

# *Beauty's Beast*

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## Summary, Notes & Copyright

**Summary:** Sequel to *Blind Beauty*. Post-war life has challenges for Harry and Draco. As their friends begin to marry and have families, the pair are finding their own dreams thwarted by prejudice. Draco is still part-werewolf and wandless. Harry wants marriage and children.

**Warnings:** Explicit m/m sex, pseudo m/f sex, oral, anal, rimming, intercourse, exhibitionism, bdsm, dom/sub, bondage, borderline-bestiality, pain, blood, non-consent, rape, torture, graphic violence, character death (not H/D), murder. All characters depicted are adults.

**Notes:** Canon to HPB but goes AU from there including some character personality changes triggered by traumatic events.

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– CHAPTER ONE –

## *Best Man*

Draco wanted to put his fist through the mirror as he tried, unsuccessfully, to tie the bowtie on the Muggle tuxedo that Granger insisted he wear. He growled, cursing under his breath.

Harry was brushing his long, dark hair when he heard Draco cursing. He glanced over his shoulder, but didn't move yet. "Need any help?" he asked.

"Fuck, yes," Draco growled, still not happy with the things his claws prevented him from doing. "This outfit is ridiculous," he added as if the clothing were the problem rather than his hands.

"They're not so bad," Harry said as he walked over. "Turn around so I can see."

Draco huffed but did as Harry said.

Once he turned around, Harry reached up to fix the bow tie, having been shown how to do it at the tailors. "There," he said, smiling at him.

Draco sighed. It was almost worth the trouble just to have Harry touch him like that. The touch was over too soon though. He wished he could rip both their clothes off and pull Harry back to bed, but Granger would not be amused if the best man was late for her wedding.

"Now you're ready, and I think I'm ready." Harry looked in the mirror. "Can't believe they're getting married," he said for what must've been the tenth time that morning.

"Yes, with all this fuss, it has to be a wedding," Draco huffed. A Muggle one at that, he thought sourly. "Shall we go?" he asked.

"Yeah, I guess so," Harry murmured, tucking his hair behind his ears. He was happy for Ron and Hermione, he was sure of that, but at the same time he felt sad. It had been two years since Voldemort's defeat and Harry felt as if his friends were moving on and having families, while he still felt like the same old Harry.

They made their way downstairs where Tonks was complaining

about how the dress just made her look more fat. Draco snorted. She was pregnant and nearly full term; there was nothing that wouldn't make her look fat at this point. Remus frowned warningly at him, and Draco rolled his eyes.

"You look great, Tonks," Harry said, walking over to place a hand on her stomach and smile at her. "Don't worry about it."

Tonks smiled at Harry and ruffled his hair, destroying what little order he had achieved with it.

"We'd better go," Draco warned. He had been threatened by Granger about being late. "Cast the charm, Harry."

Harry pulled his wand out and easily cast the Glamour Charm, watching Draco's face morph into the one he preferred to have outside. "Better?" he asked, attempting to fix his own hair again.

Draco looked to Remus who nodded. "To the Weasel's wedding," Draco teased.

Harry poked Draco, but nodded. "Ron and Hermione's wedding," he said softly.

Draco had suffered sitting in the sun in a tuxedo with a mixed crowd of Weasleys and Muggles while Ron and Hermione exchanged vows. His only consolation was that he got to watch Harry shift nervously from foot to foot while he stood beside them during the ceremony. Now the cake had been cut, toasts made and the dancing begun. Most of the guests were getting drunk and enjoying themselves as Draco sat back watching Harry perform his best man duties.

Harry had enjoyed the wedding, glad that he was able to be a part of the entire thing. During the reception, he hung around with Ron for a bit until Ron decided that he needed some time with his new bride, so Harry got two glasses of champagne and headed back to Draco. "Here," he said, holding out one glass as he sat down next to him.

Draco took the glass and nodded to Harry. He watched the couples on the dance floor.

Harry leant back and followed Draco's gaze. He glanced back at Draco. "Do you want? To dance, I mean."

"Two men?" Draco asked. "What would the Muggles think of that?"

Harry shrugged, noticing that there weren't any same-sex couples

out there. "I'm not sure."

Draco sighed. He loved dancing, and it was hard to be near Harry and not holding him.

"But we'll never know if we just sit here, right?" Harry asked, getting up. "Come on."

Draco eyed his lover and glanced around. Then he shrugged and got to his feet, reaching for Harry's hand.

Harry set his glass down and carefully took Draco's clawed hand, walking onto the dance floor.

"I didn't think you liked dancing," the blond said, pulling Harry to him when they got there.

"I don't know how to, really," Harry admitted with a smile, happily leaning against him.

"I do," Draco said smugly, arranging Harry's arms into place. "Follow my lead."

"That's what I was planning on doing – what I always like doing," Harry replied, ready to move when Draco did. This was why he wanted to dance, and it was much better than just sitting around and watching the others have fun.

Draco lost himself in the sound of the music, the feel of his lover's body in his arms, and looking into those green eyes. He forgot the staring Muggles and just danced with his Harry.

Harry got the hang of it after a while, enjoying the music and being with Draco like this. He laughed when he was dipped, ignoring the Muggles who were whispering behind their hands as they looked at them.

Draco was humming under his breath with the music, pulling Harry tighter so that their bodies now touched and his face was pressed against the side of Harry's head.

"I love you," Harry whispered softly as another song slowly came to an end, his arms still around Draco's neck.

Draco didn't let go of Harry, bending his head instead to kiss him. His lips gently caressed Harry's and his heartbeat sped up.

Harry leant up into the kiss, pressing his lips harder against Draco's. He didn't care where they were at the moment.

Draco growled against Harry's lips, thrusting his tongue against Harry's mouth and trembling with rising desire.

Harry's hands moved up and into Draco's hair, gripping the

strands lightly as he slid his tongue against Draco's.

Growling deep in his throat, Draco began kissing Harry passionately. People nearby moved away and stared.

Harry moaned softly, his knees beginning to shake as Draco kissed him harder. He had to pull away. "Draco," he whispered against his lips. "Let's ... let's go sit ...."

"Sit?" Draco asked, his arousal having taken away his ability to think reasonably. Then he glanced around. He flushed when he realised where they were and what he had been thinking of doing right there.

"Yeah, come on," Harry murmured, taking Draco's hand again as he began to walk back to the seats. He could see the Muggles were looking at them in disapproval, but they passed Ron and Hermione and they both looked happy and amused.

Draco stood, glancing around. "I don't want to sit," he whispered. "Can we go somewhere ... private?" he asked, voice deeper with his arousal.

"Uhm, the loo?" Harry asked, his face flushing at the look on Draco's face. He loved when Draco got like this, even if they were in public.

Draco nodded quickly and took Harry's hand, pulling him up and leading him to the restroom of the reception hall.

Following quickly, Harry made sure to close the restroom door behind them once they got inside.

Draco still held Harry's hand tightly, dragging him to the last stall and pushing him inside. Stepping in behind his lover, Draco closed the door.

Harry turned around, smirking a little at Draco as he began to undo his trousers before Draco could tell him. "We can't help it, can we?" Harry asked quietly.

"Help wanting you? No," Draco growled, reaching to grab the man's hair and forcefully kissing him again.

Harry pushed down his own shorts and trousers as Draco kissed him, stepping close to start on Draco's as well. "Good," he whispered, unzipping them. "I don't really want you to resist me."

"On your knees," Draco growled when Harry had unfastened his trousers.

Harry slowly sunk down on his knees, still looking up at Draco.

"Suck me, my beauty," Draco growled, claws combing Harry's hair.

Harry smiled at him before he leant in to take Draco's cock into his mouth, easily filling his mouth with his lover's flesh.

Draco's throat rumbled, and he shook with the intensity of his desire. "Yes, love, suck me," he gasped. "Love that wet mouth and tongue on me."

Harry began to suck, his head bobbing as he picked up a rhythm. He reached up to curve one hand on Draco's hip, his eyes closed in concentration.

"Oh, yes, fucking beautiful," Draco continued. "I love you sucking my cock."

Harry dug his fingers into Draco's hip as he sucked harder, then reached down with other hand to wrap around his own cock and stroke himself.

"You love sucking me, don't you?" Draco purred. "You could come just from this, couldn't you?"

Harry moaned in reply, stroking himself as he bobbed faster.

"Yes, I want you to come when I do," Draco growled. "I want you to empty yourself on this dirty floor when I fill your throat."

Harry groaned this time, managing to look up at Draco as he stroked himself faster.

"Oh, Gods, yes!" Draco growled, legs shaking now as his balls tightened and he could feel his orgasm building. "Oh, yes, swallow me, my beauty, drink me!" And then he did come, claws pulling at Harry's hair as he shot down his throat.

Harry swallowed, his own orgasm triggered by Draco's words. He shuddered and pulled back from Draco's cock before he had finished coming.

Come spattered on Harry's face and Draco watched, moaning at the sight.

Harry blinked a few times, thrilled that Draco had finished coming on his face. "God," he whispered, letting go of himself with a sigh.

"Indeed," Draco agreed, combing Harry's hair again and leaning against the wall of the stall, still panting. He heard footsteps and the door to the room open and close.

Harry glanced at the door to their stall before he slowly stood up,

reaching for his wand to clean up the mess on the floor and on his face. He pulled up his trousers and fixed them properly, stepping forward to do the same for Draco.

"Someone listened," Draco whispered, smirking. He leant in and kissed Harry as the man fastened his trousers.

Harry blushed as he kissed him softly, smoothing out Draco's trousers.

"So, do you think we will know who it is by the look on his face?" Draco asked, smiling and waggling his eyebrows.

"Probably," Harry said, laughing softly. "Let's go back."

They returned to the reception and Draco felt much more relaxed, able to dance with Harry without getting carried away and even socialising a bit. He kept his eyes out for anyone who might be acting different and found one man unable to meet his gaze and who blushed and looked away. Harry's old friend, Seamus Finnigan. He waggled his eyebrows at the man and watched the blush spread to his ears. Not a bad party, Draco thought happily.

Once home, Draco collapsed back onto the bed, still in his tuxedo. "That wasn't so bad, after all," he said.

Harry sat down next to him, snickering when he heard his comment. "Yeah, could it've been because you got a blowjob in the loo?"

"It did seem to improve the party," Draco drawled, only half suppressing the smirk.

Harry nodded, sighing as he lay back on the bed next to Draco. He still couldn't believe his two best friends were married and on their way to having a family. "It's good for them, you know," he whispered, looking up at the ceiling.

"What is?" Draco asked, reaching one clawed hand to rest against Harry's side, liking the contact.

"That they're married and all," Harry answered quietly. "About to be a family." There was a bit of sadness in Harry's voice as he spoke, his eyes never leaving the ceiling.

"Bill and Fleur already have twins, Tonks will pop any day and now them. We will be surrounded by screaming infants," Draco said with a huff.

Harry smiled at the thought. "I like children," he murmured.

"How do you know you like children?" Draco asked, turning his head to watch Harry's face.

That was a good question, but Harry shrugged, answering quietly, "I've just always wanted a family of my own."

Draco sighed, closing his eyes. It bothered him that he couldn't give Harry everything he wanted.

"Or even getting married, you know," Harry said with a small laugh.

"Men can't marry men, not legally," Draco answered.

"I know," Harry said, turning on his side so he was facing Draco.

Draco opened his eyes, breath hitching as he looked into those bright green orbs. He felt like he could drown in them.

"Doesn't mean I can't want it," Harry murmured, reaching out to touch Draco's cheek.

Draco reached out and removed Harry's glasses, setting them aside. He turned his head, kissing Harry's hand. "I would give you whatever you want, if I could," he whispered.

Harry swallowed, feeling emotional all of a sudden. "I know, but we can't all get what we want."

Draco winced, closing his eyes. "If you were with a woman, you could have that – marriage and family."

"I love you and if that's something I can't have, I can live with it," Harry said quietly, stroking Draco's cheek.

Draco nodded, using the back of his hand to stroke Harry's face too.

Harry bit his lip. Despite what he said, he still wanted the family life he had always pictured. He closed his eyes as his lips trembled slightly, taking a deep breath to calm himself down.

"Tell me what I can do and I will do it," Draco said, his heart clenching at the sight of his lover's distress. He reached and pulled him into his arms, petting his hair.

"I have more than I could ever ask for," Harry whispered, pressing his face into Draco's shoulder. "I'm just being selfish."

"Yes, so selfish," Draco said sarcastically. "Because it is terribly selfish to just want what others have. To want the same rights as they have. To want to love and be loved and have that acknowledged. To lavish that love on children. Yes, totally selfish." He huffed.

"But I have enough," Harry whispered, sniffing as he rubbed his

face against Draco's shoulder.

Draco wanted to cry, to scream, and to go after all those people who made their lives difficult. He wanted to change things, to make them different – all for Harry.

Harry felt stupid for crying over this, for making a big deal out of something that he would probably never be able to have. "I'm sorry, Draco."

"No, my beauty," Draco soothed, petting him. "Never be sorry for wanting what you should have the right to. Never be sorry for being someone who loves so much."

Harry sighed softly, not knowing what else he could possibly do. "As long as you understand that I'd never leave you to try and get those things. I would only want them with you."

Draco didn't know what to say to that. He ached to give Harry whatever would make him happy. They had been lovers for nearly two years now and Draco didn't like to even imagine his life without Harry. Yet, he still didn't understand why Harry would want to stay with a half-werewolf, ex-Death Eater who had no money and was still banned from using a wand. That was bad enough, but then not being able to marry and have the family that Harry wanted ... sometimes Draco thought Harry would be much better off without him.

"You understand that, right? I have love and that can definitely make up for everything else," Harry whispered, sliding his fingers into Draco's hair. "Everything."

"Mmm," Draco hummed, relaxing into that touch. He felt sometimes that he should be a braver man for Harry, but he wanted Harry more than anything. He couldn't imagine letting him go.

"I'm so happy I have you," Harry said honestly, closing his eyes and just relaxing against Draco.

"Certainly makes parties more interesting," Draco drawled, smiling.

"I would hope so," Harry replied, smiling a little as well.

## – CHAPTER TWO –

### *Basic Needs*

Draco sighed again, rubbing his temples with his knuckles. He had learnt the hard way not to use his fingertips for that any more. He picked up the quill and scratched some more numbers on the parchment. He had, at least, perfected the art of writing with claws. Unfortunately, he still had a problem with tearing the paper when he tried to handle it.

Harry wandered back into the room after spending about half an hour with Tonks, just chatting about her pregnancy and other little things. "What're you up to?" he asked, leaning over the desk to get a better look.

Draco huffed, blowing a stray strand of blond hair out of his eyes. "Going over our accounts," he said.

Harry reached with both his hands to stroke Draco's hair back. "Anything changed?"

Draco shivered at the touch. "No, it's just that we can't live on what your parents and Sirius left you forever, Harry," he said, "and the costs from St Mungo's last year were high."

Harry rubbed his fingertips against Draco's scalp as he slowly nodded. He knew that. "I'll need a job then."

Draco relaxed a bit under those fingers. "Yes," he answered, but the frustration was easing from his voice now. He leant his head back against Harry's chest.

"What could I do? Auror?" Harry asked, continuing to rub, varying from hard to soft. "Maybe Quidditch?"

Draco tried to consider the question, but the pleasure of Harry's touch was arousing him and making it difficult to think. "Mmm," he answered, the sound coming out like a little growl.

Harry could tell that his fingers were affecting Draco, so he let up a little, rubbing softer. "What else could I possibly do?"

Draco had lots of thoughts about what Harry could do at that moment – none of which would bring in money because he wasn't

willing to let the man do those things with anyone else. He opened his eyes and looked up at Harry.

Harry looked down, tilting his head curiously. "I can tell that you're not even thinking of jobs anymore," he said with a small laugh.

Draco grinned, showing sharp teeth as he wagged his eyebrows. "Been a while since we did it in here."

Harry glanced around the room, laughing again. "You're right. I'm sure we can save this little talk about jobs for later."

Draco grinned up at him and then in one move, swept the parchment, ink and everything else to the floor. He pulled Harry down so that his lover was lying on his back on the desk.

Harry was always surprised when Draco moved so quickly. It seemed that the papers hadn't even hit the floor yet when Harry was picked up and placed on the desktop. He let out a surprised huff, looking up at Draco.

"These clothes important?" Draco asked, standing up now and looking down at his lover.

"Do they look important?" Harry asked in return, raising an eyebrow. He was dressed in what he considered house clothes, a pair of baggy jeans and a washed out shirt.

Draco grinned, his wolf features making him look more predatory than he would otherwise. He reached up and tore the shirt in two with one hand, allowing himself to leave small scratches on Harry's chest as he did.

Harry arched a little bit, an appreciative hum rumbling in his chest. "I really should just start walking around naked."

"You like me ripping them," Draco said, voice deep and rumbling as he reached and hooked his claws into the waistband of Harry's jeans.

"I do," Harry whispered, lifting his hips again, "and Remus and Tonks probably wouldn't like me walking around naked anyway."

The blond growled as he began ripping the jeans from his lover's body, thoroughly aroused by both the sound and the feel of doing it.

The ripping sound always made their shagging seem like it was so much more urgent than it was – but then again, that was a lie – with Draco it always seemed urgent.

Draco looked down at his now naked and aroused boyfriend and licked his lips. Small droplets of blood had formed where Draco's

claws scratched Harry's skin. The blond leant over, drawing his tongue up a scratch on Harry's thigh.

Harry shivered, that one lick sending a thrill up his spine. This was something that he'd never get tired of for the rest of his life with Draco.

Draco licked his way up Harry's legs, climbing onto the desk as he did. He inhaled the man's scent, but left his cock untouched for the moment as he continued licking up his body.

Harry had begun to squirm a little on the desk, each lick making him moan and want more.

Draco pressed down over Harry, rubbing his soft furry skin against his lover's body.

Harry reached up and ran a hand down Draco's side, rolling his hips to try and get more friction against his cock.

Draco growled, still straddling his lover's thighs and holding him in place. He slid up a bit until his cock was now pressed against Harry's. Then he bent his head to suck a dark nipple between his lips.

Harry cried out softly, his eyes squeezed shut as he tried to thrust up, rubbing against Draco. Draco's teeth were sharp, much sharper than his could ever be and Harry knew that all his lover needed to do was brush one point over Harry's nipple and he'd be cut.

Draco teased him with his lips and teeth. He could feel the man's heartbeat and the warmth of his flesh. He had the urge to bite and he knew it was what Harry wanted. He licked the nipple and moved to the other one.

Harry groaned softly, purposely arching his chest to try and get Draco to do more than just lick and suck. He wanted to feel those teeth.

Draco chuckled, a deep sound, and then gave Harry just enough of a bite to draw blood around that nipple before licking it again. At the same time, he rotated his hips, grinding his cock against the other man's.

"Yes," Harry hissed, reaching up to grip Draco's hair tightly, his hips rising up off the desk. "More, Draco, more."

Draco growled against Harry's chest, nipping again and lapping at the blood. "Fist our cocks, Harry," he growled.

Harry pulled his hand out of Draco's hair at the command, quickly moving it down to wrap around both of their cocks. One

hand wasn't big enough so he ended up using both of his hands.

Draco moaned. "Yes, beauty, yes," he encouraged as he rocked into Harry's hands.

Harry let his head fall back again, thrusting up into the tight warmth formed by his hands and Draco's cock. "Oh, Draco," he whispered.

Draco was on all fours straddling Harry and rocking into his lover's hands. He loved the feel of Harry's cock sliding against his own. He looked down at his lover's face, gasping as he admired Harry in such a state of passion. It never ceased to amaze him. "I love this; I love you, Harry," he growled.

"I love you," Harry moaned loudly, moving faster as he worked toward his orgasm. He could barely keep his eyes open to look up at Draco, but he could feel his gaze.

Draco was shuddering now as his own arousal rose. "Yes, so close, yessss!" he cried out and then was coming, howling as he did.

It was Draco's climax that triggered Harry's, his bottom lip stuck in between his teeth as he jerked and came. He whimpered, slowly letting his hands fall to his sides.

Draco was panting and trembling over his lover's body.

Harry slowly melted back against the desk with a happy sigh, reaching sticky hands up to comb his fingers through Draco's long hair.

Draco laughed and began to lick his lover's chest again – licking away the blood and come there.

"Mm, you're better than a shower, I swear," Harry murmured.

"More fun," Draco answered, licking his way down his lover's body.

"Definitely," Harry sighed, rubbing his fingertips against Draco's scalp again.

Draco stopped and closed his eyes, relaxing again under his lover's touch. "Mmm, maybe we should move from the desk before Remus or Tonks comes in," he said. *Not that the other two probably hadn't heard*, he thought to himself.

"Would be smart," Harry said with a smile. "I should also start stashing away outfits in all the rooms."

Draco laughed again and climbed off the desk, looking not only at the mess they had made of themselves but the ripped fabric,

scattered papers and spilled ink on the floor. "I think you will need to use some Cleaning Charms," he said.

"Made a mess again, did we?" Harry laughed softly and slipped off the desk, getting his wand from the ruined jeans. With several quick flicks of his wand, the place was nearly back to the way it was before, papers in a neat pile on the desk.

"I think those clothes are beyond even a good *Reparo*," Draco drawled as Harry picked them up.

"Shame," Harry said, balling up the clothes and throwing them away. "Now, let's hope Tonks and Remus aren't standing directly outside. Though, I think they've learnt not to do that."

"You could Apparate to the room," Draco suggested.

"Oh, yeah. Come here," Harry said, holding his arms open for Draco.

Draco picked up his own damaged clothing and stepped into his lover's arms, smiling at him.

Harry smiled back, wrapping his arms around Draco tightly before he closed his eyes and thought of their room, only opening them when they landed. "Much easier."

Draco kissed the top of his lover's head and stepped back. He missed being able to do magic himself but rarely brought it up anymore, knowing it upset Harry. He walked over to his wardrobe and began pulling out another set of clothes to wear. "So, before you distracted me, we were talking about money," he said.

"I did not distract you," Harry replied, smirking as he walked over and sat down on their bed. "But yeah, money. Jobs."

Draco shook his head, still smiling. "You are always distracting me," he said, then he looked more seriously at his lover. "I don't like that I live off your money or that you will have to work to support us. I wish there was something I was allowed to do."

"There has to be something," Harry said, biting his lip. "I want you to be treated like the wizard you are! It's not fair and it makes me angry." Harry ran a hand through his hair, a nervous habit he had picked up along with biting his lip. "How do you feel about me going somewhere for work though?"

Draco frowned, ignoring the first statement and answering the second. "Well, I suppose I will have to accept it, won't I?" he answered.

"Yeah, I don't really want to," Harry mumbled, crawling back on the bed.

Draco draped the clothes he had pulled out over the back of a chair and sat down on the bed, leaning back against the post. "You said Auror or Quidditch. Are those the only things that interest you?" he asked.

"Basically," Harry replied, looking at him. "I've never thought of anything else really."

"You can do whatever you want, Harry. You are a powerful wizard and a hero," Draco said, trying to keep the bitterness out of his voice.

Harry looked at him for a long moment, wondering why that statement didn't sound right. "Well, I've been doing so much for half of my life already. I guess I'm just being lazy now."

Draco wished again that he still had his family's money. Harry shouldn't have to work. Hell, the wizarding world should owe him a lot for what he did.

Harry sighed, turning on his side and pulling a pillow close. "I just don't want to leave you here."

Draco moved over to lie down facing his lover. He reached a hand up to run his claws through the man's hair. "I don't like to be away from you either," he said softly. "I wish there was some way we could work together."

"If we could work from here, that would be even better," Harry said, closing his eyes. He hated going outside sometimes, the constant stares having intensified now that he had actually killed Voldemort.

Draco's brows pulled together as he thought.

"You own shares in the Weasleys' business," Draco said. "Do you think George and Fred would mind if you took a more active role in development?"

"Oh!" Harry sat up a little, quickly thinking about the possibilities. "Well, yeah! They do owe me. Or so they say."

Draco was nodding, mind already thinking of possibilities. "With my claws and without a wand, I can't make potions," he said. "But I can still think of them and have ideas for what can be done with them. If we worked together, we might come up with ones they could market."

Harry grinned, nudging Draco with his foot. He was so happy

that he didn't know what to do with himself, apparently. "You just thought of what we could do together! I'll contact Fred and George as soon as possible. And I bet it would be fun!"

Draco laughed. "With my hands and your legendary potion skills, we will be lucky if we don't blow up the place!"

"Hmm, Remus and Tonks might not like that," Harry said thoughtfully, tapping his chin. "Especially since there will be a baby around here soon enough."

"A baby," Draco shook his head. "There should be a joke about two werewolves and a baby."

Harry laughed. "But they're both very civilized werewolves."

"Anyone who got a look at you right now wouldn't think that," Draco said, using the furred back of his hand to caress the marks on his lover's body.

"Good thing only you see me like this then, hm?" Harry asked, stroking a hand up his arm. He loved the soft fur.

"Very good thing," Draco said, voice dropping deeper as he moved closer, bending to kiss him.

Harry's mouth opened under the kiss, his tongue sliding into Draco's mouth to touch his own. "Well, yeah," he whispered a moment later, still running his hand up and down Draco's arm. "I don't want anyone to see me but you."

"Mine," Draco said, voice a growl again as he pulled Harry against himself once more.

"Yours," Harry said softly, bending his head and rubbing his cheek against Draco's chest.

– CHAPTER THREE –

## *New Family*

Draco shifted again in the uncomfortable plastic chair of the waiting room. He sighed unhappily when he found himself rereading the same paragraph of his book for the fourth time. He scowled up at the two men who were pacing back and forth in front of him. He wanted to yell at them. To make matters worse, since Harry and Remus were both pacing but had different leg lengths, they kept almost running into each other.

"Sorry, Remus," Harry mumbled for the tenth time, walking around him and pacing down to the last chair. Tonks was having a baby, a baby! Harry couldn't stay still and it was taking so, so long. "Does anyone know when we can go inside?" Harry asked as he walked by Draco again.

"She has to bloody well have it first," Draco snapped.

"Yeah," Harry mumbled, not seeming to notice Draco's temper. He felt like the anxious father himself for some reason. "Taking so long though."

Draco sighed and shook his head, picking up his book to try again.

"Your mum took almost twenty-four hours with you, Harry," Remus said, looking just as frazzled.

Harry's eyes went wide, stopping dead in his tracks. "That's a whole day, Remus!"

"James nearly tore all his hair out," Remus added, doing a good imitation himself.

Harry smiled a little, biting his lip gently. "Did he really? You were all there?"

Remus stopped pacing, stopping in front of Harry and smiling at him. "Yes, I was," he said. "You were worth the wait."

"Just like this baby is," Harry said softly, his cheeks colouring slightly.

Draco smiled up at them, his gaze on his lover. Anyone looking

would have no doubt that Harry was worth everything to him.

Harry finally went back to his seat next to Draco, guessing that this birth could take just as long as his did. "Why am I so nervous? I'm acting like it's my baby," Harry mumbled to Draco, resting his head on his shoulder.

"You are," Draco agreed, putting his arm around Harry's shoulder and ignoring the disapproving looks they got from some of the other people waiting.

"Yeah, sorry, Draco," Harry said quietly, turning to bury his face in Draco's robes. He couldn't help it, really.

Draco kissed the top of his lover's head, smirking when an elderly couple glared at him.

Harry hummed, pulling his head back and tilting his chin up to press his lips against Draco's. "Maybe we can adopt one day."

Draco seriously doubted that anyone would let an ex-Death Eater part-werewolf adopt a baby, but he smiled at his lover. "Maybe," he said.

That made Harry happy, and he smiled, leaning up to kiss him again. "I hope so." Harry sighed.

Just then, another couple came hurrying in the door and Remus turned to greet them. Draco watched curiously, recognising the similarities of the woman's features with that of his mother. His heart sped up. He had never met his Aunt Andromeda.

"Is that Tonks' parents?" Harry asked, sitting up and watching them. That became obvious a moment later when the woman quickly walked down the hall to see Tonks while the man stayed behind.

Draco's gaze followed her and he barely registered the question. His heart clenched painfully. He didn't think about his mother much these days. It still hurt when he did. "Yes," he finally whispered.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked, almost immediately noticing something wrong.

"That's my aunt," Draco said softly.

"Your ... oh. Oh!" Harry glanced down the hall that she had walked down. "You can talk to her. When she comes back."

"I wouldn't know what to say," Draco admitted.

"Hello is a good start. She looks nice, Draco," Harry replied, nodding.

"Well, Tonks is nice enough," Draco agreed. "Maybe later."

"After the baby is here and things are more calm." Harry rested his head on Draco's shoulder again. "Maybe I'll take a nap."

Draco set his book aside and held his lover, letting him rest against his body while they waited. He noticed Remus smiling at them.

Harry didn't notice, moving so that he was practically in Draco's lap and he could curl up comfortably.

Draco chuckled. It amazed him still that Harry cared so little for what anyone else thought. He cradled the other man and sighed happily.

Harry didn't know how long it took him, but soon he was dozing off in Draco's arms, his face pressed against his chest. He began to dream, unsurprisingly, about having a family with Draco in a big house.

Draco couldn't hold the book and Harry, so he just focused on the comfort he felt from having Harry in his arms and watched Remus talk with Ted Tonks. He lost track of time, just thinking about the things that Harry wanted and again wondering if there was any way to give his lover his dreams. Then his aunt came back into the room smiling and gesturing to Remus and Mr Tonks. "Harry," Draco whispered against his ear.

Harry shifted, only mumbling something in reply. They had at least three children by this point in his dream. Harry found it was hard running around after them, but he liked it anyway.

"Harry, I think the baby has been born," Draco whispered against his lover's ear, amused at the sleeping man's facial expressions.

"Baby ... babies ... born," Harry mumbled, still not waking up completely – then slowly, it clicked together and Harry's eyes popped open. He sat up so fast that he nearly fell off of Draco's lap. "Baby?!"

"Yes, her mother is grinning and Remus looks like he is going to faint, so I think the baby has arrived," Draco explained, holding on to Harry so he didn't fall.

"Oh ... oh, I want to see!" Harry exclaimed, trying to get off of Draco's lap now.

Draco held up his arms while Harry scrambled up and went over to the others. Remus grabbed Harry and hugged him. "A girl!" he yelled.

"A girl? A girl!" Harry yelled back, squeezing Remus in his

excitement. "Wow, congratulations, Remus!"

Remus laughed and then made quick introductions between Harry and Mr and Mrs Tonks.

Harry smiled at 'Tonks' parents, nodding at them when he was introduced. He glanced back at Draco, silently telling him to come over and do the same.

Draco stood, but didn't make a move toward the others.

"Draco," Harry said, holding out his hand for him.

Draco walked slowly forward, warily. He noticed the eyes of both the Tonks widen and he was very glad the glamour was still in place. He took Harry's hand in his, but still stood slightly back.

"This is Draco," Harry said to Andromeda and Ted, his hand tightening around Draco's.

Ted smiled broadly and held out his hand. Draco stiffened. He didn't shake hands. The glamour hid the claws but touch wouldn't. "Mr Tonks, Mrs Tonks," he acknowledged, not stepping close enough to take the outstretched hand.

"Congratulations," Harry said to them after a slightly tense moment, having a feeling that Draco wouldn't even bother to tell them that he was their nephew, "on being grandparents now."

Andromeda nodded, smiling, but her attention was focused on Draco. "You look like your mother," she said, voice catching a little.

Draco's eyes widened. "So do you," he said softly.

Harry smiled softly, visibly relaxing as he looked between the two of them.

Mr Tonks seemed to relax then as well, looking confused but not offended by Draco's refusal to shake his hand.

"Let me take dad in first," Andromeda said, smiling at Remus and taking his arm. "Then you all can visit in a bit," she added as she led him out of the room.

Harry watched them go, feeling anxious again about seeing the baby. "Can't wait," he mumbled, bouncing a little.

Ted smiled and shook his head. "Let's sit down and relax," he said, gesturing to the chairs again. "You're Narcissa's boy?" he asked Draco. The blond nodded. "I'm very sorry about what happened to her. I know Andromeda regrets never being able to patch things up."

Harry reluctantly moved back to the chairs, taking a seat and waiting for Draco to sit as well. He didn't interrupt their talking,

though, deciding that this was their moment.

Draco knew the history. That Andromeda had been disowned for marrying a Muggle. That was irony, given what he had become. Draco didn't know what to say, so he nodded and sat back down next to Harry. He reached for Harry's hand, more to comfort himself than any other reason.

Harry was turned in the seat so that he had a good view of the door to the waiting room, glancing up repeatedly. Andromeda finally came back into the room and waved them forward. Harry jumped out of his seat and quickly followed her down the hall to Tonks' room.

Draco didn't know whether or not to follow, but Ted stood up and gestured for him to come along. They followed in Harry's wake and Draco hung back by the door. Despite living with Remus and Tonks for a year, he felt like he was intruding into something private.

Ted joined his wife at his daughter's bedside. Tonks' hair was bright pink again, and she sat up in the bed with a bundle in her arms. Remus was beside her, half sitting on the bed with his arm around her shoulders as he looked down in complete awe at his daughter.

Harry stood by the end of the bed, his eyes slightly wide as he took in the sight. He didn't know if it was okay to get any closer to Tonks to see the baby. Her family was already there – Remus, her parents, her new daughter. He felt that, if anything, it should've been Draco who joined them. After all, he was related to them; the new baby was Draco's cousin. He glanced back at Draco by the door.

Draco fidgeted with the edge of his robe and accidentally ripped it with his claws. He sighed, wanting to go to his lover's side but still unsure of his place.

"Hey, Harry, Draco," Tonks said, smiling. "Come see her."

Harry waited until Draco came over before he walked around the bed to the side that Remus was on. He smiled at the new father before he leant over to look down into Tonks' arms. "Oh, she's adorable," he whispered, looking into the baby's scrunched up face.

Draco walked quietly and slowly forward until he stood beside Harry, looking down at the baby. He found himself grinning before he was aware of it. "Her hair is like yours," he said, looking at the pink fluff on the baby's head.

Tonks smiled back. "Yes, she's a Metamorphmagus like me," she said. Remus grinned with her, reaching a hand up to touch his wife's hair.

Harry had noticed that as well. "Makes her look even cuter," he said softly, glancing up at Tonks before looking down at the baby again. "Have you thought of a name?"

Remus nodded. "Elise," he said, still with a grin so large that he didn't look like himself.

"Good name," Draco added, nodding.

"Harry," Remus began, turning his attention to the young man. "Do you want to hold her?"

Harry looked up at him in surprise. "Oh, well, I wouldn't know how," he said, glancing between Remus and Tonks. He didn't know how, but he really wanted to anyway.

Tonks and Remus exchanged looks and the man reached to gently pick up his daughter from her arms. He turned to Harry. "Hold your arms to make a place to put her," he said, "and make sure to always support her head."

Harry held his arms out, carefully taking the newborn in his arms and making sure to do exactly what Remus said. When she didn't start crying or anything, Harry visibly relaxed, looking down at the pink wrinkled face. "She's so little," Harry said softly, smiling when she opened her eyes and looked up at him with watery blue eyes.

Draco leant forward, looking over Harry's shoulder at the infant. He laughed as he saw the baby's hair change from pink to black.

Harry grinned, leaning down to gently kiss her forehead. "Elise," he whispered. "I'm kinda like your ... big brother. It's nice to finally meet you." Harry knew that she had no idea what he was saying.

Draco laid his hand carefully against his lover's back. He thought the infant looked incredibly fragile.

"So we have a question for you and Draco," Tonks said.

"Hm?" Harry hummed, glancing up briefly at them before his attention was brought back to Elise.

Remus laid a hand on Harry's shoulder. "So you like her?"

"I think I love her already," Harry replied, smiling at him.

Remus squeezed Harry's shoulder. "Then would you be willing to be her Godparents?"

"Remus ... I'd ... we'd love to!" Harry said with a grin, glancing

back at Draco.

Draco, for his part, probably looked as shocked as he felt. He glanced nervously between Harry and Remus and then Tonks. "Why me?" he asked.

Tonks shook her head. "You are family, Draco," she answered, "and not just by blood. We trust you."

"You should know this by now, Draco," Harry said softly, cradling Elise close.

"But ... but I have never even held a baby," Draco protested.

"That can be fixed," Tonks said with a bigger smile.

Harry turned around and faced Draco. "Try now."

Draco began backing away. "No, I don't think that is a good idea," he said, holding his hands up in front of him like he would to ward off a blow.

"Please?" Harry asked, looking into Draco's eyes. "For me?"

Draco shuddered. He would do nearly anything for Harry, and the man knew it. "But ... but I will hurt her," he said, backing up against the wall.

"No you won't," Harry said softly, taking a step forward. "Hold her."

Ted and Andromeda seemed confused, watching sympathetically. Remus stepped up beside Harry, putting his hand on his shoulder again. "Give him time, Harry," he said quietly. "Let him get used to the idea."

"Okay," Harry murmured, glancing back at Remus. "We do live with you both. There's plenty of time." He walked back to Tonks' side, knowing that Elise would probably prefer her mum now, but he didn't want to put her down just yet. The infant had fallen asleep while they argued over her.

Draco stayed backed up against the wall, as if afraid someone would force the baby on him at any moment.

Tonks smiled encouragingly at him and then happily at Harry. "Yes, you two don't have to decide today," she agreed. "And I know you will be good with her."

– CHAPTER FOUR –

## *Fantasies*

"They're taking a bit long, aren't they?" Harry asked Draco nervously before he got up and began to pace again, walking back and forth in front of Draco. "Maybe they should've Floo'd. Might've been easier, you think?"

"Soot on the baby," Draco said from his place on the sofa and shook his head. "I didn't think they were on a schedule." His voice was gruff but he was amused by Harry's enthusiasm.

"Oh." Harry stopped in front of Draco. "But, they're taking too long!" He began to pace again for lack of anything better to do.

Draco thought that Harry had been calmer waiting for the baby to be born than for her to come home from St Mungo's. "Come here," he said with a sigh, holding out a hand to his lover. He was relieved when Harry stopped fidgeting in place and took Draco's hand. Draco pulled him down onto the sofa and settled Harry between his outstretched thighs. He petted his lover, trying to help him relax.

Harry sighed and relaxed, or tried his best to. "They're still not here," he mumbled, resting his head against Draco's chest so that he could hear his heartbeat. That always calmed him down.

Draco carefully wrapped his arms around his lover and used his claws to gently comb his hair. He enjoyed touching Harry as much as the gesture helped.

Harry rested his hand on Draco's upper arm, gently rubbing the area with his fingers. He closed his eyes and sighed again. How did Draco always manage to do that, he wondered, he was sure no one else could soothe him like this. Just when Harry had settled down, they heard the front door open and the sound of a baby screaming. Harry sat up again, but didn't get up. "They're here," he stated, even though Draco clearly heard the baby as well.

Draco winced. Having a wolf's hearing was not always the blessing people might think and, of course, Elise's crying set off the

portrait of Mrs Black. He put both hands over his ears.

Harry shrank back against Draco, covering his ears as well. "Something's telling me this isn't the last time we'll be doing this," he shouted over the noise.

Tonks came into the parlour, rocking the screaming baby in her arms and trying to shush her.

"Is she okay?" Harry asked, still shouting.

"She just didn't like Apparating," Tonks yelled over the infant's howls.

"Does she need anything?" Harry slowly slipped out from between Draco's legs and hesitantly walked over.

Draco kept his hands over his ears, scowling. He was wondering if he would go deaf.

Tonks sighed, looking a bit frazzled herself. "I don't know," she admitted. "Maybe I should try to feed her."

"Yeah, try that," Harry murmured, reaching over to brush his fingers over Elise's red cheek. "Shh ...."

Tonks sat down in one of the armchairs. "Harry, will ya get me the blanket outta the bag?" she asked, pointing to a bulging bag she had carried into the room. They could hear Remus in the hall trying to wrestle the drapes closed on Mrs Black's portrait.

Harry went to the bag, and after looking around for a moment, he pulled out a light green blanket. "Here," he said, walking over and holding it out for her. "How're you going to feed her?"

Tonks rolled her eyes, blushing slightly and then laid the blanket over her shoulder. Then she placed the infant in her lap and began unbuttoning her blouse.

Draco almost forgot about the noise for a moment, his eyes drawn to her fingers.

Harry looked confused as she unbuttoned the shirt. "What are ...?" He paused for a long moment, thinking about it, and then he began to blush, turning away and walking back to Draco to slide into his lap. "Sorry, Tonks."

She shook her head again and used the blanket to cover herself as she brought the baby to her breast. The screaming stopped abruptly, replaced by sucking noises.

Draco didn't stop staring.

Harry looked up at Draco, reaching to poke his cheek. "Stop

staring," he whispered, glancing back at her himself. It was strange to see Tonks do something like that, but she was a mother now. This would be something she'd have to do to keep Elise healthy and content.

Draco blinked, unaware he had been staring. Harry sitting in his lap was not helping control his body's reaction either. "Oh," he said.

Remus came in the room. "Ah, I see you got her something to take her mind off it," he said. Then he glanced over at the two teenagers. He smiled then, clearly amused.

Harry blushed harder and turned away again, resting his head on Draco's shoulder. "Never seen that before," he whispered. Then he wondered if his mother ever ... he shuddered before he could finish that thought.

Draco leant his head over, mouth near Harry's ear. "Let's go to our room," he whispered.

Harry bit his lip and nodded, if only because he wanted to leave the room. He slipped off of Draco's lap and held his hand out for him.

Draco got up too, careful not to cut Harry as he took his lover's hand. Harry smiled at Tonks and Remus before Draco practically dragged him up the stairs.

Once in the room, Draco pushed the door closed and then pressed Harry against it, kissing him and letting his lover feel his arousal.

Harry reached up to cup Draco's face, kissing him back as hard as he could. After a moment, he pulled back so he could whisper. "Is this because of ... what you saw? Not that I care ... just ...."

Draco blushed. His lover knew he found women attractive too, but they didn't usually talk about it. And Tonks was his cousin. He rolled his eyes and shrugged.

"You did." Harry smiled, amused as he leant up to press a small kiss against Draco's lips.

"Do we have to talk about it?" Draco whined, arching his hips against Harry's.

Harry laughed softly, shaking his head. "No, not now, but I will ask you after. I'm warning you now."

"Take your clothes off," Draco insisted.

"Please?" Harry teased, raising an eyebrow before pulling off his

shirt and then starting on his jeans.

Draco sighed but began pulling his own clothes off. He was embarrassed and aroused. It was a difficult combination, and it made him feel more impatient than usual.

Harry was completely naked within minutes, already used to undressing this quickly for Draco. He glanced up at him, waiting for his next move. Draco always seemed so unpredictable. Instead of upsetting him, Draco's sudden shifts in mood excited Harry.

Draco reached for Harry again, pulling their bodies together and bringing his mouth to the other man's. He pushed aside his embarrassment, letting his arousal guide him instead.

Harry's arms slid around Draco's neck as the kiss deepened, his satisfied moan efficiently muffled by Draco's tongue.

The noises Harry made always added so much heat to his arousal and Draco growled low in his throat as he kissed him, pulling Harry's hips so that their cocks brushed against each other.

Harry responded by rubbing against him, his hands moving up into Draco's soft hair, his fingers pulling at it gently.

Draco moaned and ground himself against his lover. "Suck me, my beauty," he begged.

"Suck you?" Harry asked huskily against Draco's lips, kissing him a few more times before he began to sink down to his knees.

"Oh, yesss," Draco replied, his claws combing Harry's dark hair as his cock twitched.

Harry kissed down Draco's stomach until he reached his cock. Moving in, he nudged the tip with his lips and then pulled it into his mouth, sucking gently at first. This was something he never tired of, loving the taste and feel of his lover's cock in his mouth.

Draco's head fell back and he groaned. "Yes, that's it," he encouraged.

Harry began to suck a little harder, moving his head down so that he could take more of Draco into his mouth.

That wet mouth on his cock was one of Draco's favourite things in the world. Harry had become very good at it. Of course, anything with Harry did it for him. "Yes, yes," Draco chanted.

Harry reached up to slide his hand around Draco's hip, his eyes closed as he concentrated on the moans and words of encouragement. He honestly loved to make Draco feel this good, and

he was so glad to be able to do it every day.

Draco made grunting noises as his fingers tightened and he began to come, shuddering while he filled his lover's mouth.

Harry continued to suck and swallow, gently rubbing Draco's hip as the man shuddered.

"So good," Draco gasped but then pulled Harry back a bit.

Harry kissed him one more time before he pulled back completely and looked up with a smile. Draco grinned down at him, then helped him to his feet. "I love doing that," Harry sighed, leaning up to kiss him softly.

Draco pulled his lover into his arms, kissing him again. "I like the taste of myself in your mouth, too," he added.

"Mm, it's a nice plus," Harry murmured, moving his hands back up into Draco's hair. The mischievous smile was back. "So, you want to explain?"

"No, I don't," Draco said, rolling his eyes as embarrassment returned.

Harry grinned, running his fingers through Draco's hair. He loved pushing Draco. "Why not?"

Draco released Harry and walked back over to the bed, lying down on it with a sigh. He did not want to talk about this.

"Fine," Harry huffed, following and laying down next to him. "I'm just curious, is all."

Draco shook his head, realising Harry wasn't likely to let it go. "Have you ever been with a woman?"

"Like how?" Harry asked, snuggling closer to Draco.

"You know what I mean." Draco sighed in annoyance. "Sex."

"Oh, well. No," Harry answered, running his fingers down Draco's chest.

"I like breasts," Draco admitted, blush returning.

Harry looked up at Draco, his cheeks colouring fast as well. "So that's why you were staring."

Draco flushed too and rolled his eyes again. He had been staring at his own cousin's breasts. It wasn't something he liked to admit.

Harry laughed softly, not the least bit offended. He moving up and kissed Draco's cheek. "I don't mind."

"It's ... embarrassing," Draco admitted, looking up at the ceiling instead of at his lover.

"Why do you say that? Because you can't help it?" Harry asked, trying to move enough to look into Draco's eyes.

In nearly two years together, they really hadn't talked about this. It wasn't like Draco wanted to have sex with someone besides Harry. It just didn't stop him from finding women attractive and, cousin or not, Tonks was attractive. "Does it bother you that I still find women attractive?" Draco asked.

"Well, no, I can't stop you from doing that, right? It's just how you are," Harry replied, nodding. He wasn't jealous, but he barely noticed other people that way now. It wasn't like he had been attracted to that many people before either.

Draco turned, smiling at him again. "You don't think there is something wrong with me? My having that reaction ... to my own cousin?"

"Okay, well, that's a little weird," Harry said, smiling back, "but she's still a girl, so I guess it makes sense."

Draco didn't want to admit some of the other things he had thought about Tonks. The idea that she could change her body at will was ... well, hot. He blushed again.

"What?" Harry asked, raising his eyebrows, amusement and curiosity heightened. "You're blushing! What're you thinking about?"

Draco closed his eyes, feeling the blush intensify. This was getting bad, and even more embarrassing, he was getting aroused again.

"Wow," Harry whispered, reaching up to run his fingers down over Draco's cheek. It was a new side of Draco and that interested him. "This must be big."

Draco moaned, part frustration, part desire, and shook his head.

"So, you're not even going to tell me at all?" Harry asked, pouting at him. "Please? You know I'd tell you anything you ask."

"Anything?" Draco asked, opening his eyes and smiling as a thought occurred to him.

"Uh, yeah," Harry said, wondering if that was the best thing to say. His lover was still Slytherin. "But you're going off topic."

"I'll make you a deal," Draco said, looking at Harry now with a calculating gleam. "You tell me your naughtiest fantasy, and I will tell you mine."

"That's what you're thinking of?" Harry asked, completely

flushing as he moved to sit up. This had the potential to be very embarrassing and hot.

"It relates, trust me," Draco said, grinning now, sensing something fun could come out of this.

"Oh, I never really thought of one, though," Harry mumbled, biting his lip softly, too embarrassed, even with Draco, to admit to anything.

"I know you have at least one," Draco insisted. "Everyone does."

Harry bit his lip harder, looking down at his lap as he thought. "Uhm, remember during the wedding? When we did it, you know, in the loo?"

Draco smirked and nearly growled, making a little sound in the back of his throat. Even the memory was arousing. He nodded.

"And you said that someone was listening ..." Harry went on, feeling his face get impossibly red. "Well ... I liked it when we ... well ... I think it would be hot ... to do it somewhere ... in public again."

"Oh, fuck," Draco said, swallowing hard. It was a good thing they were still naked, he thought, as he felt his cock harden again. "I like that one," he said.

"Me too." Harry was half hard himself, both from just thinking of doing that, and because he hadn't got off earlier with Draco. "What's yours?"

"Ever thought of taking Polyjuice?" Draco asked, smirking, plans already forming in his mind.

"For what? During sex?" Harry asked, looking surprised. The only time he had taken it, it had certainly not been about sex.

Draco nodded. "Don't you wonder what it would be like to be a woman and be fucked?"

Harry went silent for a moment, his mouth dropping open. "I never thought of doing that before," he finally said, looking at Draco. "I have used it before, but I was still a bloke."

"You have?" Draco asked, curiosity piqued even more.

Harry nodded, and then remembered why he had used it and worried about how Draco would feel about the fact that he and Ron had tricked him, even back then. But it was too late to take it back ... and Draco would want to know, he was sure.

"Oh, this sounds like a story," Draco grinned.

"First, was that your fantasy? Me Polyjuiced as a woman?" Harry

asked.

"Yes," Draco admitted, using the back of his clawed hand to caress down Harry's side.

Harry smiled, moving closer. "Okay, promise we'll do both someday?"

"You would take Polyjuice and let me do that?" Draco asked, stunned. He hadn't actually expected Harry to agree, and certainly not so easily.

"Anything for you," Harry said softly, snuggling close again. "And I have to say, now I'm curious."

Draco was very aroused now, both fantasies in his mind as he caressed Harry's cock. "Oh, yes," he said. "Who should we have you Polyjuice into?"

Harry sighed softly, his hips slowly moving. "That's up to you, really," he murmured.

"Anyone I want?" Draco asked, immediately going through the list of women whose hair they might have access to – Hermione, Fleur, maybe Ginny Weasley? Tonks was still his favourite choice and the easiest to get a hair from.

"Anyone you want," Harry said, looking at him. Amused and pleased that he had distracted Draco away from the story of his last Polyjuice experience.

"At this moment, I want you," Draco said, very aroused again and excited by the talk. "I want you to ride me."

Harry smiled, leaning up to kiss Draco before he moved to straddle his lap, excited and happy with their talk. "My beast," Harry replied softly, smiling down at him. "Lube, lube ..." He looked around quickly, spotting the well used tube next to the bed. He leant forward and reached for it.

Draco licked Harry's chest as the man leant over him. "Yes," he said. "Make yourself ready for me."

Harry looked down at him for a moment, a few ideas coming to him. "You can help ..."

Draco arched an eyebrow. "Show me," he whispered.

Harry blushed softly, moving up Draco's body again. He turned around and looked back at Draco. "By ... you know," he whispered, hoping he'd get it. No matter how many times they did this, Harry still had trouble asking for it.

Draco chuckled, knowing the wicked things his lover liked. He used the palms of his hands to spread the cheeks of Harry's arse. He took a deep breath, enjoying the musky smell and then used his tongue to lick up the crevice.

Harry sighed, leaning over Draco's body and pressing his arse down a little at the same time. Yes, this was what he wanted.

Draco shuddered, his own cock leaking now as he pressed his strong tongue into the puckered hole of his lover.

Harry moaned loudly, his eyes sliding closed as he felt Draco's tongue slip inside. He loved this, so hot and so dirty.

One of the strange advantages to being half-werewolf was his tongue. It was longer and stronger than a normal human's and he loved to use it on Harry. He wriggled it inside him, thrilled by the noises his lover made in response.

Harry was unbearably hard within seconds, his hips rocking as he tried to fuck himself on Draco's tongue. "Draco," he whimpered, clenching gently.

Draco's fingers tightened on the rounded mounds of his lover's arsecheeks, the claws pressing into skin as he worked his tongue in circles, deeper into his lover.

Harry's back arched when he felt Draco's claws pierce his skin, a loud cry escaping him. "Ah, fuck, Draco ... wait, wait," Harry gasped, already beginning to feel himself tremble and knowing he would come soon.

Draco was completely caught up in what he was doing, reaching his tongue to graze against his lover's prostate.

Harry arched again, biting down hard on his lip as he fought not to come yet. "Draco ... wait," he moaned, even though his body obviously didn't want him to.

Draco froze, finally hearing him. He withdrew his tongue but didn't move yet. "What?" he growled, his voice barely recognisable with his desire.

"I'm gonna come ... if you keep ... doing that," Harry gasped, trying to shift down. "Want you to ... fuck me!"

"Yes," Draco growled, gently releasing Harry but unable to resist a lick at the blood that trickled down his arse.

Harry shuddered, completely forgetting the lube as he moved down Draco's body, straddling him again. He reached back to

position Draco's cock before he was pressing down, his head thrown back.

"Ahhh," Draco moaned, shuddering as his cock was enveloped by that tight heat.

Harry gave himself a few moments to adjust once Draco was completely inside him, his breath coming in short pants.

"So fucking beautiful," Draco gasped, reaching for Harry's thighs, claws not piercing yet, just resting against his skin.

Harry began to move slowly at first, his hips rocking before he started to rise and fall, leaning forward so he could brace himself on Draco's legs.

Draco slid his claws along his lover's skin until he gripped his hips. "Fuck me, beautiful," he growled, thrusting up into his lover.

Harry did just what Draco told him, moving faster as he got a rhythm going.

Draco knew what Harry wanted and gave it to him, pressing his claws once again into the flesh of his hips as he got closer to his own orgasm.

It was what Harry needed, his back arching again as his rhythm faltered. "Ah, Draco!"

"Don't stop, close," Draco gasped.

"I won't!" Harry, reaching to wrap a hand around his cock, rocked as hard as he could. "I'm close, too ...."

Draco thrust up again, growling as he filled his lover with his seed, body thrashing under Harry as he did.

Harry came only a few strokes later, groaning and clenching tightly around Draco's cock.

Draco shuddered and moaned with the aftershocks of his release. He carefully withdrew his claws and licked the blood from them.

Harry shuddered as well, falling back on Draco with a small sigh. "I love you," he said.

Draco laughed happily, wrapping his arms around Harry. "I love you," he echoed. He lay panting for a couple minutes and then smiled wickedly. "So tell me about the time you used Polyjuice ...."

– CHAPTER FIVE –

## *Family Time*

Dobby knew they always wanted red meat for dinner the nights before and during the full moon – and nearly raw for the two werewolves in the family. They sat at dinner talking about the cute things Elise had done that day. The three month old was propped up in a padded chair beside the table.

Draco was trying to cut the meat on his plate but the closer it got to full moon, the worse his ability to do everyday things became. He growled in frustration as his fork slipped from his grasp and clattered to the floor.

Harry bent over his chair to reach and get it, glancing up at Draco as he held it out. "Want me to do it for you?"

Draco growled and picked up the meat with his clawed hands and bit into the bloody meat, ripping it with his teeth.

Harry's eyes widened a little. He set down the fork and went back to his own food, glancing over at Draco a few times. "Looks good," he tried to joke, smiling at him.

Remus smiled. He felt a similar urge but still had control until the actual three nights of full moon, which began the next night. Draco never completely transformed, but his wolf side was certainly stronger near and on the full moon.

Tonks ignored it, looking to Harry instead. "Harry, do you think you could watch Elise on your own for a couple hours?"

"Sure, Tonks," Harry replied quickly, nodding with another smile. "When?"

"I want to spend some time with Remus on full moon," she said. "Will you be too busy with Draco?"

Harry wasn't too sure of that answer, so he looked at Draco. "I'm not sure yet."

Draco had finished the meat and was now licking the juices off his hands and claws, delighting in the taste.

"Draco? Would you mind if I watched Elise tomorrow?" Harry

asked, tilting his head and watching him.

Full moons for them usually translated into a lot of hot rough sex. Draco frowned.

"Only for a few hours?" Harry asked Tonks. It wasn't that he didn't like what they did on the full moon, but Harry didn't really get enough chances to watch Elise.

Tonks regarded Draco a bit warily. "Yes, just for a little while and then you two would have the rest of the night together." She couldn't live under the same roof with these two and not know what they got up to. They were loud.

"That's not so bad, right Draco?" Harry said, looking at him again. He pouted a little and made sure to give him a pleading look.

The pout made Draco think of shagging right then and he gave Harry a look that showed it.

Harry blushed and looked back to Tonks quickly. "I'll do it," he said, and hoped Draco wouldn't mind that much.

Draco and Remus exchanged looks and the blond knew exactly why Tonks wanted a few hours to spend with her wolf on full moon. Remus took Wolfsbane Potion to help control himself during the three nights of full moon. Draco found himself wondering if Tonks transformed herself into a wolf for her lover. He flushed, now more aroused than before.

Harry smiled to himself and went back to finishing his food, thinking about what he and Elise could do the next day.

Shifting closer, Draco laid a hand on Harry's thigh and growled a bit.

Harry looked up at him, his eyebrows raised in question, but then he could see the desire in Draco's eyes and the way his skin was flushed just the right way. "Upstairs?"

Draco nodded, not trusting his voice when he got like this.

Harry nodded and stood up, telling Tonks and Remus goodnight. He pushed his chair in and held his hand out for Draco, stepping closer.

Taking Harry's hand, Draco practically dragged him up the stairs.

Harry stumbled after Draco, heart beating faster with excitement. He loved it when Draco got like this.

When they reached the room, both men quickly stripped their clothing. Draco ripped, throwing his clothes aside and then pushed

Harry against the door, immediately moving to press his arousal into the crevice of his lover's exposed arse, sliding up and down as he rutted against him.

Harry moaned softly and bent over more, wanting to feel Draco inside him as he braced himself against the wall.

Draco's cock was slick with pre-come already and it eased the way when the head pressed into Harry's opening, wolf claws gripping Harry's hips.

Crying out, Harry gritted his teeth at the multiple sensations of pain and pleasure, his back arching. He loved it rough, the burn setting him on fire.

Draco couldn't communicate well with words this close to the full moon, but he groaned his pleasure as he began thrusting into his lover, sniffing and nuzzling Harry's long hair as he did.

It took Harry a few strokes to adjust to Draco, groaning and letting Draco take him, loving that he was able to be there for his love when Draco needed him.

Draco didn't wait long before he was thrusting fast, claws digging into Harry's flesh. He pressed into Harry's hair until he found the neck below and licked.

Harry shuddered and bent his head forward, exposing more of his neck for Draco. He felt the blood running down his legs, Draco's claws digging into his hips even more with each fast thrust.

Draco thrust several more times, shuddering and coming with a grunt inside Harry.

Harry reached to stroke himself once Draco had come, wanting to come soon, too.

Draco withdrew his claws. The blood had run down Harry's legs and was staining his jeans where they were pooled around his knees. Draco scooped the man into his arms then carried him to the bed, depositing Harry on it and then climbing in after him.

Harry gasped in surprise, bouncing on the bed. He kicked away his jeans, watching Draco the entire time.

Draco admired the man spread before him like a feast, a rumbling sound from deep in his chest expressing his appreciation as he bent his head to lick the wounds he had only just made.

Harry hummed in approval and reached to stroke himself again, feeling so close; he just needed a little bit more to come.

Draco growled in warning, reaching to pull the other man's hand away. He licked the blood from Harry's nearest hip but then continued lapping inward until he licked along his lover's shaft.

"Yes," Harry hissed loudly, lifting his hips despite the pain he felt in them from the wounds.

Draco shivered at the taste of Harry, his own cock already hardening again as he licked enthusiastically.

"Oh, Draco ... Draco." Harry reached to grasp Draco's silky blond hair, gripping it as tightly as he could and crying out when he came moments later.

Draco opened his mouth, catching his lover's seed and licking at the head of Harry's cock as the sticky jets pumped from it.

Harry let Draco lap at his cock until he began to feel too sensitive, trying to pull Draco's head away. "Fantastic," he murmured.

The blond grinned up at Harry but didn't move from between his legs, licking downward instead.

Harry spread open his legs for Draco, petting his hair now as he slowly came down from his high.

Draco licked his lover's balls, enjoying the taste and smell as he did. Then he worked his way over to the other hip, licking at the wounds and cleaning the blood.

Harry sighed and shivered as his lover took his time now. The combination of pain, soothing tongue and post-orgasm high was one of the best things he knew.

When he was done, Draco moved to the side, lying down and pulling Harry into his arms, nuzzling and rumbling contentedly.

Harry was half asleep by this point. "Love you, Draco," he mumbled quietly.

"Harry, my love," Draco whispered, kissing him softly.

Harry nervously waited for Tonks to come downstairs, moving around the sitting room to make sure that everything was in order. He was babysitting that day, for the first time, all by himself. He was excited about it but scared at the same time, not wanting anything to go wrong. With the full moon, Draco wasn't in any condition to help take care of the baby, so he was staying in their room.

Tonks came into the sitting room, Elise in her arms. They already had a cot for the baby set up in the room. "S'Harry, you sure you

want to do this?"

"I'm sure," Harry said, getting up quickly and rubbing his hands on his jeans. "You deserve some alone time with Remus."

Tonks smiled at him and went through a few things he would need to know. She had a bottle set up to feed the baby and she showed Harry how to change a nappy, teaching him the gentle spell for cleaning the child when needed.

Harry nodded and watched closely, making sure to pay a lot of attention, especially when she taught him the spell. He wouldn't want to hurt the baby by getting it wrong.

Tonks nodded approvingly when Harry picked up Elise. "That's it," she said. "You are good with her."

"Yeah?" Harry asked, holding Elise close. "Wasn't as hard as I thought."

Elise was making little faces at Harry and Tonks grinned. "Well, she's in a good mood now. Wait till she gets fussy. You have any real problem, you come get me. Knock loud if y'have to."

Harry nodded, not really wanting to bother Remus and Tonks unless something really had gone wrong. "Let's just hope she stays this way."

"When she cries, if it isn't her nappy, sometimes just walking around with her helps," she suggested. She patted his shoulder. "Thanks, Harry."

"You're welcome, Tonks," Harry said, smiling at her before sitting down on the sofa. "Remus is probably waiting for you."

She blushed and kissed Elise on top of the head before leaving the room.

Harry watched her go before he sat back on the sofa, looking down at Elise. "Just you and me now," he murmured, kissing her forehead. The baby made a grunting noise and began waving her hands.

"What's up?" Harry asked, lifting her up and holding her out in front of him. "You bored?"

The blanket fell away and Elise wriggled in his hands, looking sort of like she was dancing. Harry laughed and picked the blanket up, setting it down on the sofa. "Yeah, feel like dancing, I see," he said, settling her down in his lap and tickling his fingers down her side.

The infant wriggled more, making cute little gurgling sounds as she flailed her hands and feet. Harry laughed again, laying her down before continuing to tickle her. It was nice to see her like this, the little gurgling noises sounding like giggles. When he stopped tickling her for a minute, he noticed she grabbed her feet with her hands, apparently trying to bring them to her mouth.

Harry let her, watching in surprise at how flexible she was. "Not bad," he said, making sure that she was okay on his lap. The baby seemed very excited with her feet, slobbering on them.

"I don't know if that means you're hungry or not," Harry said, laughing again as he reached to playfully pull away her foot.

Harry played with the baby for a while and then her face scrunched up and she began to cry. "Oh no, what's wrong?" Harry asked, scooping her up in his arms before he got up, cradling her. She cried even louder.

"Shh, it's okay," Harry whispered, beginning to walk around the room like Tonks said. "Are you hungry? Or is it your nappy .... " Harry wasn't looking forward to that.

When she wouldn't stop crying, Harry decided to check her nappy just to be sure. He picked up the bag Tonks had left with him and then laid her on the changing table in the room. "Here goes nothing," he mumbled, undoing the nappy to check inside. It smelled bad and looked worse.

Harry scrunched up his face and took a deep breath before he went about changing it. He pulled off the dirty one and used the special spell to clean Elise up. Once she was clean he got another nappy and pulled her legs up to get it on.

The little girl kicked at him, seeming to think it a game to keep him from getting hold of her legs and then wriggling while he tried to get the cloth around her.

"Hey, hey," Harry said, reaching to hold her legs together. "You think that's funny, do you?" He managed to finally get the nappy on after a good few minutes of working at it, sighing deeply and picking her up again once he was done. The nappy sagged a little, but stayed on and Elise immediately brought her foot back to her mouth again.

Harry moved back to sit on the couch, watching her quietly. He played with her hair, that had been black since she was with him, and just enjoyed her company. Even though she seemed to be more

interested in her foot than in him.

Harry watched and played with the baby, amused by her endless fascination with her feet. Eventually, she began to fuss again, scrunching up her face and howling at him. Harry could only think that she was hungry, the one thing he hadn't done that evening. If it wasn't that, he had no idea what else could be wrong. He shifted her in his arms and used his wand to warm the milk in the bottle Tonks had left, bringing it up to her lips. The baby sucked hungrily, her eyes wide as they focused on Harry's.

Harry smiled, leaning over to kiss her forehead as she drank. He wondered if this was how he was with his own mother, all those years ago. If he thought hard enough, he could picture her, holding him close and doing the same.

It seemed to him that Elise sucked down the milk so fast it might make her sick, though she seemed perfectly happy about it. Harry pulled the bottle away once she was done, setting it off to the side and picking her up again to burp her. He wiped her mouth with a clean cloth and then let her rest against his shoulder, gently rubbing and patting her back like Tonks showed him. This was always hard, he thought.

She did burp, bringing up milk all over his shoulder. Harry didn't notice at first, too happy that she had burped. It was when he felt the warm wetness seeping into his shirt that he noticed. "Aw, Elise ..." He pulled the baby back and wiped her mouth off, reaching to wipe what he could off his shoulder.

She burped again, more goo dribbling down her chin and onto the little pyjamas she was wearing. "Messy," Harry murmured, wiping away that mess as well. "Try to keep it all down, hm? So you don't get hungry again."

Harry hadn't realised that he had fallen asleep with the baby in his arms until he felt Tonks gently shake him awake. Harry blinked up at her, sitting up more in the sofa. "Tonks," he murmured, looking down at the sleeping baby.

Tonks' cheeks were flushed and she looked both tired and happy. "Looks like you two did all right," she smiled down at him.

Harry smiled up at her. "She wasn't so bad," he said softly.

"I knew you would be fine with her Harry," Tonks assured, reaching to lift the baby from his arms, "and I think there is a pacing

wolfman waiting for you in your room," she added with a smirk.

Harry laughed softly and got up, running a hand through his hair. "I should get up there then," he said, blushing a little. "Night, Tonks, and thanks for letting me watch her."

"Thanks for the time with Remus," she replied.

Harry saw her settle into the chair herself as he headed up the stairs, mentally preparing to deal with a moon-crazed Draco. It no longer scared him. In fact, it was something he looked forward to each month.

– CHAPTER SIX –

## *Most Wolf*

Harry stopped in front of his bedroom door, taking a deep breath before he opened it and walked inside. Most people wouldn't understand, but he looked forward to the way Draco lost control this time of the month. Blood play was normal for them, but on full moon, things often got rough enough that Harry took Healing and Blood Replenishing Potions the next day.

The moon was out and Draco had even opened the drapes so that it shone in the window. He had already stripped, waiting for his lover. Draco growled when the door opened and Harry had barely stepped inside before the other man started right for him.

The blond was at his "most wolf" Harry had ever seen – eyes changed so much they no longer looked human. "Draco," he whispered, pressing himself against the door and watching him. He knew not to move too quickly when Draco was like this.

Draco pinned Harry face-first against the door, growling lowly as he pressed against his lover. He sniffed at Harry and frowned, making a face when he encountered the sour milk stain on the other man's shoulder. He huffed, pulling back enough to rip Harry's shirt down the back.

Harry closed his eyes, sighing softly when Draco began to rub against him. He gasped when Draco ripped the cloth and quickly unfastened his own jeans, pushing them and his shorts down before his lover ripped them apart as well. Harry had barely kicked them away when Draco picked him up and carried him over to the bed dropping him face down on it. Harry had been expecting it, so he managed to turn his head to the side so that he could breathe, his body already beginning to tremble from what was going to happen next.

Draco was growling, licking and nipping at the back of Harry's shoulders and neck while he rubbed his swollen cock against the man's arse.

Harry moaned softly, only pushing back a little against Draco, but leaving him to do the rest of the work because he knew what his lover wanted.

Draco rutted against Harry, cock sliding in the cleft of his lover's arse. He laid his claws on his lover's shoulders and then drew them down, opening small cuts down to his shoulder blades.

Swallowing a groan, Harry shuddered with pain/pleasure, his forehead pressed against the sheets below them.

Draco rubbed his face in the blood, smelling and licking it. He rotated his hips until the head of his cock caught against Harry's opening and then pushed inside him with a moan.

Harry's breath caught in his throat as he felt Draco push inside. There wasn't much preparation, but Harry was used to it. He liked that burn and had learnt how to relax into it.

Holding on to Harry's shoulder, Draco began rutting fast and hard, snarling as he did.

Harry had no choice but to lay there and take what Draco gave him, moaning in delight every time he felt his lover press against that spot inside him.

Draco's thrusts became erratic and hard while his growls became louder. Then he came, body spasming and his claws gripping Harry's flesh.

Harry shuddered along with Draco, but didn't come with him, his body twisting as he felt Draco's claws deeply pierce his skin.

Draco lay atop his lover's body, panting.

Harry licked his dry lips and sighed softly, his fingers loosening in the sheets. He hadn't even noticed that he was gripping them.

Licking at his lover's flesh, Draco cleaned the wounds with satisfied little grunts.

Harry's eyes slid closed, a happy noise bubbling up in his throat. He only shifted and hissed softly when a wound burned a little.

Draco began at his lover's shoulders, licking every wound down his back and then the unmarred skin of Harry's lower back. Then he had reached the inevitable cuts on Harry's hips.

Those made Harry really hiss, in both pain and pleasure, his hips rocking against the bed gently.

The blond cleaned every wound with his long tongue and then pulled apart Harry's arsecheeks and began to lick between them.

Harry moaned loudly, trying to get up on his knees and failing, only wanting to really be able to push back on Draco's tongue.

Draco licked the hole he had just been fucking, cleaning blood and come as he did.

Harry's fingers tightened in the sheets again as he began to rock harder, the pain in his hips combined with the delight of that tongue. "Yes, Draco ...."

Draco pressed his face in, licking and sucking, making wet noises as he did. Then he pressed his tongue inside his lover.

Harry cried out, pulling at the sheets as he arched sharply. "Fuck," he gasped, clenching around the tongue as if he wanted to pull it inside more.

Draco pulled back enough to speak. This close to the full moon, his voice was gravelly and it was hard to think. "Touch yourself," he growled.

Harry quickly lifted his hips as much as he could and moved his hand down to wrap around his cock, stroking himself. "Draco, do it again ...." He was so close.

Draco growled and pressed his tongue into his lover again, as deep as he could, wriggling it inside Harry. He loved the taste of his own seed inside of him. At other times of the month, he might not be willing to admit such a dirty thing pleased him.

It took Harry a few more quick strokes before he was coming hard, keening as he tensed up on the bed and then jerked.

Draco kept licking and sucking.

"Draco," Harry whimpered, collapsing back onto the bed, but unable to keep from shuddering as Draco continued.

Draco licked until Harry was as clean as he could get him. Then he pulled back and sat back on his knees. "Roll over," he told Harry.

Harry swallowed and did as he was told, beginning to feel slightly weak and tired from the pain and his intense orgasm.

Draco looked down at his naked lover and smiled, his teeth making it almost a grimace. He crouched over his lover and licked the come off Harry's cock and belly, too.

A shiver went down Harry's spine when he saw Draco's smile. He relaxed again, his eyes closing once he felt his tongue. Most of the wounds were on his back so he only felt them when he shifted.

Draco felt calmer now, though still aroused, and lifted his face to

smile once more at Harry. There was blood on his chin and with the wolf-like teeth, the image would probably scare most people.

Harry licked his thumb and then reached to rub the blood off Draco's chin, grinning back. "Messy beast," he mumbled.

Draco captured his lover's thumb with his mouth, sharp teeth holding him in place while his tongue licked.

Harry shifted and sat up, running his other hand through Draco's hair. His wand was probably in the mess that was his clothes, so he guessed he'd have to wait to heal his wounds.

Draco released his lover's thumb and climbed up his body, on hands and knees over Harry as he leant down to kiss him.

Harry was forced to lie back down as they kissed, his arms sliding around Draco and holding him close.

Draco shivered, arousal twitching against Harry's stomach as he kissed his lover.

Harry reached in between them and wrapped his fingers around Draco's cock, stroking him even as they continued to kiss.

Draco broke the kiss long enough to growl against Harry's lips. "More!" He didn't know if Harry was ready for round two but he certainly was.

Harry gripped him tightly, looking up into Draco's eyes. "More?" he asked, spreading his legs and arching up against his lover to encourage him.

When Draco felt his lover was aroused again he grinned. Harry was still slick from earlier, and Draco wasted no time pushing into him again and shuddering with pleasure. Unlike the frantic pace of earlier, he rocked to a slow, deep rhythm.

Harry moved with him, wrapping his legs around Draco's hips. "Oh, Draco," he moaned, clenching around him thankfully.

"Harry," Draco gasped, rotating his hips and moaning in delight as he felt his cock sliding deep into his lover.

Harry whimpered and gripped the sheets, feeling Draco's cock brush against that spot with every thrust. "Love this ...."

"Love ... you," Draco growled, picking up the pace now. The bed rocked and squeaked with his thrusts and he held on to Harry's hips again.

"Yes," Harry hissed, groaning when he felt Draco's claws again. "Harder, please .... "

In this state, Draco would have had a difficult time holding back as it was. With his lover's urgings, he dug his claws into Harry's flesh again and began pounding into him, their flesh making a slapping noise as he fucked Harry.

Harry cried out at Draco's sudden change in pace, gritting his teeth and just holding on as he was pushed closer to the edge.

Draco bent, licking and nipping at Harry's neck until he reached his peak. Then he sunk his teeth into Harry's flesh as he growled, cock spasming inside his lover.

It was the bite that made Harry cry out once again, jerking and clenching around Draco as he came for the second time that night.

Harry's body spasmed around and under Draco, blood filling his mouth, and he was completely unable to do anything but hang on and enjoy the intense pleasure that came from the sensations.

"God," Harry gasped, swallowing to wet his dry throat as he panted.

Draco released his bite and licked the wound, feeling such amazing contentment. His cock remained hard longer than a human's and he didn't withdraw from his lover's body.

The bite on his neck stung when Draco licked at it, but other than that it was fine. "Mm, love you," Harry whispered a little tiredly.

Eventually, Draco was calm enough and withdrew from Harry's body. "Yes, love you," he agreed before crawling down to lick the hip wounds from his claws. It wasn't just that he enjoyed the taste. He also knew it helped Harry heal.

Harry sighed again and turned on his side, letting Draco lick at the wounds as he relaxed on the bed.

Draco finally settled down on the bed, curling possessively around his lover's body. "My beauty," he whispered.

Harry smiled and snuggled back against Draco, feeling safe and secure. "My beast."

– CHAPTER SEVEN –

## *Working Together*

Harry laughed for at least the tenth time, smiling brightly down at Elise. She was adorable now, her fluffy hair as black as his at the moment. It made her seem like she was his own child. He knew that it definitely wasn't possible for him to have his own children with Draco, considering the fact that they were both men. As he watched her, he realized that his own mother must've done this with him on more than one occasion. Harry wished he could actually remember those times. He sighed and reached out to gently rub the side of her neck, making her smile and wriggle. "You are so cute," he murmured, pulling her closer. She seemed to squeak at him. "Fred and George should be coming soon, right?" Harry asked Draco, still looking at Elise.

It was a week after the full moon, and Draco was almost back to normal, well, normal for him anyway. He was reading a book. Or pretending to. He was covertly watching Harry and the baby, enjoying the scene but not wanting to admit it. "Mmhmm," he answered as if he were distracted by the book.

"Do you want to hold her before they get here?" Harry asked, leaning down to kiss the infant's cheek.

Draco shook his head and made a little huffing noise. He still refused to hold the baby, even if he did like looking at her. He was convinced he would hurt her if he did.

Harry nodded, brushing his fingers down over the fluff of her hair. He didn't push it. He knew Draco would eventually come around. Just then there was the sound of the front door opening, and a few muffled greetings that sounded like Fred and George.

Draco set his book down and got to his feet. He had considered having Harry glamour him, but Harry had talked him into meeting with the Weasley twins in his normal form. It worried Draco, though. Only a few people had seen what he really looked like now.

Harry stood up as well and walked over to Elise's bassinet, kissing

her on the forehead before gently settling her down in it.

Fred walked into the sitting room with a grin, closely followed by George.

"Harry, Malfoy!" Fred and George exclaimed together. They both nodded at Draco casually, seeming not to notice his unusual appearance. "We heard that you both wanted to be a part of Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes."

Draco smiled in spite of himself. Their enthusiasm seemed contagious. "Welcome," he said, "have a seat and Dobby will bring tea."

They both sat down and Fred opened the briefcase he was carrying. "Of course, we owe Harry a lot," he said with a smile. He pulled out a small bag of things and set it in Harry's lap.

"We thought your supplies must've been running low, Harry," George said. "You can never have too many Extendable Ears, I say."

Harry laughed and opened the bag, peering at the jumble of items inside.

"And just who are we supposed to be spying on?" Draco teased.

Fred waggled his eyebrows, looking at Draco mischievously. "Well, that's the question, innit?"

Harry grinned, shaking his head. They always made things so much more interesting.

"So, to start off, we wanted to know what you could help us with, Malfoy," George said, looking at him. "Potions?"

"Yes, and not just the ones you know," Draco said, feeling better on the topic. "I have had some ideas for new ones."

"Oh, brilliant, we could always use more ideas!" Fred said. He had pulled out a piece of parchment and a quill, flicking his wand to make it write down what he was saying.

"And I'd help make them," Harry added, nodding.

"Fantastic," Fred and George said in unison.

Draco smiled toward the bassinet. "One idea I had was a potion that temporarily lets you change hair colours," he said.

"Creative, Malfoy," Fred complimented, nodding as the quill scribbled away. George noticed the glance and he looked over at Elise, a small smile on his face. Elise was awake and was looking around. Her eyes landed on George for a moment and her hair lightened, turning red. Fred's eyes widened. "It's like seeing Ginny all

over again."

Draco followed their gaze and he rolled his eyes. "She's interesting, that's certain," he added. Then he began to outline more ideas for potions they could sell at the shop.

Fred and George seemed excited by Draco's ideas. "We actually tried the colour changing one once," George said later on. "Ended up changing our skin colours instead. Course everyone loves it anyway."

Draco arched an eyebrow at that. "Sometimes accidents in the lab produce some of the best potions," he nodded. He thought with Harry helping him they might really be testing that theory.

"Right you are, Malfoy," Fred said cheerfully. "Well! It looks like a good start. How soon can you have some ready? And do we need to pick them up?"

"Harry can bring the potions to the shop and pick up supplies," Draco said. "I think we can have a prototype of the first potion completed pretty soon."

"Brilliant, brilliant!" Fred closed his suitcase with a large grin. "It'll be wonderful doing business with the both of you," George commented, standing up.

They saw Fred and George to the door. "That was frighteningly easy," Draco said to Harry after they left.

"Did you think it would be hard?" Harry asked, heading back into the sitting room to check on Elise.

Draco shrugged, still surprised that neither man had seemed concerned with his appearance. He sat down again. "So I will make a list of ingredients for you to pick up tomorrow," he said.

Elise was asleep when Harry checked, so he sat down next to the bassinet. "Sounds good," he replied, looking back at Draco.

"Come here," Draco said, patting his lap and smiling at Harry.

Harry glanced over at the baby before he got up and walked over, sitting comfortably in Draco's lap. "So, now we have jobs ...."

Draco combed his claws through Harry's hair. "Do I include the ingredients for Polyjuice in the list of things to pick up?"

Harry smiled, leaning back against him. "Yeah, sure. Something tells me we'll be using it."

"Good," Draco said, lowering his lips to Harry's.

It took them a few days to really get the potions lab set up

completely in one of the old rooms. Draco's hand really itched for his wand as they worked. He was reduced to doing the things that didn't take magic like cutting roots and taking notes, but despite his frustration, it did feel good to be working on potions again. And he liked working with Harry, no matter what it was.

Harry enjoyed watching and helping, finding that it was much easier than he thought. Draco provided direction and Harry did the magic. "We're a good team," he said after a while, smiling brightly at Draco.

"Watch it, don't let it scald," Draco warned when Harry's attention wavered. Then he smiled, watching his lover. Simple things made him happy now. "When we get this batch finished, we can leave the Polyjuice to simmer. Do you want to go flying then?"

"So I can beat your arse? Sure!" Harry exclaimed, grinning now.

"Someone is really asking for their arse to be whipped, that's certain," Draco said in a mock stern voice, but the effect was spoiled by his smirk.

"You, right?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow.

Draco glanced to make sure the potion was done. "End the spell," he told his lover.

Harry did as he was told, glancing into the cauldron curiously. "It's done?"

"Yes, it is," Draco said, putting a lid on the cauldron to keep it clear of contaminants while it cooled. Then he turned to his lover, looking him up and down with a smirk. His voice dropped lower as he said, "Bend over the bench."

Harry looked at him for a long moment before he slowly bent over one end of the workbench, wriggling his arse a little teasingly.

Draco growled and stepped beside him, one hand on Harry's back, holding him in place and the other coming forward and smacking him on the arse.

Harry jumped, gasping and looking over his shoulder. "Are you spanking me?"

Draco hit him again, making it very clear that he was. "I need to remind you who does the arse whipping around here," he growled.

Harry bit his lip this time, trying to squirm away and miss the next hit.

Draco was much stronger than the other man and held him in

place, smacking his arse again. He was so turned on by it that he didn't think his clothes would survive long.

"Draco!" Harry yelled, jerking away from the slap. The rhythm was irregular, so whenever Harry would relax there was another and he'd tense up. Draco was so much stronger than he was before that it probably hurt more than it would have otherwise. Yet, like with all the pain he received from Draco, Harry's body sparked with pleasure from each slap.

Draco stopped, taking in the flushed appearance of his lover. "Drop your trousers," he told him.

Harry reached to unbutton them and push them down with his shorts, hissing as the material slid over his already sore skin.

The sight of Harry's red arse made Draco's heart pound and his body shake. He quickly unfastened his own trousers, accidentally popping the button off as he did. He stepped behind Harry and ran the backs of his hands over that warm flesh.

Harry shivered, the touch soothing his skin. He sighed and wriggled a little, his fingers curling around the bench.

"So warm," Draco said, and then continued to stroke down Harry's thighs, watching the man quiver. He could smell his lover's arousal.

"Draco, do it again?" Harry asked softly a moment later, as if he were afraid to ask.

Draco chuckled darkly and brought his hands up Harry's thighs to his buttock again. Then he gently ran claws over that red flesh. Not enough to cut but enough to sting.

Harry's back arched slightly, a low moan escaping him. He didn't know how Draco knew how to make him feel so good.

"Stay right there," Draco said and walked over to a shelf, picking up a vial of oil and coming back to his lover. "Hold out your hand."

Harry let go of the bench and held out one hand, looking over his shoulder again.

Draco poured oil into his palm. "Spread your legs and prepare yourself," he said.

Harry spread his legs as Draco poured the oil in his hands. The oil was already warm and thick and Harry had to reach back quickly before it dripped out of his hand. He skipped one finger and went straight to two, rubbing them around his entrance before sliding

them inside.

Draco licked his lips and his cock twitched as he watched Harry finger himself. "Yes, my beauty," he said breathlessly.

Harry stretched himself as quickly as he dared, his fingers sliding in and out easily thanks to the oil.

Draco nudged Harry's hand with his cock, his clawed fingers curling around his lover's hip. "Touch me," he whispered.

Harry pulled the fingers out of himself and reached for Draco's cock, stroking the rest of the oil down the shaft.

"Oh, fuck, yes," Draco gasped, moving so that his cock brushed against his lover's opening.

Harry tried to push back onto his lover's cock, small moans escaping him. "Draco, fuck me," he whimpered.

"Yes," the blond answered, pushing inside his lover's body. "Touch yourself," he growled, pulling back on Harry's hips to impale him.

Harry was still pressed over the bench and it was hard to manoeuvre his hand underneath himself at first, but he eventually got it, having to turn his body a bit onto the side. The position was awkward, but Harry didn't care because all he could feel was Draco.

Draco moaned and thrust and lost himself in the feel of sliding in and out of his lover's body. "Fuck, yes," he gasped.

Harry met Draco's thrusts, his hand and body moving in rhythm with him. "More, Draco, more!"

It thrilled Draco that he didn't have to hold back with Harry. He pounded into his body, claws cutting into his lover's hips and both their bodies were soon slick with sweat.

Harry had begun to cry out with every thrust, unable to hold back either. "Close!" he yelled moments later, trembling hard as he stroked himself quickly.

Growling as he thrust inside his lover, Draco held himself, buried deep as he filled him.

Harry came with him, moaning Draco's name and squeezing his eyes shut.

Draco panted, shuddering for another minute before he slowly withdrew from his lover's body.

Harry reached to grip the bench again so he didn't fall back, still breathing hard as he recovered.

Draco withdrew his claws and then crouched down, licking the wounds on Harry's hips.

Humming softly, Harry relaxed on the bench with his eyes closed.

Draco thoroughly cleaned the blood from his lover's skin and then sat back on his heels, smiling up at him.

"You're so good at that," Harry sighed happily, not moving yet.

"We are good together," Draco said softly.

"We are, aren't we? Very good, I'd say," Harry replied with a grin.

Draco got up and redressed, shaking his head at the damage he had done to yet another pair of trousers. "Still want to go flying?" he asked, smirking.

"Of course!" Harry got up, reaching down to pull up his underwear and trousers, buttoning them up quickly. "Still going to beat you. Even if my arse is a little sore."

Draco chuckled happily.

Harry walked back to the Leaky Cauldron after delivering their latest batch of potions to Fred and George's shop in Diagon Alley. The business was going great and the twins were thankful for the extra potions Draco and Harry were providing.

Harry had arranged with Ron to meet him later on that day for a few drinks and that's where he was heading. He walked inside, managing to ignore the stares he still got. People had said he looked different, with his longer hair and such, but Harry didn't care. He was happy and that's all that mattered to him.

Ron was already at a corner table in the Leaky Cauldron and he waved at Harry to get his attention.

Harry smiled and walked over, taking a seat across from Ron. "Hey, Ron!" he said cheerfully, pulling off his cloak and getting comfortable.

"So, I hear you and Malfoy are helping supply the students of Hogwarts with more potions to drive the professors crazy," Ron greeted him.

Harry laughed, nodding quickly. He remembered those days in Hogwarts. "It's brilliant! And fun, so much fun."

"Fred told me some of the ideas Draco came up with," Ron said. "Sounds mad."

That got Harry to grin. "Definitely is. So, how's your job? Anything exciting happen?" Just then Tom came around and set two drinks down. Harry pulled his close with a smile.

"Dawlish is a prick, but I like the program," Ron said. "Three years is a long time to train but I certainly use what we learnt in the DA."

Harry nodded, almost wishing that he was a part of the Auror Program along with Ron. He would've been, but a few things had got in his way. Not that he regretted it now. "It's not hard, is it?"

"It's a lot of work and I swear they give more homework than Snape and McGonagall combined, but I am having fun. I do wish you would consider joining," Ron said.

"Maybe later, Ron," Harry said with a nod. "If I decide to, I'm sure you'll help me through it."

Ron rolled his eyes. "So how long you gonna let your hair grow?" he asked, tugging on a dark lock playfully. Harry's hair was almost to his shoulder blades now.

Harry smiled and shrugged. "I don't know. I like it like this. Easier to handle than when it was short and wild."

"Now it is long and wild," Ron teased. "Speaking of wild, how is Draco?"

Harry raised an eyebrow at the joke. "He's doing better since you last saw him. Adjusting nicely. How's Hermione doing?" Harry hadn't realized how much he missed his best friends until then.

They talked for a while, sharing stories. Harry told a few about Elise and Ron told him about Hermione's latest house-elf rights campaign. Finally, it was time to go. "So we can do this next week, too?" Ron asked.

"It'd be great if we could," Harry said, nodding with a smile and slowly getting up so that he could pull his cloak on. "So next week. Tell Hermione I said hello?"

"Sure, mate," Ron said. "See you then."

"See you then, Ron," Harry replied, smiling at him before he turned to leave the shop. He pulled his cloak tightly around him and then he thought of Grimmauld Place, Apparating home.

## – CHAPTER EIGHT –

### *A Change*

Draco stood in the lab and held the vial up, looking at the thick liquid. "Well, it's ready," he said, arching an eyebrow. He looked at his lover. "Did you get her hair?"

Harry held out his hand, showing Draco the few short pink strands of Tonks' hair that he had got from her hairbrush. "It was easy."

"When do we want to do this? Now?" Draco smirked.

"Up to you," Harry said and grinned at Draco. "All up to you." He wasn't sure how he was going to handle being a woman, but Harry was willing to try it and see how it went.

Draco got hard just thinking about it. "Now," he said firmly. "Let's go to our room."

Harry didn't need to be told twice – the next moment he was walking up the stairs ahead of Draco, his heart beginning to beat faster in anticipation.

Draco watched his lover's body as he moved, still fascinated by him. What would it feel like to make love to Harry as a woman?

Harry walked inside the room and sat down on their bed, trying to calm himself down with a few deep breaths as he actually became nervous. It wasn't a permanent change, he told himself, just for about an hour. He figured it would be an experience that he'd never forget.

"You don't have to do this," Draco said, but his body shivered with the idea.

"But I want to," Harry replied, looking up at Draco and letting him see he was serious. "I really do."

Draco grinned. "Strip, my beauty," he answered, setting the vial aside and beginning to take off his own clothes.

Harry undressed slowly. When he was done, he looked down at himself, as if he were remembering what he looked like before he drank the potion.

Naked, Draco sauntered up to his lover, stroking his cheek with

the back of his hand. "Even if you look like her, I will be making love to you," he said softly.

"Oh, I know," Harry replied quietly, smiling at Draco and feeling better for the reassurance anyway. "I know. I love you."

Draco picked up the vial, uncapped it and then put a single pink hair into the liquid, which turned bright pink as well. He handed it to Harry.

"Here goes nothing," Harry said, taking the potion from him. He took a deep breath before he drank it, almost immediately making a face as he tasted it. It didn't taste any better than last time.

Draco was half hard already, watching his lover and waiting to see what would happen next.

Harry handed the vial back to Draco and covered his mouth as he began to feel sick, but not enough to throw up. He squeezed his eyes shut and could feel his skin bubbling and changing, his hips getting more curvy, and his hair getting shorter.

Draco's eyes grew wide as he watched his lover morph into the shape of his cousin.

Harry let out a small huff when he felt that it was all over, but he didn't open his eyes yet. He concentrated on just feeling the changes.

Draco had never seen Tonks naked before, but he had certainly thought about it. And he liked the view now. "Harry," he whispered, needing to remind himself that this was still his lover.

"Yeah?" came Harry's reply, his voice slightly higher. He was Tonks. He was actually Tonks. He hesitantly opened his eyes, blinking up at Draco.

"I want to touch you," Draco said, looking into Tonks' eyes. Somehow, he could still see it was Harry inside.

"Go ... go ahead," Harry said softly, finally looking down at his body. He blushed deeply at the sight, having never seen a woman naked like this, much less Tonks.

Draco reached clawed hands carefully, using only the palms to caress Harry's breasts.

Harry hadn't expected that and he looked up at Draco as he felt those caresses. It seemed that his nipples were just as sensitive as a woman, because soon Harry was flushing for a whole different reason.

Draco bent his head and sucked a nipple into his mouth, pressing

the mound of flesh as he did.

Harry moaned softly, beginning to feel funny down below, but honestly not knowing how to explain it. "Feels ... weird," he whispered.

Draco rubbed his face against those breasts, sucking on the other nipple as well. Then he smiled up at 'Tonks' face. "Lie down," he whispered.

Harry swallowed and moved onto the bed, lying on his back. He hadn't even looked down to see what was there, already knowing what was missing.

"Spread yourself," Draco said, crawling between those soft legs.

Harry bit his lip, hesitating before slowly opening his legs. He gasped at the feeling of the cool air, making a shiver go down his spine.

"Touch yourself," Draco said, licking his lips as he looked at the pink hair that covered her mound.

"What?" Harry asked in surprise, leaning up to look at Draco.

"Touch your breasts," Draco answered, using the back of his hand to stroke the inside of those spread thighs.

Harry flushed again, reaching to touch them. He went straight for the nipples like Draco had done, squeezing them gently. They actually seemed to be even more sensitive.

"Now touch below," Draco said, voice husky.

"But I never ..." Harry whispered softly.

Draco chuckled deeply. "Yes, but now you will," he said.

"You're evil," Harry whispered, but he moved his hand down to reach in between his legs. He hovered over the area, but didn't touch, leaning up to look at Draco. "It's weird not having anything there ...."

"Oh, but you do," Draco said, grinning. "You just have to feel for it."

Harry took a deep breath, his hand moving down until it was gently resting in between his thighs. He raised eyebrows in surprise at the feeling, his hips shifting. "It's wet," he whispered.

"Spread the labia," Draco said, "dip your fingers inside."

Harry didn't know exactly what he was talking about, but he let his head fall back, his fingers beginning to explore. He found out that he really could spread the skin and slide his fingers in between like Draco said. "Oh!" Harry gasped softly, his toes curling when his

fingers passed over a small, sensitive nub.

"Yes, that feels good doesn't it?" Draco whispered. "Push your fingers inside, into the wetness." The smell was intoxicating and he licked his lips, wishing again that his claws were retractable.

"Yeah," Harry whispered, moaning as he rubbed his fingers over the same spot a few times. He didn't exactly feel a hole at first, but once he felt around, he did feel the small dip. "Here?" he asked, just as he slipped a finger down and inside.

"Yes," Draco encouraged.

Harry slowly closed his eyes, the finger moving in and out. It was so different, tight, but not as tight as his arse. And it was very wet. Harry was sure they wouldn't even need any lubricant for this.

Draco leant forward, nuzzling between Harry's fingers and licking along the folds.

Harry jerked at the touch of his tongue, his legs trying to close in surprise.

Draco held his lover's thighs apart as he began to lick and suck harder, tonguing the bud.

Harry's finger slipped out as his moans grew louder, his hips lifting up off the bed.

Draco hummed, slurping and working his lips and tongue over sensitive flesh.

That's when Harry could feel this pressure beginning to build up, much like before, but it was stronger and it seemed harder to hold back. "I think ... I'm gonna ...."

Draco growled and licked faster.

Harry tensed up the next moment, his legs trying to squeeze shut again as he came hard, his hips jerking.

Draco lapped it up, continuing to lick and suck the wetness that flowed from inside.

Harry shuddered as Draco continued, reaching down to slide his fingers into Draco's hair.

Draco lifted his face, licking his lips. It almost startled him to see Tonks' face. Even though it was a woman's body, he was still very aware that this was Harry. "I am going to fuck you, love," he promised as he crawled up that body until he was positioned. "Fuck you until you come again and again," he said before he flexed his hips and slid inside.

Harry was sure Draco would be able to do just that, considering the fact that he could already feel himself recovering from the last orgasm. He let out a small gasp when he felt Draco easily slide inside, not yet used to the fact that he didn't need any preparation. There was no burn and Harry missed that a little, but Draco would probably make up for that later.

Draco braced himself with his arms on either side of Harry and began to flex his hips, sliding in and out. "Yes, does that feel good?" he asked.

"Ah ... yeah, yeah," Harry whispered, sliding his fingers over the sheets before he gripped them. "Good." He began to move with Draco, his hips rising and falling.

Draco pumped himself in and out, faster and harder, watching Tonks' face and seeing Harry's pleasure.

Harry tilted his hips up and wrapped his legs around Draco's waist. He could feel himself getting close already and he just needed a little more to go over that edge again. "God, Draco ... harder!" he gasped, already feeling himself begin to tense up.

Draco bent his head, taking a nipple into his mouth and sucking hard; sucking and adding the light pressure with his teeth that would just break the skin. He pumped his hips harder as the taste of blood filled his mouth.

Harry cried out, his back arching as he came again. His legs tightened around Draco, jerking even as Draco continued to thrust.

Draco held back, thrusting over and over again as Tonks' body spasmed under and around him, repeatedly. It may have been her voice but it was Harry's moans of pleasure he heard. He growled loudly as he came hard, burying himself inside.

Harry arched again, his body shaking as he slowly came down from his high. "God," he whispered softly, panting hard.

Draco licked blood from the breast under his mouth and then looked up, grinning.

"Evil," Harry whispered, his head falling back.

"Not done yet, either," Draco said. One of the benefits of being part-werewolf was that his recovery time was very quick. He was still half hard even now and he began to rotate his hips.

"Oh, you really are going to fuck me ... until I come again and again," Harry whispered, laughing a little as he lay back, just letting

his legs lay open once Draco began to move again.

"Don't I usually keep my promises?" Draco asked as he ground his hips against 'her.'

"Yes," Harry hissed, feeling Draco rub against that sensitive spot again. "Always, always."

This time the build up was slower and Draco lost himself in the rhythm and feel of it.

Harry could tell that the urgency that was there before was gone, replaced with something that he could only call making love. Not that it wasn't before. "Kiss me?" he asked softly, looking up at Draco.

Draco smiled and leant down, lips caressing his lover's. They felt different, but the way Harry kissed was the same.

Harry slid his arms around Draco's neck, trying to show him how he really felt in the kiss.

Draco closed his eyes, finding it difficult to see 'Tonks' face when he felt Harry's kiss. He continued to rock into and kiss his lover, tongue matching his movements as their pleasure built again.

"I love you," Harry whispered against Draco's lips, rocking faster as he felt himself begin to get closer yet again. "Make me come again."

"Yes, my love," Draco whispered, "your pleasure is my delight." He sped up then, panting as he approached his own peak again.

Harry hesitated before reaching in between them, finding that spot and rubbing himself while Draco thrust harder. "Close," he moaned a few moments later, rubbing harder, and beginning to tremble.

Draco howled, head thrown back and body arched into a curve as this orgasm hit him harder than the last.

Harry cried out almost as soon as Draco came, his body beginning to jerk with his third orgasm of the night. "Ah ... Draco, Draco ...."

"Harry, yes," Draco said, nearly collapsing on top of his lover.

Harry hummed happily, relaxing back on the bed with his eyes closed. "That was ...." He sighed. There were no words to describe it.

Draco gave each of those breasts another lick. "Fantastic," he finished for his lover and then pulled back. He took another long look at 'Tonks' body. "My cousin is gorgeous," he said, "but I still prefer you."

"Same way I prefer you," Harry said with a smile. He glanced down at his body curiously. "Though, this whole multiple orgasm deal is pretty wicked."

Draco nodded, lying down next to Harry and running the back of his hand over Tonks' body again. "Shouldn't be long," he said, glancing at the clock.

Harry turned and snuggled close, resting his head on Draco's chest. Almost as soon as he said the words, Harry could feel his body begin to change.

Draco watched in fascination as Harry's body emerged from the transformation. He leant forward and kissed his lover's flat chest.

"Now back to normal," Harry sighed, smiling when Draco kissed him. "That was fun, though."

"It was," Draco said, hand continuing to caress down his lover's body, touching that cleft of hip now.

"We should do it again," Harry murmured, looking up at Draco. "If you want to."

"If I were to take the Polyjuice, who would you want me to turn into?" Draco asked.

"Yourself?" Harry asked, laughing softly. "I don't know, Draco. I've never thought of that before."

"I think I would like to be able to touch you without claws," Draco said softly.

"I wouldn't mind that either ... even though I love your claws," Harry said, reaching to touch one.

Draco smiled and nodded. "I want to feel your skin with the tips of my fingers. I want to push them inside you, prepare you for myself."

Harry shuddered at the thought. "I want you to ... even if it's not forever."

Draco leant forward and kissed him again. "I love you, my beauty."

"And I love you, my beast," Harry replied softly, cupping Draco's cheek and looking into his eyes.

## *What Do You Want?*

Draco used to like parties; now he detested them. He was glamourised, thanks to Harry, but he always got pitying looks from people who knew about his condition. Actually, he wasn't sure which was worse, the fangs and claws or the lack of a wand. He did his best to put on a confident face and socialise. Harry was laughing and joking with some of his old Gryffindor friends. Draco's eyes narrowed at the way they always seemed to be touching Harry. The female Weasley was particularly loose with her hands ....

Harry laughed at another joke, noticing that Ginny kept touching him every now and then. He was always wary of people touching him now, especially after everything that had happened before. He knew they wouldn't do more without asking, but he was still cautious. He glanced around to see where Draco was, wondering if the blond wanted something else to drink.

Draco leant against the wall near the door, arms across his chest. He tried not to show any emotion on his face, but his eyes never left Harry.

Harry found him soon enough, wondering why Draco didn't look happy. He excused himself, trying to smile as Ginny touched his shoulder again, and Harry walked off to where the blond stood. "You don't look like you're having fun."

Draco arched an eyebrow. "Yes, loads of fun," he drawled.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked, frowning up at him.

Draco's eyes narrowed. "There were hands all over you, and you ask me that?" he whispered in a harsh hissing sound.

"There weren't hands all over me," Harry replied softly, even though he thought about Ginny touching him a few times here and there. It didn't seem like that big a deal to him.

Draco frowned, feeling like a heel for spoiling Harry's fun but not able to control the jealousy he felt when people touched his lover. "I can smell where she touched you," he whispered, nearly growling.

"You know it's nothing, Draco," Harry answered quietly, not knowing how to react to his jealousy.

"Nothing," Draco snarled. "I can smell that they want you. At least three of them."

Harry blushed, shaking his head and wondering privately who the other two were. "I don't want them ...."

Draco glanced around and then pulled Harry closer. "But you are aroused," he whispered.

"Not for them," Harry said quickly.

"For me?" Draco asked, voice dropping deeper and his breathing speeding up as he inhaled the other man's scent.

"Only you," Harry whispered, swallowing a few times as he looked up at Draco. "I swear."

"You want me even now?" Draco asked, his own arousal growing quickly and his clawed hand on Harry's arm tightening.

"Even now," Harry murmured honestly, feeling his body tremble just from the look on his lover's face.

Draco backed out of the room, pulling Harry with him and glancing around. "Terrace?" he asked.

Harry went along with him, quickly glancing back at his friends before looking forward again. He had been having fun, he had to admit that, but he couldn't resist the pull of his lover.

Draco nearly dragged Harry to the back of the house and out into the garden. There, in the semi-darkness, he pushed him against the wall of the building.

"Don't you want to go home?" Harry asked, feeling the brick of the wall pressed into his back.

"Want you, here and now," Draco growled, face buried against Harry's neck and nipping his skin.

Harry moaned softly, tilting his head to the side despite not wanting to do it here. "Someone might hear ...."

"I don't care," Draco growled, licking up his lover's neck to his ear.

"I'm loud, Draco," Harry whimpered.

Draco nipped at his ear now, whispering hotly, "Yes, then they will all know it's me you want, not them. Isn't this what you asked for? Your fantasy?" He growled, licking a drop of blood that appeared from a nip that had been too hard.

Harry blushed. "Yes," he admitted, surrendering to Draco and gasping as he sagged against the wall, feeling every bite. He knew he would have a whole new set of marks over the healing ones that he had glamourised.

Draco pressed his knee between Harry's legs and began rotating his hips so that he ground against his lover. "I think it turns you on that they think you are so sweet and innocent," Draco snarled. "They have no idea what you really like, do they?"

Harry shook his head, another moan escaping him as he weakly thrust against Draco. "Only you know ... only you ...."

"Yes, only me," Draco growled. "Only I can give you what you want, what you need."

"I need you," Harry moaned, hardly able to see him in the darkness of the night. "Please. Now."

"And what should I do to you, Harry?" Draco's rough voice asked, claws on his arm tightening. He licked along Harry's jaw now.

"Fuck me," Harry replied, his body shaking with arousal. He didn't care who heard him now.

"Turn around," Draco ordered, stepping back just enough to allow him to move.

Harry turned around as quickly as he could, reaching out so he could brace himself against the wall.

"Take your trousers down," Draco said. He ran claws down Harry's still clad back, not ripping the fabric, but only because he was concentrating on making it gentle.

Harry quickly undid his trousers, pushing them down to his ankles with his shorts. He shivered as his skin was exposed to the cool air.

"Oh, yes, Harry Potter, the hero, dropping his trousers for me, right here with all his friends only a few feet away," Draco whispered. "Delicious." He did his best to get his own trousers open, only ripping them a little, and then pushed them down enough to free his hard cock.

Harry flushed, his forehead resting against the wall as he arched his back, his arse sticking out for Draco. "They can't hear you ...."

"Not yet," Draco grinned, pressing his cock into the crevice of his lover's arse and sliding it along to position himself.

It was true, this was only the beginning. "Fuck me, Draco," Harry

whispered, bending himself over as much as he could.

Claws curling around Harry's hips, Draco pressed his cock forward, breaching that tight opening and growling in an effort not to shout.

Harry moaned at the welcome burn that came along with the entry, his fingers digging into the grooves of the wall.

"Oh, yes, fucking my hero," Draco growled as he pressed forward. He could feel Harry's arse against his hips.

Harry clenched around Draco as he quickly adjusted, his breath coming in short pants. He laughed breathlessly when he heard Draco's words.

Draco wished he had pulled off Harry's shirt as well, wanting his teeth in the man's flesh as well as his cock and claws. He began thrusting then, hard and deep, feeling his balls slap against Harry's as he did.

Harry couldn't hold back the noises he had started to make, his eyes squeezed shut as Draco moved. "Claws," he managed to say, wanting to feel that specific feeling as well.

Draco had been holding back, so it was a relief to allow his claws to press into the flesh of Harry's hips as he pounded into him. "Oh, fuck yes, mine," he growled.

"Yours," Harry cried out, groaning with the added pressure. "Fuck, fuck ... Draco!"

"Yes, mine, say it," Draco growled, sliding deep inside Harry, blood seeping now from where his claws penetrated the man's flesh.

"Yours," Harry said again, feeling close as each of Draco's thrusts hit that spot inside him. "Close!"

"Yes, mine," Draco growled, no longer even aware of other people as he lost himself in his passion for Harry. "Come for me, paint the wall," he growled.

Harry didn't need to be told again as he came hard, crying out Draco's name.

Draco growled, coming as Harry shouted and his body clenched around the blond's cock. "Fuck, yes!" he shouted.

Harry shuddered, very aware that they had been loud, but not caring at the moment. After a few minutes of panting he said, "Mm, Draco?"

"Yes, Harry," Draco whispered into his lover's hair at the back of

his neck.

"Everyone probably heard," Harry said quietly, sounding amused and tired.

"Yes, I think you can be assured of that," the blond whispered.

"We should get dressed before someone decides to come," Harry murmured, even though he didn't want to move.

Draco snorted at the words. "We just came, but I don't think your friends want to confront your jealous part-wolf boyfriend at this point."

"You know what I meant, Draco," Harry said, glancing over his shoulder at him with a small smile.

"Yes, and now they all know you are mine," Draco said, pleased. He moaned softly as he pulled back and looked down, unnaturally sharp eyesight allowing him to watch the blood and come trickle down his lover's legs even in the dim light.

Harry hummed softly, reaching back to touch one of the wounds, his fingers slipping in the blood. "Yes, they should know now."

"Good," Draco answered, laying his own hand over Harry's and sliding both around in the blood.

Harry smiled, still looking back at him. If anyone were to come out now, they'd definitely be shocked by what they saw.

"Cast Cleaning Charms and redress," Draco said. "I am not willing to share my prize."

Harry bent down a little so he could pull his wand out of his trousers and do a quick Cleaning Charm on both of them before he began to pull up his shorts and trousers.

Draco managed to get his clothes back up and mostly in place. Luckily, the Glamour that Harry used on him would probably cover most of the evidence as well.

Harry finished and turned around, leaning in close to kiss Draco softly. "Do you still smell anyone else on me?"

"No," Draco said, smiling. "You smell like blood and my seed."

Harry smiled brightly. "So you're happy now, I'm guessing?"

"Yes, very," Draco agreed. "Want to go back to the party?" The blond was surprised to realise he did, feeling quite cheerful now.

"I guess we can, for a little bit," Harry said, moving a bit to test how it would feel to walk.

Draco smiled, loving the way Harry walked like a man just fucked

into a wall and enjoying the knowledge that everyone would know he had done just that.

Harry slowly walked back into the party, taking a deep breath and running a hand through his hair. Maybe no one had heard them ...

It was very clear that everyone had heard, although they were doing their best to pretend otherwise. There was a bit of blushing and stammering, and some of the guests seemed afraid to look them in the face. Draco grinned, sipping his drink and watching the show. He noticed that Harry's closest friends seemed to adjust. And that no one else touched Harry again that evening. No one but him.

– CHAPTER TEN –

## *Part of the Problem*

Since Elise learnt how to crawl, Harry had to learn to keep up with her. He was up and down with her all the time, giving her toys to play with; even though she usually ended up sticking them in her mouth. Teething, Tonks had called it.

Draco was doing his usual thing when Harry babysat. He sat in a chair reading a book and covertly watching. He found himself smiling more and more during these times. The baby was six months old now and he found her more interesting.

Harry was currently on his back and Elise was sitting on his stomach, chewing away on another one of her teething toys. "Wonder if that tastes good. Let me try it?" he asked, reaching to take it. As if she could tell what he was doing, Elise made a small face at Harry. "Fine, fine. I was just joking."

"I know how she feels," Draco said unexpectedly from his chair.

"Do you really?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow. "Do you know what your Uncle Draco is talking about?" Harry shrugged, smiling up at Elise.

Draco snorted at the affectation of uncle. Technically they were second cousins. "I wouldn't want to share my favourite chew toy, either," he said with a smirk.

Harry laughed softly. "Am I this chew toy?" he asked, looking over at Draco.

Draco grinned, chuckling. "I think you know that," he said.

"I like to hear you say it," Harry replied, grinning back at Draco for a moment. He sat up slowly, making enough room for Elise.

Elise scrambled over Harry's legs and headed toward Draco.

"And there she goes," Harry said, watching her go. He was ready to lean over and pick her up again, but he wanted to see what Draco would do first.

Draco watched the oncoming infant as one would watch a dangerous animal, eyes alert and concerned. Elise made it to his feet

and began tugging on his trousers, babbling at him. Draco looked imploringly at Harry.

"Say hello," Harry said with a smile, lying down on his side to watch the two of them.

Draco's eyes narrowed at his lover. He huffed and looked down at Elise, who was chewing on his shoe. "Hello, Elise. Now kindly go back to Harry," he told her. She tugged on his trouser leg.

Harry laughed, finding it very amusing that Draco was actually trying to talk to a baby like that. "She likes you, wants to be closer." He got up and reached for her, picking her up and placing her in Draco's lap.

Draco pulled back, hands held out and away from him and the baby. "Take her back," he insisted.

"Lay back on the couch," Harry said, not taking her back just yet. "Just relax."

"She might fall, or something," Draco countered but did lean back, putting his clawed hands above and behind his head where they couldn't hurt the child.

"She won't fall," Harry said, moving close to the couch. "Look ... see, I told you ...." Elise was moving up and onto Draco's chest.

Draco looked down his pointed nose at the child, arching one eyebrow. Her hair turned blonde then and his eyes widened. He wondered if this was what he had looked like as a small child.

"She's so cute with blonde hair," Harry commented, smiling up at Draco. "Adorable ...."

"You just have a fetish for my hair," the blond said with a smirk.

"Do I?" Harry asked, his cheeks colouring a little. "I probably do. Not a problem though, right?"

Draco huffed. "I think it works out rather well that way," he said. "Now are you going to take her off of me?"

"You don't want to spend more time with her?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow and sitting up.

"I am spending time with her," Draco said. "But that doesn't mean I want her to drool on me, or worse."

Harry laughed softly, reaching over and picking her up. "You'd have made an interesting father," he commented, settling her down in his own lap.

Draco frowned, not sure what to make of that. The real reason

he didn't pick up the child was because he was afraid of hurting her or contaminating her. He picked up his book and tried to cover his irritation by pretending to read.

Harry lay back on the ground, sighing softly as Elise crawled up to get comfortable. "What's wrong?" he asked, glancing over at Draco and noticing the frown.

"Nothing," Draco said. *Nothing you can do anything about*, he thought.

"Draco," Harry said, frowning as well. "What's wrong ...."

"Just play with the baby, Harry," Draco said, staring at the page in front of him.

"She's sleepy," Harry said softly, glancing down at Elise quickly. "Tell me what's wrong ...."

"So put her down," Draco said, eyes sliding over the words on the page again.

Harry got up with Elise and carried her over to the bassinet. He gently placed her inside and leant down to kiss her forehead before he turned around and walked over to Draco. "You're not even reading that."

The blond turned the page, ignoring Harry.

"Draco ..." Harry whispered, beginning to whine. He hated to be ignored.

Draco rolled his eyes and closed the book, looking up in annoyance.

"Whatever I did, I'm sorry," Harry said, biting his lip.

Draco set the book aside on the small table. Then patted his lap.

Harry moved closer and sat down, resting his head on Draco's shoulder. "What did I do?"

The blond wrapped his arms around Harry, petting his hair. "I can't touch her, Harry," he said softly.

"Because you're scared you'll hurt her?" Harry asked, sighing.

"You seem to be immune to my condition," Draco said, smiling at that, "but that doesn't mean she is."

"Yeah, but you know how you touch me with the back of your hand? You can do things like that," Harry said. "She already wants to get to know you better."

"If you grab my hand and get cut, well," Draco smirked, "it doesn't bother you. But if she were to do that, get cut by my claws, it

could seriously hurt her."

"True." Harry reached for one of Draco's hands. "I guess I don't want you to miss out on really watching her grow up."

"Watching is fine," Draco said softly, a shiver running down his spine as Harry caressed his hand.

Harry nodded, sliding his finger up one of the claws. "You think it would hurt if you tried to cut them?" Harry asked.

"We might be able to blunt them some but not enough to be certain," Draco answered, a little gasp escaping when Harry touched his claw like that.

"If you do that, keep at least some of them sharp ... for me," Harry whispered, running the tip of his finger over the sharp point of the claw.

Draco was going to speak but then Harry did that and a small drop of blood welled up. "Harry," he said, voice low again. "The baby is still here."

"Sorry," Harry mumbled, sticking the finger into his mouth. "Couldn't help it."

Draco licked his lips, already aroused. He tried to take several deep breaths but it didn't help that Harry was sitting in his lap. "Off," he growled.

Harry pouted, but slipped off his lap and sat down on the floor in front of him.

Draco closed his eyes and did his best to calm down. After a minute, he was still aroused but at least he wasn't in danger of ripping Harry's clothes off (yet again) and shagging him in front of the baby. He opened his eyes and sighed, reaching a hand out to comb through Harry's hair.

Harry rested his head back against Draco's legs, still sucking away at his finger. Draco was right, Harry did have a strange fascination with hair. He loved when Draco just combed through it like this. It was always relaxing.

They heard the front door then and Remus came in, whistling. He grinned at them. "Thanks, boys. Was she any trouble?"

"None at all," Harry replied, smiling back. "Have a nice day out?"

"Had lunch with Tonks. She is starting to settle back in at work," Remus said as he walked over to the bassinet and smiled down at his daughter.

"She's more fun now that she can crawl around," Harry said with a laugh. "She also gets tired faster. I guess that's a plus."

Remus nodded, glancing over at them. He smiled at Draco. "I am sure you two probably have other things to do," he said. "I can watch her now."

Draco nodded and tugged gently on Harry's hair.

Harry took the hint and stood up. "Yeah, we'll be upstairs, Remus." He reached for Draco's hand

"I just don't get it," Harry said, looking up at Hermione. They were out for a small lunch at a local Muggle restaurant, and while it was supposed to be relaxing, Harry couldn't help but talk about the Ministry's refusal to let Draco have a wand. "I've tried everything ...."

"They don't want to be seen as making an exception for your lover," Hermione said, dipping a chip into ketchup.

"But it's obvious that he won't be doing anything against the law anymore," Harry insisted, looking frustrated.

"Oh, Harry, that's only part of the problem, you know that," Hermione answered. "Even most of the people in my department are still prejudiced against weres." Hermione worked in the Magical Creatures department of the Ministry and was working to change the laws that restricted their rights.

"It's not fair at all," Harry grumbled, losing whatever appetite he had as he thought about the injustice.

"I know. I agree with you, Harry," she said, reaching a hand to take his. "You need to approach this differently. Maybe Draco could go out more, let people see he isn't as scary as they think he is?"

"I don't think he likes to go out without a Glamour," Harry said quietly, still mindful of the Muggles around them.

Hermione sighed. "Even with the Glamour, he rarely leaves number twelve," she said.

"So, make him go out with me more? You think that would really help?" He started to think about how exactly he'd get Draco outside more often.

"If he could behave himself a bit, it wouldn't hurt," she said, blushing a bit.

Harry blushed as well, remembering what happened at Hermione and Ron's wedding. "He's getting better ...."

She shook her head, but smiled. "It's not just him, Harry. I have seen you tease him."

That only made Harry blush harder. "I don't do it on purpose ... sometimes."

She laughed. "You two have been together over a year, nearly two, right?"

"Almost two, yeah," Harry said proudly, smiling at her.

She smiled affectionately at him. "Most people's, umm ... feelings for each other calm down a bit after that long," she observed.

"Oh, well, it's been the same ever since the first time we ... you know. Mind blowing. Every single time ...." Harry said softly, looking a bit distant.

Hermione blushed again and shook her head. "Well, that's ... good," she said. "I hear your potions sell well at the shop."

"It's all Draco, really! Did you hear about the potion that changes your hair colour to whatever you want?" Harry asked, looking excited.

She grinned back. "Yes, Fred and George say it is one their biggest sellers," she answered. "But you do make them together, right? I mean, he can't use a wand?"

"Yeah, I just add my magic, but he's the one who deals with the rest of it," Harry explained.

"Why do you do that?" Hermione frowned. "Why do you talk yourself down like that?"

"What? I'm not ..." Harry replied. "I'm just giving him credit, too."

She shook her head. "Giving him credit would be saying how the two of you made a great team, not saying that it's all Draco. Harry, you don't have to hide behind him, you know?"

"I know that," Harry said quietly, looking down at his plate and poking at his food. "And I'm not."

"I'm sorry, Harry. I didn't mean to upset you. Sometimes I just worry, I can't help it."

"I'm not upset, Hermione," Harry said, looking up at her again. "Don't worry about that."

"I'm glad. Have you considered the plan you used to have? Ron is really enjoying the Auror training."

"Yes, but maybe not now," Harry answered softly. Maybe later he

could stand being away from Draco every day, but not now.

"All right, Harry," she said and they moved on to talking about friends.

– CHAPTER ELEVEN –

## *An Errand*

Harry left Fred and George's shop with yet another big smile on his face. He loved delivering the potions to them because they were so thankful and ecstatic to see him with a box every week.

He stepped outside and was about to head to the Leaky Cauldron when he remembered that he had to go to the Apothecary today for a few ingredients. Pulling out a list from his cloak, he turned down the street and began to walk there.

A little bell rang when he opened the door to the shop. The old man that ran the place wasn't behind the counter. Mr Smellers usually greeted Harry by name. Harry looked around to see where the man was. "Hello?" he asked, running a hand through his hair. If the shop wasn't open, why leave the door unlocked?

Before he knew what was happening, a hand closed on the hair at the back of his head and a wand was pointed at his throat from behind. "Don't move," a voice growled.

Harry went still, one hand already reaching for his wand. "Let me go," he yelled, gripping his wand, heart speeding up in fear.

A dark haired man stepped out of the back room laughing, his wand also pointed at Harry. "Draw it, Potter," he taunted. "Because once we have you Body-Bound, it will get really interesting."

"What do you want?" Harry asked. At first he had hoped it was a robbery or something, yet the person was calling him by name, which meant it could be personal.

Vincent Crabbe stepped out then and grabbed Harry's wrist, taking his wand from him. "We owe you," he sneered.

Personal revenge for him killing Voldemort was the worst motive and Harry knew it. It sounded like they wanted something much worse than killing him outright.

"You don't even remember me, do you?" the dark haired man asked, coming close enough to look into Harry's eyes.

"No," Harry answered truthfully. Neither of the men had

answered his question and it was making him nervous now. "Am I supposed to?"

"Potter, too high and mighty to even know his classmates," the man sneered. "Take him," he snapped and Harry felt himself taken on a Side-Along Apparition.

All Harry could do was curse himself for being so stupid. He should've pulled his wand out sooner, fought back while he could and said anything to stop this before it happened. He was wandless and didn't even know where he was now. Gregory Goyle shoved him to his knees as the other two men appeared near them.

Harry's hands tightened into fists as he quickly looked around. There seemed to be at least four men around him now, and Harry began to tremble – remembering the last time he had been this helpless. He tried not to let his fear show, trying to concentrate on what he could do to get away.

"The Boy-Who-Lived," the leader sneered. "Tie him to a chair."

Harry frowned as he was lifted and shoved into a chair. It was too much like what had happened with Lucius, except this time he could see his attackers. "What do you want?" Harry asked again, shifting and trying to struggle against the stronger men.

"Oh, he doesn't like that does he, Adrian?" Goyle said, laughing as he forced Harry's hands behind his back.

Harry grunted, but struggled as hard as he could, panting hard by the time they managed to pull his arms back. Adrian ... Adrian Pucey was a Slytherin a year ahead of him. That's who it must be.

They cast rope spells to tie him to the chair. "Pucey," Crabbe said. "Who gets first go at him?"

Harry froze again, quickly beginning to shake his head once he heard the words. Honestly, they could've meant anything, but he'd been captured by these kinds of people before. There were only so many things they could do to him. "No!" he shouted. Not again.

"I do," Pucey said, and his voice was low and cold.

"No, don't." Harry was struggling again, even though it was no use. The ropes were too tight, and he wasn't accomplishing anything but wearing himself out.

Pucey sauntered up to where Harry was bound. He crouched down in front of him. "So what is it that you are afraid we will do, Potter?"

"Don't touch me," Harry whispered, gritting his teeth to try to stop himself from shaking.

"So you aren't afraid I will use Cruciatus on you?" the man asked, smiling.

Harry thought he would rather the curse than have them touch him, but he didn't reply, managing to glare at Pucey.

The man laughed. "I will give you a choice, Potter," he said. "I can use the Cruciatus on you until you beg us to kill you. Or ...."

Harry swallowed, weighing his options. "Or what ...."

"Well," Pucey smiled, glancing at Crabbe and Goyle, "since you are such a Muggle lover, we could do things much more physically."

Harry stopped to think, realising that either way, he wouldn't like what happened to him. "The ... the spell," he whispered.

Pucey shook his head and stood up, casting Cruciatus on Harry and smiling while the man screamed in agony. It felt even worse because Harry was still tied to the chair. He couldn't writhe as freely as he wanted to, which kept him tense. It seemed to go on forever and Harry would have sworn he was ready to die, to do anything at that moment to stop the pain. Then suddenly it was gone. There was laughter from the other men.

"That still your choice?" Pucey asked.

Harry bit his lip, his head hanging as he panted. "N-no ..." he finally whispered. He knew they had him now. He couldn't endure the Cruciatus Curse and the longer he stayed alive, the better chance he had of getting away or maybe even someone coming for him. How long would it take before Draco realised he was missing? He was supposed to meet Ron, so help wouldn't come immediately. And then Draco would have to find him. Somehow he knew Draco would. He told himself that, trying to focus on getting through whatever the men would do.

Pucey reached a hand out and Crabbe handed him a knife. Harry looked away, not wanting to see what would happen next, even as small tremors continued to go through his body. He felt Pucey grab the front of his shirt. He brought the knife to Harry's neck then. Harry couldn't help but hold his breath, his eyes squeezing shut once he saw the knife.

He felt the knife shift and then it was tugging on the shirt and there was the sound of fabric ripping as the knife sawed down the

front. Harry didn't breathe again until the knife had stopped. He still wasn't sure if this was a better choice than the spell, though. Pucey peeled his shirt back and yanked it away so that Harry's chest and shoulders were exposed. Harry shivered slightly in the cold of the room with his skin pimpling in fear as well.

Then the man reached to the bottom of Harry's trousers and began cutting up the inseam, exposing his legs. Harry's fear began to build even higher as the man continued to undress him, remembering why he had chosen the spell in the first place. The rational part of his mind was telling him to do whatever it took to survive, but the part of him that had been here before was screaming to do anything, even die, rather than submit again.

Pucey cut and tore until the trousers were open, then unfastened the waistband. Harry now sat wearing only the tattered scraps and his shorts.

"Wait," Harry said before he could stop himself. "Just ... don't ...." He didn't think it would help, but he wanted to say something.

"But you chose this, Potter," Pucey replied, smiling.

"Are there no other choices?" Harry asked, swallowing against the lump in his throat.

"Choices?" Pucey snorted, slowly running the blade of the knife along Harry's thigh, blood welling up in its wake. "My father is dead because of you and you ask me to give you choices?"

"Yes," Harry whispered, ignoring the pain from the knife. Draco had done worse.

"Fine," Pucey snapped. "Then I will. I can cut your balls off right now and feed them to you or you can suck my cock. Is that the kind of choice you want?"

Harry cringed, closing his eyes again. "No, it isn't," he mumbled, even though it was obvious which one he would choose.

Pucey used the knife to cut Harry's shorts open then, laughing bitterly as he did. "Time to make a decision," he told him, sliding the knife up his other thigh. Blood pooled on the seat of the wooden chair.

"I'll do the second one," Harry said quickly, once he felt the knife moving up too close for comfort.

Crabbe and Goyle laughed again, as Pucey stood and unbuttoned his trousers. Pucey grabbed Harry's hair, pulling him forward to his

crotch.

Harry gritted his teeth as he was pulled close. He only ever wanted to do this with Draco, and even though he was being forced, he felt not only revulsion but an odd sense of guilt. After a long moment of hesitation, Harry opened his mouth for Pucey's cock, his eyes tightly shut.

Pucey pushed his cock into Harry's mouth. "Suck it or lose yours," he reminded him.

Harry shuddered at the thought. He did suck, moving as quickly as he could and using his tongue to press down in the right areas. Pucey's hand twisted in his hair, pulling hard and thrusting into him. Harry could've bitten down, but he didn't want to take the chance. He managed to keep up with him, tears only forming in the corners of his eyes when Pucey thrust a bit too hard a few times. After what felt like forever, Pucey emptied himself into Harry's mouth, grunting as he did. Harry swallowed as much as he could, trying to pull his head back as soon as he was done.

"My turn," Crabbe said beside him as Pucey stepped back.

"You only said yours!" Harry said, leaning back and shaking his head

"I only said I will castrate you if you don't do as I say," Pucey said, laughing. "And I still will. So give Vincent what he wants."

Harry made a pitiful sound, looking down at his lap. "Why are you doing this?" he gasped.

Crabbe backhanded Harry. "Fucking moron," he cursed.

Harry's head snapped to the side and he could almost immediately taste the blood and feel his lip begin to tingle and then swell.

"Thinks he's so important. Well now, let's see how special you are," Crabbe sneered.

Harry let his head rest on his shoulder, finally looking up at Crabbe through his hair. "You're just jealous," he said.

"Suck it," Crabbe ordered as he displayed himself to Harry.

Harry thought of completely refusing for a moment, but then he glanced over at Pucey and remembered his threat. Slowly, Harry leant forward and pulled Crabbe into his mouth, sucking as hard as he could, torn between hoping the man wouldn't last long at all and the knowledge that he had to draw this out so they didn't kill him yet.

– CHAPTER TWELVE –

## *Missing*

Draco sat at the table in the kitchen, sipping his tea. He was expecting Harry to Floo back from the Leaky Cauldron. He understood how important his lover's visits with Ron were, but he still missed Harry when he was gone.

Suddenly, the fireplace flared up and Ron stepped out, brushing off his clothes. "Malfoy," he greeted, "Harry come back early?"

Draco stood abruptly. "He is with you," he said, heart suddenly speeding up with fear.

"He never showed up," Ron said, slowly frowning. "You mean he's not here?"

"Hell," Draco yelled and headed for the fireplace, grabbing a handful of Floo powder. He knew Harry would not have missed his appointment with Ron without reason and wouldn't go off without telling Draco where he would be.

Ron followed him quickly, looking worried as well. "We should check everywhere he went today ... he could still be with Fred and George," Ron said hopefully.

They stepped out of the Floo into the Leaky Cauldron and immediately there were gasps when people looked at Draco. He had forgotten he wasn't wearing a Disguise Charm. He ignored them. "Lead the way," he told Ron.

Ron left the place quickly, tapping the brick to open the arch. Draco followed him and they ran down the street to Fred and George's shop, heading inside.

"Little brother!" came the voice of George, who stepped out of an aisle with a box of bottles. "And Malfoy! I was just putting your latest items up on the shelves."

There were children running around the shop as well, laughing and playing with some of the inventions. Fred was showing a customer another one of their products not too far away.

Draco and Ron were looking around frantically. The blond's

heart clenched painfully when he realised Harry wasn't there. A child looked up at Draco and began to cry. Then others turned to look and he heard more gasps. Several people grabbed their children and pulled them out of the shop. Draco sneered. "When did Harry leave here?"

"Hours ago," George replied, not seeming to notice the people leaving once he saw the urgency on both of their faces. "Why? Is he missing?"

"Where was he going from here?" Draco insisted.

"Probably the Apothecary, doesn't he go there every other week?" Fred asked, stepping up beside George.

Draco was out the door and running for the Apothecary shop before George could say more, Ron running behind him but unable to catch up with the faster part-wolf. Draco reached the shop and found it closed, the door locked. He began pounding on it but no one answered. "Unlock the door," he snapped at Ron.

Ron quickly pulled out his wand and unlocked the door, pushing it open and stepping inside.

Draco stepped in behind him and stopped, sniffing the air. "He's been here," he said.

Ron gave him a strange look, but nodded, quietly casting Lumos now to light the gloom of the shop. "I don't see anything. How can you tell ...."

Draco closed the door so the air in the shop wouldn't be disturbed more. "I can smell him and others."

"What others?" Ron asked. "Are you sure it's not just customers. Harry? You in here?" He went quiet, listening. There was nothing but the sounds of their breathing.

"No, I smell them too, but Harry and at least two other men were here last," Draco said, closing his eyes to concentrate. Something was very familiar about those scents.

Ron began to walk around, casting the light around the shop. He reached the counter and leant over, gasping loudly and taking a few steps back. "Malfoy!"

"What?" Draco snapped, feeling like he almost had the answer but couldn't quite get it.

"Look!" Ron exclaimed, pointing at the counter.

Draco walked up beside Ron and looked down at the dead,

staring face of the shopkeeper. "Killing Curse," he said. Then it was like a shiver that went through him. He knew those smells. "You are the one that's going to be an Auror, you contact the Ministry," he snapped, heading for the door.

"Where are you going?" Ron demanded.

Draco growled as he opened the door, heading into the street.

"Malfoy!" Ron yelled, following after him quickly. "If you're going to find Harry, you sure as hell aren't doing it without me."

Draco snorted, ignoring Ron and heading toward Knockturn Alley.

Ron followed stubbornly. "You know where he is?"

"I may know where to find who was in that shop," Draco replied but didn't slow down.

Crabbe made a last thrust into Harry's mouth, coming then and laughing at the look on Harry's face. Harry waited until the man pulled out of his mouth before he spit it out, all over Crabbe's shoes.

"Fucking shit," Crabbe cursed and drew his wand.

"No Cruciatius," Pucey said.

Crabbe's head snapped in his direction. "You're kidding, right?"

"No, he made a deal. We can do what we want to him as long as we don't use it."

Crabbe scowled at Pucey, but Goyle stepped in. He grabbed Harry's hair and yanked backward so that Harry was looking up at him. "I'm not going to have you suck my cock, you disgusting pervert. I know what you've been sucking." He yanked hard then and the chair fell, crashing to the ground with Harry still tied to it. Harry cried out and grunted when the chair hit the ground, bindings and the chair digging into his flesh and feeling bruised from the landing on the wooden floor.

Goyle laughed and kicked Harry in the stomach. Then his groin. Then the other two were joining in, kicking until the wooden chair broke to pieces along with what felt like many of Harry's bones. Harry just closed his eyes, weakly crying out as they beat him. His head fell to the side as he began to lose consciousness.

Harry felt them pull him up again, Crabbe and Goyle lifting him up by the arms, and it was very clear then that his right shoulder was dislocated. He screamed. The other men tossed away the broken

chair and what was left of his clothes, then lay him face down over the edge of an old dining table.

Harry was sobbing softly, his cheek pressed against the table. He had hoped they would just settle for beating him, and not anything else. He trembled violently, his thoughts haunted by the rapes from before, body clenched in remembered pain before these men even started.

"I always wondered what it would be like to fuck The Golden Boy," Pucey said, ignoring Goyle's sound of disgust. Harry could feel it as the man moved up beside him. And then he felt the man's cock forcing into him. Harry screamed again, his voice hoarse and dry. Crabbe and Goyle held him down while Pucey raped him. The table edge cut into his hips and it was eerily like when Macnair had done it with Lucius laughing in the background.

Harry could do nothing but sob, feeling helpless and humiliated. "Please stop," he whispered, coughing weakly.

Draco moved deeper into the passages behind Knockturn Alley, places few respectable citizens of the wizarding world would ever see. He came to a very rundown hotel. The kind that was only one step above sleeping in the gutter; if that. He stepped into the building, Ron at his heels, and sniffed the air. Then he headed deeper inside. People fled out of his path when they saw him. Most would have been afraid of him in this form already, but anger radiated off him like the heat from a furnace.

They made their way up stairs that reeked of urine, blood and worse. Draco tried to concentrate on the scent of his old dorm mates. It was a long shot but it was the only thing he could think of.

Ron was panting from the effort to keep up with Draco. "This place is disgusting," he gasped.

Then he heard the sounds – the laughter of Crabbe and Goyle and the sound of Harry crying out in pain. Draco didn't even hesitate, but ran as fast up the stairs as he could to the next level and barreled into the door, shattering it.

Crabbe and Goyle drew their wands but Pucey was too preoccupied, pumping furiously into Harry's body. Draco's rage was almost blinding. Before any of them had a chance to move, Draco's clawed hands wrapped around Pucey, pulling him off Harry.

Harry turned in time to watch as Draco used his claw to disembowel Pucey. The dying man probably barely had time to feel that when the other claw took out the front of his throat, blood gushing over him and Harry and splattering on the other two.

Ron pulled his wand out, immediately firing a Stupefy Spell at Crabbe who was the closest to him.

Harry slowly slid off of the table and onto the floor, observing what was happening around him in a daze.

Goyle fired a hex at Draco, sending the blond flying back into the wall. He then raised a boot and stomped on Harry where he had fallen, catching him in the middle of his back. Harry screamed when he heard the crack, the pain even worse than before. His eyes rolled back in his head as he finally lost consciousness, his body going limp.

"Stupefy!" Ron yelled just a moment too late, the spell hitting Goyle in the chest and causing him to tumble over. Ron tied him up with the same spell he used on Crabbe who was lying on the ground not too far away. Then Ron conjured his Patronus, quickly giving it a message to get immediate help from the Ministry. The dog ran off and out of the hotel.

Draco dropped Pucey and literally pounced on Goyle, slitting the man's throat quickly and tossing him aside before kneeling beside his lover. He could hear Harry's heart beating so he knew he was alive, but he saw what they had done to him and it filled him with such anguish that he howled in pain. The sound could probably be heard for miles.

Soon there were Aurors Apparating all around them, and Ron quickly shouted as wands were levelled at Draco. Ron immediately told them what had happened before they started pointing fingers and coming up with the wrong conclusions. The Aurors picked up Crabbe and he was taken away for questioning.

There were a few more people Apparating into the room, including a Mediwitch who rushed over to Harry to assess his damage. "We need to get him back to St Mungo's now!" she yelled. A stretcher was Transfigured while the woman pulled off her white coat to drape it over Harry's body. She glanced at Draco, looking sad. "He'll be okay," she said.

Draco was holding Harry's hand gently in one of his clawed ones.

He was covered in blood, but then so was Harry. "I'm going with him," he said.

"Not a problem," said the woman. "We just have to go now; we don't have the necessary equipment here."

"Ron," Draco said, looking to the redhead. "Take me?"

"Of course," Ron said. "I was planning on going myself." He walked over and laid a trembling hand on Draco's shoulder.

– CHAPTER THIRTEEN –

## *My Everything*

Draco paced back and forth outside the Crisis Room, where the Healers were working on Harry. He was muttering and cursing under his breath, damning himself for ever letting the man out of his sight.

A younger looking Healer nervously walked up to him after a few minutes. "Um ... sir, there's a waiting room that you can sit in."

Draco ignored him, pacing and muttering still.

"Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to leave. This area is restricted to family," the man said more firmly.

Draco quickly turned on the Healer, baring his teeth and growling. The man stepped back and turned around, all but running from the place, murmuring a few angry things under his breath. He nearly ran into Ron and Hermione coming down the hall toward Draco. Draco felt oddly reassured to see them.

"Oh, Draco," Hermione said, her eyes red from crying.

Ron had his arm around Hermione, looking just as troubled. "Have you been able to see him yet?" he asked Draco.

"No," Draco said, voice low and bitter. "They ... they are still ..." he trailed off, closing his eyes.

"He'll be fine, Malfoy," Ron said, nodding firmly. "Harry's one of the strongest wizards I've ever known."

Hermione drew her wand. "Hold still while I clean you," she said. "You look a fright." She winced when she realised what she had said. Draco rolled his eyes but held still while she cast Scourgify on him.

"I wish we could go in now," Ron said, taking a step closer to the room behind them.

It was hours more before the Healers floated a stretcher out with Harry lying unconscious on it. He looked awful. The last two times he had been hospitalized, Draco had never seen it. First time, he had been in Azkaban and the second had left him in another room and in worse condition than Harry. Draco wished he was the one on the stretcher and not Harry.

A woman with a clipboard intercepted them before they made it into the room. As the Healers moved Harry onto the bed, she asked the three of them. "Who is his next of kin?"

Ron looked towards Draco.

"I am," Draco said in a firm, deep voice.

"Your relation?" she asked him.

Draco stood for a moment. They didn't have a word for what they were. Husband was denied him legally but it was the closest. *He is my everything*, didn't fit the forms. He opened his mouth, then closed it.

"Domestic partner," Hermione piped up.

"What?" the witch asked.

"I am going in," Draco announced and walked past her into the room.

Ron glanced between the witch and Malfoy's back as he walked inside before he turned and quickly followed, not even waiting to hear what she'd say.

"Tell me," Draco said to the Healer who was setting monitoring spells on Harry.

"You're family?"

"Yes," Draco snapped, tone challenging the man to disagree with him.

"Well, he will live," the man said. "But the damage is quite bad. We will have him on both Blood Replenishing and Skelegrow."

Draco could see that all four of Harry's limbs were strapped to splints and there was some type of brace around his abdomen.

Ron and Hermione had followed him into the room. Ron now stood quietly at Draco's side, looking at Harry's pale face.

"His back was broken," the Healer continued. "We are hoping it didn't damage his spine. But if it did ...."

"Then what?" Draco snarled.

The Healer's eyes opened wider and he swallowed. Hermione put a hand on Draco's back as if trying to urge him to calm down. "What does that mean?" she asked softly.

"He might be paralysed."

Ron gasped, his eyes widening. He swallowed and looked down.

Draco sunk to the floor, pounding his fists against the tiles and shaking. It must've been when Goyle stomped on Harry's back. If he

were only a moment earlier ... he would've been able to stop that. He should have protected Harry.

"How can you be sure if he is or not?" Ron asked quietly.

"We wait until the swelling goes down and then see if he can feel below the break," the man said, watching Draco warily.

Draco was on his hands and knees with his forehead pressed to the floor. Hermione knelt beside him then, rubbing her hand in circles on his back while he shook.

"It's not fair," Ron whispered, running a hand through his hair and gripping it lightly. "Harry never deserved any of this. Ever."

"No, Ron, it isn't," Hermione said.

Draco never left Harry's side in the day and a half since they had brought him in. He hadn't left his lover's side, despite several attempts by hospital personnel to get him to leave. Ron, Hermione, Remus and the rest of Harry's friends came and went in shifts. They occasionally tried to make Draco eat. He was currently sitting in a chair, one hand draped around to comb Harry's hair with his claws and his own head resting against the edge of the bed.

Harry could feel Draco's claws in his hair as he woke up, taking a deep breath. He slowly blinked open his eyes a few times, having to adjust to the white of the room. "Draco," he tried to whisper, but it came out more like a loud sigh.

Draco's head snapped up, looking at his lover. "Harry?" he gasped.

Harry opened his eyes again, looking around until he saw Draco. "Draco ..." he tried again, wondering why he couldn't shift like he wanted to.

"Don't move, my love," Draco said, standing and leaning over to gently kiss his lover.

Harry made another sound, swallowing and trying to wet his throat.

Draco grabbed the water from beside the bed. He put one hand behind Harry's head, lifting it and helping him sip from it.

Harry drank as much as he could before he made another sound, looking up at Draco. "Draco ... missed you," Harry said softly, his voice still a little hoarse. He smiled a little at him.

Draco sobbed, closing his eyes.

Harry frowned, wanting to reach out and touch his lover's cheek, but noticing that he couldn't really reach. His shoulder was hurting him and there was this brace around his middle that kept him in one position. "Don't cry ...."

"I'm sorry," Draco whispered, "I didn't get there until ...."

"You're here now," Harry said, nodding. "Here with me now ...."

Draco leant over again, placing small kisses all over Harry's face. "Oh, Gods, my beauty," he sobbed again.

The door opened and a Healer walked in. "Mr Potter," he said, "our monitors showed you were awake."

Harry glanced over at the Healer, nodding a little. "Just woke up," he said softly.

Draco pulled back but didn't move away from the bed.

"I am Healer Kincaid," he said. "How are you feeling?"

"Stiff," Harry replied, making a small face.

Kincaid lifted his wand and cast a spell, then nodded as it glowed white around Harry's body. "We have been giving you Skelegrow to heal the broken bones," he explained. "It seems to have been effective. Let's try taking off a splint and seeing how you feel." He flicked his wand and the bindings fell off of Harry's arms. "Now go slow, they may still hurt."

Harry slowly moved his arms a little, his face scrunching up at the soreness he felt. He looked down his body and saw that his legs were free as well, but they felt ... strange. Like they weren't there at all.

Kincaid glanced at Draco again, hesitating before moving closer. "Can you take my hand?" he asked Harry.

Harry looked at the Healer's hand, reaching up a little to take it with a wince.

"Good," Kincaid said. "Now the other."

It was more of a stretch, but Harry managed to do the same, only grunting softly with the effort.

"With physical therapy, you should have no problem with your arms," he said.

Harry nodded, wiggling his fingers before laying them back on the bed. "What else?"

Draco stepped up on the other side from the Healer and took Harry's hand in his.

The Healer stepped to the end of the bed and peeled back the

blankets to expose Harry's feet. He laid a hand on the right foot and gently squeezed it, watching for his patient's reaction.

Harry waited to feel something, anything, but after a moment he realised he didn't feel a thing. He blinked and shook his head and then tried to move his foot ... he couldn't. He tried his leg next and got the same results. "I ... I can't feel it," Harry said desperately, trying to sit up.

"Don't try to get up," Kincaid said. "Your back is still healing. Give it time." He pulled the blanket back down, tucking it around Harry's feet.

"Why can't I?" Harry asked, still trying to move on the bed, but he honestly couldn't move the lower half of his body.

Kincaid looked at Draco and the blond nodded. Kincaid sighed. "Your spine was broken during your ... ordeal," he said.

Harry's face fell, his skin losing what little color he had. "I ...." He swallowed against the lump forming in his throat. " ... I won't be able ... to walk?"

"It's too early to tell," Kincaid said. "We will be trying a number of new treatments now that you are awake."

"But I couldn't even feel that," Harry whispered, tears welling up in his eyes and blurring his vision.

Draco bent over him, kissing him gently on the forehead.

Harry began to quietly cry, leaning into Draco.

Kincaid frowned. "I will leave you now and send for the potions. I will be back tomorrow to see how you are doing."

Harry turned, rubbing his face against Draco's shirt. He didn't want to hear what the Healer had to say, he wanted to get up and walk out of this place so he could move on with his life.

The blond wrapped his arms around Harry. "I love you," Draco whispered. "I love you more than anything. And I almost lost you, again. I killed two of them and if I could, I would kill the other. I can't stand the idea of anyone else touching you, hurting you." He was shaking again.

Harry sniffled, swallowing a few times before he spoke. "I love you, too. I couldn't stand it when they were ...." He trailed off, not really needing to fill in the blanks. "I only want to do that with you, no one else. I love you."

"No one else," Draco agreed, half sitting on the edge of the bed

and rocking Harry in his arms. "You're mine, no one else touches you, no one," he whispered.

"Yours," Harry said over and over. "I don't care if it isn't legal. You're my everything."

"Yes, everything," Draco echoed Harry, even as Harry was echoing what he had been thinking before.

"Forever," Harry continued on to say, reaching up to grip Draco's shirt even though it caused him a bit of pain. He ignored it and held on, just needing to have his own little piece that he could hold on to.

"Yes, forever," Draco reassured him. But, he was still angry with his treatment by the hospital staff, and he realised now that he did care that it wasn't legal; it did matter that they couldn't marry.

– CHAPTER FOURTEEN –

## *Good News*

Draco hefted Harry in his arms, carrying him easily. Beside him, Ron threw the Floo powder into the fire for him and Draco said "number twelve Grimmauld Place" before stepping in.

Harry was finally going home. While this was a good thing, it was still not what he wanted. For one, Harry still couldn't walk or even feel his legs. He was beginning to think it might be permanent, but he didn't really want to consider that.

Remus, Tonks and Elise were waiting for them in the kitchen. "Welcome home, Harry," Tonks said.

Draco understood how difficult this had been for all of Harry's friends as well. They had never left Harry alone in the hospital, taking shifts to sit with him. The blond had also been cared for by those same friends. Sometimes they brought him food or clothes, but most of the time they simply kept a silent vigil beside him. Ron had worked to get everything cleared up with the Ministry. Hermione had researched spinal injuries and paralysis. Yet, it was only with Remus that Draco had finally lost control, breaking down crying and screaming when he learnt that Harry might never completely recover. It was more than the fact that they both shared the werewolf curse. He had realised then that Remus had come to be real family to him.

Harry forgot about his problems once he saw Elise, a smile brightening his face again. "It's good to be back," he said softly, looking at Elise and wanting to hold her.

Draco carried him up the stairs with the others following. He settled Harry into a chair, arranging his lover's legs for him when he did. Then Tonks put Elise in Harry's arms. "She missed you," she said.

"I missed her, too," Harry said, smiling down at Elise as her hair began to darken. "I won't be going anywhere again." He leant down to kiss the child's forehead, smiling when she giggled.

Draco stood protectively beside his lover's chair. He watched his

lover play with the baby, his heart clenching painfully. "You are home safe now," he said softly.

"I know," Harry said quietly, glancing up at Draco. He doubted that Draco would let him out of his sight again, but it wasn't like Harry could do much without him now. "Thanks to you." He smiled softly at him before looking down at Elise again.

They spent the evening playing with the baby and just being quiet. It was a family evening like so many others before the attack, except that Harry could no longer crawl around on the floor with the baby and Draco hovered, jumping to get anything that his lover wanted.

Finally, the baby went down for the night and Draco carried Harry to their room, laid him in the bed and began to undress him.

Harry lay there, unable to lift his hips when Draco moved to pull his trousers down. "I feel so helpless," he whispered, his voice sounding a little shaky. He bit his lip to stop any tears, tired of crying. It didn't do anything to help the way he was feeling.

"I know," Draco said, undressing himself when he was finished with Harry. Then he lay down in the bed beside him, pulling Harry into his arms. The break had occurred in Harry's lower back. Which meant he could use his upper body but his arms were still weak, so he couldn't even really turn himself onto his side without Draco.

"I'm lucky I have you," Harry said softly, kissing up Draco's chest. "So lucky."

"Rest now, my beauty," Draco said, petting his hair.

And Harry knew that he could rest, that he was safe in Draco's arms. "I love you," he whispered before he curled up the best he could, which wasn't much, and closed his eyes to sleep.

Draco felt the warmth of Harry in his arms as he woke, nuzzling the other man's hair, his morning erection pressed against Harry's hip. He must have been rubbing against him before he was even awake but now he stopped, remembering. They had been home two days now. It was wonderful to have Harry home but difficult to resist touching him. The blond rolled onto his back and lay staring up into the canopy, trying to get control of himself.

The movement caused Harry to roll onto his stomach and wake up, blinking a few times. He looked up at Draco, wondering why he

had suddenly moved away. A quick glance down his body told him why. He knew that he wasn't able to get hard like that because of his condition, but he didn't think it was fair that Draco couldn't do anything about it. He was still here for him. Harry gripped the bedsheets and dragged himself closer, reaching out to lay one hand on Draco's chest as the other one moved down his body.

"You're awake," Draco said, laying a hand atop Harry's to still his movement.

Harry nodded, looking up at Draco. After a few tugs he managed to pull his hand free and he continued to move down. "Let me take care of you for once," he said softly.

Draco opened his mouth to say something but looking into his lover's eyes stopped him. And he ached with need. Nearly two weeks without was a long time for him. He couldn't even properly wank because of the claws. He swallowed hard but nodded.

Harry's hand reached Draco's cock and he wrapped his fingers around him, his grip not as firm as it was before, but there was still some strength. He rested his cheek on Draco's stomach as he began to stroke him, looking up at Draco's face again.

Draco gasped, trembling at his lover's touch. "Oh, yes," he whispered.

Harry smiled again, glad that he was able to do this for his lover, especially given how hard Draco worked to help him every day. Soon his arm became tired and he had to shift to use the other one, gripping him the same way and stroking, speeding up the best he could.

"Yes, oh, yes," Draco gasped, and then he was coming in his lover's hand.

Harry stroked him through it, kissing Draco's stomach before pulling his hand away. He moved the fingers to his mouth and sucked his lover's seed, feeling a faint stir of arousal in his lower stomach, but he knew nothing would happen.

Draco shifted, pulling Harry up so that he could kiss him and moaning when he tasted himself on his lover's lips.

Harry kissed Draco back, relaxing. "I can still do things for you," he whispered against his lips, sighing happily.

Draco closed his eyes, feeling guilty when Harry spoke like that. "You ... you don't have to," he whispered.

"I want to," Harry said simply. "I want to make you feel good."

Draco looked at him again. He wanted Harry to be able to feel him again, but he didn't say it. "You are with me, that's what matters," he said.

"Yeah, but ... it makes me feel good when I can do that for you," Harry insisted, kissing him softly.

Draco kissed him tenderly and thoroughly. He wanted so much to pleasure Harry again but knew that may never be possible. "Let's go down to breakfast," he said softly.

Harry nodded, moving to pull himself off of Draco so he could get the clothes Harry would wear for the day.

"Do you want a bath first?" Draco asked.

"If it's not too much trouble," Harry replied quietly, glancing back at him. "You'll take it with me, right?"

"Yes," Draco said softly. He pulled on his dressing gown and went to the bathroom to draw the bath. Then he came back for Harry. He had to help him use the toilet first and then picked him up again and sat down in the warm water, still holding him.

Harry sighed, laying back against Draco and reaching for the bar of soap. "Draco, do you think I could still fly?"

Draco didn't want to answer that. It was clear that Harry's legs couldn't grip a broom. He couldn't even sit up without support. "Someday," he said.

"Maybe I could go with you one day," Harry said hopefully, running the soap over his skin. He was trying his best to be optimistic about everything.

Draco reached for the shampoo, holding Harry against his chest as he did. He had to be careful not to let his lover slip down in the water.

"I guess Fred and George are going to have to start coming here for the potions, right? We're going to keep making them, I hope." Harry set the soap down and reached to grip the side of the tub so he could try and keep himself up without Draco holding him.

"I'll hold you while you shampoo both our hair," Draco suggested. His claws made it hard to shampoo without cutting.

Harry nodded and took the bottle from him, squeezing some into his hands and then rubbing it into his hair.

When Harry had finished his own hair, Draco shifted the man

sideways in his lap so that his lover could do his hair, too. He gasped a little at the feel of Harry's skin sliding against his own.

Harry smiled and reached up to scrub more of the shampoo into Draco's hair, sighing softly at the feel of it. "I love your hair."

"I love your fingers," Draco said, sighing contently.

Harry grinned and rubbed a little harder, leaning in to kiss his chest.

Draco had always loved bathing with Harry. He sighed and held him against his own body, loving his touch.

"Time to rinse it out," Harry said a few minutes later, dipping his hands in the water again.

Draco had missed this and was happy to rest, but soon it was time to get out and go down to breakfast. It was a bit of a challenge to get Harry out of the bath, dried and dressed, especially with Draco's claws.

Harry managed to pull his shirt on, while Draco pulled his jeans up. There were a few rips in his clothes now, but Harry didn't care. "Let's go down," he said, reaching up for Draco so that he could pick him up.

Draco carried Harry down to the kitchen, holding his lover in his lap as they sat at the table. Dobby brought them both breakfast. Remus was sitting at the table already.

"Morning, Remus," Harry said, taking a chance and reaching for some toast. "How's Elise?"

"Morning boys, and she's great," Remus said. The older man's smile was a little sad when he looked at them.

"When can we babysit again?" Harry asked hopefully, trying to reach for the jam next, but it was too far and he couldn't pull himself up to get it. Draco reached to get it for him, bringing it close enough for Harry to pick up himself.

Remus nodded but did seem to be thinking about the question.

"Thanks," Harry said softly, getting a knife to spread some jam on the toast. He could tell that Remus was really thinking about letting him watch Elise again, probably because now he wouldn't be able to keep up with her like before.

Tonks bounced in then, grinning. "Good morning!" she chimed.

Draco's eyes widened. Tonks was not a person who was ever cheerful in the mornings.

Harry's eyebrows rose as he quickly looked over at her, swallowing the piece of toast in his mouth. "Uh, morning, Tonks," he replied, wondering what had her so happy.

She stood with one hand behind her back, grinning.

Harry tried to glance around once he noticed the hand behind her back. "What?" he asked, curious.

She pulled a copy of the *Daily Prophet* out and laid it on the table with a flourish. The headline read: "Draco Malfoy Saves Potter, Helps Aurors Capture Death Eaters."

Harry pushed his toast away and pulled the paper closer, his eyes going wide as he read the headline. "Draco ... this is great!"

Draco blinked. The *Daily Prophet* had never before published anything positive about him – only scandalised and distorted half-truths. "Is the article ...?"

"As good as the headline?" Tonks responded, grinning. "Yes. Ron and I went to the paper. We insisted they interview us about what happened. We wanted people to know you saved Harry. We thought it might help."

"I think so, too," Harry said with a smile, opening the paper to read the article. It seemed everything in it was positive just from him skimming through it. "This could really help get you a wand ...."

Draco leant over Harry's shoulder, reading with him. He was a bit taken aback by finding his name in the paper. He was grateful that the article only mentioned that Harry was beaten. Draco didn't know if it would actually change things but it was an amazing accomplishment. More than that, he was immensely pleased that Tonks, and even Ron Weasley, had cared enough to do this. He looked up at her.

"Thanks, Tonks," Draco said quietly.

"Yeah, thank you so much, Tonks," Harry added, looking up at her as well. "I have to tell Ron thanks the next time I see him, too." He thought about their weekly meetings at the Leaky Cauldron and wondered if he'd ever be able to do that again with him.

Draco petted Harry then, kissing his forehead. He had an idea of what Harry might be thinking about when he saw him frown. After a minute he looked up at Remus. "We are going to continue our potions work. I will help Harry do deliveries from now on."

Harry smiled brightly, turning his head so he could kiss Draco. "I

was hoping we would," he said happily, "and then we can still meet Ron for drinks."

Drinks with Ron. Draco winced but nodded. "Yes, love," he said.

"You'll love it," Harry said, laughing softly when he saw his wince.

– CHAPTER FIFTEEN –

## *Broken*

Harry blinked open his eyes, staring up at the ceiling. There was a strange smell in the air, and it wasn't until he felt wetness on his hand that he began to realise what it was. He gasped softly and brought his hand up to his nose, making a disgusted face.

"Damn," he whispered, nervously glancing at Draco, who was still sleeping.

Harry hated this, hated that he couldn't control his own body or stop himself from doing things like this. When he was younger, the Dursleys always punished him for dirtying things, no matter how it happened. He could remember having an accident and then being locked in his cupboard in the stench for an entire day without food. He didn't know how young he had been then, but it was long before school started. He learnt to clean up as quickly as possible before his uncle saw.

It wasn't like Harry expected anyone to punish him now. Draco was always nice about things like this. Yet, it was humiliating. It was the middle of the night and he didn't want to wake Draco to clean him. He gritted his teeth and hit the bed in frustration, knowing that his face was flushed in embarrassment. He absolutely hated this.

Draco stretched, rolling toward his lover and snuggling against him. Then Harry felt him tense and saw that overly sensitive nose wrinkle before Draco's eyes opened.

The blond blinked open his eyes and tried to pretend he hadn't just rolled over onto his lover's piss. He rolled back and stretched again.

Harry's lips trembled before he could stop himself. "I'm sorry!" he said, shaking slightly in a mixture of anger and embarrassment.

Draco sat up, looking down at Harry. "It's not something you can control," he said, moving to get out of bed.

"That doesn't mean I like doing it," Harry hissed, tears welling up in his eyes as he hit the bed again with both his fists.

Draco watched helplessly as Harry flailed. The blond pulled on his own dressing gown and then stood beside the bed. "Let me get you out of that and cleaned up."

"I want to do it by myself," Harry said, pressing a hand over his eyes as the tears began to slip out. "I want to get up by myself, take a shower by myself, and pick my clothes out by myself!"

Draco nodded. He understood that frustration all too well. Granted, it was worse for Harry, but there were still so many things that Draco couldn't do. Wandless and with claws was more of a handicap than most would realise. He stood and waited while Harry vented.

Harry cried and hit the bed until he wore himself out, gasping for air as he stared up at the ceiling once again. "Draco," he whispered after he caught his breath, raising his arms for him.

Draco sighed sadly and then bent to gather Harry into his arms, one under his shoulders and the other under his knees.

"I'm sorry," Harry said again, resting his head against Draco's chest.

"No need, my beauty," Draco whispered, kissing the top of Harry's head. "Do you want to use a Cleaning Charm or take a nice hot bath?" he asked.

"Why does it even matter anymore?" Harry whispered. Harry didn't know what the point was, he wouldn't be able to feel it on half his body. Draco sighed and Harry did too, finally answering quietly, "A bath."

Draco nodded and took them into the bathroom, propping Harry up on a towel on the floor while he drew the bath. With everyone else asleep, it was quiet except for the sound of the water running.

Harry was quiet as well, staring down at his feet. "I'm sorry I yelled like that in there," he said, willing his foot to move as he stared at it.

"No need for apologies," Draco said, testing the water. It was even more important now that he not make it too hot and risk damaging Harry. "Why didn't you just Summon your wand and use a Cleaning Spell?" Draco asked.

Harry flushed, looking down. "I suppose I just ... forgot," he whispered.

Draco nodded as he turned back, removing his own gown and

picking up Harry. "I understand," he said. He did actually. It was frightening to not be able to do things he could do before and even having magic didn't make it right again.

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's neck, leaning up to kiss him softly. "It just gets so frustrating. And there's nothing I can do about it." He knew that Draco was in a similar situation, so he would understand.

Draco lowered them both into the water, sighing at both the warmth of the water and his lover's plight. He was quiet for a minute before he spoke. "You feel frustrated and angry that you aren't like you used to be. You hate having to ask for help all the time. You hate that when you don't ask for help, you bollocks things up. You just want what you have lost. That about cover it?"

Harry felt bad now, knowing that he was bringing up something Draco had and was still going through. "Yeah ... basically."

Draco leant back against one end of the tub, positioning Harry on his chest and holding him safely. He didn't have any words to make it better. It's not like he liked the situation, but Harry was worth anything.

"I'll get better someday," Harry said softly, closing his eyes with a sigh of his own. "And I'll help you, too."

Draco didn't have Harry's optimism. It was one of the big differences between them and, he thought to himself, one of the things about Harry that saved them both. He reached for a flannel to wash them. It was difficult, touching his lover now – baths used to mean sex – yet it was still a comfort to hold him.

When Draco had them both clean and the bathwater was cooling, he finally shifted to get them out. It was a lot of work with someone who had to be helped through every stage. Eventually, Draco carried Harry back to their room. Problem was that he hadn't wanted to wake Dobby in the middle of the night. "Use a Cleaning Spell on the bed," he told Harry.

Harry Summoned his wand and used it to clean up the mess on the bed, wishing that Draco was able to do the same thing.

Draco laid his lover in the bed, helping him move until he found a comfortable position and then climbing back in to hold him. He laid there, claws combing through Harry's hair. He was as frustrated with how to help Harry as he knew Harry was with his inabilities.

Things had been difficult before, but he realised his own issues were nowhere near as upsetting to him as what was happening to his lover.

Harry closed his eyes, relaxing as Draco combed through his hair. "I love you," he said, wanting to show him just how much, but he didn't know how to when he was like this.

"Good," Draco whispered, leaning in to kiss Harry's forehead. "Now get some sleep."

Tonks, Remus and Elise were out for the day, visiting Tonks' parents. That meant a nice quiet day together. Before Harry was injured, that probably would have meant he and Draco would have been shagging on every available surface in one of their marathon sessions. Now it meant settling Harry into the chair comfortably so that they could read.

Harry realised that ever since the attack he had been reading a lot more. It was boring compared to what they used to do, but he knew that Draco wouldn't think of doing anything like that with him again.

Harry was propped up with pillows in the best chair. Draco lay on the sofa, reading a history of the Goblin wars. He heard the sigh of his bored partner. "You want me to get you something?"

"Something to drink?" Harry asked, not really thirsty but wanting something to do, even if it was just drinking.

"Sure," Draco said. "Want to play chess when I get back?"

"Yeah, haven't played in a while," Harry said, perking up at the thought of playing chess.

Draco got to his feet and pulled the small table they had for chess over to Harry and then set the box of pieces on it. "You set it up while I go get us something to drink and a snack," he said.

Harry nodded, already reaching to open the box and set up the board the best he could.

Draco headed for the kitchen. He could have called Dobby to get it, but it gave him chance to stretch and relieve the boredom.

It was taking Harry much longer than it normally did, but he was setting up the board, putting each piece in the right spot. He was almost done when he knocked over one of the pieces, watching it fall off the table and down onto the floor. He glanced up at the kitchen for Draco before he looked back down at the piece, deciding that he could get it himself.

He gritted his teeth and leant over to reach for it, nearly getting it before he lost his balance completely, falling out of the chair and knocking over the table with the pieces along the way. They fell to the floor along with him, and even though Harry couldn't feel any physical pain, it hurt his pride to see that he couldn't even lean over to pick up something as small as that. He had fallen on his side and he didn't have enough strength to push himself up, making him even more frustrated. "Fuck!" he yelled suddenly in frustration, still trying.

Draco was making them both sandwiches and tea, unaware that Harry was in trouble.

After several moments of struggling, Harry still couldn't get himself up. "Why won't you work!" he said, hitting his legs as if that would solve everything. "I keep trying and trying and it's not working!" He didn't notice that his magic was beginning to effect everything around him. The chess pieces were shaking on the floor as he continued to hit his legs, desperately wanting to feel the pain that he knew he was inflicting on himself.

Draco was coming up the stairs when he heard the rattling and Harry's shouts. He dropped the tray and ran to the sitting room, panicked and shaking. He saw Harry on the floor and rushed to pick him up.

"Stop it!" Harry yelled, the lights flashing as another burst of magic escaped him. "I just want to get up on my own .... let me get up on my own!"

Draco was trying to pick Harry up and suddenly the man was shoving at him, striking out and trying to get away. It surprised and scared him. He froze. "Harry," he gasped.

Harry threw a tantrum, hitting the ground and his legs again as things began flying around them. He hadn't realised what he had done to Draco just yet, too mad to stop himself.

Chess pieces were whirling around them now from Harry's magic and the man was flailing, hitting Draco as well as himself. Several of the chess pieces bounced off of them. Even with all that had happened, Harry hadn't struck Draco since their days at Hogwarts. Draco was more shocked than hurt. He had no idea what he should do.

Harry worked his frustration out until he finally fell to the floor again, folding his arms and burying his face in them as he cried

weakly, obviously worn out. The chess pieces fell down around them like rain, but Harry didn't even show that he felt them. "I hate this," he whispered pitifully.

Draco licked his lips when he felt blood on them. Apparently, Harry had hit him in the mouth and he hadn't noticed it had split his lip. He was more worried about Harry at the moment. Harry, who was sobbing on the floor. Draco was also worried about Harry's legs which were twisted up funny. He hoped he hadn't done anything other than bruise himself. "I know," he whispered in response to Harry as he bent to gather him into his arms, picking him up and carrying him to the sofa.

Harry continued to cry softly until he just couldn't cry anymore, tears drying up. He rested against Draco's chest and hiccupped a few times, staring at the mess he made. It was strange how he couldn't even walk, but he could make such a mess out of a room within a few minutes. It made him laugh humourlessly, sniffing and rubbing at his eyes.

Draco laid Harry back down on the sofa and began to check him over. "I need to see your legs," he told him.

"Go ahead," Harry murmured, finally looking towards Draco. He noticed the blood and immediately felt bad, knowing he had something to do with it. "I'm sorry ...." He reached up to touch his lip, even though he couldn't push himself up all the way to get to it.

"Unfasten your trousers," Draco said and then helped Harry remove them when he did. He frowned when he saw a number of places that were red and might very well turn to bruises. He looked around until he spotted Harry's wand. "Summon your wand and heal yourself," he said.

"Why do I have to, I can't feel it," Harry said stubbornly, Summoning his wand anyway.

Draco scowled, crossing his arms over his chest and glaring at Harry.

Harry glared back, but gave in after a moment, waving his wand as he whispered a healing spell – healing Draco, not himself

Draco huffed when he felt the spell knit his lip together. "Now you," he insisted.

Harry sighed and cast the second healing spell on himself. "There," he said petulantly.

Draco shook his head and looked around the room at the mess. "You mind telling me what happened?"

"I got mad," Harry said simply.

"You got mad and threw yourself out of the chair?" Draco asked, confused. "What, the chess pieces do something to piss you off?"

"No. One of the pieces fell, and I tried to get it. But then I ended up falling out of the chair," Harry explained quietly.

"Ah," Draco said, understanding. He had wrecked a few rooms in his time. He considered lecturing Harry on the foolishness of what he had done, but he realised Harry knew that already. "Feel better?"

Harry took a deep breath and let it out slowly, nodding. "Yeah, I guess I do," he murmured.

Draco smirked. One of the advantages of being part werewolf was that people were actually not all that surprised when he acted up. Harry, on the other hand, was usually almost "too nice." "Good," he said and then moved to begin gathering up the chess pieces. "You still want a game?"

"Yeah," Harry said, pushing himself up a little. "I guess we should get Dobby to bring us the drinks?"

"And clean up the mess I left in the hall," Draco huffed, remembering the probably shattered dishes now.

Harry winced. "Sorry."

Draco stopped and set the pieces he had gathered aside, going to kneel beside where Harry lay. He stroked the hair from his lover's face with the backs of his own fingers. "No, don't be. You could break all the crockery if it makes you feel better."

"But then someone will have to clean it up," Harry said, sighing. "Because I can't."

"Dobby enjoys looking after you," Draco answered, leaning in to kiss him.

"Yes, well." Harry kissed him back, his eyes falling shut.

"As do I," Draco said softly.

– CHAPTER SIXTEEN –

## *Helpless*

Draco opened the door to find Ron Weasley standing there. The blond sighed, stepping back to let him in. "He's in the sitting room," he told Ron. Harry's best friend had sent three Owls inviting Harry to go to a Quidditch game. Harry had not replied to any of them, despite Draco, Remus and Tonks urging him to go.

Ron nodded his head. "Thanks," he said as he headed into the sitting room.

Harry sat propped up in the chair like always, staring at a game of chess that he and Draco were in the middle of when he got up to see who was at the door.

"So how long you planning on ignoring me?" Ron snapped from the doorway to the room.

Harry looked up quickly, frowning at little. "Until you stop trying to make me go to a game that I don't want to go to."

Ron scowled. "Harry, you didn't even say no," he complained, walking into the room. "You just fucking ignored me."

"Okay, then, no, I don't want to go," Harry huffed.

Ron came to stand in front of Harry, his expression more worried than angry now. "So you planning to hide here playing chess for the rest of your life?"

Harry shrugged and refused to look back up at Ron. "What else can I do?"

"You can bloody well let me take you to the game," Ron answered.

Draco stood in the doorway, shaking his head. He wasn't sure if Ron's tactic would work, but he hadn't been able to get Harry out of the house so it was worth a try.

"I don't want to go, Ron, really. Can't you get someone else to go with? Seamus, Dean, someone else," Harry insisted.

"Bloody hell, Harry," Ron was shaking as he sat down. "This isn't about the fucking game. It's about you."

"What about me?" Harry asked, glancing at Ron when he sat down.

Ron put his face into his hands and Draco sighed again. After a minute, Ron looked up again. "Harry, come with me," he said. "Anywhere you want. Just pick a place and let me take you outside."

"Why?" Harry asked. It wasn't just that he couldn't walk that was bothering him, it was the looks of pity he'd get, the people whispering behind their hands. He was used to it from before, but now he just wanted to be able to skip it. He couldn't before, going to school and all, but now he could just stay inside, away from everyone.

Ron looked up at Draco, his expression sad, and the blond shook his head. He didn't know how to get Harry out of the house, either.

Ron slumped back against the sofa in defeat.

"I'm sorry, Ron," Harry whispered, sighing softly. "I do miss you though, mate. You should visit more."

Ron nodded and looked over at his friend. "Want to play chess?" he asked.

Harry smiled and nodded, looking towards the board. "I was beating him."

Draco snorted at that. "I'll get tea," he said with a small smile.

Draco had woken before Harry, so he went to the loo before returning to the bedroom to help the other man. He sat on the edge of the bed and reached out, petting Harry's cheek with the back of his hand. "Time to get up, sleeping beauty," he teased.

Harry didn't want to open his eyes. He had been awake for at least an hour, having woken up from a dream. It was from his past, from when he could walk and do everything for himself. It depressed him more than anything and not even crying helped.

The blond continued to pet Harry, then moved his hand to run claws through tangled hair. He knew Harry was awake, could hear it in his breathing and sense it in the way he held himself still.

"I don't want to get up," Harry moaned, finally opening his eyes to sadly look up at Draco.

"Are you tired? Feeling ill?" Draco asked in concern. He constantly worried about infection. It was one of the biggest dangers Harry faced from his condition. Draco leant forward, pressing his lips to Harry's forehead. It was only partially a gesture of affection in that

moment. It was also a way to check if Harry had a temperature. Harry wasn't any warmer than one would expect from someone still abed.

"I just don't want to get up," Harry said quietly, covering his face with his hands. "I don't want to ever get up. What's the point?"

"It's not good for you to lie in the same position all the time," Draco cautioned, unsure how to handle this change. Usually, Harry never stayed in bed except for sex. Well, that was the usual before, at least. But even since the injury, they had kept a kind of routine, spending their days in the sitting room.

"I don't want to get up," Harry insisted. "Just leave me alone, Draco, please .... "

Draco paused, trying to make sense of this new development. "Well, I suppose a day in bed wouldn't hurt. I can bring your food up here. So, let me take you to the toilet and then we can come back in here if you like."

"Why don't you just let me mess the bed again, it's all I'm ever good for," Harry muttered, still not pulling his hands away.

Draco stilled. Harry hated it when he messed the bed, always a mortifying experience. Now he was willing to lie in it? What was he to say to that? Draco's heart sped up in fear now. "Harry," he whispered, waiting for the other man to look at him.

Harry pulled his hands away, his lips trembling as he looked up at Draco once again. "Draco ... just leave me, please," Harry whispered, biting his lip.

"Leave you?" Draco asked, really worried now. He desperately hoped Harry was just talking about giving him a break. One of the most re-occurring themes with Harry was his almost obsessive fear he would lose Draco. He couldn't imagine the other man asking Draco to leave him, not really leave him.

"No, not like that," Harry whispered, realising what it sounded like. "But if you wanted to, I'd understand why."

"Never," Draco whispered, the sound accompanied unintentionally by a small growl and his claws curled into his lover's hair, almost instinctively.

"But I don't know why," Harry said, shaking his head. "I can't give you anything. Not even sex anymore ...."

"You think I am that shallow? That that's all that matters to me?"

Draco asked, fear making him sound angry now.

"No, but ... I don't know how else to show you how much I love you," Harry said, reaching up to touch Draco's arm. "I can't do anything!"

"You can survive," Draco insisted, gathering his lover into his arms and pressing his cheek to Harry's. "I need you, Harry. We'll figure this out, I swear it. Just, please, don't give up."

"But think how much easier it would be for you if ... if I wasn't here," Harry whispered, curling up the best he could in Draco's arms.

Fear made Draco shiver. The very idea of life without Harry made him feel ill. "Look at me," he insisted, pulling his face back to look at Harry again.

Harry sniffled and slowly looked up at Draco, feeling and looking miserable.

Draco looked into those amazingly expressive green eyes and found his heart clenching so painfully that he didn't know how to breathe for a minute. "No," he managed, "no, I wouldn't. I can't ... I won't make it without you."

Harry looked in Draco's eyes for a long moment, really seeing the truth behind his words in them. "I wouldn't be able to make it without you, either," he whispered, sliding his arms around Draco's neck and holding on tightly. "Don't leave me, I didn't mean it."

"Never leaving your side," Draco answered. "And you promised not to leave me. That means you don't give up."

"I don't give up," Harry repeated, taking a deep breath and nodding. He never did give up, but this was so hard. "I'll never give up. As long as you're here with me."

"Good," Draco smiled, "glad that's settled. So, you ready to get up?"

"Not really, but I should go to the bathroom," Harry answered, sighing softly.

Draco kissed him quickly, then picked his lover up in his arms. "We can spend today in here if you like," he agreed. "I will get Dobby to bring us food up."

Harry nodded, liking the sound of a change for once. Every day they were in the sitting room, every single day. "Thank you so much, Draco ... for everything."

Draco huffed, carrying Harry to the bathroom.

– CHAPTER SEVENTEEN –

## *Second Chances*

They had had to enlarge the door to Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes to accommodate the wheelchair. But Fred and George had done it cheerfully thought Draco as he pushed the chair over the threshold.

"Hey, Fred, George," Harry greeted them with a smile.

"Harry, Malfoy!" Fred exclaimed, leaning over the counter. "Our favourite suppliers!"

Draco smiled. "Yes, we have another batch for you and some ideas for a new one," he said.

"Brilliant, brilliant," George said, walking past them with a large box. He set it down on a shelf and then turned around to look at the two of them, smiling brightly. "All right there, Harry?"

"I'm doing better," Harry replied, nodding. It had been four months since the attack and he was getting out more. Oddly enough, with Harry injured, Draco seemed more willing to go places now – just so Harry would.

Draco set the potions on the counter and then handed Fred a scroll with the proposal for the new potion.

Fred quickly read over the list, laughing a few times at the ideas. George walked around the counter and looked as well, nodding in approval. "Never thought you'd ever be this good at jokes, Malfoy ...."

Draco snorted. "'Weasley is our King' was my idea, remember?" he said with a smirk.

Harry laughed, rolling his eyes. "That was so dumb," he teased, shaking his head.

"Hey, it almost worked," Draco responded in mock offence. "He was rattled."

"Ron gets rattled about everything," Harry said, glancing back at him.

"And yet he will be an Auror?" Draco drawled.

"Exactly," Harry said, grinning at him.

Draco was serious again. "He did well enough," he said softly, remembering that awful night.

Draco's sudden seriousness confused him, but Harry nodded slowly. "Yeah, he did."

"Well," Draco said. "Ron's waiting for us. We should get going."

Harry wanted Draco to explain what he meant, but he didn't ask, not yet. "Okay. See you both next week," he said to Fred and George, waving.

They said their goodbyes to the twins and then made their way out of the shop. Draco pushed the wheelchair to the Apothecary shop, which was still open, having been taken over by the shopkeeper's son.

Harry went completely still when his chair was pushed inside. He could remember coming in here the last time, and what had happened soon after.

The shop was cramped and it was hard to get the wheelchair inside. Draco had to lean over Harry in the chair to pass the list to the man behind the counter.

Harry cringed and made a small distressed sound, squeezing his eyes shut when he felt Draco brush against him from behind. That was how he was attacked, from behind.

Draco heard the sound and looked down, frowning. "Harry?"

Harry whimpered, shaking his head and whispering "no" over and over again.

"Harry," Draco whispered, one hand on his shoulder. "It's safe, I'm here."

Harry jerked, still lost in his memories when he felt Draco's hand on his shoulder.

The man behind the counter frowned, looking at Harry and Draco. "Just get the order," Draco growled at him and he moved away. Draco bent closer to Harry then, "Right beside you, love."

"It hurts," Harry whimpered, gripping the arms of his chair.

Draco's heart beat faster. He should have thought of this, that Harry would be upset being here. "We're leaving," he said, taking hold of the handles of the chair and backing up to the door.

Harry covered his face as he began to sob, shaking as Draco pulled him out. He couldn't even tell that they were outside.

Once they were out of the building, Draco knelt in front of Harry

and reached to hold him.

Harry took a chance and opened his eyes, throwing his arms around Draco's neck once he saw him. "Draco ..." he said, burying his face in his neck. "They ... they were hurting me ..."

Draco shook, the memory of what he had seen in that room flashing in his mind. "No more," he said. "You are safe now. I have you."

Harry's sobs tapered down to sniffles and hiccups, his arms still tight around Draco's neck. "Don't leave me ...."

"Never," Draco said fiercely. "I will never leave you. I never want to be without you. I am beside you no matter what."

Harry swallowed and leant back a little, just so he could look into Draco's eyes. "I love you ... and I'm sorry."

"No apologies needed," Draco said. He smiled softly. "Though the 'I love you' part is always welcome."

"I love you, I love you," Harry repeated, nuzzling Draco before he slowly pulled his arms back. He gripped the arms of the chair and used them to pull himself back on the seat. That's when he noticed that they were really outside in Diagon Alley, where there were other people around.

Draco hadn't even noticed the people staring until Harry looked up. He blushed. "Maybe we should go meet Ron now?" he asked.

Harry nodded, not even bothering to look around them. He wondered what people would think once they recognised him. "Yeah, he worries faster now."

Draco smiled and got back to his feet. He pushed Harry up the street, ignoring the stares and mutters they received. They found Ron waiting for them in the Leaky Cauldron.

"Ron," Harry said, nodding at him and hoping he wouldn't notice the redness of Harry's eyes from crying before.

Ron released a breath, smiling at the both of them. "Mate, Malfoy."

Draco nodded to him. "Harry, will you be all right with Ron while I go back to the shop to get our order?"

Harry looked up at him and slowly nodded. "I'll be fine."

"Yeah, we'll be fine," Ron said, walking around behind the wheelchair.

Draco stepped to Harry's side. He blushed but still bent to kiss

Harry's cheek before leaving.

Harry closed his eyes and sighed, as if he were trying to remember the simple kiss forever.

Ron flushed too, but smiled as well. He gripped the handles of the wheelchair and began to push Harry toward a table.

Ron settled Harry at a table and went to get them both butterbeers. He set the mugs down and settled back into his own chair. "It's great to see you out," he said.

"It's great to do this again," Harry replied, reaching for his mug. "I missed it. Missed you, Ron."

Ron smiled, sipping his butterbeer. "Where'd he run off to?" he asked, then flushed, "Not that I mind him here or anything."

"Went to get the ingredients for a few potions," Harry answered, glancing back at the door. "I wanted to stay here."

Ron glanced uncomfortably at the wheelchair. "Is it ... um ... I mean, getting better?"

Harry looked down at the chair, and then back up at Ron, slowly shaking his head. "No, it's not."

Ron frowned. "Sorry, mate," he said softly and looking guilty again. "I should have got Draco sooner ...."

"What? Don't blame anything on yourself, Ron," Harry said, looking at him seriously.

"Can't help it," Ron admitted. "If we had just got there sooner ...."

"Please don't blame yourself," Harry repeated softly, looking down in his mug.

Ron was silent for a minute. "So I have news," he said, clearly changing the topic.

"Yeah?" Harry asked, glad for the change himself.

"Well, um, Hermione and I ..." Ron blushed. "We're going to be parents."

Harry's eyes went wide in surprise. "Really? That's brilliant, Ron! I was wondering when you two would." He grinned brightly at him.

That just made Ron blush brighter. "Hermione wanted to wait for a bit after the wedding," he said, grinning.

"And you definitely did," Harry laughed. "I'm happy for you, Ron. I really am."

Ron raised his glass. "To family," he said.

Harry realised that everyone around him did have their own family, something that he had always wanted for himself. But at the same time they were his family. "To family," he said softly, raising his mug as well.

Draco made his way back through the main room of the Leaky Cauldron, coming up to stand by the table.

Ron nodded up at him.

Harry glanced up at Draco with a small smile. "Get a seat," he said.

Draco cocked his head. "Let me get a drink first," he said and then went to the bar, returning with his own glass. He settled into the chair beside Harry, actually moving it closer to the wheelchair. "So what are we toasting?"

"Hermione's having a baby," Harry replied, grinning at Draco.

Ron blushed again, nodding.

Draco's eyes widened and then he smiled. "Well, congratulations," he said, lifting his glass before taking a sip.

"Promise you'll visit us? Especially after the baby's born. Elise'll have another playmate," Harry said, drinking from his mug.

"Of course," Ron answered.

*Harry will have another playmate,* Draco thought. He watched his lover, not showing how worried he was about Harry. He also didn't tell him that some of the supplies he had got that day were for a new potion he was working on. He wouldn't tell him unless he had an idea that it would work.

Draco sat beside Harry on the stage erected in the Atrium. There was a crowd facing them. It wasn't as large a crowd as the one when Harry had received his medal but that suited Draco. It was nerve-racking enough. He had, of course, insisted that Harry cast the Disguise Spell on him, but people still stared. He supposed they had a new reason now as well. Minister Scrimgeour was giving another speech about heroism. Draco had to clench his teeth not to make some kind of snarky comment.

Harry had never been a fan of these events, especially when he was the one everyone was there for. But today it was Draco, and he did owe him his life ... and more. Harry glanced at the man he loved,

knowing that if he couldn't have anything else but him, he'd still be the happiest person in the world. He reached for Draco's hand, lacing their fingers together with a smile.

Draco held his lover's hand, blushing a bit at doing so in front of all these people. He was so distracted that he jumped when the Minister called his name.

Harry stifled a small laugh, stroking his thumb over Draco's hand. "Go on," he whispered.

Draco bent his head, closing the short distance between them and kissing Harry, blushing even more at doing that in public.

Harry's eyes closed slowly, one hand reaching up to cup Draco's cheek as he kissed him back gently, forgetting about the crowd.

Draco released him then, panting a bit and getting to his feet. The Minister presented the medal, pinning it to his robe front, and the audience clapped. He had told the Minister flat out that he was not giving a speech and he was glad to step back quickly.

Ron was called next and he got up to accept the award. To Draco's surprise, Weasley did take his wand and cast *Sonus*.

"Thanks," Ron said, "but I wanted to say that I was just doing my job and helping my friend. It's Draco who really deserves this. Not only was he the one to find Harry, but he really should have got one of these back when we all did after the war. He was as much responsible for the defeat of Voldemort as anyone. Now maybe people will get that."

Ron took a deep breath, glancing at the Minister who looked like he wanted Ron to shut up. "And more than a medal, he deserves his wand back. Just 'cause his father forced him to take the mark doesn't mean he should be punished for the rest of his life."

Harry was sure that he clapped the loudest for Ron and Draco, a huge grin on his face. Ron's speech made him so proud to see how far Ron had come since they were in school. Years ago, he would've never done that. He looked at the Minister, wondering how he would reply to that. It was true, after everything that Draco had done, he did deserve a wand.

The audience clapped and the Minister stepped up, thanking everyone for attending. He didn't address the issue Ron had brought up.

"Minister," Harry said, after whispering *Sonus* and holding the

wand up to his throat. "I'd like to say something as well. If you'll let me."

The Minister frowned. "Well, I ... I suppose ..." he answered, clearly unable to come up with a good excuse in front of the crowd of people.

Harry nodded in thanks and then turned to look at the crowd. "I owe Draco my life. He saved me, and more than once. I'll admit that I never thought I could fall in love with someone like him, but all I can say is that things change. Nothing is set in stone. Draco's a good man. He's made mistakes; I've made mistakes. Haven't we all made mistakes? The most important part is to learn from them," Harry took a deep breath.

"I don't believe he should be punished for something that I wouldn't even consider his fault, but another's. It isn't fair. I understand the laws, trust me, I've read them over and over and there is a point to it all. I don't mean to say that Draco is special, that he's the only one who can get his wand back, because I'm sure there are others. Others who wish they never made that mistake of turning to Voldemort." Harry paused then, looking back toward the Minister.

"So I want you to think about that, Minister. Think about your own mistakes and if you would've liked a second chance." Harry nodded, looking back toward the crowd. "And thank you all for your support." He ended the spell and lowered his wand, feeling like a small weight had been lifted off his chest. Now it was honestly up to the Minister and the Wizengamot. Harry could only hope they listened.

The applause was louder then and the Minister's face had turned bright red. Draco reached and took his lover's hand again.

## – CHAPTER EIGHTEEN –

# *Remembering*

Draco rummaged around in the trunk and then pulled out the Quidditch gloves. He held them up. "Remember these?" he asked Harry.

Harry looked up and grinned, nodding when he remembered immediately. "Of course. Didn't need them after a while ...."

Draco grinned, remembering how he had learnt Harry liked the claws, then frowned. He shook his head and sighed, handing the gloves to Harry. "Hold these," he said, picking his lover up in his arms to carry him downstairs. This had been something he used to do for fun, now it was necessary.

Harry curled up a little in Draco's arms, used to being carried around now. But he saw Draco's frown and thought that it was because of him – that he was getting tired of carrying him around constantly.

They made their way downstairs to the sitting room where Tonks and Remus were waiting for them.

"You sure you can handle her?" Tonks asked again. "We don't want to put more of a burden on you."

"I miss watching her," Harry replied, looking over at Tonks. He also missed playing and crawling around with her, but he didn't mention it. "We can handle her."

Draco nodded, settling Harry into the big chair with pillows on either side of his hips to help support him. He then took the gloves from Harry and held them up. "I have it covered," he said to Tonks and Remus.

Remus chuckled, nodding. "Pretty good idea," he said.

Harry slumped in the chair a little, smiling at him. "You'll finally hold her. She'll love it, you know."

Draco rolled his eyes and glanced over at the cot where Elise was sleeping. Remus and Tonks gathered their coats and headed out.

"Have fun," Harry said, gripping the pillows and trying his best to

pull himself up. His arms weren't as weak as they were when he first came home. "Bring the cot over here."

Draco took the edges of the bassinet and carried it over to set beside his lover's chair. Either the baby was close to waking or he wasn't careful enough because she blinked up at him. "Hi," he said to her. She babbled at him.

"That means, 'Hi, how are you'," Harry said, laughing softly as he leant over to get a better look at her.

Draco's gloved hands only shook a little bit when he reached in to pick her up. She squealed in delight, patting the gloves. He lifted her and placed her in Harry's lap.

Harry grinned down at Elise. "You're just getting bigger and bigger," he said, noticing that her hair had grown a little. He petted it, laughing when she tried to pull on his fingers. "Soon you'll learn how to walk ...."

Draco perched on the arm of the chair, close to Harry and Elise. "It's amazing watching her grow," he said.

"I know," Harry said, sighing softly. "Soon she'll be running around. Kind of makes me feel old." He shrugged, glancing at Draco. "I feel like I've lived such a long life."

Draco snorted and shook his head, but he understood. They had been through so much already and neither of them had reached their twenty-first birthday.

"I think things'll calm down now, though," Harry continued, nodding as he looked down at Elise. He leant down to kiss her on the forehead. "We can live our lives. In peace."

"Yes," Draco agreed, kissing his lover on the forehead.

"Here, hold her," Harry said, picking her up and holding her out for Draco.

Draco picked up the girl, holding her awkwardly. She batted at his face.

Harry held back a giggle. "Cradle her ... like you hold me."

Draco blushed, but did his best to hold Elise the way Harry said. It actually felt good. It was awkward with the thick gloves but he liked the warmth and weight of her.

Harry leant back in the chair and watched them with a lazy smile. "See how nice it is?" he asked.

"You still get to change the nappies," Draco replied, smirking.

Harry made a small face, sticking his tongue out at Draco. "Fine. It's not so bad anyway."

They had had a good evening. Draco had even enjoyed chasing little Elise around. Rolling a ball that she would then crawl after. She was terrible at throwing it, though, and he would usually have to retrieve it again to roll it back to her. Sometimes he would toss it to Harry to roll next, taking turns. He loved watching Harry catch it and smirked at the memories of Quidditch it brought back.

Now it was late. Tonks and Remus had come home and taken their offspring off Harry and Draco's hands. Draco was carrying Harry to bed.

"I never knew playing with a toy like that could be so much fun," Harry commented, smiling as he looked up at Draco. "Can't wait till we watch her again."

Draco smiled back and nodded. It had been fun. He took them through what was becoming their nightly routine – helping Harry in the bathroom, then taking him to bed and helping him off with his clothes. He tried to suppress the way seeing Harry naked still aroused him even under these new circumstances.

Harry lay back on the bed looking up at Draco as the man pulled his clothes off. He could tell how he was still affected, and how badly he worked to hold it back. He didn't want Draco to do that; Harry was here for him. Even if he couldn't have sex and feel it, he felt Draco should. "Draco ...."

"Yes?" Draco asked distractedly, setting Harry's clothes aside and then working on his own.

"I want you," Harry said softly, just the way he knew Draco liked it.

Draco did feel his pulse speed up at the words he loved, but shook his head. "What?" he asked, wondering what Harry could be talking about.

"I want you," he repeated, wishing he could open his legs for him. "Don't you want me?"

Draco climbed in bed with his lover. He lay on his side, head propped up on one hand, and looked at him. "You know I still want you," he said softly.

"And I still want you," Harry said, resting a hand on Draco's arm.

"Why are you holding back?"

Draco snorted in response. "You can't feel it, Harry," he answered.

"That doesn't mean you shouldn't be able to, either," Harry said, looking at him honestly.

Draco closed his eyes again and shook his head. "That doesn't sound like much fun for you," he said.

"But it is ... knowing that I'm making you feel good," Harry insisted. "Please? I hate that you're holding back like this. I want you to be happy."

Draco opened his eyes again, looking into Harry's earnest green ones. "You have been hurt enough. You don't need to do anything for my sake."

"I love you. I'll do anything for you ... including this," Harry said quietly. "I have been hurt, but I know you'll never hurt me. Ever."

Draco shook his head. "Every time we had sex I hurt you," he answered.

"You know that was different," Harry said, blushing a little. "I liked that."

"And now, because you won't be aroused, it will hurt," Draco answered.

Harry bit his lip softly, looking down at his body. "I can't feel anything. You can. And I want you to remember it."

Draco reached out, using the back of his hand to stroke Harry's cheek. "I love you," he whispered. "I love being with you even without the sex."

"But I can tell you still want me that way," Harry said, looking up at him again, "and you can have me."

Draco swallowed, his heart speeding up. Yes, he did want Harry. He was always aroused around the man, yet it seemed like taking advantage of Harry to do this if he couldn't feel it. He scooted closer, bending to kiss his lover tenderly.

Harry leant up the best he could, kissing him back deeply.

When Harry's arms slid around his neck, Draco trembled, his tongue caressing his lover's. "Mmm," he hummed, his body definitely responding.

Harry pulled back after a few minutes of just kissing, slowly running his tongue over Draco's lips. "Fuck me," he whispered.

Draco moaned at the words, pressing his body along Harry's. "Let me take my time," he whispered back, licking and kissing along Harry's jaw to his neck.

Harry let his head fall to the side, humming softly. He could feel the same tingle in his stomach, but nothing else happened to him besides his skin flushing.

Draco sucked on Harry's neck and stroked his lover's chest. He pressed his now hardening cock against Harry's hip, rocking against his body.

Harry wanted to rub back against him, but of course he couldn't. He moaned a little in frustration, wanting to do more.

Draco continued down, licking his way to a dark nipple and then teasing it with his tongue.

Harry moaned again, his eyes falling shut. Every nibble sent another tingle through his stomach. But it was just no use, all he could feel were the teasing licks and nips, but nothing came of it. Again, it was frustrating.

Draco sucked that hardening flesh into his mouth, lightly nipping at it.

Harry started to gasp softly, his chest rising and falling quickly. "Draco," he whispered.

Draco lifted his face and looked up. "Harry?"

"More ...." Harry whispered the word before he could stop himself. He knew that there wasn't much more Draco could do.

Draco gasped, loving hearing that and returning to suck and lick Harry's chest.

"Yes," Harry hissed, arching his back and reaching to grip Draco's shoulder.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, loving the reactions. Yes, this is what he needed. It was Harry that made him feel like this. Harry's desire for him.

Harry had his eyes closed, moans escaping him every few seconds. In Harry's mind he was hard and ready for Draco, his hips rocking with the need to be taken.

"Oh, my beauty," Draco sighed. He reached for the lube and handed it to Harry. "Slick my cock, make me ready for you," he told him.

Harry opened his eyes and nodded quickly, squeezing the lube

onto his hands. "Come closer," he whispered, waiting for him to move before he reached out and wrapped his hand around Draco's cock, smoothing the lubricant over the flesh.

Draco knelt beside him and moaned, throwing his head back in delight. It felt like it had been forever since he had been touched like this.

Harry smiled up at him, stroking him for much longer than he needed.

Draco trembled and moaned. When Harry released him, he asked, "Can you reach yourself, to prepare?" Times like this made him wish again that he didn't have claws. He wanted to touch Harry himself.

Harry wasn't sure, but he nodded, reaching for the lube again. "Can you ... can you open my legs?" he asked quietly.

Draco moved Harry's legs and bent one, holding it over one shoulder as he knelt between his thighs. He watched, licking his lips as he gazed at Harry's fingers pressing inside his opening.

It was weird, definitely weird, not being able to feel what he was doing. Once he was done, Harry pulled his fingers out and laid back on the bed, waiting for Draco.

One hand still holding Harry's leg on his shoulder, Draco pressed the head of his cock into his lover, his eyes focused completely on Harry's face.

Harry looked back at Draco, not reacting to being breached after such a long time. In fact, he was still looking at Draco expectantly, as if somehow he'd be able to feel it.

Draco realised then what was happening. "I can feel your tight hole as my cock slides inside you," he said huskily. "It's warm and slick and I am stretching you, filling you." He groaned as he did just that, pressing in until he could feel Harry's buttocks against his thighs.

Harry gasped softly, his face flushing again as he glanced down quickly to see if he was right. "Does it feel good?" he asked quietly.

"Being inside you feels wonderful," Draco said. "I want you to imagine it as I do this, remember what it feels like."

Harry bit his lip softly and nodded, closing his eyes and trying hard to remember how Draco felt when they were like this.

Draco flexed his hips, withdrawing part way and then thrusting

inside again. "Yes, fucking you, my beauty," he said, "sliding out of that tight hole that clings to me like you want me and then welcomes me back inside."

Harry's hands moved to grip the sheets as he was pulled back into a memory of them together, moaning softly when he heard Draco's words.

Draco began thrusting hard enough that Harry could feel his entire body move with it. "Yes, sliding inside you and then nearly out with your body shuddering beneath me, needing me as much as I need you," Draco continued in that husky voice.

Harry shuddered, opening his eyes so he could look up at Draco as he moved. "Are you getting close?" Harry asked quietly moments later, willing his hips to move somehow.

"Yes, going to fill you with my seed," Draco gasped, moving faster and panting now. The fingers holding Harry's leg tightened and the claws sunk into the skin.

Harry's eyes trailed down Draco's body till he reached his own, feeling as though he wasn't actually laying here having sex. It felt like he was just watching from up above. He saw Draco's claws sink in and the blood that welled up, but he couldn't feel any of it. He wanted to feel it so badly.

Draco moaned and thrust hard, coming inside his lover's body. He trembled and held there for a minute.

Harry bit his lip and closed his eyes, willing himself not to cry in frustration. He wanted this, he asked for it, but it was harder than he thought.

Draco was panting as he let himself slide out of Harry's body. He lowered the man's leg to the bed and bent to lick the bloody wounds.

Harry opened his eyes a little and looked to see what Draco was doing, his lips beginning to tremble. "I can't feel it ..." he whispered.

Draco looked up. Seeing Harry's face, he quickly moved up beside him and wrapped his arms around him. "Harry," he whispered worriedly.

"This is so hard," Harry mumbled, tears slipping out of his eyes. "It's been weeks ... but I can't get used to it ..."

Pulling Harry against his chest, Draco petted and rocked him. "I shouldn't have ..."

"No, I wanted you to, I'm glad you did," Harry said quickly,

rubbing his cheek against Draco's chest. "I just feel like I can't do anything but just be here."

Draco shook with anger at the men who had done this to his lover. He had killed two of them and wished he had killed the third. But it didn't heal Harry. "I love you," he whispered. "What I really need is that you are here, with me."

Harry continued wiping away his tears, still feeling like it wasn't enough but grateful that Draco still wanted him.

Draco shook his head. "Summon your wand," he said. "I want you to clean and heal yourself. You know what the Healers said about infection."

Harry held a hand out and quietly Summoned his wand, thinking that he'd ruined whatever afterglow they had. He cleaned the both of them and, with one last glance, he healed the wounds on his leg.

"Draco?" Harry spoke quietly.

"Yes?" Draco answered, watching Harry as he did the magic.

"I don't want to let this destroy me," Harry said, setting his wand down and looking at Draco.

"No, it won't," Draco replied, fear curling in his stomach at the very idea.

## *Getting the Magic Back*

Draco growled, resisting the urge to punch the stone wall nearest him. He was pacing again. He was terrified of this hearing. He had tried to get out of it, even telling Harry he didn't want his wand back that badly. He had lied, and Harry had insisted.

Harry watched him pace from where he sat, wishing he could say something that would help him calm down. He understood what Draco was probably going through, remembering his first hearing back in his fifth year. "Draco?"

"What?" Draco snapped.

"Come here," Harry said, reaching out for his lover.

The blond paused in his path and sighed. He shook his head but came to Harry anyway, reaching his hand to his lover's.

"It'll be okay," Harry said softly, lacing their fingers together as he looked up at him. "Think about what you'll be able to do with it once you get it."

"If I get it," Draco responded promptly, but nodded. There was no arguing with Harry when he set his mind to something.

"You'll get it," Harry said confidently. "You have to."

Draco jumped when the heavy door opened and a witch stepped into view. "Draco Malfoy," she called out.

"Let me kiss you good luck," Harry said, trying to pull himself up.

Draco bent over the chair, cupping Harry's head with one hand and kissing him. "You are my good luck," he whispered.

Harry smiled, brushing his fingers down Draco's cheek. "I love you. Now go in there and get back what you deserve."

"Yes, my beauty," Draco answered, rolling his eyes and actually smiling. He straightened up and turned to the witch. She was frowning at him. He sighed and followed her into the Wizengamot.

Harry watched the door close behind them with a deep sigh, wishing he were allowed to sit inside with him. He reached for the wheels of the chair and began to move himself up and down the

hallway, glancing back at the door every now and then. He couldn't hear what was happening, but he really hoped it was going well for Draco.

After what felt like hours, the large door opened again and Draco stepped from the chamber with an audible sigh. Harry stopped moving as soon as the door opened and looked at Draco expectantly. He couldn't tell what had happened just from looking at him. "Well?"

Draco arched an eyebrow at his lover, strode over to him and bent to kiss him again.

Harry kissed him back, but that still wasn't an answer. "Draco ..." he murmured, pulling back to look into his eyes.

"We need to go to Ollivander's next," Draco said softly, a small smile on his lips.

"Yes!" Harry exclaimed loudly, grinning as his arms slid around Draco's neck. He was nearly lifted out of his chair, but Harry didn't even notice. "You did it ...."

Draco laughed, bending down more to wrap his arms around Harry, too. "Well, I think you did it, but still, it will be nice," he said.

"More than nice. You're finally getting what you deserve," Harry said softly. "I'm so happy right now."

"So, let's go get the wand and then we can go home. I have a few spells I could practice on you," Draco answered with an eyebrow waggle.

Harry laughed, slowly loosening his arms so he could sit back down in the chair. "Do you really? Let's get you that wand then."

Draco took hold of Harry and the chair, bringing him on a Side-Along Apparition back to the threshold of Grimmauld. "Home," he announced, thrilled to have been able to use magic to take them home.

"With Draco's new wand!" Harry added, reaching up so Draco could lift him. He was so happy he hadn't even minded the wheelchair getting stuck in the door of the wand shop.

Draco carried Harry inside and set him on the sitting room sofa. He folded the wheelchair and set it by the door.

"Is anyone home?" Harry asked Draco, pushing himself up before he slid down on the couch.

Draco grinned and Disapparated. He reappeared a few minutes

later. "Dobby says they are out," he told Harry.

"I can tell you're going to be doing that a lot," Harry laughed, shaking his head.

Draco laughed too. It had been nearly two years since he had had a wand. "So anything you want?" Draco asked, waggling his eyebrows.

"Uhm. No, I've got everything I need right now. You're happy, so I am," Harry replied, smiling at him. "But I can tell you're talking about something else ...."

Draco knelt beside the sofa. "We don't have to do anything really, just maybe make out?" He truly thought that he didn't expect or need more, he just wanted to celebrate with his lover.

Harry looked like he was thinking it over. "Snogging, snogging ...." He tapped his chin.

Draco grinned and waited, enjoying Harry's teasing.

Harry grinned back, reaching for Draco again. "Sounds wonderful."

Draco crawled up onto the sofa and pulled Harry into his lap. It felt wonderful to hold him. Of course, it still upset him that Harry wasn't completely well. Yet, his lover's mood was so much better that it made a big difference. "Comfortable?" he asked.

"Very," Harry answered, resting against Draco's chest, the feel of him more than comfortable.

Draco bent to kiss his lover, making it slow and gentle. He cradled Harry's head with his clawed hand, tilting his own head to caress Harry's lips with his, breathing in his lover's scent as he did.

Harry leant up into the kiss, having always enjoyed the slow and simple kisses with Draco. He reached up to cup Draco's cheek, trying his best to show how much he loved the other man in one kiss.

Draco licked at Harry's lips, using his tongue to stroke them, and was delighted when Harry opened his mouth, sliding his tongue along Draco's. The sensuous kiss made the fur on his body stand up and his heart race. Draco's tongue continued to slide and explore his lover's mouth, claws curling into Harry's hair.

Harry shuddered and moaned softly, sliding an arm around Draco's neck. He wondered how he could be aroused without feeling below his waist, but surrendered to the feeling without needing to understand.

Slowly, but steadily, the kiss began to get more demanding, Harry's lips pressing against his harder. He wanted more, he always wanted more of Draco.

Draco returned it passionately, kissing and licking Harry's lips and then his chin, tempted to nip the soft flesh of his lover's throat.

Harry let his head fall back, breathing hard as he fought to catch his breath. "Draco, more ...."

"Anything," Draco whispered, licking and sucking on Harry's neck, claws combing his hair. He didn't use his teeth but the taste of Harry's skin, the feel of his pulse under his mouth – it was all intoxicating.

"You, want you," Harry moaned, gripping Draco's shoulders. He thought of the last time they had tried to make love. "Make me remember, like before ...."

"Open your shirt," Draco said. "I want to touch you." He watched with delight as Harry reached up and slowly unbuttoned his shirt, shrugging it off when he was finished. Draco caressed Harry's chest with the back of his hand, rubbing the soft fur over his lover's nipples.

Harry shivered at the feeling, watching Draco's face as his hand moved. "What would I do without you? I need you."

Draco hummed, sucking the skin of his lover's neck and working his way down to his nipples. "You have me," he whispered and then sucked that dark nipple into his mouth, flicking his tongue against it.

"I do ... I do have you," Harry groaned, reaching up to slide his fingers into Draco's soft hair. "And you have me ... forever."

Draco sucked harder, adding just a touch of his sharp teeth, testing to see if that would still work for Harry now.

It most certainly did. Harry arched at just the hint of his teeth, pleasurable shivers going down his spine. "Yes ... that ...."

Encouraged, Draco bit a little harder, licking at the drop of blood that formed, his body shuddering with the taste and sending pleasurable surges down his spine.

"Love when you do that," Harry gasped, looking down at his chest. "Love it ...."

Draco tongued his way across Harry's chest to his other nipple, using the back of his hand to caress the now hard, sensitive flesh he had just left.

Harry's hand tightened in Draco's hair as he continued, his chest arched. Even though it felt so good to have Draco touch him like this, the only way he could really show him that he was enjoying it was through his expressions and actions. "Fuck ...." And his words.

Draco bit a little harder this time, licking at the nipple as it bled. He moaned again at the taste. Bloodplay had been a part of their relationship even before they chose it that way and even more so after his change. They had stopped when Harry was injured and Draco couldn't even begin to describe how much he had missed it.

Harry pulled at his hair, moaning as loudly as he could. "Draco," he gasped, biting down on his lip. Harry didn't know why blood and pain turned him on and he didn't care. It worked for them.

Draco mouthed his lover's nipple, lapping at the blood. He licked his lips as he drew back. Draco looked into Harry's eyes then. "Touch my cock," he whispered, "touch me while I help you remember."

Harry nodded slowly, looking into Draco's eyes as he reached down to undo Draco's trousers. "I'm remembering ..." he whispered, sliding his hand down into Draco's shorts.

Draco moaned as his lover's hand wrapped around his shaft. "Oh, yes," he gasped, shifting so that Harry could better touch him. "Imagine you are touching your own cock while I am preparing you. Your legs are spread for me. My hands slide up your thighs, cupping your balls."

Harry closed his eyes, imagining himself doing just as Draco said and opening his legs wider for him. "Yeah, open for you," he echoed.

Harry's hand squeezed Draco's cock and the blond gasped again. "My fingers are slick as I rub a finger against that tight hole, teasing you."

Harry moaned softly, his breath quickening at the thought – almost able to feel it was really happening. "More, don't tease ..." he whispered.

"Mmm, so eager for me," Draco responded, shivering and his cock twitching in his lover's hand. "I slide the tip of my finger in slowly, as you beg me for more. I work it into you and out again."

Harry jerked as if he could actually feel Draco's finger inside him, a long low moan escaping him. "Feels good," he said softly, moving his hand up and down Draco's shaft.

"Yes, you feel so hot and warm as I slide another finger in,

twisting and finding that spot inside you that makes you shiver with delight," Draco continued, his voice low with his own arousal.

Harry continued to gently stroke Draco as he spoke, shivering in delight as he listened to his lover's words. When he concentrated enough he could feel every movement. "Yes, Draco ...."

"I can feel you are ready for me, want me," Draco continued. "I pull my fingers slowly out and then rub the slick head of my cock against your entrance. You feel so perfect as I push into you, feeling that tight ring give as the head of my cock enters you." He felt Harry's hand clench around his cock as if mirroring the feeling of his body clenching.

Harry tensed like he usually did when Draco would first press inside, and then slowly relaxed, wriggling his hips in his mind. "You feel better," he said, squeezing Draco's cock.

"Yes, it feels so good to be inside you, feeling your muscles clenching around my cock. I slide all the way into you until my balls are pressed against yours," Draco whispered, shivering at the memory and arching into his lover's hand.

Harry's other hand reached to grip Draco's hip, as if he was making sure he stayed inside. "Move," he whispered, making a tight circle with his hand.

"Yes, I pull back, sliding nearly out and then into you again," Draco murmured, eyes closed as he imagined it. "I move inside you looking for that spot that makes you shudder and gasp under me."

Harry was gasping and shuddering, sliding down the couch without really noticing it. "Fuck me," he moaned, stroking Draco faster.

"Yes, fucking you now, sliding in and out and hitting that spot every time," Draco answered. "I can feel the way you love it, the way you need it." Draco was getting close now as Harry's hand stroked him.

"I need you," Harry whispered, pulling his other hand away so he could try to pull himself back up on the couch. "Are you close? In Harry's mind he was, his body beginning to tremble.

"Yes, come with me, my beauty," Draco gasped, fingers tightening in Harry's hair. "Come while I am inside you!" He shuddered, his seed spilling over Harry's hand.

Harry hissed before he shuddered hard a moment later, gasping

for air and gripping the pillow next to him tightly. He didn't know if a person could actually come without his cock feeling anything, but he was sure he had.

Draco pulled Harry close, holding them while they caught their breath. "Yes, oh, yes," he gasped, "I love you so much." He had been so caught up in the fantasy and the sensations that he was almost surprised to find them both still mostly clothed.

"I love you, too," Harry whispered, wrapping his arms around Draco. He was out of breath and his skin was flushed. He even felt a little tired, even though all he did was touch Draco.

Draco took his wand and cast Cleaning Charms for both of them. It felt good to be able to do it. He then tucked himself back into his trousers and picked up his lover. "Let me take you to bed, love," he said, voice tender with affection.

"Okay," Harry replied, letting himself relax in Draco's arms. "I'm so lucky to have you."

Draco Apparated them to their room and tucked his lover into bed. He stood there staring at Harry for a long time. He had his wand back and today they had even got some of their physical intimacy back. Yet, he was determined it wouldn't stop there. He had to find a way to use getting his magic back to help his lover.

"Come in with me," Harry said, holding open the covers for him. "Can't sleep without you now."

"Always, my beauty," Draco said, stripping his clothes and climbing into the bed.

Harry turned, waiting to be pulled close. "I never thought I'd be this happy," he whispered.

Draco pulled his lover against his own body, sighing happily at the feel of him in his arms. "Oh, yes, my love." He petted Harry's hair. He had his magic back. Now he would find a way to help his lover.

"Goodnight, Draco," Harry murmured, kissing his chest and closing his eyes. "I love you."

– CHAPTER TWENTY –

## *Sensational*

Weeks and weeks of experimenting with different ideas and Draco had finally created a potion he thought could help Harry. He was sure it was safe, but he wasn't sure it would actually work. He had tried it on some animals he had Transfigured from objects. Problem was they really couldn't tell him how they felt when they took the potion. He had the potion ready for two days before he finally decided to try it with Harry. Draco laid his lover in their bed, helping undress him for sleep.

Harry was now used to their nightly routine, lifting his arms when Draco reached to pull his shirt off. Some days Draco laid him down so that he was propped against the pillows, and then he could stare at his useless legs. Sometimes he'd stare hard and focused on trying to move just his toe, but it never worked and it left him frustrated.

"I made something," Draco said softly, putting Harry's clothes aside.

"What?" Harry asked curiously.

Draco sat down on the bed, stroking Harry's hair off his face. He pulled the small vial out of his pocket. "I would like you to drink this."

"What is it?" Harry asked, eyeing the vial. He was curious, but he had been given a lot of potions in the months since his injury and he trusted Draco, so he reached out to take it from him.

"Drink it, love," Draco encouraged, nodding to him. He didn't want to tell Harry what the potion was and get his hopes up if it didn't work.

Harry pulled the cork out of the vial and drank it, making a face at the awful taste. He watched Draco the entire time. He suspected this wasn't one of the standard potions just by how Draco was acting. Not to mention that the man had been spending a lot more time in the lab recently.

Draco took the empty vial and set it aside. He observed Harry

carefully, waiting to see if there was any reaction. Gently, he stroked his lover's face with the soft furred back of his hand.

"What was supposed to happen?" Harry asked softly, expecting an immediate reaction and a bit disappointed to feel nothing different.

"Nothing yet, love," Draco smiled. He stood then and finished undressing, climbing into bed with his lover. He took Harry into his arms, petting him.

"Are you going to tell me what it's supposed to eventually do?" Harry asked, settling down in Draco's arms but unable to contain his curiosity. He felt disappointed even if he didn't know what the potion should do.

"Let me keep that to myself for now," Draco answered. "Just trust me."

Harry nodded, but bit his lip. It wasn't like he could really control his curiosity and just not think about it. He didn't want to bother Draco about it. Much. "How do you know if it worked though?"

Draco didn't answer, bending to kiss Harry instead. He should have known that Harry wouldn't just wait quietly.

Harry kissed him back gently, still wondering what the potion could've done. "Ow," he mumbled a few minutes later, pulling back from the kiss.

"What?" Draco asked, heart speeding up, both worried and hopeful.

"My toes hurt," Harry mumbled, glancing down. As soon as the words left his mouth he frowned, and then his eyes grew round, looking up at Draco. "I think."

Draco grinned, his own eyes just as wide. "They do?" he asked, pulling the blankets back to look down. "Can you move them?"

Harry swallowed and looked down at his toes. He was sure that the pain was coming from them, but why now? How? He couldn't feel them for so long and now he wasn't even sure that he hadn't imagined it. His breathing sped up. "I'll try," he whispered, ignoring the strange pains and attempting to wiggle them. He gasped in shock when one of them moved. "I ... I did that?"

Draco propped Harry up with pillows and then crawled down to his feet. He took one claw and very gently ran it over the bottom of the toe that moved.

Harry gasped again, the feeling familiar, yet at the same time unfamiliar to him. "Draco ... how can I feel it?" he whispered, staring at his feet. His heart was pounding now and he trembled. "After so long ...."

Draco smiled. "So you can really feel it?" he asked. He still wanted to make sure before he said anything more. Yet, since he didn't tell Harry the purpose of the potion, it couldn't be something he was imagining. Could it?

Harry's eyes filled with tears before he could stop it. "Yes," he whispered, wiggling his toes again. "Draco, I feel that! How do I feel that?"

"The potion," Draco said. "It is supposed to help regrow nerves." He ran his nail carefully over each toe, testing to see how much response he got.

Harry was still stuck on feeling anything after such a long time. He just couldn't believe it. "Oh, Draco ... " he sobbed, every one of his toes moving when Draco touched them. He was crying now, overwhelmed but happy.

Draco's heart was pounding with excitement. He leant forward and gently kissed each of Harry's toes.

Harry sniffled, running a hand through his hair. "Thank you ... thank you ...." They still felt funny, but it was a lot better than feeling nothing at all. "What does this mean?"

Draco crawled back up beside his lover and held him again. "It might not bring it all back or it might just take some time," he explained, even if he thought that the immediate response was a very good sign that it might just do a lot more eventually.

"I'm fine with anything," Harry said honestly, leaning up to kiss him. He drew back with eyes still shiny and wide. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

Draco rubbed his face against Harry's briefly and then drew back to answer him. "Because it might not have worked."

"And yet it did ..." Harry said, voice full of wonder, wiggling his toes with a smile. "You're bloody brilliant."

"Of course, I am," Draco said with a smirk, eyebrows raised. "Can I lick your toes?" he asked mischievously, wagging his eyebrows again.

Tonks passed the potatoes and Draco took them, putting a serving on his plate before passing them on to Harry. He smirked at Remus who was trying to feed some mashed peas to Elise.

Harry took the bowl and was about to put some on his plate when there was a sudden and sharp pain in his leg. He cried out and dropped the spoon and bowl.

Draco reacted quickly and grabbed the bowl before it fell off the table. "Harry?" he asked, his other hand reaching to support the man before he fell out of the chair he was propped in.

"Ow, ow," Harry mumbled over and over, looking down at his right leg. "My leg ...."

Tonks and Remus had both jumped to their feet. "Your leg?" Remus asked, part worry and part excitement.

Harry looked up at them and then back down. "My leg ...." He glanced at Draco quickly. "It hurt."

Draco set the bowl aside and turned to him, still supporting him. "Where? Show me." It had been a week of the potion and Harry had got most of the feeling back in his feet but none above.

"There," Harry said, not able to lift his leg up and show him, but he pointed to his calf.

Tonks and Remus were both standing now and moved closer, watching with surprised faces while Draco got to his knees and pulled up Harry's trouser leg. He used a knuckle to rub the spot. "Here?"

"Harry? Can you feel that? Really?" Remus asked excitedly.

Harry's eyes went wide as he nodded quickly. "There, I can feel that!" He grinned at Draco. "Your potion ...."

"What potion?" Tonks and Remus asked in unison.

Draco smiled and looked up at Harry, nodding to him to tell them.

"Draco made a potion that helps me feel again," Harry explained, grinning up at them, "and it works."

Remus and Tonks exchanged confused and hopeful looks. "How is this possible?" Remus asked. "They didn't have anything at St Mungo's that could do this."

"Draco did that? That's amazing," Tonks said. "But Remus is right. They said there wasn't anything for nerve damage like that."

"I know ... Draco's brilliant," Harry said, beaming in pride.

Draco glanced up at Remus and Tonks. "I did something they can't do at St Mungo's."

"What's that?" Remus asked.

"I added my saliva. Since werewolf saliva seems to help Harry heal ... " he paused, blushing at that, "then I thought maybe it could be a component in a healing spell. But, of course, you couldn't give it to most people."

Both the older pair looked gobsmacked. Remus opened his mouth and then closed it, frowning. "But wouldn't that ..." Tonks tried.

"Contaminate whoever took it?" Draco finished. "Probably. But Harry seems immune. He has been exposed to all of my ... fluids ... and has showed no sign of a negative reaction. It just heals him." He was still blushing. He knew the older two knew the kind of rough play he and Harry indulged in. Between the noise and the fact that Harry liked to wear the marks, it would have been impossible to hide it from them.

"That's ... that's amazing," Remus answered, eyes wide as he stared at the two of them, seeming unperturbed by the implications Draco had made.

Harry looked down at Draco with a grin. "Keep touching there, I want to keep feeling." He completely forgot that they were at dinner.

Draco wanted to keep touching Harry, but not in a way he could do in front of Tonks and Remus. After rubbing the spot for a few minutes, he asked, "Feel better now?"

"Much better," Harry said, sighing softly. He was a little sore, but not as bad as when he first felt it. "Sorry I stopped dinner. Let's get back to that."

They all took their seats again, but Tonks and Remus were staring at them, only remembering the food when Elise threw mashed peas at the floor and Tonks moved to clean it up.

"Why didn't you tell us?" Remus asked.

"Because Draco wanted to make sure that it was working properly before he told everyone about it," Harry replied for him.

"Well, between Draco getting his wand back and now this, I can't tell you how happy this makes me," Remus said, eyes clearly misting as he tried to control his reaction.

"Yes, this is wonderful news," Tonks said, wiping her eyes on a

napkin.

"And Elise is getting another one of her teeth," Harry said, smiling over at Elise in her baby chair. "I understand what you're saying. It really is a great feeling."

Draco laid Harry in their bed, removing his own clothes and then sitting down beside Harry to help him undress.

Harry raised his arms as Draco pulled off his shirt. "We still have to try and go flying," he said.

"Walk first, fly later," Draco answered, smiling. Harry's feeling seemed to be returning, but the man still didn't have much control over his legs. After several weeks on the potion, both of them had hope that Harry would eventually walk again.

Harry sighed, but nodded. He did have a point. "Just miss it, is all."

Draco slid Harry's trousers down his legs, watching for his reaction.

Harry looked down at his legs as Draco pulled them down, sighing in relief when he could feel the trousers in some spots.

"I'm going to test again," Draco said when he had finished tossing Harry's clothes aside. "Ready?"

"Yeah, go ahead," he said, nodding a few times. It made him a little anxious whenever Draco did this.

"Tell me if you feel it, and if it hurts or if it feels ... good," Draco said, beginning again with Harry's toes. He gently ran his claws over each toe and then the underside of his feet.

Harry's toes curled, unable to help but giggle softly. "Tickles," he mumbled.

"Good," Draco grinned, giving them another tickle before moving up over his feet and ankles.

Harry watched his hands move up, but he didn't feel anything else after he moved past the undersides of his feet.

Draco frowned. "You felt something in your legs before, but you don't feel this now?"

Harry bit his lip and shrugged, looking apologetic. "I don't know why ...."

"Shh, just relax. Open yourself up to it," Draco said, dragging those claws gently up his lover's calves and then thighs.

Harry swallowed and nodded, his breath hitching as he actually felt Draco's claws again. "I can feel that ...."

Draco smiled, using the back of his hand again as well as the claws of the other, sliding over Harry's thighs.

Harry shuddered, slowly lying back on the bed. "Keep doing that," he whispered, biting his lip gently.

Gently lifting and spreading Harry's legs further apart, Draco knelt between them and began licking his thighs.

Harry tried to lift his hips, but he couldn't, a small moan of frustration escaping him.

The blond continued to lick and now suck on Harry's skin, moving up closer to his groin.

Harry leant up a little to watch him moving up, feeling anxious again about what he was going to do next.

Draco reached his lover's balls and gently began to lick that soft sac.

Harry bit his lip harder, reaching to grip the sheets. It had honestly been too long since he'd last felt Draco's tongue on him like this, the wet warmth lapping over his skin and making him whimper softly.

Draco hummed, sucking on him and rubbing his face against his lover's balls, kissing him there as well.

There was another feeling that Harry couldn't place at first, the familiar tingling, but it was stronger than before. He leaned up and looked down again, gasping softly at the sight of his cock. "I'm hard," he whispered, gripping the sheets again.

Draco smiled at the sight of his lover's arousal and began to lick slowly up the shaft.

"Draco," Harry groaned, reaching to slide his fingers into Draco's hair and gripping the silky strands. "I can't lift my hips ...."

"Touch yourself," Draco whispered, wishing he could suck Harry's cock. He continued to lick him.

Harry hesitated before he slowly pulled his hand out of Draco's hair and moved it down to touch his own cock. He moaned softly, wondering how he had managed so long without doing this.

Draco smiled, watching him stroke himself for a moment before moving down, licking Harry's balls and pushing open Harry's arsecheeks to lick below them.

Harry squeezed himself lightly, beginning to stroke himself faster as Draco's tongue moved down. "Didn't know just how much I missed this," he sighed, letting his head simply fall back.

Draco licked his lover's entrance, caressing that tight hole with his tongue.

Harry gasped as loud as he could, willing his legs and hips to move "More ... more, please," he begged softly.

Draco pressed his lips to his lover and pressed his tongue into him, working inside.

Harry was as hard as he could be, his hand moving fast as he groaned. "Yes," he hissed.

Draco had missed those gasps. Missed the taste and feel of his lover wanting him. He thrust his tongue in and out, faster and deeper.

After not feeling this for so long, Harry found that he was much closer than he normally was, feeling himself beginning to tense up. He slowed down his strokes, but it didn't help much, only made him want even more. "I'm close, Draco," he whispered, looking down at the man.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, pressing his face tight against his lover's flesh and pushing his tongue deeper, deep enough to reach that nerve bundle.

Harry cried out when he first felt the shock of Draco's tongue touching that spot, his cock feeling as though it literally jerked in his hand before he came hard. He whimpered Draco's name as he stroked himself through it, his upper back arched.

Draco was thrilled when he felt his lover's muscles clench around his tongue. He licked gently and then kissed that quivering opening. Draco lifted his head, licking his way up to Harry's cock, cleaning him.

Harry relaxed back on the bed, his hand sliding away as he felt Draco moving up and cleaning him off. "That was amazing ..." he whispered, his eyes closed.

Draco hummed in agreement, licking the last of his lover's seed before crawling the rest of the way up his body, kissing his skin as he went.

"I can feel again," Harry murmured, wrapping his arms around Draco when he moved up far enough. "Thanks to you."

Draco didn't have words to describe how happy he was, instead he kissed Harry, cupping the back of his head with his clawed hand and letting the man taste himself in his lover's mouth.

Harry leant up as much as he could, kissing him harder. His arms tightened, honestly wanting to show Draco just how grateful he was for being able to feel again.

Draco's still full arousal brushed against Harry's soft wet one as he pressed his body into his lover's, still kissing him.

Moving one hand down to Draco's hip and around to his cock, Harry stroked him as they continued to kiss.

Draco moaned into his lover's mouth, shuddering. He was so aroused he knew it wouldn't be long.

Harry moved so that he could kiss and nip along Draco's jaw, his hand squeezing him as it sped up.

Draco moaned, claws digging into Harry's hair and body trembling. Then he cried out, his seed spurting over Harry's hand and belly as he came.

Harry looked into Draco's eyes, moving to gently kiss him a few times. "Thank you, Draco. I love you."

"I love you, Harry," Draco replied, kissing him repeatedly before moving to settle in beside him. He grinned, Summoned his wand, and did Cleaning Charms for both of them. It was great to have his magic and his lover back.

Harry turned over, feeling sleepy, but extremely happy. "Now I walk again, right?"

"That's the plan," Draco said. "Hopefully, if we exercise your legs it will help you get control of them again."

"I hope so, too," Harry said, grinning at Draco and snuggling closer. "Can't wait to start ...."

"I think we just did," Draco teased. "Your muscles were definitely starting to work there."

Harry blushed softly. "You know what I meant ... but they are, aren't they? I could feel it." He liked saying that.

"Yes," Draco whispered. "Next time, maybe you will feel my cock inside you." He smiled happily at him, filled with happiness and aroused by the idea.

"I can't wait for that, either," Harry sighed, closing his eyes. Next time he'd finally be able to feel whole again. "Night, Draco."

## *Walking*

"Look, Draco," Harry happily said for the fifth time since they started watching Elise. The baby in question had begun to walk, at least with the help of various pieces of furniture. They'd all been wondering when she'd learn, since crawling had come easily to her, and the next step was walking. "She learns so fast," Harry said, watching her fall only to get up a moment later and continue on her journey. It was amazing to watch and he wondered again what he had been like as a baby.

Draco smiled indulgently and watched. Harry's excitement was contagious. And, he could finally admit to himself, it was fun to watch Elise learn. "How about you?" he asked. "Your legs are getting stronger. Would you like to try to stand?"

Harry looked at Draco for a long moment before he slowly grinned, nodding firmly. "Yes, I'd like to try now. I'm ready."

Draco got up and walked over to stand in front of Harry. He bent over. "Put your arms around my neck, love," he said. "I will lift as you push up with your legs. Understand?"

Harry nodded in understanding, reaching up and sliding his arms around Draco's neck. "I'm ready," he repeated. His heart began to pound in excitement.

Draco's clawed hands gripped Harry's hips, digging into the jeans the man wore as he lifted. He was stronger than the average person so it wasn't difficult to get Harry to his feet. The question was whether Harry could stay there on his own.

Harry clenched his jaw, using all of his strength to push up with his legs so that he was standing, his knees wobbling. He could feel the strain in his muscles and it hurt some, but it was also encouraging to feel so much.

"Just stand for now," Draco said softly. "Hold on to me, but let your legs support your weight. Tell me when it starts to hurt."

Harry nodded, loosening his arms a little. His legs bent as he let

more of his weight be supported by just his legs, causing him to tighten his arms again. "I want to do it," Harry said through gritted teeth, forcing himself to ignore the tight muscles and loosen his arms again.

"Just a little at a time," Draco told him. "We can do this several times a day until you can stand on your own." He was pleased to see Harry doing this, but wanted to make sure he didn't overdo it either.

Harry swallowed, his legs shaking hard now. "Okay, hurts a little," he whispered after a while, not wanting to stop, but having no choice right now.

Draco lowered Harry gently to the chair and then glanced down when he felt a tug on his trousers. Elise was standing there, holding on to one of his legs. He laughed. "You too?" he asked her and she grinned.

Harry laughed softly, reaching to rub at his sore legs. "You're much better at this than me, aren't you, Elise?" Harry said, smiling at her.

"You'll both be walking on your own soon," Draco assured them.

Harry gripped the handle of his cane, heavily leaning on it as he watched Draco bustle around the lab, working on yet another one of his potions for the joke shop. It was nice to watch him work. Especially since he was particularly good looking when he concentrated. It reminded Harry of when they would have sex and Draco would be so concentrated on both of their pleasure ... He blushed, his gaze changing into something more lust filled as Draco continued to walk around the cauldron.

Draco's face scrunched up as he studied the potion in front of him. It looked right so far, but it smelled a bit too good. He cocked his head, wondering if the Apothecary had changed its supplier of Stink Root. He was unaware of Harry's lustful gaze as he bent over the table.

And then Harry couldn't just watch anymore. He moved slowly, taking the few steps needed, reaching out to trail his fingers down Draco's back. "Draco ..." he whispered.

"Mmm?" Draco asked distractedly, looking into the cauldron again.

"Draco," Harry repeated, sounding a little like he was whining.

"Take a break with me ...."

"Not done yet," Draco said, without looking at Harry. He sprinkled more of the Stink Root into the cauldron, stirring it and watching for the appropriate colour change.

"But Draco." Harry pouted and stepped closer, rubbing suggestively against him. "Come on," he said, sliding one arm around Draco and pulling his lover's body toward him.

Draco gasped as Harry rubbed his arousal against his arse. His eyes widened and he looked over his shoulder at his lover. "Harry?"

"I want you," Harry said, his voice husky. The better he seemed to get, the more he seemed to want from Draco. It was so wonderful to feel again ... and he knew what, or who, he wanted to feel right then.

There was nothing sexier than Harry's desire. Draco moaned, potion forgotten as he turned in his lover's arms, pulling him against his body. "Yes?" he purred.

Harry grinned once he finally had Draco's full attention. "I want you ... I want to feel you inside me again. I want to feel your claws, I want to feel all of you, Draco, please ...."

Draco's heart sped up and his cock twitched. He licked his lips. "Here? Now?" he whispered.

"Now, anywhere," Harry replied, leaning up to kiss those now wet lips. "As long as I have you."

Draco briefly thought that he should have a sofa in his lab, but didn't waste much time on it. He began fumbling with his clothes while kissing his lover.

Harry didn't know how he managed to help Draco pull off their clothes, but he did, leaning into Draco the entire time.

Draco moaned in delight as their skin slid against each other's. He cupped the back of Harry's head with one hand, while lightly running his claws down his lover's back with the other.

But Harry wanted more, he always did. He slid his arms around Draco and closed his eyes, picturing their bed before he Apparated them out of the lab, landing on the bed with Draco still in his arms.

Draco grunted in surprise, but didn't hesitate. He growled as he rocked himself against Harry's body, their cocks sliding against each other's.

Harry couldn't express how good it felt to be able to open his

legs and thrust back against Draco, even though it wasn't as strongly as he could before. "Yes, Draco," he whispered, sliding an arm around Draco's neck and pulling him down for a hard kiss.

The blond growled, completely lost in the feel of his lover's body writhing against his own as he kissed him. He had missed this and it was exhilarating. "Tell me what you want, how you want it," he encouraged his lover.

"Want you to make love to me," Harry gasped, looking up into Draco's eyes. "Just like this ...."

Draco grinned and Summoned his wand, casting the Lube Spell on their cocks. He groaned loudly as they slid together. "Ready or do you need to prepare?" he asked.

"Just go on," Harry whispered, opening his legs as widely as he could. "I'm always ready for you ...."

"Wrap those beautiful legs around me," Draco said as he positioned himself. He moaned as he pushed slowly inside his lover, shuddering at the feel of Harry's muscles clenching around his cock, the knowledge that Harry felt every inch of it making his heart pound.

It took a few tries, but Harry managed to wrap his legs around Draco's waist, groaning loudly when he first felt him pushing inside. He had been much too long without this and he revelled in the sensations – the burn, the stretch, the feeling of his flesh.

"I can feel you, feel your muscles working me and pulling me into you," Draco gasped in sheer delight as he began to rock into Harry. He reached his claws down to curl about the man's hips.

"I can feel you, too," Harry said in amazement, recalling months and months ago when all he could do was remember and imagine how it felt.

"Yes, oh, yes," Draco gasped, body sliding against Harry's, cock thrusting deep and his claws pressing into his lover's skin.

It felt so good, Harry was almost in tears, his body moving as much as it could with Draco's. "More, please," he whimpered, reaching up to grip Draco's shoulder.

Draco growled and began thrusting harder, delighting in the feel of his claws cutting into the flesh of Harry's hips. "Yesss!"

Harry's moans escalated when he actually felt Draco's claws sink into his skin, adding even more of a pleasurable edge. It had been so

long since the last time he had been with Draco like this. The blond had been too careful with him since the injury. Now Harry wasn't able to hold back for as long as he wanted to. "Close," he said, arching his body.

"Yesss," Draco hissed, holding on so Harry could come first. The bed was rocking, headboard hitting the wall and the sounds of their bodies slapping against each other filling the room.

Harry bit his lip before he was suddenly coming hard, his body trembling with the unbelievable pleasure as he cried out, tears in his eyes he was so happy.

His lover's body jerked and clenched and Draco cried out in ecstasy, coming hard inside Harry, blood and sex making him dizzy.

Harry fell back on the bed with a soft moan, continuing to look up at Draco in adoration. "I love you," he whispered, slowly unwrapping his legs, but keeping his arms around Draco's neck. "So much ...."

Draco withdrew his claws and grinned down at him as he licked the blood from them. "I love you, my beauty," he purred, grey eyes shining with the intensity of his feelings.

Draco still insisted Harry do the Disguise Charm that made him look like his old self before he would go out. But it was even more important when they went out among Muggles. Not that Elise's hair colour didn't draw attention itself. They had discovered a local playground and found she loved the swings.

Draco and Harry walked along behind the toddler as she led the way, shouting "wing" for swing. It seemed to Draco that she had gone straight from walking to running.

"We're going, we're going," Harry said, laughing softly at the amount of energy the child had. It was weird to compare her from when she was first born to now. So much had happened. They reached the swings and Harry glanced at Draco. "Help her get on the swing?"

Draco pulled gloves out of his pocket and put them on, then picked up the little girl, who squealed in delight yelling "wing" as he put her in the special swing for toddlers. He had gloves specially made now that fit well but had longer finger sleeves and reinforced tips. They allowed him to feel more and move better than the

Quidditch gloves.

Harry watched them with a smile, leaning on his cane. It was obvious that Draco loved Elise, and they always looked like father and daughter when they were close. If only because her hair still tended to change to the colour of whoever she was with.

Elise laughed and squealed as Draco pushed the swing, sending it flying. He smiled over at his lover. "She likes to fly," he smirked.

"Can you really blame her?" Harry said, grinning at him.

Draco glanced around at the Muggle parents and kids, rolling his eyes. "I love flying," he said conspiratorially.

"Funny, so do I." Harry smirked, walking around to stand next to Draco as he pushed the swing. "You really love her, don't you?"

Draco made a bit of a grimace and shrugged. Then, looking at Harry, smiled a bit and nodded.

"Don't you think you'd make a great Godparent?" Harry asked, bringing it up for the first time in the year since she came home from the hospital.

Draco was so startled he almost missed catching the child on the back swing. He pushed again and then glanced at his lover. "Godparents are supposed to be able to raise the child if something happens to the parents," he said.

"I think we could do that. Together," Harry said honestly.

Draco used the excuse of pushing the swing to turn his head away, thinking about it. He supposed that in many ways, they did a lot of Elise's parenting already. And with her being older now, as long as he wore gloves, she seemed safe enough. It wasn't like her father wasn't a werewolf, too. Then there was the fact that Tonks was now pregnant with another child. Ron and Hermione's first would be along any day now. He would soon be surrounded by children.

Elise shrieked happily, "More, Daco!"

"I hope you're not trying to figure out what's wrong with it," Harry said, not knowing what to make of the silence.

Draco pushed harder, sending the girl higher and making her shriek in delight. He glanced at Harry and couldn't resist an eye roll. "Fine," he said.

Harry grinned, sliding one arm around Draco's waist. "Thank you, Draco! We'll be Godparents now!" He nuzzled the side of his face against Draco's arm, too happy to express it in words.

"Well, if Remus and Tonks haven't changed their minds," Draco said with a snort, but kissed the top of Harry's head anyway. He noticed some of the other adults in the park frown at them, but one woman smiled at them instead.

"Course they haven't," Harry said with a smile, his eyes fluttering closed when he felt the kiss. "We just took a long time to say yes."

– CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO –

## *Like the First Time*

Harry finally pulled off his jeans and got into their bed, reaching for the blindfold he had there. For his twenty-second birthday, Draco had asked, as one of his presents, that Harry be ready and waiting for him like this. So, of course, Harry was going to do it. He tied the blindfold on and laid back on the bed, taking a deep breath as he waited for Draco. He would be blind and naked in a bed, waiting for Draco. Like their first time together. Harry could only hope that Draco didn't take too long. The one reason why Harry agreed to do this for him was that he could take off the blindfold to see again, unlike before when he was magically blinded and tied to the bed.

Draco entered the room and stood for a minute looking down at the beautiful sight. He quickly removed his own clothes then and picked up the potion, trembling with excitement as he prepared to drink it.

Harry heard someone walk into the room, but he didn't say anything or move just yet. His heart sped up, along with his breathing.

Draco downed the potion, grimacing at the taste. The transformation was quick as he felt his body morph – claws and teeth retracting, skin now smooth instead of furry. He looked down in surprise for a moment. He touched his smooth chest with his fingertips. It was amazing to be able to touch like that again.

Harry was straining to hear something else, a footstep or anything, but there were no sounds. He bit his lip and gripped the sheet so that he wouldn't reach up to pull away the blindfold just yet. He wanted to wait for Draco.

Draco saw Harry squirming, smiling at his impatient lover. He stepped forward, reaching out and laying a hand in the centre of Harry's chest, gasping at the sensation of skin against skin.

Harry gasped as well, now unsure of who was in the room with him. "Who's there?" he asked, reaching up to touch his blindfold.

"Relax," Draco said, shivering at the feel as he slid his fingertips over his lover's skin, caressing his nipples

"Draco?" Harry asked in surprise, his eyes wide behind the blindfold. He didn't even know how to react. That was Draco's voice but the hands didn't have claws.

"Yes, my love," Draco answered, smiling and climbing onto the bed to use both hands now.

Harry finally pulled the blindfold off slowly, blinking up at Draco. His eyes went wide again. "Oh my God ...."

Draco grinned, arching an eyebrow at his lover.

It was Draco, of course. But not the one that he was used to now, with his soft fur, wolf-like teeth, and claws, but the one he remembered from years ago. He realised then that he hadn't actually seen Draco like this since their sixth year of Hogwarts. "Draco," he whispered, still in shock as he looked him up and down a few times, reaching to take one of his hands in his.

Draco shivered again when Harry held his hand. "Remember this?" he whispered.

Harry nodded slowly, leaning down to kiss Draco's fingertips. "I remember ...."

Draco was kneeling beside Harry and he slid his other hand up to cup his lover's face, using the tips to trace his lips. "I want to touch every part of you while I can," he whispered.

Harry's lips parted, his tongue touching the very tip of his finger. "I want you to," he said, swallowing hard. He wanted to remember this.

Draco caressed Harry's face, trying to memorise the texture. "I love the feel of your skin," he whispered.

Harry couldn't take his eyes off Draco's face as the fingers moved over his skin. He reached to cup his cheek, stroking it before leaning up and running his hand through Draco's hair. "Oh, I love you so much."

"Yes, Harry," Draco whispered, wondering what it would have been like for them if he had never been bitten. He continued his caresses down his lover's body, kissing his skin as well.

Harry moved his hand back down to Draco's cheek, running a thumb over his lips before slipping it inside his mouth to run it over his teeth. He laughed softly when the teeth didn't break the skin of

his thumb, pulling it back out. "This is so different ...."

"Like our first time," Draco said softly, amazed at how even his voice sounded different. He groaned in pleasure as he wrapped fingers around his lover's cock now. "Gods, I have wanted to do this for so long."

Harry moaned softly at the feeling of Draco's fingers, feeling himself harden. "Our first time," he whispered, remembering back then. How Draco wanted to be his first before everything had happened to him.

"Spread yourself," Draco told him as he moved to kneel between Harry's legs.

Harry spread his legs without any hesitation, unable to really remember how it felt to have Draco's fingers inside him. "Touch me," he whispered.

Draco picked up the lube and knelt, opening the jar and slicking his fingers. He was amazed at how easy it was just to open the jar. He held the base of Harry's cock in one hand while he slid the slickened fingers down to his entrance, moaning at the feeling of touching him there with fingertips after so long.

Harry shuddered, his mouth falling open. He never thought he would feel those fingers there again, but there Draco was. He could even feel his entrance twitch at the touch, making him flush.

Draco rubbed the tip of his finger against that tight opening and bent over his lover, sliding his lips over the head of his cock. He could lick in his part-wolf form but sucking was too dangerous. Now, he delighted in the feel of his lover's flesh in his mouth.

Harry whimpered at the feeling, honestly forgetting how good it felt to have Draco touch him this way. He wasn't sure how long Draco would be like this, but he didn't want to get his hopes too high. For now he would just enjoy the time they had together.

"Mmm," Draco hummed around Harry's cock, delighting in the feel and taste of him as he began to bob his head, sucking and licking him. He pushed the tip of his finger into Harry's body. It felt so amazing to be able to do that, and he wondered if he could come this way.

Harry reached to slide his fingers down into Draco's hair, gripping it gently. "Yes, Draco," he sighed, forcing himself not to thrust up into his mouth. But he couldn't help but try to move down

on the finger, wanting more.

Draco happily worked another finger into Harry, loving the feel of him and twisting to find his prostate as he slid Harry's cock as deep into his mouth as he could.

Harry cried out at the two sensations, biting his lip hard. "Fuck," he gasped, unable to stop himself from thrusting up a little into Draco's mouth.

It had been so long since he had done this that Draco was a bit out of practise, having to remember how to coordinate his breathing with the thrusts. He nearly choked, but pulled back enough to catch himself. Once he got the rhythm again with his mouth, he stretched and worked a third finger into Harry.

Harry realised after Draco pulled back that he wasn't used to it, so he slowed down his own movements, letting Draco take control. The last thing he wanted to do was choke him. Harry could only remember being stretched this much for his first time, usually he was too impatient to do it himself. "I think I'm ready," he said after a few minutes, not wanting to come until Draco was inside him.

Draco looked up, sliding his mouth back. "I want you to come in my mouth," he said. "I won't get to do that when I switch back."

So Draco was going to change back, Harry thought. He nodded and lifted his hips again for Draco. "Let me come in your mouth," he whispered.

Draco smiled before taking his lover into his mouth again, eyes closing as he completely lost himself in the act of pleasuring Harry, fingers working in and out as he bobbed his head.

Harry tried to hold on for as long as possible, if not for him, for Draco. But soon he just couldn't hold back anymore and he came with a shout, groaning Draco's name.

Draco trembled, swallowing as his lover's seed flooded his mouth and Harry's body clenched around his fingers. He sucked and licked, loving the taste and the sounds of his lover.

Harry fell back on the bed and panted, running his fingers through Draco's hair. "Draco," he whispered over and over.

Draco gently pulled his fingers from his lover's body and used his wand to clean himself before climbing up the bed to pull Harry into his arms.

Harry slowly turned over in Draco's arms, cupping one cheek.

"How'd you do it?" he asked softly, kissing Draco's lips.

Draco rubbed his face against Harry's, sighing at the feel of his skin against his lover's. He slid his fingers over Harry's back, touching him like he hadn't been able to since that first time. "Polyjuice," he whispered. "I asked a favour of Tonks. She shifted into my old shape and gave me some hair for this form."

"Wow," Harry whispered, nudging his nose a few times against Draco's. "Was it a good enough present, you think?"

Draco closed his eyes against threatened tears. "It is wonderful to touch you like this," he whispered, nuzzling his lover's neck. "Time is almost up."

"It's your birthday," Harry said softly, rubbing Draco's back gently. "Whatever you want."

Draco lifted his face, looking into Harry's eyes. "If you could only have one, which version of me would you prefer?"

"Don't make me choose," Harry said, blushing as he looked back at him.

"You really do like the wolf form, too, don't you?" Draco asked, surprised.

Harry flushed. "That wasn't obvious?" he asked, looking surprised as well.

"Isn't this face more attractive than the other?" Draco asked.

"You think that's what I care about?" Harry asked. "What matters most to me is that you're still my Draco. Like this, or in the wolf form. You're still Draco."

Draco shuddered, body transforming back as the Polyjuice wore off, the fingers against Harry's back growing claws again.

Harry watched him change, smiling and leaning in to kiss him once again when it was over.

Draco tensed but then relaxed into the kiss, feeling again the larger teeth in his own mouth.

"Welcome back," Harry sighed, grinning at Draco.

"And this is what you still want?" Draco whispered.

"You're what I'll always want," Harry replied.

"Maybe we could use the Polyjuice for my old form on new moons," Draco suggested, thinking it would be a nice counterpoint to the frenzy of full moon.

Harry grinned. "Sound like a great idea to me," he quipped,

leaning in to rub his nose against Draco's again.

## *Another Wedding*

It was a warm spring afternoon at the Burrow. Arthur Weasley stood at the gate of the home, directing the groups of wizards and witches inside, where Fred and George checked them off on a long roll of parchment. The Burrow was fixed up and decorated for what looked like a party, or in this case, a wedding.

There were rows and rows of white chairs in the backyard, set up underneath a large tent that was magically set to keep the temperature cool. Some of the guests were already seated, looking around for the two reasons they were there in the first place.

A little girl with bright blue hair and wearing a white flower girl dress ran up through the middle of the aisle, a little boy with ginger hair close behind.

"Kaye Weasley!" Hermione said firmly, looking back to where her son had disappeared.

"Let him have fun, Hermione," Tonks said, grinning at her. "I've given up on trying to control Elise. I really have."

A smaller girl with hair that was currently platinum blonde tugged on Tonks' dress. "Mummy, where's Uncle Draco?" she asked.

Tonks shook her head. "Don't cha worry, Veronica, he'll be here," she told her child. "Just don't spill the flower petals until it's time."

Elise ran back up the aisle and stopped at their row, twirling around in her dress. "I wanna show Uncle Harry, but I can't find him!" she said, pouting as her hair turned the same color as Harry's.

As she spoke, three boys came walking up behind her, one of them looking apologetic. "We're sorry, mum," they said to Hermione. "We were only looking for dad."

"You'll see him soon, boys," Hermione replied, patting the seat next to her. "Come sit down."

"Grandma Weasley will be sitting with you during the ceremony," Tonks told the three boys – Eric and his older brothers Lance and

Kaye. "Your dad and mum will be up front with Remus and I," she reminded them.

Finally, the list was checked off and all of the guests were seated. It looked like most of Gryffindor house from Harry's days at Hogwarts along with all of their spouses and children. Tonks and Remus stood on one side of Kingsley Shacklebolt, with Hermione and Ron on the other.

With a flick of a wand, music filled the air and Veronica Lupin began walking down the aisle throwing white and red rose petals – at the audience instead of the ground.

Elise followed with her own basket, giggling and skipping down the aisle, throwing handfuls of the petals at the people as well. Soon, the pair of them reached the front and they stood next to their mother, looking up the aisle anxiously.

Harry couldn't believe that he was actually here, getting ready to stand in front of all these people to do something he didn't think he'd have the chance to do before. He was dressed in black robes with green accents, his hair pulled back and actually neat for once. He looked up at the man next to him and, taking a deep breath, held his hand out for him to take.

"Ready?" he asked.

Draco loved the way the green accents in their wedding robes matched his lover's eyes. He smiled at him, sharp teeth showing as he did. He was about to stand, undisguised, in front of everyone and marry his lover of nine years. He reached a clawed hand to take Harry's.

Draco took a deep breath and walked forward, down the aisle with Harry. People were smiling and Molly Weasley was crying. When they reached the front, they turned and faced each other, still holding hands.

Shacklebolt smiled at the two of them. "We are gathered here today to honour and witness an exchange of vows between two men who have long shown a commitment to each other. Through the efforts of Harry and Draco and others like them, their union will now be legally recognised under the new wizarding law." There was a murmuring of approval from the audience and Draco smirked. United Kingdom Muggle law had added same-sex marriage rights in 2005 but it had taken six more years for the Wizengamot to approve

them.

Harry bit his lip before he grinned back at Draco, focusing on him and no one else. He was proud of Draco for doing this, and even more proud that he was doing it without a Glamour on or anything. It showed how much Draco had changed.

Draco licked his lips and took a deep breath. "Harry James Potter, I have loved you for more than half my life. You are my beauty. Your strength, compassion and love continue to inspire me. You are my everything. I, Draco Forma Malfoy, take you to be my husband, in sickness and in health, through good times and in bad, for now and always."

Harry let the words wash over him, looking up at Draco with so much love in his eyes. "Draco, I've known you for ... well, a very long time." He laughed softly, hearing assorted chuckles from a few of the people in the audience. He took a deep breath before continuing, "We may not have been the best of friends since we met, and we may not have been brought together in the most traditional way. But I have never loved anyone else as much I love you. My beast, my friend, my saviour, my protector, my lover, my everything. I, Harry James Potter, take you, Draco Forma Malfoy, to be my husband, in sickness and in health, through good times and in bad, for now and always."

Tonks smiled, handing Draco the ring she held and he reached for Harry's hand. He kept his eyes on Harry's as he slipped it on his lover's finger. "With this ring, I thee wed," he said softly.

Ron handed Harry the other ring, and Harry reached for Draco's hand, carefully slipping it over the claw and up his ring finger. "With this ring, I thee wed," he repeated.

Shacklebolt nodded, smiling. "Now you may kiss your husband," he said.

Draco smirked at his lover – his husband – arching his eyebrow. He leant toward him, lips caressing Harry's.

Harry was too happy to simply kiss Draco softly. He threw his arms around Draco's neck and pulled him into a deep kiss.

Draco's hands went to Harry's hips and he tilted his head as Harry's tongue slid against his lips. There were some "awws" and laughter from the audience. Fred and George made "cat calls." Shacklebolt cleared his throat.

Harry slowly pulled back, kissing Draco a few more times. "I love you so much," he said happily, resting his forehead against Draco's.

"Always, my love," Draco whispered.

"Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter, I now pronounce you married," Shackbolt announced, and their friends applauded.

Harry laughed, keeping his arms wrapped tightly around Draco's neck as he looked at everyone.

After the ceremony, they stood and were congratulated by what felt like half of the wizarding world. Draco wore a custom made black leather glove on his right hand so that he could shake hands and no one seemed to mind. He did notice that people stared at his other hand, but he wasn't sure if it was because of the claws or the ring.

Harry didn't know how many times he had already said thank you, and it looked like he would be saying it many more times. There was a large line of people waiting to congratulate them, but Harry was much too happy to get annoyed or even tired. He kept glancing at Draco – his husband – every chance he could get. It was almost as if he needed to look at him and see the ring, just so that he could be sure that he didn't just dream everything up.

Draco was relieved when it was time to get on with the reception. Champagne was poured and Tonks as his "best whatever" stood up to give her toast. She had turned her hair green to match her dress and their robes. "I have the fantastic job of being the first to toast the wedding of Harry and Draco. We know these two are perfect for each other. Hey, Remus and I have shared a house with them for as long as they've been together. It's more than being Draco's cousin that makes us family. These two are Godfathers to our two girls, the best babysitters you will ever find, and amazingly involved in making our lives and the lives of everyone they know better. They have so much love for each other it seems to spill out onto everything." She actually blushed at that and raised her glass. "To love overflowing."

Harry blushed as well, and raised his glass, smiling at Tonks in gratitude. Draco smirked and sipped his champagne.

Ron stood up next, looking around the group of people before he cleared his throat and began to speak, "What is there to say? I've known Harry since we were eleven, and I know that ever since then, I've been hoping that Harry would get the life that he has always truly

deserved – a family, someone to love him and to appreciate him for the wonderful bloke that he really is. Imagine my surprise at who it turned out to be." He laughed, looking back at Harry. "You're making me all emotional, mate. Just ... to a lifetime of happiness." He raised his glass, nodding specifically toward Harry. He grinned and nodded back, raising his glass again.

Everyone drank and there were several more rounds of toasts with people praising them and some teasing them. Finally, it was time to dance and Draco was grateful for that. He took his husband's hand and led him out for the 'first dance.' Draco sighed as he took Harry into his arms, smiling down at him.

Harry smiled back, glad that Draco had begun to take him out dancing whenever it was possible. Now he knew how to dance, and was much better than in his fourth year of Hogwarts.

Draco gazed into Harry's eyes, smiling. "Ah, my beauty," he whispered. "Now my beautiful husband." He thrilled at using the word.

"Feels good doesn't it?" Harry asked, able to focus just on Draco's face. "After all these years, we can finally be recognised as a married couple."

"You feel good," Draco said, bending his head to capture Harry's lips with his own.

"You feel perfect," Harry whispered against his lips, his eyes sliding shut.

Even after so many years, holding Harry like this was arousing. But Draco had learnt at least some measure of self control. They kissed and danced until their first song was done and then managed to pull back enough to dance with others, too. Draco made sure to put both gloves on then so that he didn't risk hurting anyone.

Almost as soon as they separated, Veronica and Elise ran over to dance with Harry and Draco, clinging to their robes and tugging on them. Harry laughed and picked up Veronica first, spinning her around as she giggled and squealed.

Draco bowed to Elise and held out his hands to her. She curtsied and then took his hands, smiling. They danced and smiled. "You will be going off to Hogwarts soon," he said. "You are growing up too fast."

Elise smiled and rolled her eyes in a good imitation of him.

"Uncle Draco, you sound like mum."

Harry had stopped next to him, holding Veronica in his arms. "Same with you, missy, I don't know how much longer I'll be able to carry you around like this."

"Forever, Uncle Harry!" Veronica exclaimed.

"I don't know, I'm getting old!" Harry laughed.

Draco snorted at the idea of Harry getting old. "As long as you grow old with me," he teased.

"Sounds like a good plan, my husband," Harry said, leaning over to kiss Draco, earning him a loud 'ew!' from both Veronica and Elise.

## – CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR –

### *Wedding Feast*

It had been a wonderful wedding – even without a blow job in the bathroom. After so many years of fighting for the right to marry, it still felt dreamlike to realise he was actually married to his love, Harry. Now, Harry Potter-Malfoy – his husband. He kept rolling the word around on his tongue. Who knew something like that would fascinate him so much?

A flurry of rice and then a quick Floo trip and now they were in the lovely little bed and breakfast inn that Remus and Tonks had arranged for them. He trusted them to keep the secret, but still had a tiny bit of worry that Fred and George would still have found the location somehow and set up some type of wedding night prank. The little old man who kept the place showed them to the bridal suite. Draco smiled when he saw someone had set up a wedding night buffet for them with foods and champagne. He had been so nervous and excited that he hadn't eaten much that day, especially during the reception when cake and champagne had been most of what he remembered eating.

As much as he loved the wedding, Harry was glad to finally have some time alone with Draco. His husband. It was honestly hard to believe how far they had come to get to this point, but it was amazing to finally be here. The wedding suite was beautiful and he stopped by the buffet, looking towards Draco. He knew the other man hadn't eaten all day. He had to admit that he hadn't eaten much either.

"Do you want to eat first?" Harry asked, wondering if they could manage that much longer without shagging.

The words made Draco smirk, quickly turning suggestive in his mind. Oh, he wanted to eat all right. He sauntered up to the buffet, looking it over and then back to Harry, his gaze going up and down his lover's body in the same way it had done the food.

"I guess that's a no?" Harry asked, slowly smirking as well. "We can always save it until after ...."

"Or between," Draco suggested, reaching out a clawed hand to tug at the bow tie at Harry's neck, letting it slip its knot and then pulling it free.

"In between?" Harry asked curiously, raising an eyebrow and letting the bow tie drop to the floor. He reached up to pull off Draco's as well, grinning.

"Yes, because I intend to not leave this room until we are well and truly sated in every way possible," Draco promised, shivering in anticipation as Harry began to unbutton his shirt.

"I like the sound of that," Harry murmured, pressing his hands over Draco's chest as he pulled the shirt off completely.

Draco grinned and reached out and, not bothering with the buttons, he took the edges of Harry's shirt and ripped them apart, buttons flying and fabric tearing. "Been wanting to do that all day," he admitted, furred backs of his hands then teasing Harry's nipples.

Harry gasped as he let his shirt fall to the floor, his eyes wide. No matter how many times Draco would do it, he'd always react the same way. "Yeah, I could tell. We couldn't have a quickie in the bathroom like usual," he murmured, biting his lip as he looked up at Draco.

"You are so beautiful," Draco said, wonder in his voice. "I can never look at you without aching to touch you, wanting you." Lightening fast, he went from gentle words to grabbing his lover with both hands, one around his waist and the other cupping his head as he kissed him, bodies pressed together now.

Harry's moan was muffled against Draco's lips, his arms sliding around Draco's body. He wanted to show him just how much he loved him, desired him and was thankful for their life together.

Draco's claws combed through his lover's long black hair, trailing down until they also ran down the skin of Harry's back – hard enough to scratch but not enough to open the skin, yet.

Harry shivered, his back arching at the feeling. "Draco," he whispered, obviously wanting more than what he was getting. "Don't stop there."

"No, never stop," Draco whispered, nipping at Harry's chin and then neck, leaving marks along his jawline and licking at tiny droplets of blood left from his teeth. "Remove our trousers," he growled.

Harry quickly pulled off his first before tugging at Draco's. Once

they were naked, he grinned up at Draco before launching himself at his husband, practically jumping on him as he wrapped his arms around his neck and kissed him hard.

Draco chuckled into that kiss, hands clutching the arse of the man now clinging to him. He staggered back, falling on to the bed with Harry atop him.

Harry couldn't stop kissing him, shifting on top of Draco. "God," he gasped, kissing along his jaw. He nipped and licked at the skin, moving down his neck. "You make me so hot."

"Yes, my beauty, so hot," Draco gasped and drew his claws up Harry's arse and then his back.

Harry moved back up, kissing all around Draco's face as he began to thrust against Draco's stomach. "Use them," he whispered, pressing back against the claws.

"Ride me while I do," Draco gasped, the feel of Harry's arse sliding over his cock felt fantastic.

"Need lube," Harry whispered, looking around quickly for his wand. He remembered that it was in his trousers and he Summoned it, catching it. He whispered the charm, reaching back to quickly prepare himself.

Draco's claws rested on Harry's thighs as he watched his lover reaching to press slick fingers into himself. His own cock was throbbing with need.

When Harry felt that he was prepared enough for Draco he turned to spread the lubricant over his lover as well. He moved up to position himself and then quickly pressed down on him, crying out in pleasure.

"Fuck, yes," Draco growled, thrusting up hard into Harry, claws digging into the flesh of his husband's thighs.

"Yes," Harry hissed, finally getting what he wanted. He didn't waste any time before moving, riding Draco as hard as he could, feeling the blood run from the cuts that were made.

Draco growled, reaching both claws up to rake down Harry's chest, the blood dripping on them both as Harry writhed on top of him.

Harry shuddered hard, throwing his head back as he lost himself in his love making. "I love you, I love you," he gasped over and over again, feeling close.

"Oh, yes," Draco gasped, "fucking love you, more than anything or anyone."

Harry reached to stroke himself, his cock slick with both lube and blood that had dripped onto it. He only needed a few strokes before he was coming hard, screaming Draco's name.

Draco held Harry's hips now, holding him in place, claws digging into flesh, while he continued to thrust up into him for another minute as he came with a howl.

Harry cried out softly when Draco came, reaching up to run his own hands over the cuts that were made on his chest. The pain sent little jolts through his body, seeming to intensify and prolong his pleasure.

Draco pulled him down, rubbing his face in the blood, still making growling noises as he licked the cuts on Harry's chest.

"Draco," Harry panted, his eyes falling shut as he trembled in pleasure.

"Tasty," Draco growled, cleaning the come and blood from his lover's body, rolling over to lay him back while he licked every scratch.

Harry just lay back on the bed and let Draco clean him up, still recovering from the intensity of his orgasm.

"Hungry now?" Draco laughed, sitting back and licking his own lips after he had finished licking his husband.

Harry couldn't help but laugh, opening his eyes to look up at Draco. "You should be full, though."

"Oh, that was just the appetizer," Draco said, rolling off the bed and picking up a Treacle Tart. "We have this place for three days if we want."

Harry reached for his wand and quickly healed all his wounds before he got up as well, waving his wand at the bed to clean up the blood. "Only three days?" he asked, walking over to pick up one of the pastries.

Draco held the one in his hand to feed Harry.

Harry raised an eyebrow and leant forward to bite into it, holding up the one in his hand for Draco to eat. They fed each other the sweets, laughing as sauce from the treat dribbled down their chins. Harry reached to swipe a bit of the sauce off of Draco's chin, licking it off. "So, what do you think we should do next as a married

couple?" he asked, smiling at him. "Besides more shagging."

"Besides covering you with food and eating it off you?" Draco asked, drawing his lover into his arms.

"Yeah, besides that, too," Harry laughed, letting Draco pull him close.

"Plan the next hundred years together," Draco whispered, licking sauce and crumbs from Harry's lips and chins.

"Mm, yeah," Harry murmured, kissing Draco a few times. "I was also thinking ..."

"About?" Draco asked, pulling Harry to sit down on the bed with him, still holding and petting him.

Harry took a deep breath before continuing. "Maybe you'd like to adopt a child of our own."

Draco's eyes widened and his hands stilled as he thought about that. "You want to adopt?"

"I think we are ready for own family now," Harry said softly, smiling again.

"Now that we are married?" Draco asked, smiling.

"Now that we're married," Harry replied, looking down at their rings. "So, what do you think?"

Years ago, Draco would have argued he would make a terrible father and be a danger to children. Now he was the Godfather of half a dozen children and had helped raise Elise and Veronica. He caressed Harry's face with the back of his hand. "We just might be good at that," he admitted with a smile.

"Really?" Harry asked, turning to grin happily at Draco. "Oh, it'll be great!" He wrapped his arms around Draco and hugged him tightly, already thinking about how their family would be. The family he had always wanted.

Draco felt his heart swell with joy, loving that he could please Harry. "You are my family, but I think we have enough love to share."

"More than enough," Harry said as he pulled back, looking into Draco's eyes. "Thank you."

Draco's eyes widened then and he refocused on Harry's ... hair. "Oh, fuck," he gasped.

Harry frowned, giving Draco a strange look. "What?" he asked, then frowned and leant in closer to his husband. There was

something in Draco's hair ....

Draco reached his hand out, tugging on a piece of Harry's hair and then looking down and realising it wasn't just the hair on the top of the man's head. "Harry, your hair is ... red, a candy apple red."

"What!" Harry quickly looked down at his body, his eyes widening. "Fuck ..." But there was something else that grabbed his attention, making him slowly look up Draco's furry body. "... And your hair is green!"

Draco looked down and, sure enough, all the hair on his body was bright green – and he had a lot of body hair. "Hell, they got us didn't they?" he said, shaking his head.

Harry grinned and laughed before he could help it, much too happy to even begin to be mad at Fred and George. "Should've known they'd try something," he said, running a hand through his long hair so that some fell over his eyes.

"They must have put it in the food. I am so going to have to get Fred and George back," Draco said. The Weasley twins had even used the first potion Draco ever invented for the shop. He sighed, even the hair under his arms had turned green. "Bloody wankers."

"Oh, but this is how they show their love," Harry said, throwing his arms around Draco's neck again. "You don't look so bad with it though, makes you seem ... sweeter."

Draco arched a now green eyebrow at this lover. "Oh, and I do like you in red," he said licking his lips and drawing a nail suggestively down Harry's chin. "You are delicious, my beauty."

"My love, my beast," Harry whispered, closing his eyes at the touch.

"My love, my beauty," Draco smiled, leaning in to nip his husband.

## 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 non-fiction books. *Slashpervert* also writes original novels under the name D.M. Atkins.

*Aveeno\_baby* has always had a passion for writing, ever since a young age. She kept a journal that she would write stories in all the time. When Harry Potter came out, she quickly latched onto the series, buying each book and reading each of them two or three times. She got into the online role playing scene in 2005. Now she's a college student, majoring in, of all things, science. She continues to write everyday, finding that she can't go a day without it. *Aveeno\_baby* also writes original novels under the name Chris Taylor.

*Slashpervert* and *Aveeno\_baby* began writing together in the fall of 2006 when they met through an online Harry Potter role playing game. 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 *Aveeno\_baby* writes Harry.) They write together nearly every day and have written a dozen novels together, including fan fiction and original fiction.

## Novels by *Slashpervert* and *Aveeno\_baby*

***Blind Beauty*** – A work of Harry Potter fan fiction. Darkfic where Harry Potter wakes up naked, tied to a bed, captured and blinded by Death Eaters. He is surprised to find an ally in the form of his guard - Draco Malfoy. Together they come up with a plan to destroy Voldemort. But the personal cost is high and they then have to learn to cope with physical and emotional wounds that may never heal.

***Beauty's Beast*** – Sequel to *Blind Beauty*. Post-war life has challenges for Harry and Draco. As their friends begin to marry and have families, Harry and Draco are finding their own dreams thwarted by prejudice. Draco is still part-werewolf and wandless. Harry wants a family.

***Shooting Star*** – Post-war Darkfic, where Voldemort has won. Harry is a sex slave to the Dark Lord's Potions Master.

***Fallen Star*** – Sequel to *Shooting Star*. Harry and Draco have fled to San Francisco to live as Muggles, Harlan and David. Can they really make lives together and without magic, even after everything that has happened to them?

***Undesirable*** – Draco Malfoy studied in France after the war and became a Healer. He returns to find Harry Potter is a mental patient. Malfoy is the only one who seems to be able to reach the war-traumatized hero. Will he risk his career to help Harry?

***Unexpected*** – Sequel to *Undesirable*. Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy have lived together for four years in their country house surrounded by a magical menagerie of unwanted animals Harry rescues. Yet, Harry wants more. He dreams of a family that includes children.

For more fan fiction by *Slashpervert* see:  
[www.slashpervert.org](http://www.slashpervert.org)

For original fiction see:  
[www.dmatkins.net](http://www.dmatkins.net)