells?"

"The wards are strong, there are no doors or windows," Draco replied. He didn't point out that Harry wasn't able to get out of them.

Harry sighed. "All right. I don't like it much, but that seems the best option, I suppose," he said, running a hand through his unruly locks.

Using *Levicorpus* to lift the Lestrage brothers and carry them out, Tonks came up with an excuse that she was taking them to a hearing. She took them through a back route out of the Ministry, used for moving prisoners. Finally, free of the Ministry wards, she turned to Draco and Harry. "To the Manor then?" she asked.

Harry hesitated, but then nodded.

"To the cell we put the others in last time," Draco said, nodding as he took hold of Rodolphus and Tonks grabbed Rabastan. "Ready, Harry?"

Harry sighed tiredly and nodded. "Yes," he said, mussing his hair again.

Draco Apparated directly to the cell and found Tonks beside him immediately.

Harry followed a split second later, hoping that he was doing the right thing, hoping that he was doing what Dumbledore might have.

They laid them on the floor but didn't release the Body-Bind yet. Tonks looked worriedly at Harry and Draco. "You sure you can handle this?"

"Yes," Draco said calmly.

"I think we've handled worse," said Harry quietly.

Tonks nodded, looking sad and tired. "I am going back to Headquarters," she said. "Let me know if you need me."

"Of course," Draco said.

Harry nodded and stared down at the men on the floor with disgust.

Tonks Disapparated, leaving the men alone with their prisoners.

"Harry," Draco said, "go to our room. I will follow shortly."

Harry raised an eyebrow at Draco. "Why?" he asked, frowning.

Draco sighed deeply. "I am too tired to debate this right now,"

Draco said. "Just trust me and I will be there in a few minutes."

Harry stared at Draco for a few more seconds, but then nodded, still frowning. "I trust you," he said, and then Disapparated.

Draco looked down at the two prisoners. "Now you are in my domain," he said in a cold voice. "You will not leave this place alive. And if you are useful, I may allow you to eat and remain relatively comfortable. Otherwise" He flicked his wand, releasing the Body-Binds, and then Apparated to his bedroom.

Harry was removing his robe when Draco arrived. He looked over at him and sighed again. It was six o' clock, and the room was filled with dimming light, but Harry was so tired, he thought he could probably sleep from now until morning.

Draco groaned and allowed himself to literally fall back onto the bed.

Harry let his robe fall to the floor and joined Draco, curling around him.

"Do you have enough energy left to use that spell I like?" Draco asked tiredly.

Harry sighed for the hundredth time and shrugged. "I might need my wand," he said and Summoned his wand from the floor. He removed Draco's clothes, and the rest of his own before tossing his wand again and pulling the covers up over them.

Draco sighed again, even the tingle of Harry's magic not rousing his body. "I feel like I could sleep for days," he murmured.

"Me too," Harry said, pressing his chest to Draco's back and throwing an arm over him.

Some horrible, terrible person was pressing ice to Harry's leg as he slept. He was sure of it. He was going to hex them when he worked out how to get his eyes open. He finally managed that. He did not see an ice menace, but a wonderful man with very, very, very cold feet. Harry groaned. "Bloody hell," he grumbled, huffing and rubbing his eyes. He huffed once again and spun Draco's unresponsive form around, face down on the bed.

He prepared himself and Draco quickly, his eyes half closed as he pushed into him and he actually yawned when he was fully seated. "Be quick today," he told his own cock.

Draco felt cold, so cold that it felt like his bones were made of ice. But then there was that white-hot, sharp pain as he felt himself entered. He couldn't even move yet to protest.

Harry began to thrust gently. At least it was waking him up. He didn't feel as tired anymore.

Draco gasped, feeling heat radiating from inside him where Harry thrust in. He struggled to make his body move and managed to spread his legs further, encouraging Harry.

Harry placed both hands on Draco's hips, his eyes closed now as he moved in and out. When Draco spread his legs more, Harry felt it and a jolt of pleasure shot through him.

"Yes," Draco whispered as heat and pleasure began to crawl through his body.

Despite Harry's fatigue, he was fucking Draco quick and good. He groaned as another shock of pleasure surged.

"More!" Draco shouted, hands clenched in the sheets and face buried in the pillow. He lifted his hips higher to take his lover deeper.

"Oh, fuck yes," Harry groaned, Draco's efforts making him flush with heat. He thrust harder.

Draco reached his hand down under his own body, wrapping his fingers around his own cock. Harry's thrusts rocked him into his fist and he was moaning now.

Harry could feel his release coming quickly. He gasped and moaned and gripped Draco's skin tight.

Draco could feel his husband's magic building up and he sped his own hand up too. "Yes, yes," he chanted, rocking back into him with each thrust.

"Draco!" Harry shouted as he spurted inside him, finally being pulled over the edge. He slumped forward slightly, panting now.

Harry's warmth and magic spreading out inside him brought Draco as well. He cried out and whimpered, body spasming in the wake of orgasm and magic.

"Fuck," Harry rasped, pulling out of Draco slowly before falling onto his back beside him.

"Yes," Draco agreed. "We forgot again," he said, sighing.

Harry huffed and closed his eyes, taking deep breaths. "Yeah," he said.

Draco reached a still shaking arm out and laid it across Harry's chest. "Love morning fucking, though." He smirked.

Harry smiled slightly and shook his head. "Better when you're begging for it in the beginning as well as the end," he said, laying a hand over Draco's on his chest.

Draco nodded, sliding his and Harry's hands down to the man's belly and sighing.

"Won't be able to do that later," Harry said. "We probably shouldn't forget."

"I am sure you would find a way." Draco sighed. "But better if we don't forget."

Harry nodded and then smiled a small smile. "Well, here we are again. Alive against all odds."

"Bloody Gryffindor," Draco said, smirking as he pressed up against Harry.

"Your Gryffindor," Harry said, smiling.

"So will he be Slytherin or Gryffindor, I wonder," Draco laughed.

"Oh, Merlin," Harry groaned. "What a combination." He laughed.

Draco snickered. He crawled closer, resting his cheek against Harry's belly next to their hands.

"Can you tell what the sex is?" Harry asked. "You keep saying 'he'."

"Not really." Draco smirked again. "But I think it will be a boy."

Harry smiled thoughtfully and just enjoyed the feeling of Draco against him for a few minutes. "We have a lot on our plates," he said finally.

"Speaking of plates," Draco said, "you need to eat."

Harry sighed. He did feel hungry, though. "How do you know?" he asked.

Draco thought about that for a minute. "I can feel it," he said quietly. "Not that you are hungry, actually, but that the baby is hungry."

Harry raised his eyebrows. "I suppose I *should* eat then," he said. "We better go down to breakfast today. We need to talk to Ron and Hermione."

Draco sighed, kissing Harry's belly again before sliding up his

body to kiss his lips.

Harry smiled and kissed Draco back, wrapping arms around his neck.

The blond spent a few minutes kissing Harry slowly and deeply. Then he pulled back and rolled out of bed.

Harry sighed and stretched before groaning and getting out of bed as well. He arched his back until he heard it pop and groaned again.

– CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR –

When?

Draco headed into the bathroom. "Harry?" he called out. "What happened to my leg?"

Harry frowned confusedly and followed the sound of Draco's voice, scratching his stomach. "What?" he asked when he'd made it into the bathroom, as well.

Draco was staring at the large scar and bruise on the upper inside of his thigh.

"Oh," said Harry quietly. "You were cut."

Draco had the leg up on the sink area and was bent forward trying to look closer at the wound. "Looks like it was serious," he said. "Did it hit an artery?"

Harry nodded. "Yeah. You were bleeding all over the place." He frowned at the thought.

"Oh," Draco said then got into the shower. He allowed the hot water to flow down his hair and over his body, enjoying the sensation.

Harry raised an eyebrow at that and shook his head. "You want me in with you, or should I wait?" he called over the sound of the water, looking at his face in the mirror.

"Always want you in with me," Draco replied, laughing.

Harry grinned and joined Draco in the shower, reaching straight for a flannel and soap.

"Mmm," Draco sighed. He had left his silver hand on the sink counter. He ran his right hand up and down his body, enjoying the feel.

Harry couldn't help but watch Draco, his stomach doing a flip. "You're so bloody hot," he said, shaking his head as he washed his own chest and stomach.

"Wash me," Draco said, smiling and using his hand to pull his hair aside and turning his back to Harry.

Harry grinned again and turned the soapy cloth on Draco,

running it in gentle circles over his back and shoulders.

"Mmm, yes," the blond said, his chin resting on his chest as he leant his hand on the tile and spread his legs.

"Bloody hell, Draco," Harry said, moving the flannel down to wash Draco's arse. "You do this to me every time." His cock twitched at the sight of the man in front of him.

"Good," Draco replied, leaning more so that Harry could reach him easily. "Remember that first shower together?"

"Merlin, yes," Harry said, running the cloth slowly down between Draco's arse cheeks. "I was embarrassed to do this."

"Yesss," Draco hissed, arching back again and smiling.

Harry smirked and then leant forward to suck on Draco's shoulder, wanting to leave a mark. "And you made me come just from talking to me. Merlin, that was so bloody hot."

"Well, I do believe my hands were involved as well." Draco smiled.

"Yeah, but there's no fucking way I would have come unless you had been talking. I was so spent, but you just have that power over me, I guess." Harry smiled and moved his hand around to wash Draco's cock.

Draco's cock twitched in Harry's hand at both his touch and his words. He looked over his shoulder, smirking, and then down to see if his lover was as turned on as he was.

Of course Harry was hard. Was there a time when he wasn't? He didn't think it was very often that he was able to keep from getting hard around a naked, hot Draco. Harry smirked right back at Draco, stroking his cock slowly and gently now.

That sight made Draco moan. "Gods, yes," he said, pushing his arse back toward Harry.

Harry licked his lips and pressed his hard cock against Draco's arse, rubbing it between the cheeks.

Draco leant against the tiles and braced himself, the feel of Harry's cock making him tremble. "Yes, fuck me," he begged.

Harry hadn't planned on fucking Draco in the shower, but now he found that that was exactly what he wanted to do. He pulled away from him for a second, and when he came back, it was with slick fingers at Draco's entrance, adding to the lube and come that was still there from earlier.

"Always want you," Draco gasped, wriggling against his lover's fingers. "Saw you naked once," he confessed, "before."

Harry's eyes widened and his fingers actually stopped moving for a second as he faltered. "What?" he asked in a breathless whisper.

"Don't stop," Draco begged, moaning.

Harry quickly added another finger, hoping that would get Draco talking again.

"Ready," Draco gasped. "Fuck me, touch me and I will tell you."

Harry moaned with frustration, having to do the wandless spell over his cock five times before it would work, he was being so hasty. He reached a hand down and grasped his shaft, guiding it to Draco's entrance before pushing into him gently with another moan. "Please tell me, Draco," he panted. This was his ultimate kink - hearing about what Draco had felt for him before he'd known it. The thought alone could make him hard.

Draco groaned, his cock hard and twitching as Harry stretched him again, filling him. Hot water ran over their joined bodies and Draco loved the contrast with the cold tile he braced himself against. "You love this, fucking me and thinking of how crazy I have always been for you," Draco whispered, "knowing that I would have done anything for this, even then."

"Yes," Harry whimpered, thrusting. "Draco, please tell me before you make me come."

"It was ... after Quidditch practise ... you were alone," Draco said, words interspersed with Harry's thrusts. "I watched Everyone had left ... but you."

"Oh, fuck," Harry let out, flushing, pressing his entire front to Draco and holding him tightly about the waist.

"Yes, waited ... to see you," Draco said, "but you ... were alone ... in the locker room." He thrust his hips back against Harry, wriggling his arse again. Harry's hand on his cock stopped moving and he thrust forward into it as well.

Harry had closed his eyes now and was so absolutely turned on, his body burned with it. "Oh, fuck," he said again, only a weak whisper this time.

Harry's magic vibrated through his skin and Draco was trying to enjoy it and tell the story. "So ... I snuck into the ... locker room," he continued. "You were still in there, in the shower."

Harry desperately wanted Draco to finish telling him before he came, and so he tried to hold back, hardly moving his hips to pull out, but staying seated in Draco, fucking him deep inside with tiny thrusts.

"Naked and in the shower," Draco continued, eyes closed, both remembering the scene and feeling Harry inside him now. "You were leaning against the shower," he continued, "one hand on the wall, like mine is now." He gasped as he realised how close he was. "The other hand on that beautiful cock. And I wanted you so badly I wanted to beg you for it!"

Harry's eyes actually slid out of focus, and despite his efforts, he came with a wild shout and clutched Draco tighter than ever, panting and moaning.

Draco cried out along with him, his own orgasm so close and Harry's magic flowing through him. Held tight in Harry's arms, he still saw the image of younger Potter, coming against the tile.

Harry's face was pressed to Draco's back as he panted. He felt like he was going to pass out, he'd come so hard.

"I think you will have to wash my crack again, Harry," Draco teased.

Harry let out a breathless laugh and kissed the mark he'd left earlier on Draco's shoulder.

"You were beautiful then," Draco whispered, "and even more so now."

Harry smiled, not wanting to move away from Draco. "Where were you hiding?" he asked.

"Does it matter?" Draco sighed. "I stormed away angry and then wanked remembering."

Harry sighed and then laughed again. "You wanked after watching me toss off in the shower, and now you've knocked me up. How does it feel?" He grinned.

Draco turned his head to look at him, smiling and raising his eyebrows. "Fantastic," he answered.

"Good," Harry said, finally loosening his hold on Draco and laying one more kiss to his skin before pulling out of him.

"We should get to breakfast before it is lunch," Draco laughed.

Harry snorted. "I suppose you're right," he said, finishing washing himself quickly now.

After the shower, Harry and Draco were dry and dressed, heading down through the house to find Ron and Hermione. The first place Harry checked was in their regular sitting room and that's where he found them.

Hermione was reading, of course, and scratching Crookshanks behind the ears. Ron, surprisingly, was reading as well, although it was only a book on Keeper tactics.

"Morning," Harry said, walking into the room and taking a seat in his usual spot.

"Afternoon," Hermione corrected.

Draco smirked and called for a house-elf to bring them breakfast, then joined Harry on the sofa.

"Yeah, well, we were pretty tired," said Harry sheepishly.

"I'm sure," said Hermione with a raise of her eyebrows and a small, knowing smile.

Draco almost said something snide about being tortured making him tired, but decided not to ruin the morning for everyone.

Leakey appeared then. "Master Draco, what shall we be doing with the guests?"

"Merde'," Draco said. "Feed them, but only basics."

Harry watched the exchange between Draco and the house-elf quietly with a blank expression.

"Guests?" Hermione asked, looking a tad confused.

Harry sighed. "Rodolphus and Rabastan Lestrange are being held here," he said. Hermione's eyes widened and Ron looked up from his book.

Draco poured tea and handed Harry a cup and then prepared his own. He sat back, waiting. Harry sipped his tea and watched Ron and Hermione's faces.

"Why would you hold them here?" Hermione asked. "Shouldn't they be back at the Ministry?"

"They knew about the Horcruxes," Harry said. "We couldn't leave them there."

"So they're here? Right now?" asked Ron, eyebrows high on his forehead.

Harry nodded. "In cells underground. They can't get out. We're safe." Harry didn't mention his own uneasiness about it all.

"We have lower levels in the Manor which are secured. The house-elves will take care of their basic physical needs," Draco said, frowning. "We can't let them go and Harry was unwilling to kill them."

"Yes, we heard back at Grimmauld," said Hermione. "And I would have to agree. We can't simply kill them."

Harry nodded. "They deserve worse than death," he said.

"They are a threat to us, to you," Draco said, "and they can never leave here alive."

"Surely they can be taken to Azkaban once all of this is over," said Hermione, her head tilted to the side as she looked at Draco.

"They are mass murderers, unrepentant and eager to kill again," Draco sneered. "Why allow them to live at all?"

"Because it would be wrong to kill them," Harry answered. "I don't want their blood on my hands or my soul torn in two on their behalf. Ron has already suffered that when he saved my life. I don't want it to happen to you or Hermione or anyone else."

"I would do it again," Ron said, his head held higher.

Draco nodded approval at Ron. "We will do what it takes, Harry," he said. "In the meantime, they are secure in the dungeon."

Harry sat back against the couch and ate a piece of toast, if only for his child. "And that's where they stay, at the very least, until all this is over."

Draco began piling food on a plate - eggs, sausages, fruit - and handed the plate to Harry.

Harry sighed and gave Draco a small smile before taking the plate and beginning to eat.

"So what's next?" Hermione asked after a few moments with a sigh of her own.

"We need to find out if the brooch was really Ravenclaw's. Continue the search for Horcruxes," Draco said, nibbling on a scone.

"The one Ron found isn't a Horcrux, even if it is Ravenclaw's," Harry said after swallowing a big bite.

"Yes, but if it is her brooch," Draco sighed, "then we know not to look for it. If it isn't, it could be a decoy like the locket."

"How do we find out?" asked Ron.

"First, let me see it," Draco said, setting his plate down, nearly untouched.

"It's upstairs," said Harry. "In my trouser pocket. The ones I wore yesterday."

Draco stood. "I will be right back." He Apparated to their room.

Harry took the opportunity to eat more food, shovelling it in quickly so that he could be ready to focus.

Draco located the brooch and returned to the sitting room. "It does appear to be old enough, though we should have a jeweller confirm it," he said. "But, you are right, it isn't a Horcrux."

Harry nodded. "We can have it confirmed and then what do we do with it if it is?"

"We keep it." Draco smiled. "You are getting quite a collection."

"I say we give it to the school when we're finished," said Hermione. "They are the items of the founders after all."

"When it is all over," Draco said, and shrugged.

Harry sighed and sat back against the couch again. "When it's all over," he repeated a bit wistfully.

– CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE –

Reprisal

Harry wasn't exactly looking forward to seeing Snape, but he knew that they needed to go back to Grimmauld to talk to him and figure something out with the man. They also needed to speak with Tonks and Lupin as well to get the whole mess sorted out.

They were heading over there right now. Harry, Draco, Hermione and Ron.

"Everyone ready?" Harry asked with no real enthusiasm, staring around at the other three.

"Yes, we're ready," said Hermione.

Draco nodded. "Ready," he said. He felt uneasy but he knew they needed to do this.

Harry sighed quietly. "All right, let's go," he said and Apparated, appearing in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place a moment later.

Draco snorted. "Why do we always arrive in the kitchen?" he asked.

Harry shrugged. "Because it's the room everyone is usually in, I suppose."

"I have never even been in the kitchen at the Manor," Draco said.

"Ever?" Hermione asked, her eyebrows high on her forehead.

Draco shrugged. "Why would I go there?"

Hermione opened her mouth, but Ron intervened before any sound came out. "Where's Lupin?" he asked.

Harry shrugged again. "I don't know," he said, looking around.

"Maybe they are upstairs," Draco said, starting to walk up them.

"It's the only other place they can be," said Harry, following him up.

Draco heard voices coming from the library and knocked on the door.

"Who's there?" asked the voices from inside.

"Draco and Harry," the blond answered, and the door was opened by Tonks. She looked upset, as did Remus behind her. They

had apparently been arguing.

Harry raised an eyebrow just the tiniest bit. "Erm ... we can come back later" he said slowly.

"No, come in," Remus said, and Tonks stepped back to let them through.

Harry moved hesitantly into the room and simply stood there in the centre of it, staring at Lupin and Tonks.

Draco followed but nodded toward Tonks. "Hello, cousin," he said, then, "Remus."

Harry gave a small smile. "So, I imagine you were expecting us?" he asked.

"Where's Ron and Hermione?" Remus asked.

Harry looked around Draco to see the doorway. "I thought they had followed me up," he said. "Must be down in the kitchen still."

"I'll go get them," Tonks said and left the room, heading toward the kitchen.

Harry watched her go and was silent for a moment before turning to Lupin. "Everything all right here?" he asked, the question being open enough for Lupin to answer any way he liked.

"There is an investigation at the Ministry," the man said with a sigh. "They want to know where the Lestrage brothers are."

Harry sighed quietly and nodded. "You understand why I did it, don't you?" he asked, pained expression in place.

"Yes," Remus said, sitting down. "But it counts as helping Death Eaters escape custody," he said. "Tonks could go to prison. They may even arrest you two."

Harry looked at Lupin with slightly widened eyes. "Can't we say they escaped from us?" he asked.

"How is that better? You took them out of Ministry custody," Remus said. "You broke the law."

"Fuck," Harry cursed quietly. "It's not like I had a choice. I couldn't just let them take them to Azkaban with what they knew."

Remus groaned, putting his face in his hands.

"Harry," Draco said, "he understands that, but we can't explain that to the Ministry."

"Well, what the hell am I supposed to do then?" Harry snapped angrily, and then he sighed. "Sorry," he muttered.

"I wish I knew, Harry," Remus said, sighing again. "That is

something we have been trying to figure out."

Harry buried his hands in his hair and huffed, simply standing there for a few minutes.

Draco put his arm around Harry and led him over to a chair. "Sit down, love," he said.

Harry allowed himself to be led and sat down heavily, closing his eyes. "How's Snape doing?" he asked finally, still not opening his eyes.

"Rude," Remus said, "which means better."

Harry snorted humourlessly. "Right." He really didn't know what else to say. He didn't know what to do about the fucking Ministry or Tonks' job. He didn't fucking know what to do about anything.

Hermione and Ron entered then and strode into the room.

"So, what's up?" asked Ron, taking a seat on the sofa.

Harry groaned quietly. "The Ministry might try to arrest us," he said.

Both Hermione's and Ron's eyes widened.

"What?!" Hermione asked.

"Not you two, just Tonks, Harry and myself," Draco said.

"Why?" Ron asked, looking just as shocked that Harry, Draco, and Tonks might be arrested.

"The Death Eaters," said Harry. "We could be arrested for helping them 'escape'."

Tonks stood in the doorway. "Because we broke them out of custody," she said wearily.

Harry winced. "Tonks, I am so sorry - I would never have had you do that if I hadn't had to. Is there anything I can do to take the blame for it? Say I hexed you or something to get them out?"

She laughed a bit. "Told you, Remus."

"No," Draco said. "You will not."

Harry shot Draco a disgruntled look. "It's my fault," he said. "She shouldn't have had to do it."

Draco huffed. "She knew the consequences, didn't you?"

"I did," Tonks said firmly.

"And we need you. You cannot go to Azkaban," Draco said.

"You can't either," Harry said to Draco, voice demanding as if literally refusing to let Draco go. "They can't take you from me, can they?"

"I am going to take full responsibility," Tonks said.

"No," Remus said.

"No, you can't do that," said Harry, grasping his hair again and groaning.

Draco leant on the arm of the chair and put his arm around Harry.

"Remus, Harry," Tonks said, hands on her hips and looking very serious. "I can tell the Ministry you didn't know I would be taking them somewhere. Then say they got away. I know you don't want me to do this, but we can't have Harry in prison."

Harry groaned quietly again, but he didn't say anything as he knew they were right. He didn't want to say that he knew, however.

"Thank you, cousin," Draco said. "Will you actually turn yourself in?"

"No," Remus said again, getting quite agitated.

Harry couldn't look at Lupin. Sirius had gone to Azkaban and been taken away from him and now it was possible that Tonks would be too, and it was all Harry's fault.

Tonks walked up to Remus and stood in front of him. She reached a hand down and ran fingers through his hair, smiling. "You know I have to," she said quietly.

Harry frowned heavily and leant into Draco, still unable to look at the couple in front of him.

Remus put an arm around her waist and buried his face against her stomach.

"Is there a way to get your confession on record and then hide you here?" Draco asked.

Harry looked up hopefully. "Could you do that?" he asked quietly.

"I am not sure how," Tonks said. "I don't think a letter or something like that would be enough to clear you two."

"Let me contact the family solicitor," Draco said. "If he could get my father out of some of the things he has done, maybe he can do something here?"

Harry raised an eyebrow. "You have one?" he asked.

"The family lawyer, yes," Draco said.

"Why didn't you use the lawyer when we were dealing with the Ministry?"

Draco huffed. "Because at that time he was Father's lawyer," he explained. "Now I control the Malfoy estates and he works for me."

"Ah, right," said Harry. "Well yes, we should do that then." He sounded hopeful.

Draco kissed Harry on top of the head and went to the desk, where he pulled out parchment and a quill and began writing.

Tonks watched him. "You are a better man than your father ever was, cousin," she said proudly.

Draco raised an eyebrow, smiling slightly, but kept writing.

"That's an understatement," said Harry.

Remus nodded. "Thanks," he said to Draco, his voice thick with emotion.

"I am just writing a letter," Draco said. "Thank me when the problem is actually solved."

Harry sighed and watched Draco finish up.

"So what now?" asked Ron.

Draco sealed the letter and then handed it to Tonks. "Please owl this as soon as possible."

She nodded and, giving Remus a quick kiss on the cheek, left to send it.

"Now, we need to talk with Severus," Draco sighed.

Harry made just the slightest face at that but nodded.

"Will he want to talk with us?" Hermione asked uncertainly, indicating herself and Ron.

"I doubt he'll want to talk to me," said Harry. "No, I *know* he won't want to talk to me, but I'm going up with Draco."

Draco snorted. "Since the three of you saved him from my aunt's plan," the blond said, "I think you have earned the right to talk to him whether he likes it or not. If you want to."

"I'm going," said Harry. "I want to know what happened."

Hermione sighed. "I suppose I'll go too," she said.

Ron got to his feet. "Shall we?" he asked.

Harry shrugged and nodded. "Coming, Remus?" he asked.

Remus made a face, but got to his feet, nodding.

Draco led the small parade upstairs to the room Severus was in. He knocked and heard "Enter" as a response.

Every single one of them tramped into the room and Harry stood looking at Snape, waiting for whatever snide remark he was sure to

give.

Snape was dressed and sitting up in the bed, leaning against the headboard and reading a book. He closed the book and looked up at the suddenly crowded room. "I suppose it was inevitable," he said, sighing.

Draco smirked but sat down on the bed, facing the older man. "You look like you are feeling better," he said.

"Quite," Snape replied.

Harry and the rest just stood and watched, Harry not knowing what to say to the man at all since demanding information about what had happened with Bellatrix seemed inappropriate.

"Aunt Bella is dead and the LeStrange brothers are incarcerated in the Manor dungeon," Draco said.

Snape nodded. "Good."

"We might be in trouble though," said Harry. "Tonks, Draco and I."

"I take it the Ministry didn't give you permission to take them," Snape said.

"They know too much," Draco said.

"They didn't get it from me," Snape said. "Apparently Lucius knew something about the Horcruxes and told Bellatrix when he got out of Azkaban. She tried to get me to tell her more."

"And Voldemort didn't know about any of that?" Harry asked quickly, brows coming together.

Snape shook his head. "She wanted to present him with evidence that I was a traitor," he said. "She was going to present the four of you as a present for him as well."

Harry's face paled slightly at that. He couldn't believe how close they had come to losing the entire war with only a little bit of information leaked.

"Bloody hell," said Ron.

"Ron and Hermione got Harry away," Draco said, "but I was taken."

"Yes," Snape said, then looked into his godson's eyes, "I could hear you."

Harry shuddered at the memory of Draco's screams. It was the worse sound he had ever heard in his life.

Draco shuddered, closing his eyes as memories filled his mind for

a moment. He could feel the pain and hear his aunt's laughter. When he opened his eyes again, Severus was holding his hand.

"I'm sorry," the older man said.

Draco's eyes were wide. He had never heard any of the adults in his life apologise before. "Not your fault," he said, dropping his gaze.

Harry realised that he didn't know what to call Snape. Calling him sir when not in school seemed wrong, calling him Snape to his face when not angry seemed wrong as well, and calling him Severus was certainly not something Harry was about to do, so he settled with calling him nothing at all. "Erm, how exactly did she get you?" he asked. "How were you captured?"

Snape drew his attention away from Draco and frowned at Harry. "After what happened ... on the tower," he said, "I have been highly trusted among the Death Eaters. My place in the inner circle was firm. The only ones who still didn't trust me were those three. She set up a meeting to talk with me. I couldn't refuse."

"So Voldemort still trusts you then?" Harry asked seriously.

"He did," Snape replied, "and if nothing has leaked out, probably still will."

Harry nodded, not really knowing if he should say "Good" or not.

"Will you go back?" Draco asked, looking at Severus' hand on his.

"I have to," Snape answered.

Harry was silent once again, and a bit unnerved actually from Snape's behaviour. He didn't know what to make of it and was uncomfortable with this side of Snape.

"The brooch," Draco said, pulling it from his pocket. "Aunt Bella had this."

Severus reached for it and looked at it carefully. "It looks authentic." He shrugged and then looked at Draco. "It's not one of them?"

"No." Draco sighed. "So we are back to trying to figure out what and where they are."

"I don't think she knew either," Snape said. "But I did see a painting of the founders with this brooch in it."

"This is the last one we need to find," said Hermione. "One soul piece is in the snake and the other in Voldemort himself."

Harry nodded. "So we've only got to find one more Horcrux."

"Assuming the snake is one," Draco said, "then yes, one more."

"I doubt Dumbledore was wrong," said Harry, but he shivered at the thought of that possibility.

Draco didn't say anything about Dumbledore; he knew Harry was loyal to him. "So what will you tell the Dark Lord about what happened?" he asked.

"I will say that I participated in the attack on you," Snape replied. "You got away when the Aurors came in, and that I have been hiding since. That is the story that Shacklebolt and Tonks have put forth to the Ministry as well."

Harry sighed. "What a bloody mess," he said very quietly so that only he actually heard it. "You'll have to go back to him soon, won't you?" he asked Snape.

"The sooner the better," Snape said irritably.

"I expect there will be ... some sort of retaliation," Harry said quietly. "We should be prepared."

"Most certainly," Snape said, and Draco nodded.

"I'll call a meeting," Harry said. "We can set up plans then."

– CHAPTER FORTY-SIX –

Real Estate

The offices were discreetly opulent in the financial district of London. The glass on the door was lettered in gold, "Ebenezer Wyndham III, Solicitor." Draco opened the door and held it for Harry.

Harry, who had insisted on coming with Draco for this, walked through the open door and looked around, feeling a little out of place with his messy hair and nice, but simple clothes.

Draco was dressed in his usual expensive but casual robes. The receptionist, a youngish blonde witch smiled up at them. "Mr Malfoy and Mr Potter," she said, "Mr Wyndham is expecting you."

Harry gave her a small smile and nodded, looking to Draco to follow him.

"Can I get you two gentlemen some tea?" she asked sweetly.

"Yes, thank you," Draco said.

She then showed them into a large office done in dark woods and other old world style furnishings. The man behind the desk was an older wizard of indeterminate age and gaunt in appearance. He had the remnants of curly hair, gone grey and was dressed in impeccably clean and pressed black robes.

He rose to greet them, coming out from behind the desk and holding out a hand to Draco. "Mr Malfoy," he said with a smile, "I am so glad to see you."

Draco nodded, shaking his hand and then gesturing to Harry. "And this is my husband, Harry"

"Yes, yes, Mr Potter," Mr Wyndham said, reaching to shake his hand. "I've heard much about you. And I want to congratulate the two of you on your nuptials. Please sit and be comfortable."

Harry gave a small smile to the man and shook his hand. "Thank you," he said, taking the offered seat.

"So, what can I do for you two today?" Mr Wyndham asked. There was a knock on the door and his assistant brought a tray in

with tea service and poured all three men some tea. Once they were settled, she left and Draco turned to the solicitor.

"We have a friend who has taken on a great burden with the Ministry on our behalf and we don't wish her to suffer for it," Draco said calmly.

"Ah, the fracas with the escaped prisoners?" Mr Wyndham smiled knowingly. He had surprisingly kind brown eyes.

"Yes. She intends to explain what happened and how we were unaware of the risks involved," he said. "We would like to see her interests protected in this matter."

Harry nodded. "Yes. She's a very good friend and she's a close family member of Draco's. I really wouldn't want to see her sent to Azkaban for something that is my fault."

"Will she accept our representation in this matter?" the solicitor asked.

"Yes, but our contribution in this matter must remain discreet," Draco said. "And we will put up any bonds necessary."

"Yes, yes, of course," Wyndham said, quill scratching on parchment. "I will need to meet with her as soon as possible."

Harry nodded. "We'll tell her to contact you as soon as we're in contact with her ourselves."

"Mr Malfoy, did you wish to discuss your holdings at this time?" the solicitor asked.

"It might be good to update me on the estates," Draco said. "I know we have a townhouse here in London and the chateau in Provence."

"And the island in Scotland," Mr Wyndham said.

Draco looked up sharply. "I see," he said. "When was that acquired?"

"Ah, that would be in 1995," the solicitor said, smiling.

Draco was quiet a minute. "I would like a report on the changes in the Malfoy accounts over the last four years. With particular attention to large expenditures or property purchases," he said.

"Of course, Mr Malfoy," Wyndham said. "May I have them delivered to your residence?"

"Send an owl when they are ready and I will have one of my elves collect them," Draco said. The blond got up and the solicitor rose with him, walking them to the door.

Harry followed closely behind Draco, his eyes slightly wide at the news that Draco owned an entire island. Exactly how much money did he have, Harry wondered.

Draco was tense and nervous as they made their way out of the building.

Harry was too, but then again, he always was when they weren't at home. "Let's hurry up and get back, yeah?" he said, not being able to stop himself from looking from side to side.

Draco pulled them into alcove and Apparated them home. "Leakey!" Draco yelled, pulling off his heavy outer robes. The elf appeared. "Where are Hermione and Ron?" he asked quickly.

Harry raised alarmed eyebrows at Draco as he took off his own robes, frowning.

"They be in their rooms, Sir," said the elf. "Should I be getting them, Master Draco?"

"Yes, immediately," Draco said. "Tell them to meet us in the downstairs library." He handed Harry's and his outer robes to the elf and headed for the library.

"Draco, what is it?" Harry asked as he followed behind, taking a few running steps to catch up.

Draco turned and kissed him, pulling him close and tight. Then grinned. "Just wait until they join us," he said.

Harry raised his eyebrows again, but didn't say anything else.

When they got to the library, Ron and Hermione were already there, looking anxious.

"Leakey said you wanted us?" asked Hermione, taking a few steps towards Harry and Draco when they entered.

Draco was pacing. "Nothing is wrong," he said, "but I learnt something today."

Ron and Hermione both let out quiet sighs of relief.

"What?" asked Ron.

Harry was waiting to hear what Draco had to say as well, and was trying to think back to what exactly Draco could have learnt - they had done nothing but go to the lawyer's office.

"We arranged for the Malfoy family solicitor to represent Tonks," Draco said, "then he told me something about my family's estates that I didn't know." He was shaking and he took a deep breath. "My father bought an island in Scotland in 1995," he said, looking at them.

Hermione looked at Draco with quiet interest, but nothing more than that.

Ron looked impressed. "Damn," he said. "How much money do you have?"

Harry had been expecting some fairly large piece of information, but he raised a questioning eyebrow.

Draco groaned. "This isn't about how much bloody money I have!" he shouted. "What else happened in 1995?"

"Our fourth year," said Hermione.

"Triwizard Tournament. Voldemort returned to his body," said Harry.

"And Father to his service," Draco said.

Harry's eyes widened. "You don't think ...?" he said.

"I think he bought an island for his Master," Draco said, "which means we know the location of their headquarters."

"You think that's where they're located?" asked Hermione, eyes wide as Harry's.

"Yes, I do," Draco said. "And I am planning to audit the financial records of my family and see what other information we might find. Someone has been paying for the Dark Lord's war. Property costs money. I believe Father was financing him."

"There's bound to be strong protections," said Harry, his heart beating quickly with the news. "It's probably unplottable, but we don't know yet for sure." He paused, thinking and biting his lip. He smiled. "Draco, you're a genius." He wrapped arms around Draco's neck, kissing him.

Draco basked in Harry's praise, kissing him back passionately. He never tired of Harry calling him that or of his affection.

When Harry slipped his tongue into Draco's mouth, Hermione gave a little cough, reminding them that she and Ron were still in the room.

Harry sighed and pulled back, still smiling and not removing his arms from Draco's neck.

Draco grinned down at him, loving the way those green eyes made him feel like the centre of the universe.

"So ... should we tell someone?" asked Hermione, still clearly trying to get their attention.

"Draco probably wants to sort through the rest of the financial

stuff before that, right?" said Harry.

The blond's attention was on Harry's face - his eyes, his lips - so it took him a minute to register what he actually said. "Oh, yes," he said, "and I don't think we should tell anyone outside the Order. We don't want them to know we know."

"Of course," said Hermione, but then she rolled her eyes and shook her head when neither Harry nor Draco looked at her.

"No, we don't want them to know," Harry said quietly, pressing closer to Draco.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, attention completely on the feel of Harry against him.

"See you in a bit," Harry said to Ron and Hermione, still not looking at them as he slid his hands down Draco's arms and took both Draco's hands in his own, walking backwards out the door and smiling at him as he pulled him along.

Draco raised an eyebrow but didn't say a word or break eye contact with Harry, following him wherever he led.

Harry was still grinning and pulling Draco along playfully, loving the look in those grey eyes. He stopped for a moment and closed the distance between them, brushing his lips against Draco's and then pulling back again, their hands still joined. He started to walk backwards again, carefully making his way up to their room this way, stopping for more of those teasing kisses that lingered more and more each time.

Draco's heart was racing by the time they made their slow progress through the Manor, kissing along the way. He panted a bit and whimpered each time Harry broke the increasingly hot kisses.

When they finally reached the door to their suite, Harry leant up against the wall beside the door and pulled Draco to him, still holding his hands. He let them go to grab the front of Draco's shirt and clutch lightly, bringing their faces centimetres apart. He moved his lips so close to Draco's that he could feel them without touching them. He looked at those soft, pink lips through half-lidded eyes, just standing there like that, his heart racing.

Draco whimpered again, the feeling of Harry so close but not yet doing anything to him was hot but frustrating. He licked his lips, waiting for Harry to make his move.

Harry breathed against Draco's mouth, still staring at it. He finally

pressed his lips to Draco's and kissed him as softly and slowly as he could, his hands gripping Draco's shirt only a little tighter now.

Draco brought his hands up, sliding around Harry's waist and up his back, pulling him tight. He opened his mouth, allowing Harry to set the pace and revelling in the delight of his lover's lips and tongue.

Harry moved one hand down and carefully moved it up and under the cloth to allow that hand access to the skin of Draco's stomach. Gentle fingers found their way to the thin, soft line of fair hair that trailed from Draco's navel downward, playing over it and tracing it.

Draco trembled as Harry's hand touched his skin. "Yes," he hissed.

Harry smiled at Draco's reaction and moved his hand up, pushing the shirt up with it and letting it rest over Draco's heart, rubbing the skin there and feeling the soft pulse. "You know this? This right here?" He rubbed a tiny bit harder at the skin to indicate what he was talking about. "There is nothing more important to me in the world," he whispered, his lips brushing Draco's as he spoke to him.

"I am yours," Draco whispered, eyes half closed as he breathed in his lover's breath. "Completely yours."

"You're more than that," Harry whispered. "You're my life." He kissed him slowly. "I love you." Another kiss. "I never thought those words could mean so much. They almost feel inadequate. There are no words to describe how I feel about you."

"You do pretty well with words." Draco smiled, then slid his hands down to cup Harry's arse. "And even better with your actions."

Harry smiled and kissed Draco again. "You're not so bad yourself," he said, the hand that wasn't resting against Draco's heart sliding down to cup his crotch. "I want to be with you," he said. "I don't care how. I just want you."

Draco moaned again when Harry's hand stroked his erection through his trousers. "Yes, in the hall or in our room?" he whispered.

Harry chuckled. "Whatever tickles your fancy, love," he said, amusement, lust, happiness and love all wrapped up in his eyes.

Draco led his lover by the hand into their suite, and then used his wand to strip them both. His heart sped up even more at the sight of Harry naked. How was it possible that no matter how many times he saw him like this, it always turned him on? He pressed Harry against

the bed post and rubbed himself against him, bending his head to lick and nip at his lover's slightly rough jaw line.

"Mmm," Harry hummed, rubbing against Draco in turn, running eager hands over his back and tilting his head to the side.

"You are so fucking gorgeous, I can never get enough of you," Draco practically growled, his arms encircling Harry as he pressed him against the pillar of the bed.

Harry gasped. "I hope you never do," he said, having to fight to keep his eyes from closing.

"Never," Draco said, mind filled with the images of all the times they had fucked and all the memories of Harry he had from the years of watching him. "Put your hands above your head," he whispered.

Harry bit his lip and tried to put on the sexiest face he could before slowly lifting his arms, watching Draco.

Draco grinned, lifting his wand and casting the Rope Spell again. He watched Harry's face intently when he was bound to the post.

Harry's cock jumped as he was tied up. He should have known Draco was going to this and now that he did know, it excited him just as much as the other times. He stood still and waited, wondering what Draco was going to do to him.

"Harry Potter, at my mercy," Draco whispered, backing away and looking at the amazing sight. He reached casually down and stroked his own cock, watching Harry.

Harry growled and groaned at Draco. "Fucking tease," he said, his own cock straining and throbbing.

"Yes," Draco grinned wickedly, "I think I like teasing you. In fact, I have always got off on teasing you."

Harry took a deep breath and hoped that Draco wasn't about to do what he thought he was about to do, but he strangely wanted him to do it as well. "Please, Draco, fuck," he moaned, just the mere mention of Draco always having got off on him making his cock harden further.

Draco Summoned a chair and sat down, putting his legs over each arm of the chair so that he was spread before Harry. He watched Harry as he returned to stroking his own cock. "Yes, I used to imagine you while I played with myself this way." He smiled.

"Oh, fucking hell," Harry gasped, going weak in the knees. He was pretty sure this was going to kill him. "Draco, please."

Draco cast the Lube Spell and began to really stroke himself, the oil making his balls and cock glisten in the candlelight. "Yes?" Draco asked in a pleased purr.

"Please do something to me," Harry whined, his eyes locked on Draco's hand, despite the fact that that felt even more like torture.

"Now, I have watched you wank in the past," Draco drawled. "Don't you want to watch me?"

Harry groaned. Draco had to know what saying that was doing to him - he had to. He tried getting his hands loose, but of course, that didn't work.

"So I told you that I did this to myself in the Room of Requirement," Draco said in a conversational tone, reaching his silver hand down to cup his own balls, while his other hand slid up his cock, fingers twisting over the head and then back down the shaft.

Harry was panting now and his heart pounding. "Yes," he hissed, glaring at Draco's hand on his cock as if it were not doing its rightful job - between Harry's legs.

"Can you picture it, Harry?" Draco asked, his voice thick with arousal. "Can you see me lying back on that couch thinking of you while I did this to myself?"

Harry moaned and clenched his teeth, trying to thrust against the air in vain, his cock leaking copious amounts of pre-come.

"I wonder how many times I came thinking about you," Draco said, sliding silver fingers below his balls until he reached his opening. He ran a smooth finger around his entrance, panting now as his hand slid up and down his shaft. "At least once a day for six years?"

"Oh, fuck," Harry gasped, wondering if he could come without Draco touching him at all. He could see everything the blond was saying in his mind's eye, even with his real eyes open.

"Did I tell you that your magic turns me on?" Draco said, shuddering a bit at his own memories and pressing a silver finger into himself.

Harry didn't know if he could manage a coherent answer, so he shook his head no, beginning to sweat. Merlin, if that was true - Harry suddenly had some things in mind to try another day.

"Every touch of your magic is like the touch of your skin," Draco said, panting now. "Think about every time we ever fought, Harry. Tell me a time when you used magic on me, before the day I kissed

you."

Harry closed his eyes, panting and trying to remember. There were so many times they had hexed each other. He tried to make his brain work and think of a time. "Fifth year," he gasped. "After Potions. You tripped Ron, and I hit you with a Leg-Locker Curse."

"Yes." Draco smiled. "And everyone thought I went back to my room because I was embarrassed. Which, I guess, I was. But you know about that too. Came so hard I thought I would pass out." Draco was so hard now that just talking about it made his body shudder.

Harry hissed through his teeth and thought about all the other times he'd fought with Draco. Had he really reduced him to that state every time? Harry gasped and moaned. "Fuck! Draco, please!" He was so hard it hurt.

"I'm right here, Harry," Draco drawled, "spread, open and waiting. Get yourself out of it and you can do whatever you want."

Harry gasped again and shook, he was so frustrated. He closed his eyes, focussing his magic and trying to put everything he had into getting out of the ropes.

Draco was gasping too, feeling Harry's magic flaring and anticipating what the lion would do when freed.

Harry could feel a little something happening, but that small tingle at his hands, where the ropes were, stopped and he growled. He tried picturing what he would do with Draco if he got out of here. Fucking him hard seemed a very good idea. That thought made that spark return again. He thought of Draco telling him to thrust harder, telling him to move faster, to fuck him good and deeper and then finally, Harry was free, the ropes having disappeared. He flung himself forward, crushing his and Draco's mouths together, humping against him erratically.

Harry's magic flared bright and then he pounced. His mouth hot and rough against Draco's as Harry's cock slid against the blond's hands on his own cock. Draco quickly pulled his silver finger out of himself and reached for Harry's erection, positioning it so that Harry's next thrust would enter him.

When Harry thrust again, he felt himself suddenly sheathed in tight heat and screamed with pleasure, thrusting more wildly than ever. He gripped the chair's arms, using them to help build up

momentum for his thrusts.

Draco cried out as Harry's thick shaft filled him, magic spreading out in hot waves up his spine. He was so close that he knew he would come soon. "Yes, fuck me, please," he begged. "Fill me!"

Harry knew he wasn't going to last. He'd known it the second he'd got out of the ropes. "Fucking you!" he cried. "Fuck-ing *you!*" And then he came, screaming and crying and gasping Draco's name.

Draco was coming too, hot liquid coating his hand and belly as he felt Harry fill him with his own seed and magic. He threw his head back, shouting wordlessly as Harry buried himself inside him.

Harry dropped his head to Draco's shoulder, panting and feeling like his orgasm had been ripped from him. "Holy ... shit," he said between breaths.

"Mmm," Draco hummed happily, laying spread and covered by Harry. Nothing felt better. He loved this man who could be so gentle one minute and fierce the next. Harry made him feel a sense of peace and wholeness.

Harry continued to try and take deeps breaths, smiling satedly. He kissed Draco's skin and stayed pressed into him, but he knew he would have to move soon.

"Perfect," Draco said, sighing. Harry's body pressing him into the chair felt good and he chuckled at the fluttering feeling of that new magical energy in Harry's belly.

Harry lifted his head and moved close to Draco's face, still smiling. He kissed him gently in agreement. "Very perfect," he breathed into his mouth.

Draco kissed him back, letting his agreement show with lips and tongue instead of talking.

Harry laughed a little bit and then pulled back, licking at Draco's lips one last time before pulling out of him slowly and getting shakily to his feet.

Draco still lay spread with legs over the arms of the chair. He smirked up at Harry, feeling gloriously fucked.

"I wish I could take a photo of you like that," said Harry licking his lips. "You have no idea what you look like."

Draco smirked. "You will have to show me sometime - what you look like doing this."

Harry gave Draco a coy smile. "I might just have to take you up

on that offer," he said, leaning against the bed and still looking down at Draco.

"You looked amazing tied to the bed post, too." Draco smirked again.

Harry laughed. "Perhaps we'll just switch completely the next time," he said. "You knew how hard that would make me, didn't you?" he asked.

The blond raised an eyebrow. "Which part? Being tied? Playing with myself? Or the telling you about getting off on your magic?" Draco asked. His grin made it clear he was pleased.

Harry smiled widely and shook his head, feeling a little tingle in his groin, but nothing actually happened. He fell to the bed on his back, hands on his stomach as he stared happily up at the canopy.

Draco pulled his legs down from the arms of the chair and then pushed himself up to a sitting position, smiling smugly at Harry.

– CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN –

Blood, Love and Sacrifice

Harry looked down his body at Draco, chuckling at his smugness. "You know," he said, thinking, "you never did use your winnings from that bet we had."

"Not yet." Draco smiled, pulling himself out of the chair and then crawling into the bed to lie next to Harry.

Harry turned on his side to face Draco and propped his head up on his hand, smiling at him. "Nor did we ever have that Quidditch match, although I suppose I can't play now." He rubbed his own stomach lightly.

Draco reached his hand over, running gentle fingers over Harry's belly and smiling at what he felt there. In fact, it quite distracted him for a moment.

Harry sighed. "I can still hardly believe it," he said quietly. "I feel like I should be more freaked out than I am. That I'm a man having a baby. It's certainly not something I ever thought I would do."

"It's stronger than it was a week ago," Draco said, contently playing with the soft hair on Harry's belly as well.

"Good," said Harry happily. "He's growing."

Draco could barely begin to put words to how happy he was at this moment. "You protected him, you know," he said.

"How?" Harry asked. "I wasn't even aware of putting up that shield."

Draco considered for a minute, unable to pull his hand away from either Harry or the spark in his flesh. "You do realise that just a few minutes ago you did some pretty powerful nonverbal, wandless magic?"

Harry gave a sort of half-shrug. "I guess so," he said.

"Your magic works differently than most wizards'," Draco said quietly. "You are more powerful when you are concentrating on the goal, not the spell," he said quietly.

Harry nodded, interested. "I wonder if I could learn to

specifically protect him. I want to learn to if I can."

"Your magic automatically protected him, the same way it manifests your desires in other areas," Draco smirked, "even when you are unaware of just what those desires are."

"Good, because I want him to be safe. I just wonder if I could learn to make it work without it hurting me like it did. If ... I'm fighting Voldemort ... I can't just stop and clutch my stomach."

"It hurt?" Draco asked.

Harry nodded. "Yeah. It felt like my guts were going to fall out."

Draco frowned. "You can throw off Imperius and have deflected the Killing Curse, right?" he asked.

"Yeah, I can throw off Imperius, but I deflected the Killing Curse because of my mother," Harry said.

"How did that work?" Draco asked, intrigued.

"She died to save me," Harry said, hand still on his own stomach with Draco's. "Very old magic that Voldemort didn't think of. It's why there was protection at the Dursleys'. The protection was in her blood - therefore my aunt's blood. She sacrificed herself for me. I guess love was the power."

"Love was the power," Draco repeated in a far away voice, thinking. "Her blood, your aunt's blood - blood and love."

"Mhm," said Harry, nodding. "Seems to help a lot where I'm concerned."

"Remember when I told you that blood matters," Draco said. "Even Dumbledore acknowledged that, you see."

Harry nodded again. "It must," he said.

"So your mother's magic manifested itself through her love and her blood connection to you," Draco said. "You are now the parent, doing the same for your child."

Harry smiled. "Good," he said again.

"What happened just before you were hit with Cruciatus? What were you doing?" Draco asked.

Harry paused and thought for a few seconds. "I shot a Stunner at Rodolphus to get him away from you," he said. "Bellatrix cast *Crucio* on me while my attention was away from her."

"You were trying to save me," Draco said quietly. "Blood, love and sacrifice - a powerful combination."

"And that saved the baby?" Harry asked.

"If the baby is what I think it is," Draco said, "it is a combination of our blood, our magic, and our love. It would make sense that you would protect it even at your own expense." Draco frowned then.

"Of course I would," Harry said quietly.

"It would be better if your magic shielded both of you," Draco said, a frown still wrinkling his brow.

"That's why I should learn to do that," Harry said. "It's a matter of knowing how to do it quick enough, I imagine."

"For you," Draco's said, "it's a matter of making it automatic, not just when you think about it. We have another Order practise coming up. Maybe Shielding Spells should be the focus this time."

Harry nodded. "Yeah," he said. "That would be good."

"At least we now know that you can break magical ropes." Draco smirked.

Harry smiled but was serious when he said, "That could very much come in handy."

"I can do nonverbal spells, but not wandless," Draco said. "That's an amazing thing to be able to do. I would have had to Summon my wand and use it to get out of the ropes."

"I didn't know I could do it," Harry said. "It's sort of hard, but I think I get better after I've managed a few times." He paused. "Dumbledore could do it. And Voldemort. But magic is still stronger with my wand."

"Either one apparently." Draco smirked again, stroking a little lower on Harry's belly.

Harry snorted. "I certainly hope so," he said, waggling his eyebrows.

"Harry, binding spells are supposed to require a wand to do as well," Draco said, but even though he was serious, he couldn't help a smirk as he allowed his hand to follow the trail of soft hair down.

Harry squirmed a tiny bit under Draco's hand. "Damn," he said. "I did that all by myself then and shouldn't have been able to? No wonder everyone seemed confused about it being an accident."

Draco snorted, hand finding the soft, damp hair at the base of Harry's cock. "Yes, fucking amazing wand," he said as he began petting it.

Harry sucked in a slow, shaky breath, feeling himself getting aroused. "Perhaps you should teach me proper wand care," he said,

raising an eyebrow.

Draco's smirk grew with Harry's erection. He wrapped his hand around that lovely flesh and began slowly sliding fingers and foreskin up and down.

Harry took his bottom lip between his teeth and closed his eyes, breathing steadily. He spread his legs wider, giving Draco more room.

Draco let go of Harry's cock and Summoned his wand, doing spells to clean up from earlier and then a Lube Spell. Then he wrapped his now slick fingers around Harry's cock again and laid his face on Harry's belly, looking down at what he was doing.

"Yes," Harry whispered, a steady thrumming pleasure circulating throughout his body. "So good."

Draco kissed the soft skin of Harry's belly and continued to use his fingers to their best skill, squeezing between thumb and forefinger on the way up, sliding his thumb over the head and then gently pulling on the foreskin as he slid back down to the base.

Harry placed a hand in Draco's soft hair and fisted the covers on the bed with his other hand. His breathing picked up as the sensation between his legs intensified, making his toes curl.

Draco felt a soft glowing joy at doing this. He licked his lips as liquid gathered at the tip of that soft red crown.

Harry was panting now, imagining what Draco had looked like on top of him when he'd demonstrated a position they could use later on. "Yes, Draco," he groaned.

Draco's own cock filled as Harry's magic rose and the magic in his belly seemed to swell with it as well. Draco smiled, kissing that spot but then kissing his way down toward that glistening cock.

Harry opened his eyes and watched Draco's hair trail behind him on his stomach. So gorgeous. He groaned again, opening his legs even wider.

Draco's mouth was so close to the head of Harry's cock that his thumb brushed his own lips on the upstroke. He watched in rapt fascination and arousal as fluid seeped out during the down stroke.

"Draco," Harry let out in a strangled voice, his hand pulling at the covers and his feet squirming and pushing at the mattress. "Draco, Merlin, Draco."

Draco inhaled the musky scent of his lover and was lost in the

texture and feel of him. The next time pre-come pearled at the tip, he pointed his tongue and licked the slit.

Harry took a sharp breath and arched his back off the bed, pulling even more tightly against the covers. Just the thought of Draco's tongue there, even though he'd done it a million times, was enough to make Harry shudder with need and pleasure.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, loving the taste and reaching his tongue for more, swirling over the reddened soft skin as he continued to stroke the shaft with his fingers.

"Please, Draco, please," Harry begged. "Oh, Merlin, please." He tried not to thrust into Draco's face, tried to keep still on the bed, even though his body was trembling.

Draco enjoyed Harry's begging but wasn't willing to rush himself - yet. He moved his face a little lower, taking just the head of the cock into his mouth and continuing to swirl his tongue as he began to suck.

Harry moaned as his balls tightened and his cock twitched, Draco's mouth driving him utterly insane. "Fuck," he whined, voice high and somehow low at the same time.

"Mmm," Draco deliberately hummed against that sensitive tip.

"Fuck," Harry whined again, another twitch and spark of pleasure going up his spine. "Draco, please suck me," he said, panting. "Please, put it in your mouth."

Draco chuckled, complying by sliding his hand down, pulling back Harry's foreskin as he moved his mouth down to take both head and upper part of the shaft into his mouth, gripping the base with his hand.

Harry groaned with relief. "Yes," he moaned. "Oh, Merlin, fuck yes." He watched Draco's head between his legs and wondered if there was a hotter sight.

Draco bobbed his head now, his cheek caressing the skin above Harry's cock as he did and his hand cupping Harry with his fingers wrapped around the base. His eyes were closed and his breathing synchronised with his movements as he slid the head progressively further into his mouth each time he moved down.

Harry was gasping and moaning on every other breath now, squirming and writhing and tossing his head. "Oh, yes, fuck!" he cried.

Gods, Draco loved doing this. Loved the taste and texture, the feel of the blood pumping in that thick shaft and Harry's moans. All of that would be exciting on its own, but it was astounding when you added the magic that crackled with fire when Harry was aroused.

Harry couldn't believe how good this felt, even after he'd come already, even after Draco had done this to him so many times, but it was always the most extreme pleasure in the world. His body felt alight with it as he shook and moaned, twisting his fingers in Draco's hair. "Gonna come!" he warned, arching a bit more.

Draco would have chuckled at the declaration if he wasn't preoccupied with sliding that thick cock as deep into his throat as he could. Harry's magic always announced his orgasm before he said it, but he loved the way Harry talked during sex.

Harry pulled Draco's hair unintentionally and gripped the blanket very tightly, coming hard into Draco's mouth and shouting his release. "Oh, Merlin, fuck yes!"

The combination of Harry's cock twitching and shooting come into his mouth, his hair being pulled, and his lover's magic flooding through him brought Draco's orgasm as well.

Harry held on to the blanket and Draco's hair until he was completely spent, and then he went limp, gasping for breath.

Draco sucked and licked and swallowed until Harry's cock was soft and clean. He kissed it gently and then crawled back up Harry's side until his face was pressed to the other man's chest and his hand lay on his belly. He sighed happily.

Harry sighed too, feeling completely content and happy and wonderful. "Perfect," he said like Draco had earlier.

"Yes," Draco agreed, closing his eyes and letting the warm happy feelings put him to sleep.

Harry smiled, and with a hand joining Draco's, he drifted off as well.

Harry, Draco, Ron and Hermione had been searching for any information they could about Horcruxes over the last few weeks, but hadn't found anything new. There had been Order meetings about tactics and safety and the meetings to improve fighting skills. Harry had been practising Shield Charms and was getting even better with them than he had been already. They were all so busy that Harry

didn't even notice the holidays creeping upon them and soon it was time to decorate and make plans.

The Weasleys, Neville, Luna, Lupin and Tonks were invited to spend the night on Christmas eve for dinner so that they could all be together on Christmas morning.

All the friends had arrived earlier in the day and had enjoyed the amazing meal that had been served at dinner time. The mood was very warm and safe. They had retired to the largest sitting room with the largest tree in the Manor. Harry snuggled closer to Draco on the sofa and stared at the tree and then into the crackling fire, smiling softly and listening to the happy chatter in the room.

Draco was watching with amusement as Tonks and Ron played chess. Ginny, Hermione, Luna and Fleur seemed to form a little knot of conversation in one corner and from the laughter and occasional looks, Draco guessed the men were being discussed. Similarly, most of the men were discussing Quidditch. Draco would probably have enjoyed the women's conversation more, but was happily petting Harry's hair and listening with only a part of his attention.

Harry sighed happily at the feeling of Draco's hands on him.

"Oh, it's been so wonderful to not have to cook for a change," said Mrs Weasley. "I know I've said it a thousand times tonight, but thank you for inviting us."

Harry smiled. "With all the times I've been round your place, and then letting me and Draco stay over the summer, this is the least we could do. And we want you here."

"It's nice to see such happiness in this old Manor," Draco said. "It was really meant for a community, not just us."

"Certainly is big enough for a community," said Mr Weasley cheerfully, looking up at the high ceiling.

Harry nodded in agreement, yawning quietly. He'd been feeling more tired than usual lately.

Draco kissed his forehead and then leant in to whisper in Harry's ear. "You didn't eat that much at dinner," he said.

Harry raised an eyebrow. He'd thought he'd eaten just fine. "Should I eat something now then?" he asked.

"What do you think you can handle?" Draco whispered. "You have been a bit finicky lately."

Harry shrugged. "Treacle tart?" he suggested, smiling.

Draco smirked. "You are getting as bad as me about sweets," he answered. When the house-elf Babb showed up with eggnog, he told her to bring a tray of sweets for the room, and especially the treacle tart for Harry. He also insisted that Harry could only have the eggnog that didn't have rum in it.

Harry smiled at Draco and felt very good and taken care of with his food and his nonalcoholic eggnog.

Draco smiled adoringly at his husband and his hand twitched a few times as he kept it from rubbing his belly again. He loved to feel the life growing there, but it would be too conspicuous to do so in front of others.

He looked up when he heard Mr Weasley asking how they got out of the mess with the Ministry over the Lestrangle "escape". Draco smiled up at him. "Well, most of that is Tonks, since she spoke on our behalf."

Tonks looked up from where she was cornered by Ron in the chess game, happy to have a distraction for the moment. "And I am out on bail thanks to that amazing solicitor who came forward," she smirked, "and the large bail bond put up by Draco and Harry."

"Believe me, Tonks," said Harry, "we'd do it again in a heartbeat."

"And if things are delayed long enough to keep you out of trouble," Draco said, "well, the money is expendable."

Harry nodded. "Very," he said.

Remus came up behind Tonks and was looking over her shoulder at the game. "I think you might as well concede that one," he told her. "Ron will have you in a couple turns."

She frowned. "I hate giving up until it is over."

Draco nodded, smiling and whispered to Harry, "I like that about her."

"Me too," said Harry, smiling.

Ron smirked smugly at Lupin's comment.

Draco stood up with his glass and used his wand to make the sound of a little bell, then waited until he had everyone's attention. "I wanted to propose a toast," he said, "to friendship and family and love in all its forms."

Harry grinned widely and raised his glass.

"Cheers!" said Fred and George in unison.

Everyone else raised their glasses too, smiling.

Harry took a drink and then set his glass on the low table, leaning back against the couch. He reached up and rubbed subconsciously at his forehead.

Draco sat back down and continued to drink when other people made toasts. He noticed Harry rubbing his head and frowned. He leant over and kissed Harry's forehead, like he often did, only this time he was also using his magical connection to check on him.

Harry smiled again and let his hand drop into his lap, staring into the fire again. He was suddenly feeling a little excited and tapped his foot. He didn't know why.

Draco felt an odd sensation when he kissed his lover's skin and looked at him curiously. "How are you feeling?" he asked quietly.

Harry shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "Fine, I guess." He continued tapping his foot and then his whole leg was bouncing, but he wasn't nervous about anything

"Does your head hurt?" Draco whispered.

Right when Draco asked that question, Harry had a sudden, strong, nearly uncontrollable urge to whoop, but his hand flew up to his scar where it was burning. He hissed through his teeth and pressed his fingers against it.

Everyone close to where he was sitting looked quickly up at him.

"Merde'," Draco cursed, eyes going wide. Harry's scar always held a residue of magic, but now it was pulsing. Ron was already sitting nearby but Hermione was across the room. "Hermione!" Draco called out, his arm still around Harry.

Hermione looked over confusedly. "What?" she asked, but then she caught sight of Harry and was on her feet and standing over him in seconds. "Harry, what is it?" she asked frantically.

"My scar," Harry said, wincing with his fingers still pressed to it. "It burns." But he could already feel it slowly fading away now.

Ron's eyes were wide as he stared from where he was sitting on the floor with Tonks.

"What does it mean?" Draco asked frantically. It had never done this since he had been with Harry.

"Oh, God," said Hermione, her hand covering her mouth.

"He's excited," said Harry, the pain finally subsiding into a dull ache. "He just did something that made him very, very happy."

"What?" asked Ron, going pale.

"I don't know," said Harry, his own eyes widening now as he tried to let that sink in. He felt neither warm nor safe anymore.

– CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT –

Silent Night Shattered

"What!?" Draco snapped at them, confused.

"Voldemort," said Harry. "He just did something that made him very, very happy," he repeated, voice higher now. "I can tell." He didn't have time to explain. "Remus! Is there anyone on duty tonight?"

"No one from the Order," he said as the rest of the group crowded around.

"I'll fire-call Shackbolt," Tonks said, and went to the fireplace.

Leakey appeared next to Draco with a letter addressed to him. Draco snatched it up and realised it was written in French. "Oh, hell!" he cursed. "Tonks!"

Harry looked down at the letter confusedly, staring at Draco with eyes still wide.

"She's talking with Shackbolt," Remus said after looking in her direction.

"Hermione, sit with Harry," Draco said, "and don't let him get up!" The blond took the letter and went to the fire to join the conversation between the Aurors.

Harry's eyes suddenly narrowed. "Why not?" he asked viciously, but Hermione sat and firmly placed hands on his shoulders. "Just stay here, Harry," she said, sounding scared.

Ron and Mr Weasley got to their feet to sprint over to the fireplace after Draco.

Draco didn't waste time. He walked directly up and spoke to Shackbolt's head in the fire. "Send Order members, Aurors, and any one else who can fight to the family home of every Muggle-born you can think of, especially those who are Gryffindors!"

"What? Why?" Tonks and Shackbolt said simultaneously.

"I just received a letter from my old family friend that says all the Muggle-born's homes will be attacked tonight," Draco said, lowering his voice so Hermione and the others at the couch wouldn't hear.

Ron clenched his fists and shook, face hard and eyes glaring.

"I'll send owls out to all I can think of," said Mr Weasley quickly. He turned. "Molly!" he called, and Mrs Weasley got hurriedly to her feet and followed him as he strode quickly out of the room.

Bill and Charlie rose and exchanged glances before moving to follow their parents out.

Harry was still sitting on the couch. It was taking everything he had not to get up and walk over to that fireplace, no matter what Draco had said.

"Bill, Charlie, stay here!" Draco called. "We're going to need you." Then he turned to Ron. "I am going to Hermione's parents' house. Have you been there before?"

Bill and Charlie stopped in their tracks. "What exactly is going on?" Bill asked from the doorway.

"No," said Ron in answer to Draco's question, looking suddenly terrified. He glanced over at Hermione on the sofa.

"Ginny," Draco called to her, "come here, please."

Ginny, looking as scared and confused as everyone else, got quickly to her feet and walked over to Draco, her eyebrows pulling together. "What is it?" she asked.

"First, has anyone in this room ever been to Hermione's parents' house?" Draco asked urgently.

"I've been once to help her get her things to our house," she said. "And dad." She looked confused. "Why?"

"Then we need you, your dad and Hermione," he said. "But Harry has to stay here." He turned to Tonks. "I would love to have you with us, but I need someone to protect Harry. Will you stay with him?" When Tonks nodded, Draco looked to Ron. "You are going to need to take care of Hermione."

Ron, face hard again, nodded.

"What's going on?" Ginny asked.

Bill and Charlie had come over to Draco now too and were looking like they wanted an answer to that question as well.

Draco led the small group back over to the sofa and waited until Ron was standing next to Hermione and Tonks next to Harry before speaking. "The Death Eaters are retaliating. They plan to attack the families of Muggle-borns tonight," he said.

Hermione let out a gasp and her face went white. Ron dropped to

the sofa and pulled her to him.

Harry looked at Draco with furious wide eyes. "Well, what the hell are we waiting here for?!" he said, making to stand up.

"So the rest of the Order and Aurors are being sent," Draco said, ignoring Harry's outburst, "but we are going to the Granger home. Hermione will Side-Along Ron. Mr Weasley, and myself. Ginny, I know you aren't old enough for a license, but can you Apparate?"

She nodded determinedly. "I've done it before," she said.

Harry waited for Draco to say that Ginny could Side-Along him.

"Then you take Charlie first," Draco said. "But your job is to come right back and shuttle as many others as you can. Tonks and Harry will remain here and keep in contact with Shackbolt. Fleur, would you assist Mrs Weasley in getting information out?"

Ginny nodded again and Fleur this time too, glancing at Bill very worriedly.

Harry glared. "What?" he snarled.

"You, husband, will lead from behind the lines." Draco scowled at him. "We don't have time to argue this," he said. "Fleur, will you get Mr Weasley? We need to go."

Fleur left the room without another word.

Panic began to trickle into Harry. "Draco, last time," he began, but he couldn't finish. His throat felt like it was closing.

"Last time we were ambushed and outnumbered," he said. "This time we will have our friends and I won't be forced to cover your retreat."

"But," he said, going as white as Hermione now. "But what if -" He moved forward and clutched the front of Draco's robes very tightly, closing his eyes.

Draco leant in, kissing Harry. "Don't doubt me now, Harry," he said quietly.

Harry was taking shallow breaths and shaking now, still holding on to Draco tightly.

Mr Weasley came back in then, walking right over to the crowd around the couch. "Fleur told me," he said, voice hurried. "We need to leave now."

"Let go, love," Draco said. "Hermione needs us to do this right."

Harry squeezed his eyes more tightly shut and clenched his hands in Draco's robes even harder before he forced himself to let go,

feeling like he'd just released his anchor to the earth.

Tonks put her hands on Harry's shoulders, drawing him gently back. "Always," Draco said before taking hold of Mr Weasley's arm.

Hermione, with tears already flowing from her eyes, stood and Ron stood next to her, his hand clenched in hers.

Ginny moved over to Charlie and grasped his arm with her small hand.

Harry couldn't watch as his best friends and the person who meant more to him than any other Disappeared into battle, leaving him behind.

"Watch each other's backs and don't do anything bloody heroic," Draco barked. "Ready and now!"

There were three loud cracks and they were gone from Malfoy Manor and suddenly standing in the living room of a fair-sized Muggle house.

The lights were off and Ron had to cover Hermione's mouth when she opened it to, apparently, call "Mum!" out into the darkness.

Draco let his sense take over, looking for the magic in the dark while his eyes adjusted. "They're here," he whispered. "Ginny, go now. Arthur, you too. We need more people here. Hermione, lead us to your parents' rooms."

Mr Weasley and Ginny Disappeared then and Hermione took a gasping breath and began to lead them quickly.

She led them out into a hallway and up a staircase there, to another hallway. She stopped halfway down at a loud blasting noise and whimpered.

Ron stepped in front of her quickly before she could run to the door at the end of the hall.

"Don't forget your Shield Charms," Draco said, and stepped up beside Ron. "Charlie, guard our backs."

Charlie gave one nod, his wand already drawn.

Ron glanced at Draco out of the corner of his eye and gave him a nod.

"We can't wait," Draco whispered. "On the count of three, Stun everything in that room."

Hermione was shaking behind Ron and Draco.

Ron nodded again. "One," he whispered. "Two ... Three!" And he bounded forward and blasted the door out of his way, firing off a

Stunner as soon as a path was cleared.

Draco was beside him, firing wordlessly as he came through, crouching to the right of the door. A curse hit the edge of the door next to where he had been standing.

Spells and hexes were flying everywhere. It was confusing in such a small space. One could hardly hit one's target before having to duck or roll. Charlie was in the room now too and loud thudding indicated the others were coming up the stairs as well.

The next few minutes were very confusing. Draco fired and moved, fired and moved, hexes lighting up the dark room. He saw several bodies on the ground but didn't have a chance to check them. He heard rather than saw their reinforcements arrive and so did the Death Eaters. Within a few minutes, the ones that hadn't been disarmed or Stupefied, Apparated away with loud pops. The room was suddenly quiet except for the sound of a woman sobbing.

Ron slowly lifted his head up over the bed from where he was crouched on the floor. Charlie was bleeding from a slash in his chest, but it didn't look too serious. The others were unharmed, as they hadn't been in the fight for more than a few minutes.

"Is everyone all right?" asked Mr Weasley, coming to stand in the room and look around at everyone. One of the lenses in his glasses was cracked.

There were murmured "Yeahs" and nods.

Hermione, white and trembling, got to her feet from where Ron had pulled her down and moved towards the sound of the crying. "Mum?" she asked, voice barely above a whisper.

Draco cast *Lumos* and held this wand up, surveying the room. There were two figures in black robes and a man in Muggle clothing on the floor. They were not moving.

Ron stared at the man on the floor and had to look away, his wand still clutched tightly in his hand.

"Mum?" Hermione asked again, and she found her mother huddled up in a corner, nearly obscured behind a large wardrobe. "Mum!" she cried, dropping to the floor.

The woman sobbed louder and clutched Hermione with both hands, pulling her against herself.

"Is he ...?" asked Bill, staring at someone who had to be Hermione's father. His face held a mixture of anger and sadness.

Draco went down on one knee beside the Muggle and turned him over. "Yes," he said. "Probably a Killing Curse." He reached silver fingers out and closed the man's eyes. "Check the Death Eaters and gather any wands you find."

Ron closed his eyes at Draco's words and didn't move for a moment.

Ginny covered her mouth with her hand, Neville placing a hand on her shoulder.

Mr Weasley shook his head sadly and bent to check one of the black figures for a wand.

Ron glared and moved forward. He delivered what was apparently the hardest kick he could to the nearest Death Eater and spat on their robes.

Draco made his way over to where Hermione and Mrs Granger were, kneeling beside them. "Hermione" He trailed off, not knowing what to say.

Hermione turned her tear-streaked face to Draco, still holding her mother.

"Jim," Mrs Granger sobbed. "Jim."

"Where's my father?" Hermione whispered.

Ron looked over then and got to his knees beside Draco.

Hermione looked at Ron. "Ron," she said, but when he shook his head and looked to the floor, she sobbed harder than ever, holding her mother closely.

Draco worked to control his face, to stay calm. "Hermione," he said, "your mother is welcome at my home." Then he stood up and faced the room. "Who else knows the location of Muggle families? We need to check on anyone and everyone who has Muggle relatives."

"I know many of the families," said Mr Weasley, stepping forward.

"We need people who can Apparate to them," Draco said. Then his eyes grew wide. "Merde! Fucking hell!"

Mr Weasley looked startled.

"What is it?" asked Neville.

"The Dursleys!" Draco shouted. "Who can Apparate there?"

"I can," said Ron, but he didn't look like he wanted to leave Hermione.

"We can," said Fred, indicating himself and George.

"As can I," said Mr Weasley. "We need to be as quick as we can."

"Ron, stay here with Hermione and Mrs Granger. You two guard the prisoners," Draco said. "Fred, George, take Bill and Charlie. Mr Weasley, take Ginny. Neville, with me. Ready?"

"Ready," said quite a few voices, and they all moved into position, grasping arms and looking determined.

Neville moved over to Draco and nodded.

"One, two, three," Draco said, and then Apparated them to the outside of the Dursley residence. The first thing he noticed was the Dark Mark hanging over the house.

"Fuck!" let out one of the twins.

"In!" said Mr Weasley, although, from the look on his face, he didn't expect there to be anything inside to save.

– CHAPTER FORTY-NINE –

No Peace

There was light in the living room. A Christmas tree was still lit up with bright colours and tinsel. The only damage to the tree was the star, hanging sideways. The sofa was overturned and Vernon Dursley's body lay beside it, unseeing eyes staring at the ceiling. Dudley lay nearly under the tree as if he had been trying to crawl under it.

"My God," said Mr Weasley, bending to check the two men. "Someone check for the woman."

"Check the upstairs rooms," Draco said to the Weasley sons, while he and Neville began searching downstairs. Draco was making his way down the hall when he heard something strange. There was a closet under the stairs and he opened it. Inside was the huddled form of Petunia Dursley. "Mrs Dursley?" Draco asked.

Petunia looked up at Draco with her large, pale eyes, crying and terrified.

"They are gone now," he said. "We need to take you somewhere safe. Will you come with me?"

She looked like she didn't want to go anywhere with Draco. She huddled closer to the wall as if trying to be absorbed into it.

"Mrs Dursley," Draco said, crouching beside her, "do you remember me? Harry's ... friend?"

She let out a gasping sob and looked at Draco once again. There was comprehension in her eyes, but she still didn't speak.

He sat down on the floor of the closet. "The ones who came here and did this. They are the people who killed your sister," he explained, "and they will kill you if I leave you here."

She shook violently. "Where's ... where's" she tried, but she couldn't seem to speak at all.

"There is no good way to tell you this," Draco said, "but your husband and son are dead."

Petunia screamed and curled into a ball on the floor. "No, no,

no," she sobbed piteously. "No, please!"

Mr Weasley came into the hall now. "Draco?" he asked, bending over to get a look inside the cupboard.

Draco looked over his shoulder at Mr Weasley. "I found her but she won't come out," he said, "and if we leave her here, they will probably kill her."

Mr Weasley frowned sadly and knelt down. "Mrs Dursley," he said in the type of voice one might use next to the bed of someone ill, "we cannot leave you here. If they come back ... they will hurt you. We'll take you to Harry's place. You'll be safe there."

She looked up at the sound of Harry's name.

"Yes, Harry," said Mr Weasley. "Your nephew."

"He can protect you," Draco said, quietly, trying to imitate the tone Mr Weasley used.

"We'll need you to come out of there," Mr Weasley said. "We're friends of Harry's. You might remember me? Ron's father."

Petunia was still shaking, but her sobs weren't as loud anymore. She was looking at Mr Weasley as if frightened, but she looked like she might go with him.

"We can take you to Harry right now. All you have to do is come out of there."

It took at least five more minutes of coaxing from Mr Weasley before she would come out. He helped her to her feet and she screwed her eyes shut, holding onto him tightly with her bony fingers.

Draco was relieved. He didn't really know what to do with the woman. "We need to take the survivors of the attacks somewhere safe," he said, "but my wards are still set pretty tight. I will go ahead and reset them to allow guests that Apparate with people we already allow in. You follow in a few minutes." The others had searched the house and found no one else. "Neville, go to Hermione and have her bring her mother to the Manor as well. Then the rest should also return so we can regroup and see if there is any word from the Aurors. Any questions?"

"No questions," said Charlie.

Neville had already Disapparated.

"You can go, Draco," said Mr Weasley, patting Petunia on the back. "You should be quick."

Draco Apparated into the Manor's entrance hall. He concentrated, drawing the patterns in the air that were needed to reset the wards. He felt the magic shift and sighed. Then he turned to go into the sitting room where they had all been gathered earlier in the evening. He had to tell Harry and the others what had happened.

Harry was at the, for now, empty fireplace with Tonks, and Luna was hanging close by. Harry didn't notice Draco come in. His face was in his hands as he knelt there.

Tonks looked up, her face tense, as Draco entered. "Harry," she said quietly.

Draco walked across the room and knelt beside his husband, putting his arm around him. "I am here," he said quietly.

Harry lifted his head quickly and wrapped arms tightly around Draco. "Oh, God," he said, voice strained as he held him. "Draco."

Draco held him tight. "I am safe and none of our people were hurt during the fight."

"Seamus is dead," Harry said in a strained whisper. "They killed him." He clutched Draco tighter, so tight it hurt.

"Oh, hell," Draco said quietly, not even wanting to tell him the rest. "I need to tell you something before the others get here," he added.

Harry didn't know if he wanted to know, but he didn't say anything to stop Draco from talking.

Draco pulled back a bit to look into Harry's face, but still held him. "They attacked the Granger home, as we thought, and killed Hermione's father."

Harry was horrified. "No," he said, still speaking in that same whisper.

Draco nodded and took a deep breath. "They attacked Muggle relatives of wizards and witches," he said, "even yours."

Harry looked at Draco, confused. "Mine ...?" he asked. "The Dursleys?"

"Yes," Draco said. "Mrs Dursley survived."

Harry was shocked and silent for a few moments before he looked absolutely furious. "There was no fucking point!" he yelled.

Draco pulled back further, the yelling startling him.

Harry used one hand to let go of Draco and grasp his own hair, trying to get control of himself and breathing heavily.

Draco didn't really mind Harry's anger. He understood it. But at the moment, he only felt numb. He looked up at Tonks. "The others will be in the entrance hall shortly. We will be having Muggle guests. Bring everyone in here." Then he called out, "Leakey."

The elf appeared quickly, bowing. "Leakey is sorry Master Harry is angry," the elf said.

"Nothing you or the elves need to worry about," Draco assured him. "We will be having several guests who are not comfortable around elves. Have all the house-elves keep out of sight unless one of us calls for you. We will need food and drinks for people coming in out of the cold. Set it up in the dining room and we will send people in for it."

"Yes, Master Draco," Leakey said, and disappeared again.

"They're coming here?" Harry asked, voice strained again, but at least he wasn't shouting.

Draco turned back to Harry, laying a hand on his arm to try to soothe him. "Hermione will want her mother nearby and safe. And I didn't know what else to do with Mrs Dursley," he explained. "This is the only safe place I have control over. What do you propose we do with them?"

"It's fine," Harry said, hugging Draco to him again. He looked up at the noise coming from the doorway to see Tonks leading everyone inside the room. He saw Hermione's mother, clinging to her, whom he had only seen once, and his aunt, and he had no idea what to say to her.

He got shakily to his feet, dragging Draco up with him, unwilling to let him go just yet.

Draco held his husband close, arm around his shoulders and Harry's arm around his waist. "Welcome to our home," he said to the newcomers. "I wish it was under better circumstances. If you need anything, please let anyone here know."

Hermione led her mother over to the sofa, arms still around her.

Harry stared at Aunt Petunia, who was being supported by Mr Weasley. He squeezed Draco's waist and then gently let him go, albeit reluctantly, and stepped forward. "I - I don't know what to - You're welcome here for as long as you need."

There was silence between them apart from Aunt Petunia's small gasping sobs, before she rushed forward suddenly and clung to

Harry.

Harry's eyes went wide and he was still as stone before, slowly and hesitantly, closing his arms gently about her. He wasn't sure if there were any words to describe how utterly odd he felt in that moment.

Draco nodded, feeling like this was the right thing to do after all. He turned to Tonks, pulling her aside. "So, Seamus, and who else?" he asked.

Tonks took a deep, shaky breath and met his eyes. "We won't have a count for a while, but it will be high. They had to have been planning this for some time," she explained. "At some houses, there were no survivors."

Harry continued to hug Aunt Petunia and he couldn't remember having ever been hugged by her before. When he thought her crying had mostly subsided, he opened his mouth and hesitated before he said, "I know - I know that ... there probably isn't anything that will make you feel better ... but there's food ... and we can set you up with a room."

She didn't say anything.

He bit his lip and swallowed. "Would you like to sit down?"

It was a few seconds before he felt her nod.

He sighed very quietly and led her over to the couch, sitting away from Hermione and her mother.

Draco breathed deep, steadying himself. He was not shocked. No. He had been raised to look forward to a day like today, so he knew what the Death Eaters were capable of. He shuddered, because this wasn't all they would do before it was over. "Thanks, Tonks," he said. "Keep monitoring things and let me know when there is more news."

The Weasleys had all filed in and were quiet. Draco turned back to them. "Mrs Weasley? There will be food and drinks in the dining room that can be brought in here for our guests. Our regular servants will stay out of the way for now," he explained. "Charlie, come with me. Anyone else hurt?"

No one said anything, but they shook their heads.

Charlie stepped forward and opened the flap of his shirt to examine his own wound.

"Ginny, Luna? Would you girls help me bring in some food?"

said Mrs Weasley, her eyes red around the edges, but her face determined and kind.

"Of course, Mum," said Ginny.

"Yes, Mrs Weasley," said Luna and they followed her out of the room to help.

Draco led Charlie out of the room. "I am Apparating us to my potions lab," he warned the man before taking his arm and doing that.

Harry watched Draco leave the room and didn't want him to, but let him. He knew he had left to heal Charlie's injury.

It was a few short minutes before Mrs Weasley was coming in with Ginny and Luna, bearing trays of food and tea.

"Aunt Petunia, there's tea," Harry said quietly. "Would you like me to make you some?"

She sniffled against his chest and he took that as a, "Maybe later."

Draco found the appropriate potions and healed Charlie, then had a house-elf bring him a clean shirt to replace the bloody, torn one. Then they returned to the sitting room.

"Thanks," Charlie said again, rubbing his chest where the gash had been.

Harry gave a tiny sigh of relief at the sight of Draco again.

Draco looked around the room, making sure everyone was comfortable, and then he headed for the sofa where Harry and Mrs Dursley were sitting. Tonks intercepted him on the way.

"Draco," she said, "Shacklebolt says the Ministry is doing a records search and sending people to every Muggle family home connected with wizarding people. It's ... bad. Real bad. And it will take all night just to check them all."

Mr Weasley, who was standing nearby, looked up at that. "Merlin," he said, shaking his head. "All of them?"

Tonks looked pale and turned toward him, nodding.

Comprehension dawned on Draco. "Tonks, do you want to go to them? We can send people with you?" he asked.

She smiled but shook her head. "Grandmum and Grandpa were with my mum and dad tonight. So they are safe. I checked."

Draco nodded, relieved.

Harry was looking over at the small group Draco was talking with, his eyes on his pale-blond head.

"You okay?" Ginny asked from behind him, gripping his shoulder.

He nodded. "Yeah - I - I'm fine." But he didn't know if that was completely true.

Draco pulled away, leaving Mr Weasley to let the rest of his family know what was going on. He walked over and sank down to one knee beside his husband. "Anything I can get either of you?" he asked Harry and Mrs Dursley.

"Aunt Petunia?" Harry asked. "Do you want anything to eat? Or there is still that tea."

She sniffed again.

Harry sighed and looked to Draco. "I'd like some tea, and you can get her some too. Just in case. Milk and three sugars for her." He smiled sadly at him, wishing to wrap arms around him.

Tea service was laid out on a nearby table and Draco poured some for all three of them, setting cups in front of the other two and then bringing his own back. He reached for his wand to move a chair and then stopped. Sighing, he dragged one of the lighter chairs closer and sat down near Harry.

Harry reached a hand out for him. "What's going on?" he asked quietly, ignoring the tea for the moment.

Draco took his hand and squeezed it gently. "The Ministry is doing record searches but it looks bad," he said quietly. "They have to locate and then check Muggle relatives of every witch and wizard in the country. And those checked so far have been hit."

"Merlin," Harry said, voice filled with quiet anger. "This is because of Bellatrix, isn't it?" Although he didn't really need to ask.

"We know why they didn't hit right away now," Draco said. "They have been planning this."

Harry sighed, closing his eyes for a few seconds. "Everyone's okay. All our people?" he asked, just to double check.

Draco nodded, squeezing his hand again. "Yes," he said, "I believe so. Tonks' dad's parents are safe."

"Good," Harry said, relieved. He glanced out of the corner of his eye at Hermione and her mother. "Aunt Petunia?" he tried again, noticing that she was quiet.

She didn't answer.

"Is there a handkerchief or tissues anywhere?" Harry asked.

Draco pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to him.

Harry took it and tried to get Aunt Petunia to take it from him. She did after a few moments, sitting up a bit straighter to wipe at her nose and eyes.

Harry took the opportunity to grab both their cups of tea and she actually took hers this time. He didn't really know what else to say to her.

"Merlin, I'm glad you're okay," he said to Draco, holding his hand tighter.

"I wish we had gotten there sooner," Draco said quietly, watching Mrs Dursley curiously.

Harry nodded. "Where did that letter come fro-" But then he understood who it had probably come from and sighed again.

"I have had rooms prepared for everyone," Draco said. "Hermione's mother will share a suite with her. I figure Ron will probably stay in a different room until they work this out. Do you want your aunt's room near ours?"

Aunt Petunia looked at Harry, seeming frightened.

"Yeah," Harry said. "Yeah, put her in a room near ours. Aunt Petunia, I'll only be a bit away. I won't go far, I promise."

She still looked a little scared but nodded. She mouthed silently for a moment. "Thank you," she said finally, and she seemed to struggle with getting the words out. Her face flushed and she looked with tear brimmed eyes at her tea.

"It's no trouble," Harry said quietly, feeling odd again.

Draco reached for his wand again and then shook his head. He stood up, still holding Harry's hand. He cleared his throat and then looked around, waiting for everyone's attention. "What has happened is terrible and I admit I can't begin to put it into words. I am confident that our home is safe here. There are rooms for you when you are ready. We probably won't know much more until morning or even later. So please try to get some rest. We may be needed tomorrow to help with what comes next."

Harry nodded, looking around the room.

All of the Weasleys were pale and shaken-looking. After Draco's announcement, Mr Weasley and Tonks went back to speaking with Mrs Weasley, Bill, Charlie, Fred and George. Fleur was standing

slightly behind Bill, watching him with her very widened, pretty eyes.

Neville went to help Ginny and Luna, who were still occupied with the food and exchanging slightly scared glances every time they passed one another.

Ron was standing slightly to the right of where Hermione and her mother were, looking at them and looking lost himself.

All in all, the room and its occupants was not a pretty sight.

And Harry sighed sadly, not knowing what to do to help any of them.

Draco leant over and placed a kiss on the top of Harry's head and then sat down in the chair again. At least they were together and safe, for the moment.

Harry stared at his knees. It was going to get worse. This was just a taste. Just a little revenge. He knew it.

He looked up at Draco and felt just a tiny bit of the pain leave him. They would get through this. He would do it. For his friends - his family, his husband and his child. He was going to kill the monster that could no longer be called a man. He'd stopped being a man long before he'd killed Harry's own parents - long before any of this had started. Harry wasn't sure when he would have Lord Voldemort. He wasn't sure how, but he would get *his* revenge, and of that, he was sure.

About the Authors

Slashpervert has been reading and writing fan fiction long enough to remember why they call it “slash” – back when it was still published in “fanzines,” printed via mimeograph or copy machines, and sold at science fiction conventions. In “real life,” *Slashpervert* is a journalist and social scientist, who has written and published hundreds of articles and a handful of books. *Slashpervert* also writes original fiction under the name D.M. Atkins.

Sayingsorry_hh has been writing for nearly her entire life, but only recently began writing slash – though she has been reading it for years. Currently, ‘writer’ is most definitely the most definitive term for her. Apart from fan fiction, *Sayingsorry_hh* has one co-authored original novel in the works, and one original novel for teens she’s been working on for quite some time.

Slashpervert and *Sayingsorry_hh* began writing together in November 30, 2006. They adapted the RPG format to use as a style of co-writing in which each writes the perspective of one of the main characters. (For example, in fan fiction, *Slashpervert* writes Draco and *Sayingsorry_hh* writes Harry.) They have written a dozen novels together, including fan fiction and original fiction

All the books in *The Bound Prince Series*

***Harry Potter and The Bound Prince* – Book One of The Bound Prince Series** – Draco kisses Harry in the bathroom at Hogwarts. They are unprepared for where that will take them. But willing to find out.

***Harry Potter and The Secret Keeper* - Book Two of The Bound Prince Series** – Harry and Draco must find a way to live together now, figure out where they will live, and how they will continue Harry's fight against Voldemort, including the search for the Horcruxes. As if that weren't enough for them to deal with, Lucius Malfoy (and his fellow Death Eater prisoners) escapes from prison and comes looking for his son.

***Harry Potter and The White Queen* - Book Three of The Bound Prince Series** – Harry and Draco continue to explore what their relationship means as they search for and destroy Horcruxes. The Order of the Phoenix continues to fight as the war escalates and lives are lost.

***Harry Potter and The Beloved Incubus* – Book Four of The Bound Prince Series** – Harry and Draco are married and expecting a baby – meanwhile the war has escalated. They have to find the remaining Horcruxes before too many more lives are lost.

***Harry Potter and The Serpent King* – Book Five of The Bound Prince Series** – Harry and Draco, with the help of Ron, Hermione, and their extended chosen family, have destroyed nearly all the Horcruxes. They are preparing for the final confrontation with Voldemort when a family member is kidnapped and the day is upon them to take the fight to the madman.

***Harry Potter and The Dragon's Treasure* – Book Six of The Bound Prince Series** – Harry and Draco survived the war and defeated Voldemort. Now, they are married, have a child and should be leading a happy life. Yet, issues from the past create unexpected pitfalls to building their new life in this time of peace.

Other Books

by *Slashpervert* and *Sayingsorry_hh*

A Love So Belated – Harry goes to the Manor to return Draco's wand to him and begins an unlikely friendship. But what happens when friendship changes to desire?

A Heart So Ravenous – Sequel to ***A Love So Belated***. Draco sets himself on a path to please both Harry Potter and his parents. Will he survive it?

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