

# *Blind Beauty*

by *Slashpervert* and  
*Aveno\_baby*

## Summary, Notes & Copyright

**Summary:** 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.

**Warnings:** Explicit M/M sex, Oral, Anal, Rimming, BDSM, Dom/Sub, Bondage, Pain, Blood, Dubious Con, Non-Consent, Torture, Incest, Borderline-Bestiality, Graphic Violence, Character Death, Murder. All characters depicted are adults.

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

**Betas:** Our gratitude for the editing and proof-reading help of *TheBostonDyke*, *Mearowen*, *Aquila\_Star*, *Nomeci*, *Mini Mouse*, *KC*, *LBaum*, *Indie* and *Hidden\_Lily*.

**Copyright 2007 – *Slashpervert* and *Aveeno\_baby*.** The distribution of this story is for personal use only. Any other form of distribution is prohibited without the consent of the author(s).

**Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction.** Names, character, places and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental. **This is a work of parody, as defined by the Fair Use Doctrine.** Any similarities, without satirical intent, to copyrighted characters, or individuals living or dead, are purely coincidental. This work has not been endorsed by J.K. Rowling, Scholastic Books, Warner Brothers, or any of the other holding copyright or license to the Harry Potter books or movie. No connection is implied or should be inferred. **This is not a commercial work.** The authors receive no financial gain from its production or distribution. It is available without charge. **This work is intended for adults only.** Some of the content of this fiction is graphically violent and/or sexual. It is intended for readers age.

– CHAPTER ONE –

## *Touch of Darkness*

Harry woke up with a gasp, his arms pulling against whatever held him down on ... a bed? He opened his eyes and blinked a few times, but he couldn't see a thing. "What's going on," he murmured, beginning to squirm. That's when he noticed he was naked. In an unknown room. And he couldn't see a single thing. "Hello?" he called out.

He felt the bed dip down as a weight settled beside him and the barest hint of fingers brushing his hair off his face.

Harry turned his head away quickly, his heart beating fast. "Who are you?"

Fingers entwined in his hair, running through the thick locks and then smoothing them down. He could feel the heat of a body near his and the hint of breath against his face.

"No," Harry whispered, forcing himself not to feel comforted by the gesture. "Who are you?" he asked again.

The fingers traced their way down his face, over his cheek and along his jaw line, before repeating the gesture along the other side. Harry kept trying to turn his face away, but he couldn't seem to escape the fingers, which reached into his hair again, took hold of a large handful and held tight, forcing his head to still. Another hand joined the first, and he felt his face explored again, this time ending with the tips of those fingers ghosting over his mouth.

Harry squeezed his eyes shut. All he could hear was his own heartbeat. He lay still, hoping this was all a bad dream and Ron was going to wake him any minute. He pressed his lips together when he felt the fingers over his mouth.

He felt the weight on the bed shift and then the graze of skin against skin, as knees pressed lightly against his side. Someone was kneeling beside him. His head was still held firm and he could feel the warmth of that body hovering over him, leaning in, and then the

feel of lips against his forehead, kissing his scar. Harry's body shuddered involuntarily and he stopped breathing for a moment. He wished he could see ... something ... anything.

Soft hair was brushed back from Harry's face as the person moved back and then leant lips to his ear, whispering. The soft whisper was unrecognisable, barely audible. "I can see you, but you can't see me. I love the fire in those eyes."

A light flush covered Harry's cheeks just at the thought of the person being able to see him like this. "Tell me who you are," he said.

Those lips nibbled at Harry's ear, licking and breathing warmth along with the wet. Harry shuddered again, his eyes closing a bit. "Please," he whispered, biting down on his lip.

"Please what?" the voice whispered, second hand coming up to cup Harry's face.

"Please tell me who you are ... where I am ... something," he answered quickly.

The mouth licked and sucked along Harry's jaw until it started on his other ear. After a few minutes of licks and nibbles the voice whispered again, "You are a prisoner."

"Why are you doing this?" Harry asked and then whimpered, the little nibbles and licks sending these strange shocks through his body; the mouth moved down, licking and nibbling at Harry's neck, while one hand smoothed over his naked chest.

"God," he muttered, hating that he couldn't do more than just lay there and let someone do this to him. The hand on his chest began scratching lightly and grazing Harry's nipples. He gasped and arched toward the hand, eyes going wide. This was like torture.

The mouth continued to kiss, adding light nips as it continued down to Harry's chest, then it closed on Harry's nearest nipple, sucking the now hard tissue. A small groan bubbled up in Harry's chest, and he tried to hold it back by biting his lip hard again. As the pressure continued, however, a moan forced its way out causing Harry to blush in shame.

"Yes," the voice whispered against his nipple, licking it in a kind of reward. As it began kissing across to the other side, the body above came into contact with Harry's. Naked flesh against his. Smooth, hard, muscular flesh.

Every doubt that the person above couldn't possibly be a man

slipped out of his mind when he felt that body against his, but instead of making him squirm to get further away, his heart sped up as his breathing quickened. It shouldn't have made him feel like that, but it did. It made the experience even more realistic than ever.

The man's mouth closed over Harry's other nipple and his chest rubbed against him. One hand gripped Harry's shoulder while the other began sliding down his belly and Harry's fear slowly began to turn into nervousness. Here he was tied to a bed, with an unknown man, whose intent was clearly set on doing something sexual to him. His body said yes (he wanted to blame his hormones for the heavy erection between his legs), but his mind was going in all different directions.

Fingers now teased the hair around Harry's twitching cock. The head lifted from his chest, soft hair caressing sensitive skin as the man turned to look at Harry.

Harry still couldn't see a thing, and he wanted to so badly as his hips twitched up when he felt those fingers get close.

"Oh, yes," the voice whispered, fingers wrapping around Harry's cock.

Harry groaned, already beginning to thrust up into his hand, and there was a wicked sounding chuckle as the hand continued to stroke him, fingers teasing the head of his cock.

Harry whimpered as his hips continued to rock. "Oh, God!" It wouldn't take him that long.

The hand slowed and stopped, then let go. He felt the man get off the bed.

"Ah, what ... wait," Harry mumbled, pulling at the bonds again.

That wicked laugh again. "What do you want?" the voice asked.

"Uhm ... uhm," he stuttered, shaking his head. What did he want? "Touch me."

"How?" the voice asked.

"There," he answered, his hips thrusting up into the air. He needed more. "Just ... please."

He felt the weight on the bed again, near his legs and then the feel of legs, sliding over his as the man knelt between Harry's legs. A single finger ran down Harry's cock. "Here?"

Harry nodded quickly, his head jerking up. "Yes ... yes ...."

A hand was laid on both thighs, pushing Harry's legs even further

apart, and then travelling up to his crotch. Fingers gently cupped and stroked Harry's balls, while the other hand wrapped around the base of his cock.

Harry squeezed his eyes shut again as his entire body trembled. He tried to hold back. He really, really tried. Then he felt soft, wet lips encircle the head of his cock, a tongue licking at the soft glans. Harry couldn't control himself anymore as he came with a sharp cry, his hips lifting as much as they could off the bed. The man's mouth sucked and licked until Harry squirmed under the feel of that tongue.

"Too much," he whispered softly, becoming over-sensitive quickly.

Another soft lick and the mouth moved off him. There was that laugh again, and Harry felt the legs sliding over his and the weight on the bed shift as the man climbed off the bed.

Harry didn't say anything as he let his body relax against the sheets. He turned his head to the side and stared at the darkness, still wondering who it could be. He listened to the other man breathe, wondering what was happening right in front of him, then Harry heard a sound and understood. He knew the sound of a hand fisting a cock. He had lived in a dorm for years. The man's breathing sped up, and Harry almost relaxed as the sound reached his ears. Finally, something he was used to.

The man's breathing sped up until he gasped, moaning as he came, "Harry!"

Harry's ears perked up at the sound of his name. He flushed, still confused as to why the other man would wank while thinking about him. There were a few minutes while the man's breathing evened out. Then the weight settled on the bed next to Harry again. He looked up expectantly, nervously chewing on his lip. "Hi," he said a bit shyly.

The hand was once again on his face, moving sweaty strands of hair out of Harry's eyes.

Harry blinked a bit, relaxing slightly. "Thank you."

The man leant over again and Harry felt lips on his. He lay still for a moment, before beginning to kiss the man back. For some reason, Harry felt the need to thank him with more than words.

The man's breath caught when Harry kissed him back, and he felt him open his mouth, tongue caressing Harry's lips until they parted with a small gasp, his tongue tentatively moving to touch his captor's.

The man's tongue slipped in, running along the inside of Harry's lips and caressing his mouth. Harry wanted to reach up and pull him closer, but he could do no more than tilt his head slightly as the kiss was deepened.

The man kissed him for several minutes, licking and nibbling at Harry's lips. Then he sighed and rested his face with his cheek against Harry's, his breath in Harry's ear. "You are so fucking beautiful," he sighed.

Harry blushed, licking his lips as he sighed softly. "Thank you," he said. Like this, he could almost forget the situation he was in.

"I wish I could have you all to myself," the man whispered.

"You kind of do right now," Harry replied softly, a hint of a smile on his face.

"No, I don't actually," he whispered. "We are watched."

"What is your name?" Harry asked softly, biting his lip.

"I believe you would not be happy if you knew that," the man said with a trace of anger in his voice.

"You don't know that, you know," Harry said. "Just tell me."

The man's mouth closed on Harry's again. He kissed him passionately before pulling back. "It doesn't bother you knowing this is a man doing this to you?"

"No, what matters more right now is who it is," Harry admitted.

There was a silence and then the man sat back up. "I will be back," he said quietly.

"What? You can't go. Don't go!" he called out, not wanting to be left alone.

There was the sound of a door opening and closing.

Harry let out a frustrated groan, pulling at the bonds. "You can't leave me here," he murmured, hoping he was around.

– CHAPTER TWO –

## *Strange Breakfast*

Harry didn't know if it was a few minutes or an hour; it felt so long, but finally he heard the door open again.

"Hello?" he said the moment the door closed. "Are you there?" He was beginning to hate this guessing game.

The door closed again and Harry could make out the sound of footsteps on carpet and the rattle of a tray set down on a table.

"Fine, don't answer me," he mumbled, sighing. He hated the silence though.

The man huffed, *huffed*, and sat down on the bed again. Harry harrumphed in return, wishing he could cross his arms over his chest. How could this man be like that after what he just did?

"Could be anyone. How do you know it is me?" the man asked.

"I can just tell," Harry answered quickly.

"If you are so observant," he snorted, "then figure out who I am."

"Oh, you know very well that I can't," Harry replied, scowling. "I can't even see."

"Then it could have been anyone in here with you," the man answered, his hand lying on Harry's chest.

"But it's you, right?" Harry asked. "The one who was here before?"

"Has anyone else sucked your cock today?" The man's voice sounded amused.

Harry's face turned red. "It is you."

"Good." Harry heard the smirk. "We have that cleared up. Are you hungry?"

"Will you let me go so I can eat?" he asked hopefully.

"I can't let you go," he said, "but I can untie you."

"That's better than nothing, I guess," he sighed.

"When I release your arms, bring your wrists together in front of

you," the man said.

Harry nodded. "Right."

The ropes released Harry's arms and when he held them in front of himself, rewrapped themselves together. Then he felt the ropes release his legs.

"How am I supposed to eat like this?" he asked, moving his legs to try to get the blood flowing right again.

"You have never had any patience," the man snapped, taking hold of Harry's legs and swinging them off the bed, so that they rested on the ground.

Harry got up the minute his feet touched the floor. He wobbled, and then fell back, having not walked for what felt like days. "Damn," he whispered, kicking his feet out.

The man laughed, obviously having backed up before Harry kicked. "Don't make me tie you back down."

"Shut up," he murmured, getting up again, slower this time. When he didn't fall back, he grinned.

"When you are ready," the man said, "I can put you in a chair at a table and allow you to eat."

"I'm ready now ...."

"If you try anything, I will have to Stupefy you and then you would not get to eat," the man said, approaching Harry.

"What would I try with my arms tied up like this?" he asked, rolling his eyes.

"With you? One never knows." The man chuckled, taking Harry's hand and leading him forward.

"You seem to know a lot about me, then," he said, walking forward.

"Yes, I do." The man laughed. Harry felt a chair press against the back of his legs. "Sit now."

Harry sat down. "What food is it?"

"Porridge, toast and jam," the man answered.

"Untie my arms then, so I can at least use a spoon," he murmured.

"Planning on it," the voice said as ropes bound his legs to the chair and released his hands.

"Thanks, I guess. I still can't see." He sighed, feeling helpless in this entire situation.

He heard the person sit down across from him. "Yes, you can't see," he said, "and I can't remove the spell."

"Because you don't want me to see you," he said sarcastically, blindly reaching out for the food.

"Yes, because everything is about you and me," the man replied equally sarcastically.

"In this case it is," he answered, hand hitting against what seemed like a bowl. "Where's the spoon?"

"Next to the bowl," the man said. He seemed irritated. "Do you want milk or sugar in it?"

"Both." He felt around for the spoon, slowly beginning to get frustrated. "This is so annoying."

"You are a prisoner who has been given a bed to sleep in and food to eat, not to mention a fantastic blow job," the other man scoffed, "and still you complain."

"I can't bloody see!" he exclaimed, knocking something over in the process.

"And I can't bloody well do anything about that!" the man shouted back at him.

"Yes, you can!" he shouted back, finally finding the spoon. He held it tightly before he threw it, making a frustrated noise.

"You are such a spoiled Gryffindor git!" the other man yelled. "Some things never change!"

"So what! You tie me to a bed and put this fucking spell on me! God, you say that I'm a Gryffindor git. I'd say you're nothing but a Slytherin prat!" he yelled, wanting to throw the bowl at him, but not until he could tell exactly where he was.

The other man stood quickly, the chair falling back when he did.

"Gonna tie me back up again?! I'd rather that ...."

"Than what, Harry?" the other man asked quietly.

"Than this. I hate not knowing where I am, who you are, what's going on ... just ...." He grit his teeth, shaking his head.

"You already know who I am," the voice said quietly.

"I don't. I already told you I don't know who you are," he replied, shaking his head.

The man laughed. "Fine, you don't then," he said. "I said I can't take the spell off, not that I won't."

"What ... what do you mean ... I'm not blind, right?" he asked,

visibly deflating.

"No, though I have wondered about that over the years." The other man sighed. "The spell was placed there by someone else. Someone who will tear my eyes out, quite literally, I think, if I remove it."

"You're a Slytherin who has known me since I started school," Harry said suddenly.

The other man sighed, reseating himself in the chair.

"And your voice ... I've just been ... trying to figure it out." He sat back in the chair, reaching out for something to eat.

"Now you get clever? Now?" the other man snorted.

Harry grabbed what he thought was toast and took a bite. "You have this specific accent is all."

"And diction, I would think," his captor added.

"Oh, whatever ...." He continued to nibble his toast, names and faces flying through his mind as he thought hard.

The man stood and put sugar and milk in the porridge, stirring it in. Harry reached out with his free hand, his fingers coming into contact with the man's wrist, and he gripped it quickly before it could pull away. The other man gasped, but didn't pull back. His voice sounded breathless as he said, "What do you want?"

"Come here," Harry whispered, pulling him closer. It was hard to do with his legs tied to the chair, but he did anyway.

The man allowed himself to be pulled to Harry, his breathing speeding up.

Harry reached up and touched his face, his fingers running over the high cheekbones and slightly pointy nose. He bit his lip and ran his fingers over the man's lips and down to his chin. The man trembled as Harry's fingers explored his face. He didn't move and allowed himself to be touched. Harry's fingers travelled down his neck and stopped at the front of his shirt. "I need ... to ..." he mumbled, fingers scrambling to undo the buttons.

The man gasped again. "What are you doing?" he whispered.

Harry didn't answer, unbuttoning each button slowly as he moved down.

A hand came to grip Harry's shoulder and the man continued to tremble. Harry eventually finished unbuttoning the shirt and he paused, breathing in deeply. "I just ... I think ...." He wasn't making

any sense, but he needed to touch ... to see.

The hand on Harry's shoulder slid up his neck and into his hair, strong fingers pressing along his scalp.

Harry pressed his hand against the man's chest, his fingers gently passing over his nipples. Then he felt it. He gasped, but didn't pull his hand back. "Malfoy," he said quietly.

"Fuck," the other man said and stepped back quickly, almost pulling Harry's hair in his attempt to untangle his fingers. He had forgotten about the scar. Apparently, Harry hadn't.

Harry winced. Malfoy. Draco Malfoy. And the weird part was, Harry was relieved. Relieved that it was him. He gripped his shirt before he could step back any further. His other hand ran down the scar, remembering the night he had done it.

Draco gasped, stilling again under that touch. "But ..." he stammered.

"I don't care," Harry whispered, tilting his head back even though Malfoy's fingers were still tangled in his hair.

Draco seemed to come to a decision, stepping close again and pushing his fingers deeper into the other man's thick hair.

Harry tried to get up, but he couldn't, forgetting that his legs were still tied to the chair. "I ... I've always wanted to say that I was sorry. I didn't know what the spell would do," he muttered, swallowing.

How did Harry do that? Harry was the prisoner here, but Draco felt trapped. Harry's hands on him were hot and Draco looked into his face, trying to see what this was about. Harry was blinded by the spell, but his eyes were as green and open as ever.

"I thought about you all the time after that ... after what happened on the tower," he went on. "I know it wasn't you. I know you were being forced. I know."

Draco was still, listening, but his heart was beating wildly, and with Harry's hand on his chest, that must be obvious. "On the tower?" Draco whispered.

"I was there, under my cloak," he replied softly, feeling Draco's fast heartbeat.

"You ... heard ... you ... saw?" Draco stammered, trembling again. He wanted to run from the room but Harry was still holding onto him and he felt rooted to the spot.

"Yeah, I was," he confirmed, running his fingers down the scar

again. He was almost too scared to touch it, but that didn't stop him.

Every time Harry touched the scar his whole body seemed to feel it, and Draco couldn't seem to control his moan this time.

Harry stopped, thinking that it hurt Malfoy. He dropped his hand and looked down, sighing. "I thought about you so much; now that you're right in front of me, it seems surreal."

Draco was disappointed when Harry took his hand away. He sighed and waited to see if he would let go of his shirt. "Why did you touch me like that? Just to find out who I am?"

"I had to make sure it was you. The accent, the name calling ... but it's not only that ...."

"What?" The question was almost a whisper and Draco held his breath for a beat before realising it, letting go with a sigh.

"I became ... somewhat ... obsessed with you. Or that's what Hermione said, but I knew it wasn't that. I fancy you. That's why. I didn't care about if it was a bloke or not. I just kept thinking it was you," he whispered, feeling as if he was giving up so much about himself. He was, though.

"You? Fancy? Me?" Draco asked in words clear and disbelieving.

"I said that, right," Harry mumbled, feeling his face turn red.

"You did say that," Draco answered quietly, his hand still against the back of Harry's head, and he bent, bringing his lips to Harry's again.

Harry was surprised, but he kissed him back, reaching up and slipping his arms around his neck. This was all such a dream to Harry.

Draco opened his mouth, licking at Harry's, his hand tightening in the other man's hair. Harry was kissing him back. Knowing who he was. It didn't seem real, but it did feel fantastic.

Harry's arms tightened as the kiss deepened, his heartbeat speeding up. He still wanted to get up. "Chair," he murmured against his lips.

Draco pulled back, smiling even though Harry couldn't see it. "Does this mean you don't want your porridge?"

"I am hungry, but I kind of threw my spoon at you," he replied, smiling a bit.

"*Accio spoon,*" Draco said, and his breathing still rough, pushed the spoon into Harry's hand.

"Dirty," he whispered, cleaning the spoon on Draco's trousers.

Draco snorted, but didn't say anything.

Harry reached for the bowl again, finding it after a moment. Then he began to eat, actually liking it. He smiled after his second spoonful, beginning to find the situation kind of funny.

Draco pulled up a chair to the table near Harry and watched him, his heart still beating too fast. This was not how he thought this would go. But Harry never did act according to plan, did he?

"Where are you?" Harry asked a few minutes later, licking his lips.

"Here," came the quiet voice beside him.

Harry jumped a bit, head turning at the voice. "Don't scare me like that," he said, holding out his half empty bowl for him to take.

"Done?" Draco asked, taking the bowl.

He nodded, wiping his mouth. "Thank you."

Draco sat looking at the naked man in front of him. It was different, this being able to look his fill and the other man not seeing it.

Harry turned, absentmindedly rubbing at his eye. It was really strange not being able to see what he was doing.

"Do you wish to return to the bed or remain seated for a time?" Draco asked politely.

"Will you tie me down on the bed?" he asked.

"Yes," Draco replied, a slight smirk on his face.

He sighed, thinking about it for a moment. "Okay, I want to go to the bed."

"Hold your hands together again," Draco said, standing with his wand.

Harry grimaced. "Do I have to?" he muttered, holding his hands together again anyway.

"I am ... accountable ... for you," Draco said, recasting the spell.

"Yeah, I figured that out," he replied, waiting for him to undo the other spell.

Draco released the spell and helped Harry to stand, leading him back to the bed.

"Can I stand for a bit?" he asked.

"Why?" Draco asked, suspiciously.

"I've been either sitting or lying down for as long as I've been here. Just a few minutes. Please," he answered, biting his lip.

"Don't try anything," Draco said, sighing and sitting down on the bed himself.

"What would I try?" Harry mumbled, closing his eyes with a sigh. He couldn't completely relax with his arms out like that, but he tried, rolling his shoulders.

The ropes disappeared as Draco cast the spell but he kept the wand poised in case. "Stretch if you like," Draco said.

Harry stretched with a groan, feeling his lower back crack. "Ah, thanks," he said, as he continued to roll his shoulders, feeling so much better.

Draco held his breath watching Harry's muscles move as he stretched. He was hard again, watching the naked man in front of him. He swallowed and gritted his teeth.

Harry sighed again, the thought of running going through his head for a moment, but it went away when he remembered the fact that he couldn't see and he had no idea where he was.

– CHAPTER THREE –

## *When I See You*

It had been easier to be bold with Harry when the man hadn't known who he was, but now Draco felt unaccountably ... shy.

"Where are you?" Harry asked again, turning around. "I'm ready to go back."

"Sitting on the bed," Draco answered. "The bed is behind you."

"Oh," Harry moved back a bit until the back of his knees hit the bed. He sat down and scooted back.

Draco watched him, still and quiet as Harry lay back again. He wanted to reach out and touch him, but felt like he was waiting for something.

"Do you ... not want to kiss me anymore?" Harry asked gently.

"I want ...." Draco stopped. "Yes, I do want to kiss you."

"Then kiss me. I won't stop you now."

Draco stowed his wand and removed his robe. His shirt was still open, so he removed that too. After a moment of looking down at the naked man on the bed, he shed the rest as well. Then he climbed onto the bed until he knelt beside Harry.

Harry moved and got up on his knees, facing the direction that he thought Draco was in.

Draco's breath sped up again as he knelt facing Harry, both of them naked. He watched those green eyes searching in vain for sight of him, so he lifted a hand and cupped Harry's cheek.

Harry leant into the touch, making a soft noise. "I hate this."

Draco pulled his hand back. "You said ...."

"No, not being able to see you. I probably look mental like this, too," he said softly.

"No, you look ... beautiful," Draco whispered, bringing his hand back up and leaning in to kiss Harry.

"I wish I could see you again," he whispered against those soft lips, wrapping his arms around Draco again.

"Feel me," Draco whispered, one hand in Harry's hair and the other sliding around his waist and up his back.

Harry blinked, his hands slowly moving down Draco's back. He shifted closer and pressed their chests together with a small gasp.

"Feel me ...."

Draco's hands mirrored Harry's closely as they moved down again, delighting in the feel of his skin against Harry's skin.

"I want ... I ... I don't know what I want," Harry said softly, resting his chin on Draco's shoulder.

"I want ..." Draco began softly, "I want to make love to you."

Harry kissed Draco's shoulder, whispering, "I want you to."

"You are sure about this?" Draco asked pulling back to look at his face again.

"Yes, but I've never ... you know," he answered, looking to where he thought the other man's face was.

"I know," he answered kissing him softly again. "I know what to do."

Harry nodded. "You'll have to tell me."

Draco smiled. "My pleasure," he purred. "Just try to relax and do what feels good."

"I will," he said softly, trying to fight away how nervous he was becoming.

"Lay back," Draco said quietly, holding Harry and bringing him down to the bed.

Harry lay back on the bed, making sure Draco was there. He hoped this wasn't all some kind of trick.

Draco lay beside him, holding him in his arms and kissing him. He lost himself in what felt like a fantasy come true, forgetting everything else. He ran his hands down Harry's back until he was stroking his arse.

Harry tensed up slightly at the touch, wishing he could see something more than the black. "Keep talking," he whispered.

"I have thought of you, too," Draco said, his hands caressing Harry's arse and kissing his neck.

Harry bit his lip, blushing as he relaxed just a bit at his voice. "You have?"

"Yes," Draco said, one hand sliding around Harry's hip. "I thought you hated me though."

"No." He shifted closer. "Don't hate you ... much," he added with a small smile.

Draco's hand smoothed over the skin of Harry's hip, loving the feel of the bone and muscle under skin, and then into the soft hair between his legs, finding the other man's cock and sliding his fingers along it. "Not much?" he smirked.

Moaning softly, Harry's eyes closed a bit as he replied, "Yeah."

"Why do you want me to do this?" Draco asked, his fingers closing around that hardening flesh.

"Because," Harry whispered, his voice going a bit too high when Draco wrapped a hand around him. He blushed hard and cleared his throat. "I want you to."

"That's not the why," Draco said softly. "Would you do this with anyone who had you in this room?" His fingers had begun to stroke Harry's cock gently and he pressed his leg between Harry's knees, encouraging him to open his legs.

Harry's legs fell open with little resistance. "No ... no ... not willingly," he replied, thrusting up into Draco's hand.

Draco pushed Harry back gently with his own body until the other man was on his back and the blond nearly atop him, straddling one of his thighs. "Why me then?" he asked.

"I ... I can't explain it ..." Harry whispered, reaching out to touch Draco.

"When?" Draco asked, watching Harry's hands reach and find him. He lowered his head and began sucking on one of Harry's nipples.

"When I can see you." Harry gasped, feeling as though his nipple had a direct connection to his cock.

Draco raised his head at that and asked, "You will tell me then, or that is when you want me?"

"I'll try to explain to you better when I can see you," Harry clarified, running his hand over Draco's sensitive chest.

Draco breathed in for a minute, but didn't stop. He would explain later, he thought. Now, he wanted to enjoy the time he had with Harry. He moved up, so that he was kneeling between Harry's legs. "Bend your knees," he said, one hand still stroking Harry while the other Summoned his wand.

Harry bent his knees with a sigh, trying to relax himself for what

he thought Draco was going to do next.

Draco did a silent lube spell, switching hands on Harry's cock, sliding one up to replace the other so that they were both slick as he slid his right hand down below Harry's balls.

Harry's breathing sped up as Draco's fingers moved down. "It'll hurt, right?" he murmured, biting his lip nervously again.

"Some, but it should also feel good," Draco said, his finger teasing Harry's entrance, slicking it and caressing it. "I will stop if you want me to," Draco whispered.

Harry nodded with a small whimper, strange shocks of pleasure going through his body just from that touch.

Draco was panting now, sliding the tip of his finger into Harry as the man's body relaxed. "So beautiful," Draco purred. "Your body responds so well to me."

"Oh!" Harry moaned softly, biting his lip harder. It felt strange, but definitely not bad. He wiggled his hips, showing Draco that it was okay.

His finger pushed deeper, sliding gently, and when he had enough room to move, Draco turned his finger, feeling for Harry's prostate and smiled when he found it, stroking gently.

Harry's hips jerked at the unexpected pleasure, a strangled moan forcing its way out of him. "What is that?" he managed to stutter, Draco's finger continuing to move over the spot.

"Part of the pleasure." Draco smirked, using the distraction to work in another finger as well. "You like this, don't you?" he asked.

Harry hissed at the bit of pain, hands moving to grip the sheets tightly. "Yes," he whispered, lifting his hips slightly as the pleasure overcame the pain.

"Relax, Harry," Draco soothed, one hand still stroking the other man's cock while the other hand worked fingers inside him. "You look perfect like this."

"I d-don't know," Harry mumbled, breathing hard. He didn't think he was perfect at all.

"I know," Draco said. Harry was relaxed enough now that he was able to slide a third finger in, the slick heat so tight around his fingers made the blond's cock twitch, and he licked his lips.

"Ready," Harry groaned a few minutes later, Draco's fingers repeatedly rubbing against that spot. He didn't think he would last

much longer if he continued. "Draco ...." He leant up a bit and reached out, hand touching his soft hair.

Draco shivered as Harry touched him. He smiled and slid his fingers out and used the lube charm again, slicking his own cock. He was so hard that he moaned when he touched himself. Moving up into position, Draco looked down into Harry's eyes. "Ready for me, beautiful?" he asked.

Harry could almost feel Draco's gaze, the heat radiating off his body showing how much he wanted him. "I'm ready," he replied, looking to where he thought his face would be.

Draco pressed the head of his cock slowly into that tight opening. He pushed and felt himself breach Harry, the tightness making him cry out in pleasure. He stopped, not wanting to come too soon.

Harry shuddered, his eyes squeezing shut as he reached up, gripping Draco's arms. It hurt, but he didn't want him to stop.

Draco gasped, working to control himself as he slid forward. "Breathe, Harry," he said, "it will help."

Harry breathed in deeply, his legs opening wider to accommodate Draco.

Draco shut his eyes for a minute, feeling every inch of Harry as he pressed forward. He was breathing heavily by the time his cock was completely inside of the other man. "Oh, Gods, you feel amazing," he gasped, his hands sliding along Harry's thighs.

"I ... I feel full," Harry finally said, not knowing how else to explain the feeling. Again, it felt strange and the pain had subsided into nothing more than a slight burn, but he liked it. He moved his arms up Draco's arms, his nails gently scratching the skin.

Draco shivered at Harry's touch. "I am going to move now," he said, his voice trembling.

"Go on," he agreed softly, his hips shifting up. "I'm okay."

Draco pulled back, the feel of Harry's body gripping his made him moan, and then he moved forward again. He couldn't take his eyes off the man under him. Draco began to rock his hips, finding a rhythm and looking for an angle that would work for both of them.

Harry gasped when Draco managed to touch that spot again, tiny little sparks of pleasure going throughout his entire body. He moaned and wrapped his legs around Draco's waist, urging him on. "Good!"

Draco pumped his hips, the wet, tight heat of Harry's body

making him moan and gasp. He wrapped his arms around Harry, pulling him close and kissing him as he continued to thrust.

Harry ran his fingers through Draco's hair as he kissed him, the occasional moan and groan coming from him. His erection was trapped in between them, and every time Draco thrust, his stomach would rub against it. He needed more. "Harder."

"Yes," Draco agreed and began to push harder, and faster, sliding his body against Harry's and enjoying the feel of their skin against skin.

"Fuck," he whimpered, gripping Draco's hair as the pace increased. "Not ... going to last ...."

"Yes, beautiful, come with me inside you," Draco whispered. He didn't think he could last much longer either and knowing that Harry was getting so much pleasure from this was even more intoxicating.

"A little more," Harry whispered, his legs tightening around Draco's waist, "please."

Draco pumped his hips faster, using his arms around Harry to press them together so that the other man's cock was sliding against Draco's belly. "Yes, oh yes," he panted.

Harry came a moment later, his body tensing and relaxing as he shuddered. "Draco," he choked out, gripping his shoulders tightly.

Draco gasped, coming with a moan as Harry's body tensed around his cock and he felt the other man's come on his chest. "Harry," Draco breathed when he could.

Harry felt like a puddle of mush as he lay on the bed, his legs slipping down from around Draco's waist.

Draco lay on top of Harry, breathing and pressing his face to the other man's chest. "Fantastic," he whispered.

"Bloody brilliant," Harry murmured, slowly beginning to breathe at a normal pace.

Draco chuckled, slipping out and laying down beside Harry. He was still panting and he smiled contentedly.

Harry turned a bit, sighing softly. "Thank you."

"Come here," Draco said, holding his arms open as he lay on his back.

– CHAPTER FOUR –

## *A Desperate Plan*

Harry shifted closer, resting his head on Draco's shoulder when he was close enough. "I ... I don't know what's supposed to happen to me," he started, draping his arm over his body, "but at least I had this night, day, whatever it is, with you."

"But you won't tell me why?" Draco asked softly.

"I said I wanted to say when I saw you." He bit his lip gently, pausing. "Does that mean I'll never see you?"

"Probably not," Draco said quietly, not liking to think about it.

Harry went silent, still biting his lip. He guessed that something like this would happen, but actually hearing it ... "Where am I?"

"I can't tell you," Draco said, "and I don't know how long they will let me stay with you."

Running a finger down Draco's chest, he slowly came to an understanding. "I'm going to die like this."

Draco didn't answer, wrapping his arms around Harry and holding him tight. "I didn't want it like this," he said quietly.

Harry didn't know what to say, his cheek pressed against Draco's chest. All his life he'd dodged death, but now there was no way to escape. Before he knew it, he felt tears welling up in his eyes. "Neither did I," he whispered, blinking as the first tear made its way out.

Draco didn't know what to do. He lay there holding Harry and stroking his hair while he cried.

"You'd th-think I wouldn't be afraid of dying," he muttered, rubbing his face against Draco's chest. He hated crying. It made him feel so vulnerable, but he felt helpless in this situation.

"I don't want you to die," Draco whispered, the touch of Harry's tears on his chest feeling like they burned right through.

Harry felt his lips tremble as he spoke, "I don't want to die." He pressed himself against Draco as he hugged him tightly, fresh tears

spilling out of his eyes. He breathed in deeply a few times, trying to calm himself down. "I ... you know ... how w-we were in school," Harry started, wanting to get this out first before anything.

"Yes, you hated me," Draco said quietly.

Harry sniffled and pulled back a bit, rubbing at his eyes. "But when we fought ... it was different, right?" he asked.

"It was always different, Harry," Draco smirked.

"Yeah, well, one day I started thinking about you differently," he tried to explain, still wiping tears away, but the more he did, the more the tears seemed to flow out of his eyes. He took a moment, breathing in again. "And then with everything on the t-tower ... and then after ... that's how I grew to like you."

"Like me?" Draco asked, sounding unconvinced.

"Love you ... however you want to say it," he whispered, sniffing again.

Draco tensed. "You ... love ... me?" he asked slowly, with a hitch in his voice.

"That's what that feeling is, right? This feeling I'm having now. Especially knowing that ... I'll never see you again ... it kind of hurts," Harry said softly, "right here." He laid a hand over his chest.

"Is that what that feeling is?" Draco asked, sounding confused or awed or both. His heart sped up.

"I'd say so," Harry answered quietly, running a hand through his hair.

"How ... do you know? Maybe it's just ... lust?" Draco asked in a trembling voice.

"No, if it was lust, things would be different. I wouldn't have told you anything," Harry replied, looking in his direction.

Draco lay holding this man and trying to understand what that meant for himself. He had known he lusted for Harry. But could what he felt mean more than that? His heart was beating fast and he was frightened by the idea.

"But all that doesn't matter," Harry whispered.

"It doesn't?" Draco asked, still sounding confused.

"I'll never be able to really love you ..."

"You said ..." Draco frowned. "Why?"

"Because I'm going to die!" Harry exclaimed, his hands clenching into fists. "I won't be able to see you ... and to say it to your face ..."

and to tell you how beautiful I think you are ... or how sorry I really am for that scar."

"Even if you live, that wouldn't be possible," Draco said quietly.

"Why not?" Harry asked, looking confused now.

Draco snorted, "Because I will be dead."

"I don't want you to die because of me," he said. "Not you, too."

"I didn't do what I was told," Draco said, his hands stroking Harry again.

"What ... what do you mean?" he stuttered, biting his lip. It was one thing for him to die; it was another thing with Draco.

Draco snorted, "Well, do you think they gave you to me for us to do this?"

"What were you supposed to do?" he asked.

"I asked for you, as a kind of gift," Draco said. "But it was as much a test. One I am sure I have not passed."

"But, they'll kill you now?" Harry asked, sitting up.

"Probably." He shrugged. "I have been somewhat of a disappointment to ... them ... for a while."

"No ... no ...." Harry shook his head, not wanting to believe that.

"I was supposed to torture you," Draco continued. "To rape you and make you suffer."

"We ... we can make it look like you did, Draco ... maybe you can ... just ...." Harry didn't know what he was saying or why he was saying it.

Draco frowned, looking down at Harry. "What are you saying?" he asked.

"You know what I'm saying ... they're probably going to do that to me anyway," he whispered.

Draco stiffened. "You can't be asking me to hurt you," he whispered.

"I don't want you to die because of me, Draco. Don't you get that?" he asked softly.

"You are going to have to say what it is you do want, Harry," Draco said. "I don't know if I can."

"I die regardless of what happens in here, Draco. You have a chance ... to go on ... to live." He bit his lip again, looking thoughtful. "If it means ... making me suffer ...."

Draco was thoughtful for a minute. Then he pulled Harry tight

and rolled so that he was looking down at him. "You can't possibly know what you are asking," he hissed.

"I'm not as stupid as you may think I am," Harry answered.

"I don't think you are stupid. Just naive," Draco said. "I think you don't understand that they expected to hear you screaming, begging, weeping. That they expect these sheets stained red."

"I've got what I wanted already," he whispered, looking up. "I understand all that, Draco. In some ways, I'd rather it be you."

Draco pushed away and scrambled from the bed like he had been burned. He fell to his knees, panting and shaking.

"I can't stand the thought of someone else I love dying ... at least let me die knowing that you'd be okay." Harry mumbled, hoping Draco was still in the room.

Draco was on his hands and knees on the floor. Tears ran down his cheeks and he was panting. "Fuck," he said.

"Draco?" Harry asked softly, moving to the edge of the bed and standing up. "I'm sorry if I upset you."

The blond looked at the bare feet in front of him, his gaze travelling up Harry's legs to his body. "Oh, hell," he said, dropping his forehead to the floor and resting his head against it.

Harry carefully knelt down, reaching out and placing a hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry," he said again.

"Why you? Why?" Draco moaned from his place on the floor.

Harry didn't know how to answer, so he gently rubbed Draco's shoulder, sighing.

"You, you have done it to me again," Draco gasped. "I thought I hated you. But I wanted you. Wanted you badly. But now ... now ...." He trailed off in sobs.

Harry shifted closer, reaching out and hugging Draco close. More pain caused by him.

Draco's face was still pressed to the floor and he shuddered when he felt Harry's arm around him. He lifted his head and looked up at Harry, those lovely but blind eyes. "Now I know," he whispered.

"Now you know what?" he asked softly, almost afraid of the answer.

Draco pushed himself up so that he was kneeling facing Harry. He placed both his hands on either side of the other man's face, kissing him gently. "That feeling ... you said it is love," he whispered,

"which means ... it means that I love you."

"Oh, Draco ...." Harry rested his hands on his shoulders, biting nervously at his lip. "Do you really?"

Draco laughed, but it was a sad laugh. "I am willing to die to spend a night making love to you," he said. "What do you think?"

Harry's face seemed to fall at the thought of him dying for that. "No ... Draco ...."

"Told you, already too late," Draco said. "What Snape did on the tower only delayed the inevitable. I just can't be like them."

"But we love each other," Harry sniffled pitifully and looked down, so used to the dark now, that if someone told him the spell was permanent, he wouldn't care ... as much.

"Apparently," Draco said, one thumb stroking Harry's lips. Then he had to kiss those lips again, his tongue tracing the same path as his thumb had just done.

Draco kissing him again made Harry want to cry more. "Please, we have to do something," he whispered.

"First, we are getting off the floor," Draco said and stood up, dragging Harry with him.

Harry stood up with him, wondering why his legs didn't want to support him quite yet, but he held on to Draco.

Draco pulled Harry with him and back onto the bed, pulling him close and kissing him again. Now that he understood why he had done this, he wanted to savour it. He wanted to taste and touch and enjoy what he could before it was gone.

Harry didn't notice he was even crying until he tasted the salty tears between their lips. He gripped Draco's shoulders and pulled back, breathing hard. "It's not fair."

Draco huffed, "Fair? You expect fair?" He stroked Harry's face with one hand, his other wrapped around the man's waist.

"It's what I wanted all my life. Then the one time I get something like this ... it's taken away from me. I should be used to it, but each time it hurts more," he whispered. "Maybe it's good that they're going to kill me."

"No, Harry," Draco sighed, "it's not good. I wish there was something I could do."

Harry sighed. There was nothing more he could do. Draco made it clear that he didn't even want to try and do what they wanted him

to do, and Harry had no choice in the matter anyway. He suddenly felt cold and reached for blankets, if there were any. "Just ... lay here with me," Harry said.

Draco saw Harry reach for the blankets and pulled them up over both of them. He watched Harry's face, still so open. "I would try if it would keep you alive," he said.

"Try what?" he asked, resting his head on Draco's chest.

"Could you kill Him? I mean, if you had a wand?" Draco asked.

"I think so," Harry whispered, closing his eyes.

"I think that's why they blinded you," Draco whispered. "Even naked and without a wand, they are afraid of you."

"Afraid of me, hmm," he said quietly, more to himself than to Draco.

"I could get you ... near Him." Draco was trembling even as he said it. "It would be horrible, but I would have a wand."

"How would it be horrible?" Harry asked, feeling strangely empty. Was it that he'd given up? He couldn't tell.

Draco shuddered. "They want ... to see you broken. To see you hurt. He likes ... that kind of thing."

"It would get me near him, though," he said.

Draco was feeling ill just talking about it, but he owed Harry the choice. "If you waited until he was ... near you," he said, "I could hand you my wand."

"What about you after the fact?" he asked, actually considering it.

"You mean, if you win?" Draco whispered.

Harry nodded. "Yes."

"What would you want?" Draco asked, feeling dreamlike to even be thinking about it.

"For you to come back home with me," Harry answered honestly.

Draco leant in kissing Harry again, whispering against his lips, "If you still want me then, you can take me anywhere you like."

Harry smiled. "Then I will. But first, we need to make it past this part, Draco."

"The part where I have to ... hurt you," the blond whispered.

"I'll be fine," he whispered back, kissing Draco's chest. "I won't stop loving you."

"Could you do it? I mean, could you do something like that to me?" Draco asked.

"Do what? Stop loving you? Or hurt you?" Harry asked.

"Torture me?" Draco whispered.

"Probably not," he replied truthfully. "Not just because of how I feel about you ... I just ... I wouldn't know how to do that to someone. Besides him."

Draco was quiet a moment. "I think I know what to do. But I would have to ...."

"Just do it," Harry said softly but firmly. "Think of our life after."

"I will have to act like I used to, talk like I did before," Draco said. "We won't be like this ... until after."

"All right. It's actually easier not being able to see you," Harry replied.

Draco's heart clenched at the idea of what he would have to do. Could he really do it? He took a deep breath and tried not to let Harry know how much this frightened him. "I have a couple of provisions then," he whispered.

"What?" Harry turned a bit more so that he could bury his face in Draco's neck.

"I can't go back and forth. Once we start this, we are back to Potter and Malfoy. Not Harry and Draco." He frowned, thinking hard. "Because you are going to have to scream and beg and I am going to have to ignore your pleas." He was shivering again.

Harry nodded, understanding. "Malfoy," he whispered, pressing his lips against his skin gently. He pulled back and nodded again. "I understand."

"And, if you ... change your mind," Draco said, "there should be a way to tell me to stop."

"How? Like ... yelling stop won't work," he said.

"No, it can't be anything one would normally say when someone is ... hurting you," Draco said. "Something no one but us would understand."

"Like ... hippogriff?" Harry shrugged. He didn't expect to make him stop, but at least he had a way out. Just in case.

Draco snorted, "You would bring that up. Yes, I suppose that will work." He kissed Harry quickly so he understood he wasn't angry.

Harry kissed him a few more times before he lay back with a small sigh. "Do your worst, Malfoy."

"One more thing," Draco said.

"What else?"

"I want you to know that ... I love you. I regret hurting you then and now," Draco took a deep breath, "I would rather spend this night making love to you. But I will trust you. That this is what you want."

"If we do this right, we'll have plenty of other nights of just you and I making love," Harry answered with a smile.

Draco leant in, kissing him again. He didn't know if he would ever be able to do this again and he wanted to remember.

Harry kissed him back gently, forcing himself to remember Draco's kind touch.

Lingering over the kiss, Draco knew he was stalling. He finally drew back and looked into Harry's unseeing eyes. He wanted to ask if he was sure, but Draco knew he was. "Are you ready?" he whispered.

Harry leant up to kiss him one more time, missing his lips and kissing his nose instead. He smiled a bit, probably for the last time in a while, and lay back, nodding. "I'm ready."

"I am going to rebind you," Draco said. He thought for a minute. "I think I need to leave and re-enter, just to be able to see this as different."

"Okay, bye," he whispered, relaxing back into the bed and closing his eyes.

Draco slid from the bed and picked up his wand, doing Cleaning Charms on both of them and then the spell to tie Harry to the bed again. He also sent the dishes back to the kitchen. He redressed himself, watching Harry as he did.

Harry tried not to struggle in the bonds, biting his lip as he became nervous. He never thought he would have asked for something like this. He bit down on his lip harder when he wanted to call out for Draco.

Draco had to grit his teeth not to reach over and soothe Harry; seeing his distress was unnerving. Could he really go through with this?

"Hurry," Harry whispered through his gritted teeth, wanting to get through this. He didn't want to back out. This would save their lives, he told himself.

Draco nodded, even though he knew the other man could not

see it. He left the room and stood on the other side of the door with his back to it.

When he heard the door close, Harry let himself get prepared, hands clenching and unclenching in the bonds. "It'll be okay," he whispered to himself.

– CHAPTER FIVE –

## *Blood and Tears*

Draco closed his eyes and imagined how angry he used to get with Harry ... no, Potter. He tried to summon up the anger that made him want to hit and hurt him – tried to imagine the person he was in fifth year. Could he have done this then? He shook his head. He didn't really think so. How then? And then he saw it, his father's face. His father could do this. His father would do this if he didn't. Draco stood straight, cold sneer on his face. He turned and entered the room.

Harry tensed when he heard the door open. Maybe being able to see would've been better.

Draco strode into the room and stood looking down at Potter. He cast a Body-Bind on the man and then removed the ropes, using a *Mobilicorpus* spell to move him so that he was now strung up in a standing position between the heavy wooden bedposts at the foot of the bed. He released the other spells so that Potter suddenly sagged in the ropes.

Letting out a groan, Harry tried to lean back so he didn't sag as much in the ropes. It all happened so fast that he didn't have to do a thing to prevent it, not like he could anyway.

Draco knew the spells and had seen them used. But this ... was different. Part of him was thrilled at seeing Harry spread like that. He had such an urge to touch him again, but this was not about what he wanted. There was a table of tools that had been left for him. He looked at them for a moment, picking up a long thin switch. It was simple and direct and would look ... colourful. He stepped slightly to the side and flicked the switch so that it landed across Potter's shoulders.

Harry jerked, hissing at the sting the switch left behind. That one hit left him gasping. He wondered how he'd take the rest.

The switch left a bright red welt and Draco added another and

another, making a pattern down Potter's back.

Harry cried out with every hit, feeling tears well up in his closed eyes again, but he held them back, not wanting to give Dra ... Malfoy the satisfaction of seeing him give in so easily.

Draco stopped just short of marking that perfect arse and surveyed his "work" so far. He stepped up closer and ran a hand down Potter's back, feeling the heat and raised skin of the welts.

Harry let out a weak moan, arching to get away from his hand.

Draco's hand continued down to the small of his back and then ran over those lovely mounds of flesh. Should he fuck him before or after marking them? They would expect that, a rape and blood. Anger flared in him, why should he have to do this? He stepped back and began striking Harry's arse in a punishing series of blows.

Harry tried to move away from the strikes, but he couldn't, tears slipping out of his eyes. He shook his head, not wanting to, but he couldn't help it. "Stop," he gasped finally.

Pushing any tender feelings he had into a dark place inside, Draco narrowed his eyes and continued, beating down the back of Potter's legs. He knew from personal experience how bad that would hurt.

Harry began to sob, pulling at the ropes. "I said stop!" he cried out, trying to make his voice stop trembling.

"Beg me," he sneered, his voice cold. Draco was startled; he sounded more like his father than himself.

Harry bit his lip at the sound of Malfoy's voice, a shiver of fear going down his spine, but he wouldn't give in. "No!" Harry yelled, struggling again.

Draco tossed the switch on the table. Potter's back, arse, and back of his thighs were covered in bright red welts. He used both hands to grab Potter's arse and roughly kneaded that flesh.

Harry whimpered, sagging in the ropes. "God," he murmured, trembling under Draco's touch. The one word that could stop this all was floating around in his pain filled mind, but he clenched his jaw, breathing hard.

Draco pinched and squeezed Potter's bruised flesh. He leant in so his breath was against the man's ear, whispering, "Beg me."

"No," Harry murmured, licking his lips and tasting the salt of his tears, "No ...."

Draco grabbed Harry's hair and pulled hard, twisting so that it

pulled his head back at an angle.

Harry cried out, pain shooting up his neck. He tried again, swallowing, "Stop ...."

Draco Summoned his wand and did a silent spell, drawing it down Potter's back, leaving a long thin gash that cut across the welts. Blood dripped from the cut and his wand.

Harry's eyes went wide. He choked on a scream and sagged again, feeling the blood run down the welts on his back. "Fuck!"

Standing back, Draco drew several more long cuts, slow and painful down Harry's back. They were not deep but they would hurt. "Beg me to stop," he growled.

"Please, stop," he said quietly, trying to breathe properly through his sobbing. He didn't want to, but he couldn't take it.

"Louder," Draco snarled.

"Please, stop!" he yelled, feeling his face burn with shame.

Draco stepped close again, grabbing his hair again and hissing in his ear, "No."

"Please ... it hurts ..." he begged.

"It will hurt a lot more before I am done," Draco rasped. "It might hurt less if you do what I tell you."

Harry didn't reply, too busy taking in deep breaths. But he shook his head, clearly showing that he wasn't going to do anything Draco told him to do.

"*Crucio*," Draco cast as he stepped back, making sure Harry heard the word as the spell hit.

The spell hit Harry like a knife being stabbed into his chest. He jerked as he squeezed his eyes shut and tried to endure it, but soon he was screaming, unable to hold anything back.

Draco flicked his wand and dropped the spell, watching Harry sag in the ropes. He used his wand again and the ropes slithered, pulling and twisting until they had turned the prisoner around, facing outward but still spread between the posts.

Harry merely twitched and groaned softly, head hanging.

Blood dripped on the wooden floor at the foot of the bed and the ropes creaked. Draco stood staring at Potter. He found himself slipping and pushed again, reaching for that image of cold and cruel that was his father. He stepped forward again, reaching a hand out to cup Potter's chin and lift his face. "You will obey me, or suffer

worse," he said.

"Yes," he whispered hoarsely, keeping his eyes downcast.

"Good," Draco said, flicking his wand. The ropes extended until they were slack. "Kneel," he ordered.

It took Harry a moment, but he slowly knelt down, feeling like his bones were cracking with the effort.

"You will do as I say, Potter." Draco sneered, "No matter what I say."

Harry didn't bother to waste his breath on answering. Draco already had him on his knees, what more could he want.

"Say it," Draco hissed.

Harry swallowed, his throat dry. "I will do as you say," he murmured, coughing.

Draco's breath almost stopped, imagining how good that would feel under other circumstances, because even now, bleeding and in pain, Harry was beautiful. He stepped back and turned away; he needed lust and rage, not such tender thoughts.

Harry let his head hang again, grateful for the break. The things he did for love. He smiled at the thought, shaking his head.

Draco shuddered and imagined what the Dark Lord would do to him if they failed. He gritted his teeth, turning around again. He reached for his belt and unfastened it, then unbuttoned his trousers, shifting them down his hips so he could pull out his cock. He wasn't hard. That would have to be fixed. "Potter," he said, stepping close again so that the other man's face was only a few inches from where he held himself. "Suck me," he ordered.

Harry lifted his head and looked out blindly. He could feel the heat of a body against his face, but he didn't lean forward to do anything.

"Suck my cock, Potter," Draco growled.

"If I could see it, I might!" he retorted.

Anger flared sharply in him and Draco backhanded him before he had even realised it.

Harry's head snapped to the side and he licked at the corner of his lip, tasting his blood. He gritted his teeth. "Is that the best you can do?" he growled.

Draco snorted. Harry's anger actually made his cock start to harden. "Better than you," he snapped.

"Obviously." He was tied up and blind, what did he expect?

The blond reached out and pulled those thick locks hard, forcing Harry's face forward until his lips brushed the head of Draco's now half-hard cock.

Harry tried to pull back, but the grip on his hair was too tight. Blushing again, he opened his mouth and licked the tip, trying to think about how he was going to do this.

That first touch of Harry's tongue made him groan, losing himself for a minute.

Strangely encouraged by his groan, Harry slowly sucked the head into his mouth, tongue curiously moving around.

"Yes," Draco hissed, his hand still entangled in the other man's hair but no longer twisting as hard.

Harry didn't move down any further, thinking that if he sucked hard, he could make this all be over sooner.

"Coat it well," Draco ordered, "because it's the only lube you will have."

Harry blinked, stopping for a minute. The only lube. His hands clenched into fists as he tried to move down more, making sure that he was wet enough.

"Yes, suck it," Draco hissed. "Lick and suck and maybe it won't hurt as much."

Harry sucked and licked, trying to get as much spit as he could on him. His jaw was beginning to ache, but he went on.

Draco was breathing harder by the time he pulled Harry back again. "Stop," he gasped.

"But ...." Harry leant forward, not thinking that he had enough saliva on it.

"Stand up and turn around," Draco ordered.

Harry swallowed, but got up and turned around. He knew what would happen now and he couldn't help but tense up.

Draco shoved Harry forward so that he was bent face down on the bed, his hand pressing into the other man's back and the wounds there. He flicked his wand again and the ropes rewound themselves, holding the man in place.

Harry buried his face into the bed, trying to keep calm. The hand pressing down into his back made the cuts sting and ache, but all he could think about was what would happen next.

Draco pressed his hand in the bleeding cuts, coating his fingers in Potter's blood. It would look unintentional, he hoped. Then he took the same fingers and coated his cock in Potter's blood. The ropes had pulled the man's legs apart and so Draco moved between them, his breath catching at the memory of what it felt like to be inside Harry.

Harry turned his head and breathed in, feeling his heart hammering inside his chest. He was actually glad that his first time wasn't going to be this time.

Draco pressed his cock against Harry's entrance, his own body pressing against the welts on Harry's ass. "You are going to beg me to stop, Potter." Draco sneered, "You will scream and plead, but I won't stop." He hoped Harry got the implicit message in his words.

Harry's breaths were coming in short bursts as Draco spoke. He understood what Draco was trying to say, but he didn't show that he did. "Fuck you," he muttered.

Draco rubbed the head of his cock against that tight ring, hoping their time together before would make this less painful. The saliva and blood, the only lube he could use, were still better than nothing. He pushed in, breaching Harry but not stopping, knowing this had to look brutal. His father could easily use a Pensieve or Legilimency to see what he had done.

Harry cried out softly, hands clenching again. It hurt; he basically wasn't stretched at all and he was already tense, but somehow it felt like it could've been a lot worse. That, however, was just the beginning.

Draco took hold of Harry's hips and began thrusting hard and fast. He had to make good on this – the rape of Harry Potter would be a memory the Dark Lord would want to see. At least, Draco thought, at this pace he wouldn't last long.

Harry managed to stay quiet for the first few thrusts, only letting a few grunts and groans out, but then it felt like something tore and Harry felt like all the pain was forced on him at once. He began to beg for Draco to stop, screaming for him to. Most of it was letting out his frustrations and some of it was because it actually hurt badly. The rest, he thought, was all for show.

Draco desperately hoped that those screams weren't as real as they sounded. He tried to block it out, remembering Harry's sounds of pleasure before and that was what he needed, as he came hard,

filling Harry again.

The screams tapered down to soft sobbing as he felt Draco stop, his body spasming behind and inside him. He hoped this was all over.

Draco caught himself on his arms, not allowing himself to fall on Harry's wounds. He slipped out and stepped back, the pleasure of orgasm dulled by the sight of Harry's blood on him. He hoped he had done no real damage, though it did look gruesome enough.

Harry sniffled and waited for Draco to do something, anything that would tell him that he was done.

Draco used a cleaning spell on himself but left Harry in his debauched state. Tucking himself away and refastening his trousers, Draco walked around until he sat on the bed. Harry made quite a disturbing sight like that and it was what his father would see.

Harry sighed when he didn't hear anything, but he did turn his head in the direction of where he felt the bed dip, indicating that Draco was sitting. He pulled at one of the ropes weakly, wondering if Draco would let him loose.

"Potter," Draco did his best to sneer, "it is likely that we may be asked to replay this performance for the Dark Lord himself. He would like the sight of a bound, blind and begging Chosen One."

Harry went still. "No," he whispered, shaking his head. That was different, in front of *him* was different.

"If he calls to see you," the blond tried to explain in that same tone, "it will be to humiliate you and destroy you."

"When?" he asked, not even recognising his own voice.

"When he wants," Draco snapped. "We live and die at his ... pleasure." He stood up. "I will leave you to consider that. My father waits to hear what I have done to you."

"Fine, whatever," he replied roughly, turning his head away. He pulled at the ropes again, pulling his body more on the bed. It relieved some of the pain in his shoulders, but he knew it was only a matter of time before he'd have to move again.

Draco left, going to find and face his father. He hoped that what they had done would pass or it would all be for nothing.

Harry's head snapped up when the door closed. He struggled with the ropes for a moment, but stopped, too tired to go on. Now all he had to do was wait. He hated waiting. Especially like this; bleeding and exposed. He shivered. He hated it.

## *Demonstration*

When the door opened again, he heard more than one set of footsteps. Harry didn't move, going tense on the bed again.

Lucius chuckled darkly. "My, my, what a sight you are."

Harry turned at the voice, a scowl marring his face. "Fuck off."

"Not so tamed as I have been led to believe," Lucius drawled, his voice filled with amusement and scorn.

Harry opened his mouth to reply, but he stopped, thinking that in this case it might've been better to be quiet. So he continued to scowl, hoping he was looking in the right direction of where Lucius was. Then, he felt something cold and hard press against his arse. Harry tried to squirm away, hissing when whatever it was pressed against a welt. Whatever it was pressed hard, pulling one cheek to the side to expose his opening. Harry grit his teeth and shook his head, tensing even though it hurt to do it, but he didn't say a word.

"He does seem thoroughly ... used." Lucius sneered. "What a lovely mess he makes."

Harry made a small sound of distress, his body still trying to squirm away. It was cold and rough and it slid in between his arse cheeks, rubbing against that tender bruised opening. There was a gasp at this from somewhere to the right. Harry whimpered before he could hold it back, feeling the pain shoot up his spine. All from one touch.

Draco's hands were fisted, his nails pressing into his palms and his teeth clenched. He breathed through his nose trying to keep control of himself as he watched his father with Harry.

The head of Lucius's cane pressed harder, too big to enter, but certainly able to hurt. Lucius smiled as he tested how much pain Potter was in.

"Stop," Harry gasped, biting at his lip. It didn't feel as bad as the rest of his body felt, but it was just another added pain to his long

list. This wasn't supposed to happen in the first place. "Stop."

"He is not broken," Lucius sneered, but didn't remove his cane.

"He will do what I tell him," Draco said in a cold voice.

"Please stop," Harry whispered, feeling ashamed, but he wanted it to stop.

Lucius turned the cane, the sharp edges twisting against sore flesh. "Will he?" Lucius asked.

Harry had tears running down his face, but he refused to acknowledge them. He had learnt that crying wouldn't do much in this situation. He tried his best to shift his body away, but it didn't seem to want to work.

"I could demonstrate," Draco said in a detached voice. He was fighting the urge to grab the cane, to scream. He knew that his father was testing him more than he was testing Potter.

"Very well," Lucius said, sounding bored. He pulled the cane back suddenly. The silver head was smeared with blood and come.

Harry let out a small sigh, feeling his body throb along with his heartbeat. He wasn't even listening to what they were saying.

Draco stepped closer. "Potter!" he sneered.

Harry turned slowly at the voice, licking his dry lips.

Draco flicked his wand again, and the ropes grew slack again. "Stand up," he commanded.

It took Harry a moment, but he managed to stand up slowly, his legs feeling like jelly.

"Turn around and kneel," Draco sneered, knowing it would require something more to convince his father.

Harry bit his lip, forcing himself not to say anything as he turned around and got down on his knees.

"You only marked his back," Lucius commented, a hint of disapproval in his tone.

"So far," Draco said. "I liked the contrast." He stood directly in front of Harry looking down at him.

Harry kept his head down, suddenly feeling tired. He slumped in the ropes, eyes closing.

Draco grabbed the hair at the back of Harry's head and yanked it, so that his face was turned up. He leant forward, breath on the other man's face. "Show my father what a whore you are, Potter," he sneered. "Suck me."

Harry winced, swallowing slowly. He didn't say anything, but that didn't mean he said no.

Draco began using his other hand to unfasten his trousers, pulling himself out again. He tried to ignore his father's gaze, focusing instead on Harry. He pulled Harry's face forward.

Harry opened his mouth slowly, squeezing his eyes shut as he waited for Draco to move.

Draco's hand trembled as he brought his still soft cock to Harry's lips, rubbing the head against them.

Moving forward, Harry caught the head between his lips, beginning to lick at him.

Draco gasped, the sensation travelling up his spine. "Yes," he encouraged, closing his eyes so he could forget the circumstances they were in and focus on the feelings.

Harry's lips tightened around him as he sucked, tongue still moving around. If he thought hard enough, he could imagine that they were doing this alone without the pressure.

Draco's cock filled as Harry's tongue and lips worked him. His breath came quicker now, one hand still wrapped in the other man's hair. "Fuck, yes," he growled, remembering the taste of Harry when he had sucked him off.

Encouraged by him, Harry attempted to move down, sucking harder as he did. As long as it stayed like this, Harry was fine.

"He does seem to be responding well to you," Lucius sneered. "But we should test that control before bringing him before our Master."

Draco tensed, his father's words bringing him back to where he was and why. He was panting still, Harry's mouth on his cock bringing him closer.

Harry tensed as well, nearly pulling back when he heard Lucius's words.

Draco's fist tightened in Harry's hair, holding him in place. "Harder," he snapped.

Harry winced again but sucked harder, trying his best to please him.

Draco was close now, using his hand to hold Harry's head, pulling him forward so that he was deeper inside. He wanted badly to thrust, but held back.

Harry groaned as he moved down further, sucking as hard as he could now.

"Yessss, aahh," Draco gasped, shuddering as he came down Potter's throat, his hand tight in his hair.

Harry jerked, trying to pull his head back. He managed to swallow most of it, but some squeezed out the sides of his mouth.

When he was done, Draco released Potter's head, dropping his hand. Before he was really aware of it, his father stood beside him.

"So, let's try that test now," Lucius sneered, his own hard cock already in his hand.

Harry coughed and let his head fall, wishing he could wipe his mouth. He didn't hear Lucius step closer.

Draco's head snapped toward his father, his eyes widening for a moment before he got control of himself. He swallowed hard and nodded, stepping back.

Lucius stood stroking his own cock and looking down at the bent head of Harry Potter. He grinned, waiting for the man to react.

Something didn't feel right. Draco was being unusually quiet and Lucius didn't say anything else. Harry tilted his head back up, blindly looking around. He had no idea what was going to happen next.

Lucius grabbed Harry's hair as his son had done, pulling him forward and pressing his cock to the man's mouth.

Harry gasped, heart racing as he tried to pull his head away.

Lucius twisted his fingers cruelly in the man's hair, pulling hard.

"Potter, suck it," Draco said in a cold voice from Harry's right.

Harry whimpered but moved forward, slowly sucking Lucius's cock into his mouth.

"Use that tongue, boy," Lucius sneered.

Harry nearly bit down on his cock, but he stopped himself, knowing that would only bring him more pain. He gave in, using his tongue to lick around the head. He was bigger than Draco.

"He's not very good at this," Lucius commented dryly, pushing in further.

Draco didn't say anything, knowing better than to argue with his father. He watched with horrified fascination as his father did this to the man he was in love with. He gritted his teeth and breathed carefully through his nose, trying not to show anything.

This was only his third time doing this, Harry thought, trying not

to choke as he sucked harder.

Draco would have turned away or closed his eyes, but that would show weakness. And, he thought, *if Harry has to do it, I should have to watch.*

Lucius began thrusting, using his hand in the man's hair to control his head as he fucked Harry's mouth.

Harry groaned softly, his teeth accidentally grazing over his cock as he began to thrust.

"Cut me, brat, and I will remove those teeth and fuck your bleeding mouth," Lucius snapped, still thrusting.

His hands clenched into fists as he worked to curve his lips over his teeth better. Every time Lucius thrust, his cock would hit the back of Harry's throat, and Harry swore he couldn't breathe during those moments.

After a few more punishing minutes of thrusting, Lucius came with a hiss, thrusting far enough in that Potter couldn't breathe while he held him tight.

Harry's eyes went wide as he tried to breathe, his face going red with the effort. He moaned weakly, hoping that would make him move.

Lucius smiled, watching the man struggle for air. His cock was softening now so it wouldn't be long before the game was over. After a minute, he pulled back and shoved Potter away from him.

Harry coughed and retched as a few tears slipped out of his eyes, hoping neither of them would see him crying.

Draco stood stiff and unmoving and waiting for his father's next move.

Lucius tucked himself back into his robes and turned to face his son. "He might be a fitting enough show," he said, cocking his head to study his son.

Harry sniffled behind them, silently congratulating himself on making it this far.

"It might be fortuitous that you didn't mark his front," Lucius said, looking at Potter again. "Our Master will enjoy the fresh blood," he added.

Draco nodded, trying to look pleased. He ached to pick Harry up from the floor and heal him. It was impossible. And as bad as this had been, it was just practise for the main event.

Harry shivered slightly at the thought of Voldemort coming into the room as well. He hoped they were able to go through with the plan. If not ... he was sure to die.

– CHAPTER SEVEN –

## *Father and Son*

Lucius stepped close to his son, reaching a hand to cup his face, and then leant in and kissed him. Not a fatherly kiss, but an open-mouthed, tongue-thrusting kiss, as he held his son's chin tightly.

Draco closed his eyes and gave his father what he wanted. He had long ago learnt that resisting him only made it worse. He was painfully glad that Harry was blind now.

Tired of the silence, Harry spoke up. "What're you going to do?" he asked, voice scratchy.

Lucius pushed Draco back against the bedpost, his body pressed against Draco's.

His mouth too occupied to reply, Draco could only hope that Harry didn't aggravate his father. He was hoping that his father wouldn't push this any further with Harry in the room. While they had both just come, that wouldn't stop Lucius.

Harry huffed. "Answer me!" he yelled, not caring that it irritated his throat.

Lucius pulled his mouth back, laughing. "Should we tell him?" he smirked, his eyes never leaving his son's.

"You don't command here, Potter," Draco snapped, flicking his wand. "*Crucio*."

Harry let out a scream, the spell moving throughout his entire body. "Sorry!" he cried out, body on fire.

"*Finite*," Draco added, his own breathing speeding up. Harry had pushed his father and Draco could tell by the look in Lucius's eyes what that would mean.

"Not so in your control as you thought," Lucius sneered. "More testing may be necessary." He wasn't watching Potter now, his eyes never leaving Draco's. His hand left his son's face and trailed down his chest, opening the buttons of his shirt.

"I'm sorry," Harry said again, not wanting there to be more

testing.

Lucius leant in, nipping at his son's chin as he continued to unbutton his shirt. His knee pressed between his son's legs and the young man opened his stance.

"Shut up, Potter!" Draco snapped, suddenly very afraid for both of them.

Harry shut his mouth, sighing as he lowered his head. Again, he was being forced to wait.

Draco hissed as his father's teeth sank into his neck and the man's hand reached up to his son's cock through his trousers.

Harry's head turned at the hiss, wondering what was going on. For all he knew they could be preparing ... tools for him. He bit his lip and kept quiet.

"Father," Draco's whispered, "not here." The older man's response was to pinch one of Draco's nipples between his fingers and twist. Draco tried not to cry out, but a moan escaped his lips.

Harry shifted in the ropes, groaning softly when he couldn't feel his feet. There was something going on between Draco and Lucius, but he wasn't about to interrupt them again.

"Father, please," Draco begged, as the man's mouth worked its way down his chest, biting and sucking, while his hand stroked Draco's cock through the trousers.

"Maybe you should demonstrate how it is done," Lucius answered.

"He's blind." Draco sneered.

It slowly clicked in Harry's mind what was going on. He gritted his teeth and pulled at the ropes. "You st-" he shut his mouth before he could go on, scared that both he and Draco would get hurt more.

Draco's face flushed with shame as he realised that Potter knew.

Lucius watched his son's face, trying to read his reaction. He stepped back. "Strip," he ordered.

"Stop," Harry said clearly, but quietly. He couldn't stand listening to this.

Lucius's laugh was cold. "He seems to think he can give orders here, Son," he drawled.

Draco removed his shirt, but froze when Harry spoke again. This was going to be bad. His hands trembled as he unfastened his trousers again and removed them, laying his clothes across the back

of a nearby chair. He then picked up his wand, and taking a deep breath, cast *Cruciatus* on Harry again.

Harry sagged in the ropes again as his body twitched painfully. All he wanted to do was help Draco; he didn't want this to happen. "No," he whispered, continuing to jerk with the spell.

"*Finite*," Draco cast. He stood naked before his father and waited to see what would happen next.

Lucius glanced suspiciously between Potter and his son. "On the bed, Son," he snapped.

Harry didn't want to hear this; he couldn't, but it didn't look like he had a choice. Every time he spoke up Draco would make him shut up again. His body had begun to twitch every few seconds, muscles too tense.

"Prepare yourself," Lucius told his son, pulling his hardened cock out again but not bothering to undress himself.

Draco desperately wished Harry was deaf as well as blind right now. He used a lube spell and did as he was told, laying back on the bed and using his fingers to stretch himself. Almost worse than his father doing it in front of Harry, was the casual tone he used, making it clear what he expected.

This was like torture as well. Harry began to hum a nameless tune, trying to block out everything around him.

Lucius looked over at Potter and frowned. He walked over and stood in front of him, watching his face. "Does this bother you, boy?" he asked.

"Yes," he replied quietly, keeping his head down.

"Why?" Lucius snapped.

Draco watched with growing dread. He didn't dare move from where he was.

"Because ... you're his f-father," he said, hating the stutter.

"Yes, I am," Lucius sneered, "and as such, I own him."

"It's not right," he went on, shaking his head.

"You care what I do with my own son?" Lucius asked, sounding curious.

"No, I don't. I just d-don't think it's right for a father t-to do that with his son," he murmured.

"Potter, since when has your opinion ever mattered?" Lucius snapped and backhanded him.

Harry kept his head to the side, feeling blood drip from the cut Lucius had opened. "Never mind."

Draco trembled with rage. He tried to control his face, but he had never wanted to hex anyone as badly as he wanted to hurt his own father right now.

"You don't like that, do you?" Lucius said, noticing his son's reaction.

"You gave him to me," Draco snapped back, wincing when he did so.

"*Crucio*," was Lucius's reply and Draco screamed.

Harry licked the blood away and bit his lip, forcing himself to start humming again. He couldn't exactly cover Draco's screams, but he tried anyway. He wondered if he should just ask Lucius to bring Voldemort into the room so that this could all end faster.

Lucius dropped the *Cruciatus* and stood watching while his son lay gasping, tears streaming down his face. "Potter," Lucius said, "I will offer you a choice."

"What?" he asked, swallowing.

"Do I fuck my son or you right now?" Lucius asked.

"No," Draco gasped, "you promised."

Harry blinked at the choice he was given. While he was already in pain and he was sure he'd pass out if he was violated that way again, he didn't want Draco to get hurt. At all. "Me," Harry answered.

Draco scrambled off the bed and knelt before his father. "Please, Father," he begged, "fuck me."

"No. I'm going to die anyway," Harry said. "If you want to do that to him ... do it on your own time ... and not here."

"Shut up, Potter!" Draco snapped, lifting his wand again.

"Hold," Lucius commanded his son. "Why?" he asked.

"You said he would be mine to do with as I liked," Draco argued. "That I would get my revenge on him, after ... everything he has done to me."

Harry listened quietly, wondering what Draco was trying to do.

Draco reached for his father's hand and pressed it to his face, looking up at him. "Please, Father," he begged.

Lucius smiled fondly at his child. "Such a pretty boy," he crooned. "Show me."

Kissing his father's hand, Draco reached a trembling hand for his

father's erection. Harry knelt only a few feet away, but it was too late to hide this from him now.

Harry shook his head, feeling like he'd failed. He turned his head away.

Lucius laid his other hand on his son's head, petting his hair. "Yes, that's a good boy," he said, smiling at him and enjoying Potter's look of distress.

Draco wrapped his fingers around his father's cock and began to stroke him.

If he closed his eyes and tilted his head just the right way, Harry could almost forget what was happening just a few feet away from him. He thought about Hogwarts, and the big dinners with the Weasley family. And flying ... he thought about flying, too.

Lucius's smile grew as he watched Potter. "Potter," he said, "lay on your stomach."

Harry blinked, being pulled out of his thoughts. "How?" he mumbled, still tied up.

Draco frowned, his hand stilling. "Father?" he asked.

Lucius flicked his wand and the ropes reweave themselves so that Harry's hands were tied together and his feet were still spread via ropes attached to the bed.

Harry rolled his shoulders as he settled down on the floor, pressing his cheek against the wood.

"Hands and knees, Son," Lucius said, "over Potter."

Harry blinked in confusion, wondering what was going on.

"Father," Draco gasped, "please, don't." He looked up at the man, trembling.

"Do as you are told!" Lucius snapped, lifting his wand.

Draco crawled to where Harry lay, kneeling between his legs. Potter's back was still a mass of welts and cuts, crusted in dried blood. He knew what his father was doing. Another of his tests. Draco leant forward and placed his hands, palm down, on either side of Harry's waist. If he couldn't hold himself up, he would press down on Harry's back.

Harry shifted under him slightly, feeling uncomfortable in the new position. He had no idea what was going on, but at least the blood could flow to his feet properly.

Lucius smiled and knelt behind his son. "Are you ready for me?"

he asked Draco.

"What?" Harry lifted his head up, feeling Draco's chin touch the top of his head. "What're you doing?" he whispered.

Draco fought the urge to whisper to him, to say something. "Yes, Father," he said obediently, knowing any other response would be a mistake.

Lucius took hold of his son's hip with one hand and moved his cock into place with the other. Then he thrust in hard.

Draco held his arms and legs as tight as he could, trying to keep the movement from forcing him down onto Potter.

Harry tensed at what was happening above him. Why was he doing this? He couldn't figure it out, but it just wasn't right. He wished he could whisper that it was all going to be okay.

Lucius slid in deep, groaning at the tight, wet heat. "Yes, so beautiful," he gasped. He began thrusting hard.

His arms and legs were tight, which made it difficult for Draco to relax. Being tight made it hurt more; he knew that. He ground his teeth together, trying to not make a sound.

Harry bit his lip. "Relax," he murmured quietly, sure that only Draco could hear him.

"Are you trying to protect him, Potter?" Lucius asked. "Why would you do such a foolish thing?" He thrust hard and deep, keeping the pace regular.

Harry didn't answer, pressing his cheek against the floor again.

"Please, fuck me, Father," Draco said, trying to distract him, hoping to make him come faster. He spread his legs more, hoping that it would ease the pain. He knew that he could collapse on top of Potter, use his body to cushion him and relax into the fucking. It would be giving his father what he wanted, but it would hurt Potter even more and it would be too close to letting his father fuck Potter.

Harry closed his eyes and ventured deep in his mind again, breathing in deeply. He couldn't bear to hear the sounds of Draco being fucked.

The pain seemed to radiate up his spine and down his legs and arms. Draco was gasping and his limbs trembling.

"So tight, Son." Lucius nearly laughed, thrusting harder.

Flying. He was flying again, this time with Draco on the broom with him. He thought that could be something they did after they

escaped from wherever they were, together.

Tears streamed down Draco's face now, the pain too much. He couldn't do it. His arms were wobbling now and his father leant forward putting more weight on him.

Harry was pulled out of his thoughts again when he felt something dripping down onto his hair and neck. Tears, he thought. "Go ahead," he whispered, hoping Draco would understand what he was saying and rest on top of him. He was willing to sacrifice the pain.

"Fuck," Draco gasped as his arms collapsed and he found himself laying pressed against Harry's back, his father still thrusting so that each one pressed him into the man beneath him.

Harry hissed, but bit his lip, forcing himself to endure it. Each thrust made Draco rub against the welts and cuts, and he could feel some of them bleeding again. Tears welled up in his eyes, but he held back, clenching his hands.

Draco wept, his face pressed into Harry's hair and his body slick with his blood again. He felt his father shudder, that familiar hiss and then it was over.

Lucius came hard, pressing his weight down on the other two. Then he got up and put himself back together. "It just might work." he said to his son.

A few tears slipped out of Harry's eyes, more for Draco's pain than his. He wished he could turn over and make it all stop.

Draco rolled off Harry and onto his back, panting. His father stood looking down at him.

"You should prepare him for tonight's festivities," Lucius said and then strode from the room.

"Tonight's festivities?" Harry echoed, trying to turn on his side.

"A feast in your honour." Draco sighed. He rolled away, coming to his hands and knees again and struggling to get up. He sat back and waited for his muscles to stop spasming, then Summoned his wand and cleaned himself.

"A feast in my honour?" He shook his head. The things Death Eaters did.

"Yes," Draco said, "to watch you die, I expect."

"Ah." He sighed, trying not to let himself be bothered by that. His body was too tired to even think about it.

Draco finally made it to his feet and then used his wand to move Harry to the bed. He lay him face down and rebound him loose enough that it would be more comfortable. "Try to get some sleep," he said, looking down at him.

Harry rubbed his cheek against the sheets, already relaxing a bit. "Where are you going?" he asked softly.

"To shower, Potter," he said, disgust in his tone.

Hearing the change in his voice, Harry nodded a bit instead of answering.

Draco left the room quietly, the door opening and closing the only real sound as he did.

Harry fell asleep a bit after Draco left. He didn't have any dreams, his mind staying blank much like his world was now to him.

– CHAPTER EIGHT –

## *Monstrous*

Several hours later, Draco stood in fine black robes looking down at the sleeping man. He wanted nothing more than to climb in bed with him and hold him, which was impossible now.

Harry slept on, finally getting the rest he badly needed.

Draco looked around the room, thinking. Most of the others were busy preparing. Did he dare take a risk? They might both be dead in a few hours. He nodded. He locked and spelled the room so they couldn't be spied on, then he took his outer robe off and laid it across the nearest chair before sitting on the side of the bed. He reached a hand out, gently stroking his lover's hair.

Harry sighed deeply and turned his head, the gentle touch waking him up. "Draco?" he mumbled sleepily, blinking open his eyes. No, he still couldn't see. It was worth the try, he guessed.

"Yes," the blond answered quietly, "and we are alone, for the moment."

"For how long?" he asked.

"I have set spells, but I don't know how long before they come for us. Maybe an hour?" he said.

"Okay. How're you doing?" he asked, his voice still scratchy from sleep and usage.

"You are the one who was tortured," Draco replied. He vanished the ropes with a flick of his wand. "Can you sit up?"

Harry nodded bravely, moving onto his side before he attempted to sit up. He groaned, squeezing his eyes shut as his muscles stretched, causing the pain from his wounds to reawaken.

"I can't heal them," Draco said. "Can you drink water from there?" He picked up the glass, watching Harry anxiously.

"Yes, thank you," he replied quietly, feeling small tremors run through his body.

Draco leant over him, holding the water glass to Harry's lips.

Harry opened his mouth, slowly reaching up and tipping the cup, drinking a bit.

Draco steadied him with his other hand, helping him drink, then set the glass aside. "I would offer you food," he said, "but I wouldn't recommend it."

"I'm fine," he answered, running his fingers over the sheets of the bed. "The water was fine."

"You still intend to go through with this?" Draco asked quietly.

"Even if I didn't – I don't think I have a choice in the matter, Draco," he said, wanting to lie down again.

"Having me do this to you, are you sure you prefer ...." He trailed off.

"Prefer what?"

"They will want me to put on a show, to do things to you in front of them," he said.

Harry nodded, slowly falling over on his side. "I know."

"It does mean you will get close to him though," Draco said, "and I can hand you my wand then. Can you do magic without being able to see?"

"With my scar, I'd be able to feel how close he is ... I'm sure I can do it," Harry replied, rubbing his fingers over his scar when he thought of it.

Draco reached a hand out, laying it along Harry's cheek.

Harry laid his hand over Draco's, sighing. "When this is all done, I want to go flying with you," he whispered.

"Harry," Draco said quietly, "you don't have to pretend you still want me."

"I'm not pretending," he answered, looking confused.

"But now that you know ..." Draco said.

"That's not your fault – none of that is," he replied quickly, looking angry.

"Not just then," Draco said, voice barely audible.

Harry's face softened. "I ... I don't hold that against you," he whispered.

Draco watched him, trying to tell if he was sincere. He certainly seemed so, and Harry had never been a good liar. "Flying with you sounds wonderful," he finally said.

Harry smiled for the first time in a long while. "Great, I can't

wait."

Draco ran his fingers gently through Harry's thick hair. That smile made his heart ache.

"Just ... just stay with me like this until they come," Harry murmured, his eyes closing again.

Draco lay down beside him, continuing to stroke his face and hair. "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you, too." He breathed in deeply, moving a bit closer to Draco. "I think ... can I sleep for a bit?"

"Just a little while," Draco said, kissing his forehead.

"Okay." He leant close and kissed what he thought was Draco's cheek before he lay back and relaxed into sleep again.

It was almost more painful watching Harry sleep, knowing what was coming. He wished he could spare him. Harry would not approve of taking his own life instead of fighting, so Draco knew he couldn't do it either.

Finally, it was time. He leant in, laying a gentle kiss on those sleeping lips. "Time, Harry," he said.

Harry didn't want to wake up completely when he heard him, but he did, slowly opening his eyes and rubbing the sleep out of them. "Already?"

Draco nodded, sitting back up. "You need to remember to obey me," Draco ordered, feeling almost shy about it.

"I will," he stayed lying down, almost sure he was going to get tied up again.

"Stand up now. I need to put restraints and a collar on you," Draco said. "We will be going to His hall."

Harry forced himself to slip out of the bed, standing on wobbly legs. "Go on."

Draco flicked his wand, locking the collar in place. Then the wrist and ankle cuffs – metal that could only be unlocked with the right spell. He was trembling a bit by the time he was done.

Harry kept his breathing at a normal pace even though his heart sped up. He felt even more vulnerable like this, especially since he knew they'd be in a new place.

"You remember the word?" Draco asked.

"Hippogriff," he whispered, not intending on using it anyway.

Draco nodded, then remembered Harry couldn't see it. "Good," he said and then stepped back, taking several deep breaths before dropping the cloaking charms on the room. He had attached a leash to the collar, knowing that it would please the Death Eaters. "Come, Potter," he said, and led them from the room.

Harry stumbled a bit, not used to being pulled by a leash. He fought the urge to tell him to take off the collar, figuring that was the least of his problems.

Draco led Harry through the halls until he stood at the door to the hall where Voldemort and his favourites were celebrating. He took several deep breaths to calm himself and then opened the door, leading Potter into the room. He walked directly to the centre of the "staging" area and then said to Potter, "kneel."

Harry heard the chatter before they entered, feeling like his nerves were trying to get the best of him, but there was no turning back now. When they finally entered, he noticed how quiet the room had become. He knelt when Draco told him to, the position making him feel vulnerable again.

Draco knelt, as well, his head bowed waiting for acknowledgement.

"Yess," Voldemort hissed, "your father says you have entertainment for us, young Malfoy." There was laughter and a few lewd comments from the others.

"Yes, my Lord," Draco said, still on one knee.

Harry began to feel it when he spoke up. He hissed quietly and let his head hang more, pain starting in his scar before running through his head like the beginnings of a bad headache.

"The Boy Who Lived," Voldemort sneered. "Did you appreciate my gift to you, Draco?"

"Yes, my Lord," Draco answered, "and I hope I have done well."

"Show us then," Voldemort hissed.

Harry gritted his teeth, trying to listen to them over the pain.

Draco nodded, getting to his feet and then pulling roughly on Harry's leash. "Stand and turn around," he commanded.

It took Harry a moment, but he got up with a groan, turning around for him.

"Spread your legs apart and your arms above your head," Draco commanded. He was sickened by the unconcealed lust and hunger in

the other faces in the room. There were appreciative murmurs at the damage done to Potter's backside.

Harry heard them, and he nearly growled, keeping his arms where they were. However, he thought about what Draco said earlier, and he slowly lifted them above his head, spreading his legs as he did so.

"My Lord, do we all get to play with the toy?" Bellatrix crooned.

Draco did his best to be dispassionate, giving her only a cold stare.

Harry stilled at the voice. Bellatrix. His hands clenched into fists as he scowled, wishing he had a wand on him right now. He'd kill her in a second.

There was laughter at his reaction.

"He doesn't seem so tame, dear Draco," she teased.

"He will obey me," Draco answered calmly.

Every time she spoke, Harry's anger went up a notch. He was clenching his hands so tightly that he was sure there were going to be marks.

"He does look tasty," the gravelled voice of Fenrir added.

"Ah, but we offered Malfoy a reward. Let him entertain us," Voldemort hissed.

Harry made a disgusted face, shaking his head. *Who were these people?*, he thought, wishing he could recognise more than Voldemort and Bellatrix.

Draco drew his wand and cast. The cuffs at Harry's ankles and wrists suddenly attached to chains suspended from a frame so that it pulled him up onto the balls of his feet and pulled taut.

Harry moaned suddenly, tipping forward a bit before he had to pull himself back in order to keep balance. He could already feel the pain in his shoulders and calves.

Draco turned his focus to Potter's suspended body, trying to ignore those watching and remember what he had to do. He had to make the man he loved scream in pain – to suffer. Bile rose in his throat, but he tried not to show anything in his face.

He drew a small whip from his robe pocket. It was thin and short enough to use effectively in the confined space. It would leave bloody, stinging welts. He flicked it a couple times, to the appreciative smirks of his audience at the snapping sound.

Harry jumped at the sound; each time it snapped it scared him,

not knowing when he was going to get hit with it.

The others laughed at Potter's reaction. Draco stepped back and landed the first blow on the centre of the man's chest.

Harry cried out, genuinely surprised.

Draco stepped closer, reaching a hand out to run soft fingers over Potter's nipples and watching his body react to the contrast.

Harry bit his lip as he tried to back away from the fingers, the touch too sensitive on his skin.

There was laughter as Harry tried to move and found himself bound too tightly. Draco's fingers ran circles around the hardening points and the small hairs near them.

Harry's face flushed in shame as he heard the laughter. He tried to push away the tiny bit of pleasure that sparked in his body just from his nipples.

Draco stepped back and laid several lashes across Harry's chest, just below those nipples.

Whimpering, Harry jumped and arched with every hit, tears springing to his eyes.

Draco continued to lash his chest, leaving bleeding stripes covering Harry's chest – except his nipples.

The tears slipped out his eyes before he could stop them, the pain taking over his mind. It felt like his entire chest was on fire, the warm blood covering it and slipping down.

"Do you want me to stop, Potter?" Draco asked, his fingers smoothing over his damaged skin.

"Yes," he whispered, his voice trembling badly.

"Beg," Draco sneered, his fingers playing over those still unharmed nipples.

"Please," he whimpered, more tears slipping out of his eyes at the admission.

"Please what?" he asked as his fingers pulled gently at that sensitive flesh.

"Please stop!" he said, trying to hold back the sob in his throat.

"Lovely," Voldemort commented. Draco kept his back turned, not wanting to see the looks on the faces of the audience. "So, Potter, would you rather I continued whipping you or ...."

"Anything else, please," he said quietly, hoping only Draco could hear him.

"Anything?" Draco sneered, twisting Harry's nipples.

"Please," he sobbed, still trying to pull away in the ropes.

He lifted his wand and flicked it. The ropes that held Potter disappeared, dropping him to the floor.

Harry hit the ground with a loud grunt, his leg somehow bending strangely beneath him. He moaned and tried to get up on his hands and knees, but fell again when he was too weak.

"On your knees, Potter," Draco snapped, his hands fisted as he held himself back. He couldn't break now. He glanced up. The others had been drinking and looked relaxed. If Harry could just make it through this.

Harry didn't hear Draco through the rush of blood in his head, his cheek pressed against the cold floor.

"Get up! On your knees!" Draco barked at Potter.

Harry shook his head and shifted, slowly pulling his body up. He sat back on his heels, keeping his head down.

This was the part of the "show" that had Draco the most nervous. He wasn't sure he could do this with the others watching. It was one thing to pretend rape with the man in private. But here, with a dozen of the worst Death Eaters watching, the thought was making him queasy.

There were laughs and obscene comments at the sight of Potter on his knees, and Draco had no doubts as to what they wanted. He took a deep breath and stepped in front of Harry. Draco had dressed so that he could easily get his cock out but remain clothed. "You know how to do this by now," he sneered. "Be a good whore and suck me."

Laying his hands on his thighs, Harry opened his mouth and leant forward, waiting for him. He could ignore the laughs and comments if he concentrated.

Draco wasn't hard, and that could be a problem. He focused on Harry, thinking of how wonderful this would be under better conditions. He rubbed the head of his cock against those lips.

Harry shifted a bit closer, sucking Draco's cock into his mouth. He was soft, and this was new to Harry. He quickly began to move his tongue around the head, sucking as hard as he could.

Draco gasped at the feeling and reached out, entangling the fingers of his left hand in Harry's hair. Soft endearments tumbled in

his mind, but he pushed them back, forcing himself to focus only on the physical sensations as his cock hardened.

Harry slowly began to bob his head, hoping he could keep this going at his own pace. He heard someone yell out a comment and his hands clenched into fists, his rhythm faltering.

"Fuck him, Malfoy!" sneered one of them.

Draco faltered too. He thrust a few times, hard, so as to not look weak in front of the others, then pulled back, shoving Potter to the floor.

Harry fell back on the ground, coughing from his last few hard thrusts. He sighed and curled up a bit on the floor. He knew what was next, and he was sure that this was going to be hardest to endure.

Draco didn't dare hesitate or he would lose his erection as well as his nerve. He grabbed Harry by the hair again and hauled him up, standing him and bending him over a bench that had been set up.

"Ow," Harry whispered to himself, feeling the sharp edges of the bench digging into his hips.

"Tell me what a whore you are, Potter," Draco growled. "Tell me you want me to fuck you."

Harry bit his lip, shaking his head and swallowing. "I ... I ...." He opened and closed his mouth a few times, not really wanting to say it, but he knew he had to.

"Beg me for it," Draco snarled, pulling his hair harder.

Harry bit his lip harder. "I ... want you to ... fuck me," he finally got out, flushing again.

Their audience roared with approval and jokes about the boy-who-lived-to-be-a-whore. Draco took a chance and did a lube spell on his hand, slicking himself quickly and then shoved in hard and deep.

Harry didn't have a chance to be more humiliated as Draco unexpectedly thrust inside of him. He let out a strangled moan, his muscles spasming as he tried to get used to the feeling.

Draco moaned too at the tight feel of Harry's body clutching his cock. He forced himself to open his eyes and glance at Voldemort. Thrusting steadily, he leant over Harry, so that it looked like he was just pressing him hard. He turned his head so that could press his face against Harry's ear. "He has set down his wand," he whispered in the other man's ear.

Harry's eyes opened and he let out a pained moan that was more for show as he turned his head so that he was facing Draco. "Is he in front of us?" he whispered as quietly as he could, wondering how he managed to speak so steadily with what was happening.

"No, left," Draco whispered, not pausing as he tried to keep up the show. "Could you Summon it?" he asked.

Harry gritted his teeth, closing his eyes and picturing exactly where he would be. "Yes, I only have one chance," he mumbled.

Draco gasped against his ear as he fucked him. It was difficult to concentrate. "Your word, use it when," he whispered.

Harry paused for a moment, keeping silent as Draco went on. "Okay," he murmured, gripping the edge of the bench. "Tell me ... when he looks more relaxed."

The last thing Draco wanted was to really look at what Voldemort was doing with his hands. The Dark Lord was certainly distracted if not actually relaxed. Draco tried to steady himself, thrusting still, but not feeling any closer to coming. The Dark Lord seemed to be enjoying it more than he was. Draco made sure he had his own wand ready, knowing he would have to cover Harry while he acted. "Any ... time," he rasped.

Harry leant forward on his forearms, wondering when he was able to easily block out what was going on around him and even inside him. He waited another moment before he took a deep breath, gripping the bench again. This was it. He took a few more deep breaths before he made up his mind. '*Accio Voldemort's Wand,*' he thought, focusing and putting all of his energy into the spell.

Harry gasped when the wand landed in his hand with a smack. He heard everything go deathly silent and still and it almost felt like everything after that went in slow motion. He rose up, managing to throw Draco off of him as he turned to the left, the pain in his scar telling him that he was going in the right direction. He pointed the wand and stood up straight, the adrenaline making him forget about the pain in his body.

"*Avada Kedavra!*" he yelled, feeling the force of the spell leave his body in a rush. Even blind, he saw green as he collapsed.

Draco felt Harry tense and his magic flare. When Harry shoved him back, he gasped at the sensation of being forced out but recovered enough not to fall, staggering instead. He turned and

prepared to fire at anyone who drew their wand. He hit his aunt before she was able to fire, but he missed Fenrir coming over the table at him and pinning him to the ground.

Harry had Summoned Voldemort's wand, and the monster literally died before he realised what had hit him.

– CHAPTER NINE –

## *Invalid*

"Harry, can you hear me?" a voice asked.

Harry slowly woke up with a small groan. When he blinked open his eyes, he saw nothing but the darkness. For some reason, he was calmer than the first time he woke up blind. "Yes," he replied roughly, his throat dry.

"He's thirsty," a woman's voice said. "Here."

Harry felt a hand behind his head, helping lift it a bit, and the edge of a glass pressed to his lips. "Here, Harry, it's water."

Harry managed to drink some of the water slowly, sighing as it wet his throat. "Hermione?" he whispered.

He heard a sob, and then, "Yes, Harry."

"And Remus," he heard the man say.

Harry tried to sit up in the bed, ignoring the painful stretch of his muscles. It felt like there were bandages everywhere on his body.

"Don't move too much, Harry," Remus said. Harry felt the man help prop him up with some pillows.

Harry nodded a bit, letting his head hang. "Where's Ron?"

"He was injured," Remus said.

"But going to be fine," Hermione added.

"That last battle was pretty bad," Remus went on. "At least until the wards fell."

"When did the wards fall?" Harry asked, looking in Hermione's direction.

"When you killed ... Voldemort," Hermione said, still almost whispering the name.

"Oh, where's Draco?" he asked softly. The last thing he could remember was pushing the man back from him, but it was just so Harry didn't hit him with the spell accidentally.

There was a long pause before Remus cleared his throat. "We know what they did to you ...." He hesitated. "But you don't have to

worry about Malfoy any more."

"What ... he didn't do anything. I want to see ...." He paused, biting his lip. "I want to talk to him. Remus, where is he?"

"Shh, Harry," Hermione said, and took his hand. "There were Pensieve and Veritaserum investigations done. You don't have to worry, it is confidential. He was sent to Azkaban with the others."

Harry pulled his hand away. "No! He didn't do anything! He ... helped me. I swear!" he said loudly, shifting to move out of the bed. "I have to go. Let me go ...."

Remus laid hands on both Harry's shoulders, trying to hold him still. "Harry, hold on," he said. "You are in no condition to go anywhere."

Tears filled Harry's eyes as he weakly struggled. "No, take him out of Azkaban. Now."

"Harry." Hermione's tone was full of concern, her voice lowering. "He already admitted to torturing and raping you. They used Veritaserum on him. There were witnesses."

"Please, you're not listening. He had to do it. He helped me, please," he said quickly, tears beginning to fall.

"We understand you are upset, Harry," Remus soothed. "Here," he said, putting another glass to his lips, "you need to drink this."

"No, I don't want any more water," he mumbled, shaking his head and trying to push the glass away. "I need Draco."

"It's a potion. To help you heal," Remus said, still holding the potion for him.

Harry sniffled and nodded, reaching for the glass. "Will you take him out?"

"Drink the potion, Harry," Remus soothed. "We can talk about this later."

Harry quickly drank the potion, making a slight face at the taste as he held it out for Remus to take.

Remus took the potion vial away and then Harry had only a few seconds to realise it was a Sleeping Potion.

He didn't know when he next woke, but he was no longer holding anyone's hand and he felt fewer bandages this time.

Harry shifted on the bed before he slowly sat up again, shaking his head. He still felt a bit woozy, but he wasn't tired enough to go

back to sleep. "Is anyone there?"

"Wotcher, Harry!" came Tonks's familiar voice. Then he heard her getting up from a chair and felt her hand take his.

Harry sighed softly, squeezing her hand gently. "Tonks, how're you doing?" he asked.

"Good," she answered. "I guess I'm lucky you woke on my shift."

"Yeah, how long has it been since the last battle?" he asked, turning in her direction.

"We aren't supposed to talk to you about it yet," she said, sounding unhappy. "The Mediwitches don't think you're ready."

"What do you mean? You can't just let me lie here forever without telling me anything," he replied, frowning his eyebrows.

"Promise you won't get upset or try to get up," she said, her voice dropping to a near whisper.

"Promise," he lied, knowing he probably was going to anyway.

"Today makes three weeks," she whispered.

"Three weeks? Three bloody weeks?!" All he could think about was Draco being in Azkaban for that long. "I feel fine. Let me go tell everyone that."

"I'll tell 'em," she said, but sounded worried all the same. "You had quite a bad time of it there. They almost lost you. Somethin' about using *his* wand and a backlash," she explained.

"I don't remember. Hey, Tonks, you're an Auror. You'd listen to me, right?" he asked, biting his lip.

"I always listen to you, Harry," she said, her voice still low.

"Draco Malfoy is innocent. Take him out of Azkaban now," he said simply, hoping she'd listen.

Again, a long pause. "Remus said you were talkin' about him," she said, hesitating. "I reviewed the investigation. Harry, he admitted it all. And there are two Pensieve memories as well."

"Yes, he did do it. But, he only did it to save our lives; don't you get it? We both would've been killed, Tonks. Please believe me, I'm not lying."

"I don't understand, Harry." She sounded sad. "I mean they think ... well, that you're havin' trouble accepting what happened to you."

"No, you're not listening again. Tonks, please, he didn't do anything wrong. He doesn't deserve to be in Azkaban," he pleaded.

He heard a sniff and knew that she was crying now. "Harry, I'm

sorry, but I saw it, and I don't see how you can say that," she said. "I was one of the first people to you and you ... the blood and ... it was all over him, over his ...." Tonks trailed off.

"He had to do it. It was the only way we could get close enough to Voldemort," he replied quickly.

She was breathing a bit hard and he could feel a shudder in the hand holding his. "Harry, are you saying you asked Draco Malfoy to do that to you?" Her voice quivered as she spoke.

"Yes, because ... if I didn't, we'd both die. Tonks, you have to understand," he replied softly.

She was quiet and her hand trembled again. "If you're right ... I mean, it would explain the tip we got."

"What tip?" he asked softly, running his hand over hers.

"Someone from inside sent an anonymous tip that you were there," she said. "It's how we found you."

"Oh, that was probably him," he replied quietly.

"We never found out who," she said. "If he was helping you, why didn't he tell anyone?"

"He's scared, Tonks. They'll kill him," he mumbled in reply.

"Who'll kill him?" she asked.

"His father, I'm guessing ... Voldemort if he was still alive," he replied, sighing.

"Lucius Malfoy escaped," Tonks said quietly. "Harry, d'you have any proof of this?"

"My memories?" he asked, biting his lip at the thought of him running loose.

"It's like with Sirius," Tonks said. "It might not be enough."

"Why wouldn't it be? Please try, Tonks."

She squeezed his hand. "I'll see what I can find out." There was another pause. "But you might not want to talk more about this until you're out of here. The Ministry will not be pleased about this."

"I don't really care what the Ministry thinks. They should be glad that Voldemort's dead. And I just can't keep quiet for however much longer they're going to keep me here," Harry replied.

"Harry," Tonks whispered, "they could keep you in here. They've already implied that you might not be well mentally."

"No, they can't do that. I'm fine," he murmured, shaking his head as he bit his lip hard. They couldn't do that.

"So tell them everything's fine," Tonks whispered, "until you're back at Grimmauld and safe with the Order."

"But will they believe me?"

"I dunno, Harry," she said sadly, "but even if the Ministry believes you, it would look bad for them to admit it."

"In other words, I'm stuck here whether or not I like it," he whispered in reply, feeling like hitting something. His hands clenched into fists and if Tonks wasn't in front of him, he would have hit the bed frame, wall, something hard.

"For now," Tonks said. "I'll tell Remus what you've said and see if I can get access to Malfoy's records again. Maybe there's something they missed."

Harry nodded, cracking the knuckles of his right hand. "Okay. I appreciate that."

– CHAPTER TEN –

## *Blind Truth*

Order members sat with Harry around the clock, taking turns socialising with him. Even when he was asleep, someone was there. Harry found that he still slept a lot and everyone said that was normal. Hermione and Ron were there every day for at least one shift.

Two days after his talk with Tonks, he woke up to find a Mediwizard waiting to talk with him. "Morning, Mr Potter," a stranger's voice said, and he introduced himself as Mediwizard Frantz.

"Good morning," Harry replied politely, sitting up and rubbing at his eyes.

"How do your eyes feel today?" Frantz asked.

"Fine." He blinked, already used to the darkness by now. "I still can't see."

"Any light?" he asked.

"Nothing. It's dark," he answered, fiddling with the sheets.

"Do you have any idea what spell was used to create this effect?" Frantz asked. "Were you conscious when it happened?"

"I don't know. I woke up like this," he murmured, his throat dry. "Can I have some water please?"

"Certainly, Mr Potter," he said. "There is a glass beside your bed."

Harry gritted his teeth when it wasn't handed to him, turning to where he knew the glass was. He took a chance and reached out his fingers lightly, touching the glass before he curled his fingers around it and picked it up. He drank a few mouthfuls before he set it down.

"We are still unable to identify the spell or a way to reverse the effect," Frantz explained. "If you are going to be released from here, you will need to learn to function without your sight indefinitely."

Harry went back to pulling at the sheets, shaking his head at what he said. "There has to be a way," he said softly.

"We will continue to work on the problem," Frantz said. "In the meantime, all of your other injuries have healed. In fact, the external wounds were surprisingly minor."

"Are there any scars?" Harry asked.

"There shouldn't be," he said. "All of the external injuries were surface wounds, with no depth. It surprised us actually."

Harry nodded, pulling his knees up to his chest and resting his chin on them. Draco wouldn't have left any, he thought. "What do you mean by function without my sight?"

"Well, until such time as it returns, you will need to learn how to manage without it," Frantz said, "and there is also the issue of your wand."

"What about my wand?" he asked, turning to look up at the Mediwizard.

"It has not been recovered," Frantz said. "You may have to obtain a new one."

Harry expected that. He nodded, burying his face in his knees. "Fine."

There was a long pause. "Your friends have assured us that you will have people who can care for you if we release you," he said. "Is that what you want?"

He wanted more than that. "Yes, that's what I want."

"We are somewhat concerned about releasing you because of the possible emotional effects of this kind of trauma," he explained.

"I'm fine," Harry murmured softly, not lifting his head up.

"Mr Potter, what you have been through would be traumatic for anyone," the man said kindly.

"And I said I'm fine," he whispered, biting his lip.

"I understand," the man said. "Let us know if there is anything we can do."

Harry nodded, hugging his knees. "When can I go?"

"Technically, you are free to leave whenever you want," Frantz said. "Although, we will want to see that you have someone to help care for your needs until you can get a new wand and learn to manage on your own."

Harry's arms tightened, his nails digging into the skin of his legs; he winced slightly, but didn't move them. "Okay. I'll learn to manage on my own," he replied.

The man excused himself and Harry heard him leave, then there was a knock on the door. "Come in," Harry answered, beginning to scratch roughly at his legs. The pain seemed to make this all real.

"Harry, dear," said Mrs Weasley and then she was hugging him.

Harry stiffened slightly, always uncomfortable in her hugs. "Hello, Mrs Weasley."

"Oh, you look so much better," she said when she let go.

"Hello, Harry," said Mr Weasley from somewhere behind her.

"Hello, Mr Weasley," he added when he heard his voice as well. He pulled his hands away from his legs and let them fall by his sides. "How're you both?"

"We're fine, Harry," Mrs Weasley said. "We came to see if you wanted to come back to the Burrow. They said they would release you if you wanted."

"I want to leave," he answered, nodding. "Will you take me today?"

"That's fine, Harry," Mr Weasley answered. "Do you want to go now?"

He nodded, stretching his legs out. "Yes, please."

"I'll go arrange it then," he said and left the room. There was an awkward silence for a minute. "Everyone has been so worried about you," Mrs Weasley said.

"I'm sorry," he replied softly, running a hand through his hair. It was longer than he remembered. "Do I have clothes?"

"Oh," she said, "yes. Remus brought them from the house." She laid them on the bed, next to him. "Do you need someone to help you dress?"

"N-no," he stuttered, surprised by the question. At least he didn't think so.

"Well, we'll be by the door if you need anything or when you are ready," she said and left the room.

Harry slipped off the bed and stood up, the floor cold under his feet. He pulled off the gown they'd given him and picked up the shirt Remus had left. It was easy to pull that on, but when it came to the jeans, he had a hard time. He ended up falling back on the bed with his legs in the air. "God," he muttered, finally getting his other leg into the jeans.

There was a knock on the door again.

Harry sat up, smoothing his hands over the jeans. "Yes?"

"Harry, you managing in there?" Mr Weasley asked. "We have things arranged when you are ready."

"I don't have shoes," he answered, getting up again.

"On the floor," Mrs Weasley called from the doorway.

Harry bit his lip. "Where?"

Harry heard the door open and footsteps. "Here you go," said Mr Weasley, picking them up and handing them to him.

"Thank you," he whispered, sitting back down on the bed and slipping them on. Luckily, there were no laces to tie. "I'm ready."

"Take my arm, Harry," Mr Weasley said.

Harry reached out and gripped the sleeve of his shirt, getting up again.

They led him through the building to the Floo point, Mrs Weasley chatting about the family and what everyone had been up to.

Harry was hardly listening, only nodding when he was supposed to. He wished he could walk without holding on to someone.

"I will go ahead and Molly will follow you," Mr Weasley said. Harry felt someone press Floo powder into his hand. "Can you handle that?"

Harry nodded, squeezing the powder in his hand. "That's fine."

Then it was his turn and it wasn't much different than before, but without the confusing images. Mr Weasley took his hand at the other end and helped him out.

Harry wanted to pull his hand away, but he didn't, knowing that he was only trying to help him.

"Welcome back, mate," Ron said enthusiastically and was joined by a chorus of other voices welcoming him.

Harry smiled the best he could, trying to say hello back to everyone. He took a chance and walked forward a bit. "Ron?" he asked, when everyone's voices had lowered.

"Yeah, here," he said. "Wanna sit down?"

He nodded, carefully shuffling forward again. He hoped there wasn't anyone or anything to trip over.

He heard some shuffling as people moved for him. He felt a soft hand on his and Ginny's voice, nearly cracking with emotion. "We are so glad you're safe, Harry," she said. Her hand guided his to the back of an empty kitchen chair.

Harry sat down with a sigh. "How are all of you?" he asked. He probably asked them that same thing every time they visited, but at least it kept the subject off of him.

"I have a scar," Ron said in a tone that sounded proud and Harry heard what sounded like a snort from someone.

Harry grinned and laughed, shaking his head. "I'm proud of you, Ron!"

"Nothing compared to what you did," someone, maybe one of the twins, said.

Harry's smile faltered and he looked down with a slight shrug. "I guess so."

"Ok, enough of that," Mrs Weasley said. "Let's eat dinner."

Harry rested his hands on the table. He wanted to eat on his own, he decided, with no help from anyone. It was the only way he'd learn.

It was noisy at the table as always, but Harry found it a little harder to track who was talking. He never realised how much the Weasleys sounded alike. Mrs Weasley had apparently filled his plate and cut his meat already, but didn't try to feed him.

Harry picked up the fork next to his plate and began to eat, never knowing what he was picking up. It was always like a little surprise when there was a piece of meat or potato. He relaxed after a while, the sounds of their voices reminding him of normalcy.

Later, Ron showed him the way up the stairs to the room they shared. He was quieter than usual.

"You don't have to be so quiet, Ron," he mumbled, sitting down on his bed.

"I know," he said, sounding a bit distant. "I just ... well, I don't know what to say about it."

"Then you don't have to say anything about it," he replied, sighing. "Hey, Ron, did Tonks say anything about Malfoy?" he asked quietly, hoping Ron wouldn't freak out. He hadn't asked in a while, and he needed to know.

Ron was quiet for a minute. "She has been asking lots of questions about him," he said. "Like what we saw when we arrived and did he say anything to us, stuff like that."

"Did he say anything?" he asked, sitting up straighter.

"Blimey, Harry," Ron said, "I didn't even know it was him and all I remember is the screaming. He was a mess."

"Why was he screaming ... was he hurt?"

Again the long silence and then a kind of hoarse, "Yeah, you could say that."

Harry didn't like that silence. "What happened? You tell me right now, Ron!"

"I know he deserved it and all," Ron said, "but still, it just reminded me too much ... of that night in the tower, and Bill."

Harry shook his head, feeling tears well up in his eyes again. Fenrir got to him. "He wasn't supposed to get hurt," he whispered.

Ron continued like he hadn't heard him. "It took most of the Order to take down Fenrir. That's how some of the others got away."

Harry pulled his knees up to his chest and began to rock back and forth, tears falling from his eyes. "No ... take him out of Azkaban."

"Harry?" Ron asked, sounding worried. "I'm sorry, maybe I shouldn't have said anything. I told you I don't know what to say."

Harry cried harder, turning away from Ron. He gripped his hair, fingers tightening. "Take him out," he repeated, hardly understandable through all his sobs.

Ron made a sound. "Should I get Mum? Or Ginny?" he asked.

"Draco," he cried, pushing his face into the pillow on the bed. It was all his fault. He shouldn't have pushed Draco back like he did.

Harry heard Ron leave the room and a few minutes later there was an arm around his shoulder and the familiar scent of Ginny. "Harry," she said.

Harry buried his face in her neck, gripping her shirt. "You h-have to get him out," he stuttered.

"Shh, Harry, it's okay," she said. "You're safe now." She stroked his head and rocked him.

"No, he isn't ...." He tried to push her away, shaking his head. "Listen to me."

"You killed the Monster," Ginny said. "He can't hurt anyone anymore."

Harry froze. "What?" he whispered, heart speeding up.

"V-Voldemort is dead," she soothed, still holding him. "You destroyed him; you can go on with your life now."

"No, I don't want to. I need Draco, please, Ginny, listen ..." he whispered quickly.

He felt her stiffen and pull back a bit, looking at him. "Harry, he has been punished for what he did," she said.

"He didn't do anything!" Harry yelled.

She sat up a bit more and he felt her hand on his cheek. "Harry, he was a Death Eater and he has confessed to his crimes."

"He didn't have a choice!" He pushed her hand away and pulled his knees up to his chest again. "Why are you all doing this?"

"Harry, we are just trying to help you," she answered.

"Yeah," Ron added, "we are here for you. You know that."

"If you really were, you'd listen to me," he mumbled, rubbing his face against his jeans.

"Okay, Harry," Ginny said. "Explain it to us."

"He only did it because I asked him to. I would've been dead if it wasn't for his help," he murmured.

"Who?" Ron asked.

"Draco!"

"Malfoy?" both of them asked at once.

"Yes!" he exclaimed.

After a pause, Ginny asked, "Do you feel like talking about what happened?"

"I don't know. Don't you both already know what happened?" he asked softly.

"Ginny wasn't there," Ron said, "but I was. I came in with the Aurors."

"I have heard Mum and Dad talking," she said. "And I have guessed some of it, I think."

"I was tortured, but it was all an act," he said quietly.

"An act?" Ginny sounded dubious.

"You know I have learnt to believe you, Harry," Ron said, "but that looked pretty real to me."

"Yes, but he was helping me. The only way for me to be close enough to Voldemort ... was to go on according to what he wanted Draco to do with me in the first place."

"Why would Malfoy help you?" Ron asked.

Harry looked down. "Because he wanted to," he lied.

Ginny sighed and Ron was silent.

"That doesn't matter. He helped me and he doesn't deserve to be in Azkaban!" he said loudly, digging his fingernails into his legs again.

He felt Ginny's hands on his. "Please, Harry," she said, pulling his hands back. "We are trying to help. To understand."

"No." He pulled his hands away, gripping his legs again. "You're not trying hard enough."

"Harry," Ginny said sternly, "what can we do? You tell us he was trying to help you. But he confessed. What are we supposed to do to help?"

"Take him out, please ... just listen to me ..." he whispered, beginning to rock again.

Ron groaned, and Harry could hear him falling back onto his bed. Ginny sighed again. "Harry, even if we believed you, which is hard, though you are usually right, how would we get him out?" she asked.

"I don't mean break him out illegally ... give him a proper trial ... with me there. I'll show them my memories, I don't care."

"I think you would have to have something more than that, Harry," she said. "Remember, memories can be changed."

"I'll talk under Veritaserum," he replied quickly.

"Let's talk to Tonks and Remus tomorrow," she said.

He nodded and rubbed at his eyes, feeling exhausted.

– CHAPTER ELEVEN –

## *The Beast*

Harry was tied up on the floor again, the weight of another body pressing down against him. He struggled to get free, but the person wouldn't move, laughing mockingly into his ear. He was crying and screaming, but no one heard him. Suddenly the body was gone and he was flipped over, the ropes gone. He couldn't see a thing, but he heard screaming that wasn't his own. "Draco!" he cried, getting up and trying to save him. He ran and ran but the faster he ran, the more distant the screams became.

"Harry!" Ron was saying. "Mate, wake up!"

Harry groaned and rolled off the bed, not noticing how close to the edge he was. "Draco," he whimpered, feet tangled up in the sheets.

Ron's hands closed on his arms, trying to help him. "It's me. Ron," he said.

Harry went still in Ron's arms, eyes wide.

"You were having a nightmare," Ron said, still holding him.

All Harry could think about was what Lucius did to Draco right in front of him and on top of him. What Fenrir did to him right after he'd pushed him away. His stomach churned. "I'm going to be sick," he whispered.

"Can you make it to the loo?" Ron asked, trying to help him up.

Harry tried to get up, his body working on expelling everything he ate for dinner that night. He stumbled up and somehow made it to the door, running out and in the direction of the loo, but he couldn't remember exactly where to turn. He fell to his knees and threw up where he was, his sobs of frustration becoming apparent.

Ron was there beside him. "It's okay, mate, just let me help you," he said.

Harry leant on him, sniffing as he used his shirt to wipe at his mouth. "I'm horrible," he muttered.

Ron got him up and led him to the bathroom. "No, you are not," he said. Harry heard the water run and then felt a cool cloth pressed to his face.

"I don't want to be a burden." He pressed his face against the cloth, feeling tired again.

"You're my best mate, and mates help each other," Ron said, pride in his voice.

Harry sniffled again, resting his head on Ron's shoulder. "I want to go back to bed," he said.

"Sure," Ron said, helping him.

"Can you use a Cleaning Charm on me?" he asked softly, walking slowly with him.

"Of course," Ron answered and Harry heard him cast the charm and then pause in the hall to cast it on the floor.

Once Harry was back in his bed, he curled up around his pillow, holding it close. "Do you think I'm mental, Ron?"

Ron sighed. "Hey, I am used to you having nightmares," he said.

"Not just the nightmares ... everything, Ron ...."

"I don't know, Harry," Ron said quietly. "People have thought you were barmy before and it turned out you were right. I just can't picture Malfoy risking his life for you or you asking him for help."

Harry turned over and away from Ron. "You think so, too," he whispered, biting his lip. He gripped his bare arm and began to scratch roughly like he had done before leaving the hospital. His skin became hot and sensitive, but he wanted more than that.

Harry heard Ron shift, and then felt hands close over his. "Harry, we've both seen a lot of things in the last seven years. Hell, even in the last year with the Horcruxes," he said. "I trust you. If you say Malfoy helped you, then he did."

Harry's hand stopped moving, the skin not broken. "Thanks, Ron," he mumbled. "I ... it means a lot to know someone ... believes me."

"Sure, mate," he said. "Always will."

Tonks and Remus showed up just after lunch. Harry and Ron were in the garden, having enjoyed eating outdoors in the fresh spring air.

"Wotcher, Harry, Ron," he heard and then, "Hi, Harry," before a hand clapped him on the shoulder.

"Hi, Tonks, Remus." He laughed, feeling relaxed even though he was still a bit mad at Remus for what he had done.

Remus sat down at the table beside him and Tonks settled across from Remus. "You are looking a lot better now, Harry," Remus said.

"I guess," he answered truthfully. He had no idea how he looked. For all he knew, he could've put his shirt on backwards.

There was another of those awkward silences where Harry was sure they were exchanging some kind of looks. "S' Harry," Tonks began, "I've been lookin' at a few things."

"And?" He leant forward, resting his elbows on the table.

"Now this is highly confidential," she said. "S' keep that in mind."

"Just go on, Tonks," Harry said, feeling anxious.

Remus sighed, but Tonks continued, "So our office was getting anonymous tips from inside Voldemort's stronghold for a while. Some of us thought it was Snape, but when he was killed, the messages kept coming anyway. So there was someone on our side in there. Someone who didn't claim credit when the place fell. We assumed whoever it was had died."

Harry nodded, leaning forward as if to tell her to go on.

"When you disappeared ...." She paused, taking a deep breath. "Well, you can imagine everybody was frantic. Then we got a message from the source saying you'd been captured and that we only had a day to get you out."

"Oh, were you trying to get me?" he asked softly.

"Of course we were," Remus nearly growled. "But how? The wards on that place were strong and we were throwin' a lot at them. We lost Moody and a lot of others trying."

"I'm sorry," Harry whispered, feeling as though it were his fault.

"Yeah, well, it was inevitable in some ways," Remus sighed. "We had to go after him eventually."

"S' that's how we knew where you were." Tonks picked up again. "And how we were ready when the wards came down. I was in the first group to reach that room where you were. Harry, it was bad. A big fire with Fenrir and those Death Eaters that hadn't run already."

"What about ... what was happening with Draco?" he asked, almost afraid of the answer.

"Well, that's where things get ... confused," she said, her voice

shaking a bit. "At first, no one even knew who it was. There was so much blood and he was ... well, it was a lot like what happened to Bill. Without his hair, we might not have been able to figure it out until he was conscious again."

Harry covered his face with his hands, knowing the entire thing was his fault. "Is he okay now?"

"Let her explain, Harry," Remus said, putting a hand on his arm.

"So, by the time he was conscious again, the other prisoners had already been interrogated. The Ministry already had the story of what had happened. They confronted him with it and he admitted it. There wasn't a need for a trial, Harry. He confessed. He didn't argue with what they said and they didn't really ask him any questions. So they sent him to Azkaban."

"Can I talk to him? I mean ... I know he confessed, but ... I need to talk to him," he said slowly.

"I'll see what I can do, Harry," Tonks said.

Remus cleared his throat. "So you think he sent the messages, Harry? Why?"

"He was the one who was in the room with me the entire time," he answered. "I didn't know it was him in the beginning, but I found out it was him ... and he was nice to me, I swear."

"I'm ... glad, Harry. Glad you felt you weren't alone in there," Remus said quietly.

Harry heard the hesitation in his voice. "He only did those things because he had to. If he didn't, he would've died. And ultimately, I would've died. So we worked together."

"If those messages were from him," Tonks said. "Maybe we could prove that. Combine that with your testimony and we might be able to do something."

Harry nodded. "Thank you. If there's anyone you should really send to Azkaban, it's his father," he murmured.

"We're lookin' for him, but he seems to have gone to ground," she said, sounding angry about it.

"Harry," Remus said, "Malfoy, I mean Draco, will have to also speak up. Recant his confession. They can't let him out unless he does that."

"Okay," he said, sighing. "If it gets him out ... that's fine."

Tonks Apparated them to the entrance of the prison. "Now, Harry," she said, "remember, the official reason we're here is to find out if he knows where his father is. I have to ask about that. But once we're in there, I can let you talk to him."

Harry nodded, feeling nervous about talking to Draco again. "Okay, I will."

She took Harry's arm and led him through the gates. They were stopped repeatedly and she had to show her credentials. The guards seemed awed by the presence of "*The Harry Potter*." Finally, they were standing in a room waiting.

"Is he here?" Harry asked.

There was the sound of the iron door being opened; it made a squeaking noise as the hinges moved. Harry heard the tread of heavy feet and then a sound like somebody dropping a sack of sand followed by a sharp gasp from Tonks.

"Draco?" he called out, biting his lip. "Tonks, is that him?"

Tonks's grip on his arm tightened and she didn't answer immediately. "Stay where you are, Harry," she whispered. Aloud, she said, "Leave him to us."

There was a bark of laughter and then the sound of the guards leaving and the door closing again.

"Draco Malfoy?" she asked, sounding uncertain.

Harry heard a moan from the floor and felt Tonks draw her wand. "*Ennervate*," she cast.

"Draco," he whispered, shifting on his feet. He badly wanted to go over and hug him.

"Fuck," Draco sneered from the floor, raising his head to see who it was. Then he snarled, "What the hell is *he* doing here?"

He didn't sound exactly happy to see him, and Harry's face fell.

Tonks seemed to freeze, her hand on Harry's arm so tight it was painful. "Harry," she whispered, "this might'n't be such a good idea."

"I can hear you even from here," Draco snapped. "So no point whispering."

"No, I want to stay," he said firmly.

"Still blind?" Draco laughed harshly. "Well, that'll probably make it easier. Won't it, cousin?"

"I'm sorry, Draco," she said. "We didn't know."

"Make what easier?" he asked softly, moving forward.

Tonks held on to him. "No, Harry," she nearly sobbed, "don't go any closer."

"Yeah, Saint Potter might get a scratch or something," Draco sneered.

"Draco, why are you acting like that?" Harry whispered, confused.

"Like what?" Draco huffed. "Like an animal put in a cage and left to die?"

"Like all you said before was a lie," he murmured.

"You mean like all you said was a lie," Draco growled. And it did sound like a growl, almost not human.

Harry pulled away from Tonks and quickly walked over, falling to his knees in front of Draco. "I didn't lie," he said.

Before he knew what hit him, Harry was slammed into the ground so hard his head smacked into the stone floor. He felt a body pressing him to the ground and something sharp against his neck. The smell was putrid and overwhelming.

"Let him go," Tonks yelled.

Harry cringed, feeling his eyes fill with tears from the impact. "Draco, I love you," he whispered.

"Kill me," Draco said, but he couldn't tell if he was answering Tonks or himself.

"It's my fault this happened," Harry said quietly. He bit his lip and wrapped his arms around Draco's neck, ignoring the smell and the possibility that he'd get killed. "Please ..." he pleaded.

"He's pretty when he begs," Draco snarled. "He did that when I raped him." Harry felt sharp claws digging into his throat but not yet breaking the skin.

Harry swallowed, squeezing his eyes shut. "Draco ... I know you're in there ... please listen to me ...."

"Malfoy, release him, or I will kill you," Tonks was yelling now and Harry could hear the guards coming at a run.

"Kill me, or I will rip his throat out," Draco answered her.

"Don't kill him!!!" Harry leant up in an effort to press his lips against Draco's, taking his last chance.

The hair under Harry's hands was long, matted and sticky. When he tried to kiss Draco, the other released him and rolled away. "*Stupefy*," Tonks cast and there was a lot of yelling by the guards

about letting the prisoner threaten Harry Potter.

"No!" Harry cried, sitting up quickly. He crawled over to where Draco lay and wrapped an arm around him, pressing close. "Draco ... Draco ... don't kill him."

Tonks was beside him then, trying to pull him back. "Harry, are you okay? Lemme see your neck. Did he break the skin?" she asked frantically.

"No ... no ...." He kept pulling away, curling himself up more against Draco. "Please ...." His grip tightened on his clothes as he became more hysterical.

"Calm down, Harry," Tonks said, touching his throat. "He's not cut," she told someone in the background. "They have to take him away now," she told him. "I had to Stupefy him."

"No, don't take him away ... I love him," Harry whimpered, not letting go of him. "I'll kill myself ...."

"Back up," Harry heard Tonks shouting at someone. "He's Harry-fucking-Potter and if he wants to talk to him then you'll fuckin' let him!" Harry heard the footsteps retreat but the door remained open. "Harry, they've left the room," she said. "Now, tell me what this is about. Don't you realise what's happened to him?"

"He's a werewolf, I know." Harry moved so that half of his body was on top of Draco's. "But I love him ...."

"Harry." Tonks was using that tone a person uses when they don't want to explain something. "He was mangled, like Bill. But he's a Death Eater. Remember how much treatment it took with Bill? How everyone was worried about contaminants? Draco didn't get any of that. They threw him in here. He's ...."

"He's what?" Harry whispered, rubbing his cheek against Draco's chest.

Tonks seemed at a loss for words. "Harry, you know I wouldn't have a problem with him being a werewolf," she explained. "You know how I feel about Remus. But Harry, this is a lot worse."

Harry started crying again, shaking his head. "I don't care," he said.

She crouched beside him, a hand on his shoulder. "Harry, I'm sorry," she said. "But if you could ... see, you wouldn't recognise him. It's like he's caught between one and the other. Not wolf. Not human."

"We were supposed to go flying after everything was over," Harry whispered finally, not wanting to believe her.

Tonks sat down on the stone beside him and took one of his hands, guiding it to feel one of Draco's hands. There was more hair than there should be and there were claws where there should be nails. "Can you feel that?" she said. "His teeth are changed too."

"But, there has to be something to do. Can't you try, Tonks?" he asked quietly.

"What d'you want, Harry?" she asked sadly.

"I want him," he replied honestly.

"Did you hear the way he talked about you? To you?" she asked.

"It's because you were here. If it were just the two of us, he wouldn't have said those things," Harry insisted.

She sat quietly for a minute. "Let me get him cleaned up and in some restraints," Tonks said. "Then I'll wake him and let you talk to him alone. But you've got to promise not to take risks like you did before."

"I promise," he agreed, running his fingers up and down Draco's chest. The fabric under his hands was thin, ripped and filthy. Underneath, he could feel the rib cage in sharp relief. Draco was thinner than ever before.

Harry slowly slipped away from him, his other hand reaching up to rub at the sore spot on the back of his head. It felt slightly wet, so he didn't move his hand away, hoping Tonks didn't notice. "You can go do that stuff. I'll wait here," he said.

– CHAPTER TWELVE –

## *To Open Prison Doors*

Tonks went to work and had the guards bring clean clothes while she did Cleaning Charms. They ended up having to cut off most of Draco's hair, it was so badly matted and infested. Harry heard her muttering obscenities under her breath when she saw the condition of his body.

Harry turned away from them as they worked, wiping a bit of blood from the cut on his head onto his shirt. He didn't care about the headache he had now, all he cared about was Draco.

"Harry," Tonks said, kneeling beside him again, "I'll bind his hands and feet for safety. Don't get near the claws or teeth, 'kay?"

"Not like I can see them," he muttered.

"I mean, if you touch him," she said quietly. Then she laid Draco out on a blanket she had made the guards bring in and cast the rope spell. "Ready?" she asked Harry.

Harry nodded, sighing.

Tonks released the Stunning Spell and then left the room. On the floor beside him, Draco groaned.

Harry crawled closer, but didn't say anything, waiting for Draco to talk first.

"Why are you still here? Didn't I just try to kill you?" Draco sneered, but he sounded more tired than angry.

"I wanted to talk to you," he said quietly, lying down beside him.

"Don't touch me," Draco snarled.

"I wasn't going to ...."

"So what do you want? I would have never thought the Hero of the wizarding world would come to this place," Draco sighed.

"Do you love me?" Harry asked suddenly.

"I'm a monster, I can't love anyone. Didn't they tell you that?" he drawled.

"Draco, stop it. I'm asking you a question. Answer me honestly,"

Harry pleaded.

"Draco is dead," he answered.

Harry didn't answer for a long moment. "Who ... who are you then? And don't say you're a monster," Harry insisted.

"Doesn't leave me many options, does it?" he sighed.

"You're still Draco. Don't you remember?" he asked, shifting closer, but not touching him.

The other man snorted. "Just because I don't have a face anymore doesn't mean I've lost my mind."

"Then you remember that you love me ... and how we made love," he said quietly.

"Did you come here to torment me? Isn't this punishment enough for you?" the prisoner gasped.

"No, I'm sorry this happened to you," Harry explained. "I shouldn't have pushed you back. I should've pulled you closer and then yelled the curse. This would've never happened ...."

"What are you talking about, Potter? I got you close to the Dark Lord, helped you destroy him and then you let them put me in here. You didn't even tell them!" Draco growled.

"I did tell them! I swear I did! But no one would listen to me. They kept me there on potions and I couldn't do anything," he answered quickly. "They thought I was crazy or something, but I wasn't. I just wanted you to be there with me."

All Harry heard for a minute was harsh breathing. "You told them? When?" Draco asked.

"When I woke up. I asked for you so many times and ... they just gave me a potion and I fell asleep ... and they kept doing that ...."

"One of the Ministry people told me you were going to testify against me," Draco said in a near whisper.

"No, never, that's a lie. I wanted to testify for you, Draco ... that's all I wanted," Harry corrected.

"When I woke up, they said that they had all the evidence they needed to have me executed. Did you know what they use instead of the Dementors now? The Cruciatius Curse. They said if I confessed, I would just be put in here. That's before I knew ... what I would turn into ... otherwise, I probably would have had them Crucio me instead."

"Draco, I'm sorry. I'll help you now, I promise. I know there's a

way to help you. And I'll be with you the entire time." Harry wanted to touch him, but he had to ask him first. "Can I ... I want to kiss you ...."

"No," Draco growled. "And if you want to help me, kill me."

"No, I don't want you to die, please, I need you." He shook his head, trying to show Draco how serious he was.

"Then get out." Draco sighed.

"Please don't push me away," Harry pleaded.

"You seriously want to touch me?" he hissed. "Then touch my face. Don't kiss me. Use your hand."

Harry reached out and hesitated before he touched his face, gently running his fingers over the skin. The left side of Draco's face was a mass of scar tissue and the eye was missing. He didn't linger there for long as he moved to the other side, which seemed undamaged. Harry sighed. "Does it hurt?"

"You're avoiding it, Potter," Draco accused. "If you can't touch it, then you have no business even talking to me about being in love."

Harry gritted his teeth, running his fingers back over to the damaged area. "I didn't want to touch it because I thought I'd hurt you," he explained.

"So you 'see' now. Not just a monster but a hideously deformed one," Draco sneered. "Go back to your life, hero."

"I'm not going anywhere," Harry smiled, stroking his cheek. "You're stuck with me. Get used to it."

"I don't need your pity or your guilt," Draco snapped. "This isn't a sexy scar. It makes my stomach turn just letting you touch it."

"This isn't pity or guilt. This is my love, Draco," Harry replied gently, cupping his face.

Draco began to tremble. He tried to pull away but the ropes held him tight.

"I love you, I just want you to know that," Harry said simply. "No matter what."

Draco was shaking now, but he didn't say a word. He felt like he would break into a million pieces if he did.

Harry went quiet, too, keeping his hand where it was.

Draco gasped and tried to turn his head away from Harry's hand.

Harry didn't know if Draco wanted him to let go, but he didn't care, he moved closer and pressed his lips against Draco's.

Draco sobbed, held in place by Harry's hand and his own desire. He moaned into the kiss, tears that had already been falling from his remaining eye mingling with their kiss.

Harry carefully wiped at the tears, smiling a bit when he pulled back.

"You c-can't ..." Draco started, but he couldn't finish the thought.

"I love you," Harry said firmly.

"I love you," Draco whispered, almost too soft to be heard, but Harry heard him.

"See, I knew you loved me," he responded.

Draco closed his eye, wanting nothing more than to beg Harry to take him out of there. "Yes," he whispered, "but that won't help."

"Yes, it will. I will make it help," he answered, wrapping his arms around him. "Can I undo the ropes?"

"They're magical," Draco replied. "So unless they let you have your wand in here ...."

"Wandless magic ...." He concentrated on the ropes and then whispered the spell, hoping it worked.

The ropes slid away and vanished. Draco gasped. "Could you have used that ... back then?" he asked.

"Would've made things a hell of a lot easier, right? But I don't think so. I really need to concentrate with it. And the Killing Curse is harder," he replied.

"So why untie me?" Draco asked, sitting up and rubbing his wrists. It felt different to be clean again too. "It's not like I can walk out of here. And there are Anti-Apparation wards around this place."

"I just can't stand the fact that I'm talking to you while you're tied up ...." He shifted closer before he slipped into his lap and rested his head on Draco's shoulder.

For a moment, Draco froze, afraid to touch him. Finally, he curled his claws into his palms and wrapped his arms around him, resting his head against Harry's. Then he sniffed and tensed. "You smell like blood."

"Just a cut, Draco. I'm okay," Harry said.

"Let me see," he said, sniffing and then looking at Harry's head.

Harry turned a bit so Draco could see the cut on the back of his head. "It doesn't hurt much."

Draco gritted his teeth but looked at the cut. "You should get it

healed, but it's not too deep." He felt dizzy from the smell.

"I will," Harry said and relaxed against Draco, finally feeling better for the first time since he woke up.

"Did any of the others ... scar?" Draco asked quietly giving voice to something that had worried him even then.

"No. I know you did that on purpose, Draco," he whispered, turning and stroking a hand down his chest. "Thank you."

Draco snorted. "And just how would I do that?" He smiled inwardly. It was odd to be complimented for one's torture technique.

"I don't know how you did, but I wasn't surprised when the Mediwizard told me there weren't any. I knew it had to be you," he replied.

"Chose tools that hurt and bled a lot but didn't cut too deep," he answered quietly. "I wanted it to look worse than it was; which was bad enough."

Harry nodded, rubbing his cheek against Draco's shoulder. "You did well. I wish I had seen the look on Voldemort's face," he said.

"I wish I hadn't," Draco said, grimacing. He was not going to tell Harry why Voldemort had put down the wand.

"I don't blame you," he answered, laughing a bit.

"I can't believe we are sitting in Azkaban laughing about this," Draco said.

"I don't care where I am. As long as I'm with you," he whispered.

"Well, you can't stay here. Do you know how many people in here hate you?" he said.

"I don't care. Besides, that's why you're coming with me," Harry insisted.

There was a knock at the door. "Harry?" Tonks called through it.

"Yes?" he answered, snuggling closer to Draco.

She came through the door with her wand drawn and stopped in her tracks. She seemed caught between smiling and frowning. "Harry," she huffed, "you broke your promise."

Harry sighed, perfectly content where he was. "Sorry, Tonks," he said and shrugged.

She snorted, putting her wand to her side. "Tamed the beast, have we?" she asked in a teasing tone.

Draco scowled but rolled his eye. "Hello, cousin," he said.

"I told you he was fine," Harry whispered, closing his eyes.

"So what are we gonna do now, Harry?" she asked.

"Take Draco back with us," he replied.

Tonks stared at them. "Harry, they're not gonna let you take him out of here," she sighed.

"At least start the process of getting him out of here ...." He leant up and kissed Draco's cheek. "In the meantime, I think I'll stay here."

Tonks opened her mouth to say something.

Draco regarded her with an amused smirk, which looked pretty scary with those pointed teeth.

"I'll go send an owl to Shackbolt," she said, turning and stalking out of the room.

Harry grinned, hugging Draco tightly. "I thought she would've argued with me!"

"You are a bit scary," Draco observed.

"I am? Oh, whatever, at least she listened," Harry said brightly.

Guards occasionally came to the door and looked in through the iron-grilled window at them. "I think you scared the guards, too," Draco observed, watching them.

Several hours passed while they waited and Draco was perfectly content to sit there holding Harry for as long as he could. He nuzzled his hair, enjoying the smell of him. He even relaxed his clawed fingers enough to rest them gently on Harry's clothing.

"I'm hungry, are you?" Harry asked softly.

Draco snorted. He couldn't remember not being hungry any more. "The food isn't that good here," he observed dryly.

"Hmm, I'm sure the guards don't eat the food they serve here," he murmured softly, thinking.

"I wouldn't eat anything those foul arseholes ever touched," Draco said vehemently.

"I'll get you food somehow then. Good food." He was quiet for a moment. "Tonks?" he asked, just to see if she was somewhere around.

"She's off fighting the Ministry for you," Draco observed. "She's interesting, that one."

"She's practically the only one who's been listening to me," he replied softly. "I probably wouldn't have even been able to come here if it weren't for her. I owe her."

There were some loud noises and the sound of stomping feet. Minutes later, the door swung open to admit Tonks, Shacklebolt and Mr Weasley.

Shacklebolt glowered at them. Harry, of course, couldn't see it. "What the hell is going on here, Potter?" the large man demanded.

Harry jumped at the voice. "Nothing is," he answered, his arms tightening around Draco again.

The sight of Harry Potter cuddling a maimed, part-wolf Draco Malfoy had Shacklebolt confused as to what to do next; he looked imploringly at Arthur Weasley.

Arthur sighed and regarded Draco warily, then crouched beside Harry. "Harry, will you tell me what is going on here? Tonks says you want to take ... um, Malfoy ... out of Azkaban."

"Yes, we're going to," Harry replied, nodding. "He didn't do anything wrong and you people have already treated him horribly enough."

Mr Weasley looked between the two men and then back up to Shacklebolt. "Remus and Tonks have tried to explain this to us," he said.

Shacklebolt muttered something obscene sounding under his breath. "Draco Malfoy," he said. "Do you recant your testimony to the Ministry given on the incidents involving the abduction, torture and rape of Harry Potter?"

Harry leant back a bit, waiting for Draco to answer. "I won't leave you," he whispered.

Draco frowned. "More that I have statements to add to it, in that the rape and torture was staged at ... Potter's request and that I did my best to communicate his location to the authorities."

Harry smiled, leaning close again. "Good," he said.

Shacklebolt made a face but continued. "Do you, Harry Potter, corroborate Mr Malfoy's testimony?"

"Yes," Harry replied quickly, closing his eyes and rubbing his cheek against Draco's shoulder again.

Shacklebolt frowned again, or at least frowned deeper at the display. "Auror Tonks and Mr Weasley, are you, as employees of the Ministry of Magic, willing to give witness testimony to these statements?"

Both said, "Yes."

"Harry Potter, are you willing to have Draco Malfoy remanded into your custody until this matter can be reviewed by all necessary parties and decided?" Shacklebolt asked.

Harry smiled, turning a bit and facing Draco's direction. "Yes, I do," he said. He wished he could see the look on Draco's face.

Draco snorted. "It's not a marriage ceremony, Potter," he quipped.

Harry blushed and turned away, burying his face in Draco's neck. "Shut up," he huffed.

"Good. Done. We'll probably all get sacked for this, but let's get the hell out of here!" Shacklebolt bellowed.

"And we want food," Harry said, pulling back. "Not the food here."

"Sure, dinner on me," Shacklebolt sneered. "Anything else, Mr Potter?"

"Pull that stick out of your arse while you're at it," Harry replied.

Tonks burst out laughing.

"Harry?" Mr Weasley asked, sounding shocked.

Draco muttered something about him being a git.

Shacklebolt turned and started giving orders to the guards.

– CHAPTER THIRTEEN –

## *Seducing the Beast*

Draco had never been to the Black house. He found the portrait's tantrum particularly amusing, but most of all, he wanted a bath. He drew the water as hot as he could stand it and climbed in, sighing.

The door to the bathroom opened just a bit, and Harry poked his head in. "Draco?" he asked softly.

"What?" Draco's voice sounded like a growl now even when he only intended for it to be annoyed. "I am taking a bath," he told Harry when he remembered the man couldn't see him.

"Oh, can I stay in here with you?" Harry bit his lip, hearing the growl, but taking a chance.

Draco looked at him and felt ... soft. His voice sounded more like a purr this time. "Come in."

Harry stepped inside and closed the door behind him, reaching out for the sink. He gripped the edge as he used it to guide himself to the toilet, where he sat down.

Draco sighed, relaxing with most of his body underwater. He still wouldn't look in the mirror, but this was the first time he had really allowed himself to see what the were-contamination had made of his body.

He was stronger, he already knew that. Even without much food, he hadn't become as weak as he would have thought, but he was still lean, well, more thin than lean, at the moment. The weirdest change for him was the amount of body hair. Soft white-blond body hair, not as thick as fur but still, a lot more than he'd had before.

Harry sat quietly, just content with being in the same room as Draco. Since they'd gone to Grimmauld Place, Harry started to improve on moving around alone. He used the walls and various things to grip on to, and he tried not to ask for help. He followed Draco everywhere he went, feeling comfortable only when he knew he was there.

"I wonder if I should get a Hair Growing Potion," Draco said. "Tonks sheared nearly all my hair off."

"Maybe you should. But would that make the rest of your hair grow longer, too?" Harry suggested.

Draco snorted. "That would be redundant," he said, then realised that Harry hadn't touched him like that since before and probably had no idea about the fur. "The potion is put directly on the hair you want to grow," he explained.

"Oh, okay. That makes sense," Harry said, blushing a bit at his stupid question.

"Your hair is so thick," Draco teased. "You would never need it. Probably need to cut it more often, too."

Harry grinned, patting down his hair. It was a lot longer than before. "You think I should cut it now? It's long. This is probably the longest I've ever kept it."

Draco swallowed, looking at that thick hair and imagining what it would feel like to run his hands through it. He looked at them, shuddering at the claws before making a fist of them so hard that it hurt.

"Draco?" he asked, wondering why he hadn't answered yet.

"I like your hair," he said quietly.

"Thank you. I like yours, too." He got up and knelt down in front of the tub, dipping his fingers in the water for a moment. "Feels good."

"Harry?" Draco asked quietly. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to feel the water," he replied, flicking a bit at him playfully.

"You are teasing me again," Draco huffed. "You know I can't ...."

"I'm not teasing," he whispered, pulling his hand back.

Draco took a breath and then submerged his head under the water. He stayed there for nearly a minute and then came back up, water streaming down.

"Can I come in with you?" Harry tried asking, looking nervous.

Draco groaned. That was it! Harry had got him out of Azkaban for a different kind of torture. "Harry," he said quietly, "I don't think that would be a good idea."

Harry nodded, sighing softly. He rested his chin on the edge of the tub and went back to waving his fingers through the water. "It

was worth a try," he sighed.

"What do you want from me, Harry?" Draco moaned. He was still as turned on as ever by the other man. In fact, it was worse. With a heightened sense of smell, the scent of him was driving Draco crazy.

"I like it when you hold me," Harry answered truthfully, dipping his entire hand in the water.

"I am not some oversized teddy bear," Draco snapped. "And you make me ... arrgghh!" He smacked the water with a loud splash.

Harry jumped, the water splashing on his face and surprising him. He moved back a bit, breathing harder as his heart sped up. He still wasn't used to surprises, even things as simple as that.

"Harry, I didn't mean to ... oh, fuck." Draco hung his head, concentrating on breathing evenly.

"It's okay," Harry said. "I'm fine." He used his shirt to wipe away the water before he moved close again, reaching out to rest a hand on Draco's shoulder.

Harry's touch made Draco shiver and he swore he wanted to cry. His cock had other ideas.

Harry's hand slipped down his chest and back into the water as he got back into the position he was in before, chin gently resting on the edge.

"Harrryyy ...!" Draco wasn't sure whether he sounded like he was complaining or begging. To be honest, he didn't know which one.

Harry, of course, couldn't see the play of the emotions on his face. "Draco ...?"

Draco sat up in the tub abruptly, dislodging Harry's hand. "I'm getting out of the tub," he said to the other man.

Harry nodded and moved back, hoping he gave Draco enough room to get out.

Draco climbed out the tub, grateful that Harry's blindness kept him from seeing how aroused he was. He began drying himself, still very aware of the other man's presence.

"I could help," Harry said, standing up. "Let me."

"No," Draco said, his voice a bit strained.

"Let me," Harry said and moved closer, reaching for the towel.

Draco flattened himself against the wall, avoiding Harry's hands and looking to the door. Why was Harry doing this?

Harry stopped when he couldn't find him, letting his hands fall to his sides. "Why won't you let me?" Harry pleaded.

Draco groaned. "Harry, we have talked about this ... what I have turned into."

"I don't care. You love me, right? I still want you," Harry answered, stepping forward.

Draco was cornered. Harry was between him and the door. He considered shoving the man out of the way but was worried about hurting him. He growled, low and dangerous sounding. "Harry, you can't, we can't ...."

Harry bit his lip at the growl, shaking his head. He didn't move back, but he stepped forward again. "I'm not expecting that right now. I just need you to ...." He paused, not knowing how to explain it.

Draco was shaking, his back to the wall and his claws digging into the towel in his hands. He moved his hands in front of him, trying to wrap the towel around his waist, to cover himself. The look in Harry's eyes, the smell of him, the heat of him – it was all combining to heighten Draco's arousal.

"Draco? Please say something so that I know you heard me," he whispered, reaching out for him.

Draco snorted, unable to find words to either protest or plead with Harry anymore. It was so difficult to keep pushing the man away. He still loved Harry as much as he ever had, but he couldn't stand the idea of Harry touching him out of pity or some misguided sense of loyalty. He also couldn't stand the idea of never touching Harry again.

Harry gently touched Draco's chest, petting the soft, wet hairs. "Say something," he whispered again.

"P-please," was all Draco managed, trembling as Harry petted him. His heart was beating wildly, and he felt on the verge of crying or screaming.

Harry's hands moved up, and he wrapped his arms around Draco's neck. "Please what?" he asked.

Draco was panting at the feeling of Harry's body so close and his arms around him. A tear did fall now, as he struggled for the willpower to do something, anything.

Harry pressed close, leaning up and kissing Draco's cheek.

"Please, what?" he asked again.

Harry's body was pressed against his own, making his heart skip a beat and his cock twitch. He knew now that the other man could feel his erection and he felt trapped. "I don't want to hurt you," he whispered.

"You won't hurt me. Cuts and scratches are nothing and you know it," Harry said firmly, licking along his jaw.

"My teeth, the fangs. And the claws ..." Draco protested.

"You won't hurt me," Harry insisted, arms tightening.

"I did, before," Draco whispered.

"You didn't ... you didn't hurt me. I swear," he answered softly.

"The screams, the blood ..." Draco protested.

"You didn't hurt me," Harry went on, shaking his head.

"What do you want?" Draco asked, wanting so much but unwilling to admit it.

"I can feel what you want." Harry rubbed against him, shuddering slightly.

"Gods, Harry!" Draco gasped, trembling as he fought the urge to throw the other man to the floor. Harry had to do this. He couldn't. He didn't trust himself.

Harry slowly fell to his knees, pulling the towel away as he did. He reached out and wrapped a hand around Draco's cock, stroking him once.

"Fuck," Draco gasped as Harry's hand wrapped around him. He clenched his fists again, claws digging into his palms.

Harry took a deep breath, liking the change in how this was happening. He had a choice. He leant forward and sucked the head of Draco's cock into his mouth, swirling his tongue around.

Draco threw his head back with a thunk into the wall. His head was already spinning from the sensation so he hardly cared about the bump. His eye slid closed and he moaned as Harry's tongue swirled over his glans. Was he more sensitive, or had it just been too long?

Harry smiled, liking the reaction as he began to suck hard, using his hand to stroke what he couldn't reach.

Draco forced himself to open his eye, watching Harry on his knees sucking him. He was so beautiful, Draco wanted to rip Harry's clothes off, throw him down and fuck him. Instead, he dug his claws into his palms so hard he could feel the skin give under them.

Draco's cock felt larger than he remembered, but Harry tried his best as he began to bob his head, his lips tightening around him.

Draco could smell his own blood, mingled with the scent of both their arousal. It was enough to push him over and he could feel his balls tighten. "Harry, going to ...."

Harry continued to suck hard, not slowing down or stopping. He hummed in approval when he heard Draco, wanting him to come.

Draco growled, coming into Harry's mouth, his whole body shuddering and swaying with the effort not to thrust hard.

Harry swallowed as much as he could, still bobbing his head and sucking lightly as Draco shuddered.

"Stop," Draco gasped, his cock so sensitive it almost hurt now.

Harry pulled back immediately, relaxing back on his heels as he licked away the rest of Draco's come.

Draco groaned, still half hard even after coming. He watched Harry lick his come off his lips and wanted to lick them too. "Come here," he growled, still pressed against the wall.

Harry slowly stood up, leaning forward and kissing him lightly. "Did you like it?" he asked shyly.

Draco leant forward, licking at Harry's lips. "Yes, very much," he whispered against Harry's mouth. "Do you want to fuck me, Harry?"

Harry swallowed, but nodded, kissing him again. "Yes, but I can't see," he whispered.

"Does that matter?" Draco asked, voice still low as he whispered against his face.

"I wanted to ...." He bit his lip, sighing softly. He was beginning to lose hope of ever getting his sight back again. "It shouldn't matter though."

"I don't think I could bear you looking at me now," Draco said, pain in his voice.

"Of course I could, Draco," he answered, cupping the scarred side of his face, "Stop saying that."

"Not you, me." Draco whispered. "I can't ...."

"Draco, please listen to me," he murmured, kissing him again. "You'll always be beautiful to me. No matter how many scars you have or what, I love you."

"Gryffindor git," Draco sighed, but without heat. "Take me to your bed before I lose my nerve," he added.

"Okay," Harry said, reaching out for his hand and taking it. "Why is your hand bleeding?" he asked softly, feeling the warm wetness on his fingers.

"Claws are sharp," Draco answered, pulling his hand away from Harry. "Let me wash them," he said, stepping to the sink.

Harry nodded and stepped away, giving him room. Without thinking, he sucked a finger with Draco's blood on it into his mouth.

Draco's eyes widened at Harry's behaviour, his breathing, which had calmed down some, sped up again. He rinsed the blood off his claws and palms, noting that the wounds were sealing up already. Then he turned back to Harry. "I'm ... ready," he said hesitantly.

Harry nodded, letting his hand fall as he turned in what he thought was the direction of the door.

"Take my arm, Harry," Draco said as they left the bathroom, bending his elbow for Harry.

Harry took it, letting him guide the rest of the way to the bedroom. "I want to learn my way around this house alone, Draco," he said softly. "Maybe I should get a cane or something that would help me."

"Or you could use magic," Draco said. "You need to get a new wand."

"They said that a long time ago. I don't think they even trust me with a wand," he replied.

"You need to go get one and to hell with anyone who doesn't trust you," he said. Not mentioning, of course, that he was no longer allowed a wand. They had destroyed his when they sent him to Azkaban.

"I'll have to go with someone," he answered quietly, shrugging.

– CHAPTER FOURTEEN –

## *Feeling Our Way in the Dark*

"So, how do we ... do this ... without magic?" Draco asked, mouth suddenly dry as he stood looking down at Harry. "I mean, do you have oil or something?"

"Uhm..." Harry thought for a long moment. "I guess I have some in my trunk ... if I knew where they put it."

Draco pointed to Harry's trunk at the foot of the other man's bed. "Probably in there then," he answered.

"But where?" he managed, sounding frustrated.

Draco was about to snap at Harry to just look when he realised the problem. He went to the trunk, opened it and looked for the lube until he found a small bottle. "Found it," he said.

Harry nodded, getting on the bed and waiting for Draco. "Come on," he beckoned.

Draco walked over and stood looking down at him. "For a man who is in such a hurry, you are wearing a lot of clothes," Draco observed, since he was still naked from his bath.

"Oh, I forgot," Harry said and began to undress, pulling off his shirt first, then lying back and pushing down the shorts he was wearing.

Draco watched Harry strip and his cock, which had softened, stirred with new interest.

"Draco?" Harry said, pushing the clothes off the bed.

"Yes," he said quietly.

"Where are you?" Harry asked, making more room for him.

"Still standing here, watching you," Draco said quietly. "Always watching you."

"Come here, Draco," he replied, opening his arms.

Draco hesitated and then climbed into the bed. He noticed how his new muscles made this feel different, like it did everything. He moved even more gracefully than before. Not that anyone could see

that, but it felt good to move so well. He knelt on the bed next to Harry, not reaching for him. He still had no idea what he should do with his claws.

Harry moved closer again, taking one of Draco's hands. He ran his fingers down and over the claws, tilting his head curiously. "Are they really sharp?" he asked, just as he ran his thumb over the edge of one. A small drop of blood blossomed and Harry hummed, sucking on his thumb. "Sharp," he said. "That's okay."

"Harry," Draco gasped, "maybe this isn't a good idea ...."

"No, no, it's fine," he said, moving close and wrapping his arms around Draco's neck again. "I want to."

When Harry put his arms around him, pressing against his body, Draco shuddered again, hands curling as he struggled with what to do with them. "Harry," he asked, "do you have your Quidditch gear here? The gloves?"

"The trunk," he answered.

"Let me get them," Draco said, climbing out of bed again to find the gloves. He slid a hand into one. They were tight but he got his hand in. He climbed back into bed. "Here help me put the other one on," he said.

Harry blinked, wondering if Draco honestly remembered his one problem. He crawled forward anyway and reached to help him put it on.

"Harry," he said, pressing the glove into Harry's hand, "hold this, like so." Then he slid his hand into the glove. "It might feel odd, but at least I won't accidentally hurt you this way."

"You can keep them. I don't think I'll be using them again," he replied.

Draco froze, forgetting that this was a reminder, for both of them, of what they couldn't do any more. "Well, not a lot of openings for one-eyed Seekers either," he said.

Harry shook his head and didn't answer, not wanting to talk about it. It was still a sore spot for him.

Draco couldn't feel much with the gloves on, but now he could at least wrap his arms around Harry, which is exactly what he did.

Harry sighed, leaning into the embrace. He didn't want to think about flying or anything else that he couldn't do anymore.

"So now that I am willing to let you have your way with me,"

Draco whispered, "what will that be?"

"You wanted me to fuck you, right?" Harry asked quietly, tilting his head back.

"Yes," Draco breathed the word quietly, aroused by both Harry's proximity and his words. "We didn't get to do that, before."

"I want to ... but ...." He bit his lip, remembering what happened. "I don't want to hurt you."

"How would it hurt me?" Draco asked, genuinely puzzled.

"Because the last time," he whispered, not wanting to go on.

"Because of what Father did?" Draco asked.

Harry nodded slowly.

"Yet, you still want me," Draco said, shaking his head in confusion. "A maimed, disfigured, part-monster Death Eater who had an incestuous relationship with his own father?" There was so much self-hate in his voice that he growled as much as he spoke.

"None of it was your fault. And I do still want you," Harry answered quietly.

"So why do you think I wouldn't want you after what my father did?" Draco asked.

"Because you were in pain and ... I don't want to do that to you," he said softly.

"I did that to you, hurt you that way," Draco pointed out.

"But, it's different. That was all an act. I'll try it, but if it hurts, tell me, okay?"

"I know I should just shut up and let you fuck me." Draco laughed. "But, didn't it hurt, even if you agreed to it?"

"A little," he lied, shrugging.

Draco tensed. "I can practically smell a lie now," he said.

"Okay, it did hurt. A lot," he said quickly, "but it's still different."

"Yes, it is," he said. "Which is why it would be different if you fucked me," he said, still sounding tense.

Harry nodded. "Then let me."

Draco shivered, looking into those green eyes. They couldn't see him, but he could still read Harry's emotions in them. They were genuine; Harry wanted this. "Yes," Draco replied in a low voice.

"Okay ... uhm, lie back, I guess," he started, blushing at how nervous he was beginning to get.

"On my back or on my stomach?" Draco asked, his voice husky

as he realised that Harry was going to go through with it.

"Do you want to see me?" he asked, sitting back.

"Yes," Draco said, lying down on his back and spreading himself for Harry. "All yours now," he said.

Harry moved forward, stopping when he touched Draco's leg. "Where's the tube?" he asked, breathing harder.

"Next to you on the bed," Draco answered, after looking around for it.

Harry found it after a couple of minutes of searching, feeling a bit embarrassed that it took him so long. He flicked open the cap and squeezed a bit on his fingers then paused. "Uhm ...."

"Yes?" Draco answered, still lying on his back.

"Nothing," he murmured, using his other hand to trail down Draco's stomach and down to his cock. He nodded to himself then used the fingers with the lube on them to reach back and circle his entrance.

Draco shivered as Harry touched him, the warmth of his hands leaving a trail of fire down his body. He had longed for this for so long that it didn't seem real yet. He kept his eye on him, watching Harry explore his body.

Harry gently pushed a fingertip inside of him, wishing he could see Draco's face just this once.

"Yes, oh, yes," Draco gasped, pulling his knees up so that he was even more spread for Harry.

Encouraged by Draco's words, Harry pushed the rest of his finger inside, gasping at the tightness. "How does it fit?" he mumbled to himself, moving the finger in and out.

Breathing deep, Draco tried to relax, letting that finger bring him pleasure. "Slowly at first," he explained, "and when relaxed enough, you work in another until you think you can fit."

Harry nodded, understanding. He moved that finger a few more times before he slowly pressed a second one in, biting his lip.

"Yes, Harry," Draco gasped. "You are so beautiful."

Harry blushed, slowly beginning to stretch him. He was pressing his own cock into the bed, the friction making him moan.

"Yes, you are going to feel so good inside me," Draco whispered fiercely. His hands gripped the bed covers, the leather of the gloves the only thing that kept him from shredding them with his claws.

That made Harry blush harder as he pressed a third finger into Draco, wondering how he looked like this. "Almost ready ...." He sighed.

"Yes, ready," Draco agreed, lifting his hips. "Please fuck me, Harry."

Harry went on for a few more minutes before he pulled back, picking up the tube and squeezing more in his hand. "Can you guide me?" he whispered, slicking himself up.

"How?" Draco gasped. "Feel me, find me and fill me!"

Harry bit his lip at the gasp, moving forward and positioning himself. He felt a bit strange doing it without seeing, but once he began to press in, that all went away.

Draco moaned as the slick head of Harry's cock pressed inside him. "Yes, oh, yes!" he cried out.

Harry groaned, sinking in the rest of the way. "So good," he gasped, shuddering at the tightness around him.

Harry's cock was thick and felt so full inside him, sending ripples of pleasure through his entire body. Draco tried to breathe, to adjust and speak again.

"Are you okay?" Harry managed, pressing his forehead against Draco's chest.

Draco's hands clenched in the gloves, desperately wanting to run fingers through Harry's thick hair and stroke his skin. "Yes," he breathed out shakily, "please, more."

"Good," Harry groaned, sitting up and pulling out a bit. Before he knew it, he had built a steady rhythm, leaning over Draco and kissing the skin of his chest every other thrust.

Draco arched up, meeting his thrusts and starting to growl low in his throat. It was not like any sound he could have made before, and it made his body seem to vibrate with it.

Harry began to thrust as hard as he could, feeling the strange vibrations go through Draco's body and into his. He shivered, his fingers digging into his skin as he felt himself get closer. "Close," he whispered.

"Touch ... my ... cock," Draco managed to growl out.

Harry reached and quickly wrapped his hand around Draco's cock, stroking him along with his thrusts.

With a loud growl, Draco came, back arching and hands trying to

claw the bed.

Harry thrust one last time before he came with a groan, squeezing his eyes shut.

Warmth flooded inside him as Draco felt Harry come, his own orgasm still leaving him shuddering under him.

Harry pulled out and fell on top of Draco, sighing as he cuddled close. "God."

"Mmhmm," Draco hummed, bringing his arms around Harry and relaxing. He couldn't remember if he ever felt this relaxed before.

Harry moved up and buried his face in Draco's neck, breathing in deeply. "Blankets," he murmured, feeling a slight draft.

"You're on top," Draco told him sleepily. "No wands. Have to get them by hand." He was definitely having trouble stringing words together to form sentences. He smirked. Harry had just fucked him senseless.

"Keep me warm then," he replied, shrugging.

"You feel so good inside me," Draco murmured, "and beside me."

Harry blushed and nodded, already dozing off. "Your turn next time," he whispered.

– CHAPTER FIFTEEN –

## *Morning News*

Remus was drinking coffee. He didn't do breakfast, and Tonks didn't do mornings.

Draco followed Harry down the stairs into the kitchen, still feeling uncomfortable about Lupin, but also curious about him. He had so far avoided the man for the couple days that he had been at Grimmauld.

"Good morning," Harry said once they stepped inside, hoping he was actually saying it to someone else. He reached back for Draco's hand.

"Morning," Remus said, sounding a bit tired.

Draco had taken the gloves off and was still afraid to take Harry's hand, looking at the offered hand with a frown. Old memories crowded his mind for a minute and he shook himself.

Harry frowned and glanced back. "You still there, Draco?" he asked, still holding out his hand.

"Yes," Draco answered cautiously. He made a fist, curling his claws into his palm and let Harry grasp it.

Harry smiled as he carefully walked more into the kitchen, reaching for chairs. "How're you, Remus?" he asked, finding one and pulling it out.

Draco stood staring down at the table, or more importantly, at a copy of the *Daily Prophet* lying on the table next to Remus's coffee cup. The headline read, "Death Eater Werewolf Released from Azkaban! Ministry Investigates Aurors."

Remus looked up at Draco, eyes widened for a moment in surprise to see him. Then he followed Draco's gaze and nodded. He looked toward Harry and shook his head, indicating to Draco not to say anything.

Harry sat down with a sigh, wondering why things got so quiet suddenly. Maybe Remus left. "Hello?" He rested his forehead on the

table, resisting the urge to bang his head against it until his sight returned. It was so frustrating.

"Still here, Harry," Remus said. "Would either of you like some tea or coffee? Sit down, Draco, I'll get it." The man stood up and went to the counter.

Draco nodded and then remembered he should say things aloud for Harry. "Tea, with milk and sugar, thank you," he said. The words were polite, but the voice was still so deep it startled him. He pulled out the chair next to Harry and sat down.

"Coffee is fine, Remus," Harry replied, sitting up in his seat. "With milk and sugar, please," he added. He could feel that Draco was next to him, so he leant on him, feeling almost normal.

Harry was leaning against his left arm. Draco reached out carefully with his right and turned the paper around so he could read it without picking it up and attracting attention. He frowned and glanced over at Remus.

Remus returned with their cups, setting them down in front of them. "Here you are, Harry," he said. He looked at Draco and shrugged, his face sympathetic.

"Thank you," Harry said, sitting up straight as he picked up the cup and blew on it before taking a sip. "Remus, when can I get a new wand?" he asked a moment later.

Remus's face brightened. "Any time you like, Harry," he said. "The wand shop reopened last week."

Harry smiled, trying not to bounce in his seat. "I can't wait to go!"

"Well, I want to be here when Tonks gets up. There is ... something I need to talk with her about. But after that I could take you. Or you could call Ron or Hermione and have them take you," Remus explained, still watching Draco.

"Oh." He paused, thinking about having to explain what happened after he left. "All right, Remus. Maybe I'll wait for you."

Draco finished the article and huffed in disgust. He wanted to rip it to shreds but he held back, his hand on the table a fist.

Remus raised an eyebrow. "That's okay, Harry," he said. "But you can't put off talking with them for too long. They should hear it from you, not others." He met Draco's eye, nodding his acknowledgement that he understood.

"I know," Harry mumbled, looking in Draco's direction when he huffed. "What's wrong?"

Draco shrugged and then frowned, trying to find his voice. He didn't like the sound of his voice now and it seemed like a long time since anyone had actually talked to him. "Nothing," he said. "Just hungry, I guess."

"You should eat something then," Harry commented, nodding.

"You going to let me go long enough to see what's here?" he asked, his tone a mixture of amusement and annoyance.

Harry blushed a bit, embarrassed as he moved a bit more away from Draco. "Yes ...."

Draco got up and went to look through the kitchen and find some food. The problem was that he couldn't really use his hands well. He picked up a jar of jam and it slipped through his claws, hitting the floor with a loud smack and the shattering of glass. He jumped back instinctively, snarling.

Harry jumped at both of the sounds, biting his lip. "What happened?!" he said, a bit of fear in his voice.

Remus almost laughed, shaking his head. "It's okay, Harry," he said. "Draco just dropped the jam."

Draco was cursing. It sounded like a dog snarling. He began to try to pick up the glass but became frustrated when the claws made it hard to get a grip on the pieces of glass.

"Oh..." Harry relaxed, running a hand through his hair. "Maybe you should help him," he said to Remus, recognising the frustration in his growls.

Remus was already getting up from his chair. "Sure, Harry," he said. He cautiously approached Draco, working his way around so that he came toward the snarling wolf-Draco from the front and not behind. He held out hands. "Draco, may I help with that?" he asked cautiously.

Draco looked up from where he crouched, startled. He bristled at first but then took several deep breaths and backed away from the mess.

"Why don't I get us all some toast and marmalade?" Remus asked as he bent and began to pick up the mess.

"That's fine. Draco, are you okay?" Harry asked, turning a bit in his seat.

Draco was shaking, trying to control his temper. He wanted to hit something, to bite something or to run away. He stood taking deep breaths while he dug his claws into his palms.

"Give Draco a few minutes, Harry," Remus said. He watched Draco carefully, but didn't interfere. He used his wand to remove the mess, sending it to the trash bin. Then he made toast and floated the plates and condiments to the table.

"All right," Harry answered, feeling a bit dejected as he turned back to the table. He wished he could help Draco more with everything. He nodded, deciding to try his best, with or without his sight.

Draco was calmer but he needed ... something. "Excuse me," he said gruffly and then climbed the stairs quickly, leaving the room.

"Harry," Remus said before Harry could follow him. "I need to talk to you."

"Yes?" He had turned to follow Draco, but sat back in his seat, waiting for Remus to go on.

"We need to talk about Draco," Remus said quietly. "I am not sure you understand what you have got yourself into."

Harry nodded slowly, tucking a piece of hair behind his ear. "Go on then," he murmured.

Remus sighed. "I am not even sure where to begin. I am not an Auror, so I didn't see the Pensieve of what happened that night. But I have heard enough details to know that it was pretty bad."

"The night I killed Voldemort?" he asked, looking thoughtful. He fiddled with his cup, running his finger around the rim.

"Yes, that night," Remus said. "Is there another one I should know about?"

"No," he mumbled, shaking his head quickly.

Remus frowned, knowing that there was still something that Harry wasn't telling but letting it go. "Well, it has to be difficult to be with someone after you have shared that kind of experience," he said. "And then there are your – physical issues."

"My physical issues," he repeated quietly, looking down at the table.

"Yes," Remus said, "I know they are hard to talk about. Your loss of sight and his partial loss, to begin with."

"I ... I want to help," he said, looking up again. "I'm trying."

"But it is a lot more than that," Remus continued. "The loss of his wand and sight would be bad enough. But now he feels he has no control over his body either. I know how that feels."

"Yeah, what do I do?" he asked.

"I don't know if I have answers," Remus said. "What I just witnessed was a young man at war with himself. I don't know how much is the wolf and how much is the sheer frustration of what he has been through. I don't know if he knows."

Harry sighed, nodding again. He had no idea what to say to that, so he didn't reply.

"I am worried about you, Harry," Remus said. "I am concerned that helping Draco might be too much to deal with."

"What do you want me to do then?" he asked quietly, biting at his lip again. The thought of just leaving him made him begin to think again about how it was all his fault. He clenched his fists.

"Is this about guilt or love?" Remus asked. "Because I don't think helping out of guilt will be good for either of you."

"I love him," he whispered, slowly unclenching his fists, "and I have to do something."

"Getting your wand is a good start," Remus said, leaning back. "At least then, one of you could do magic."

"I'll get that. What else? What were you saying about helping Draco might be too much to deal with?" he asked, wanting to know exactly what he meant.

"A part-wolf like him is dangerous. The were-magic is not controlled by the moon. It is neither on nor off," Remus said. "It makes it hard for him to control his emotions and his body's reactions."

"Oh, I don't care if he hurts me by accident," Harry said without thinking.

"He does," Remus said.

"Are you saying I should stay away from him?" Harry asked.

"No," Remus said, "because, if your behaviour at Azkaban is any indication, that won't make either of you happy. He is better around you. And you seem better since you got him out. But maybe you should figure out why it doesn't bother you that he might hurt you?"

"Because I know he doesn't mean it," Harry replied, nodding. "All the times he ever hurt me; I knew he didn't mean to."

"But how do you feel about the pain, the injury itself? It doesn't scare you?" Remus asked.

Harry unconsciously rubbed the back of his head where the cut was. "It hurts, I guess ... but, I don't know ..." he managed to say, looking confused.

"But the pain doesn't bother you?" Remus said. "I mean, Harry, there are people who wouldn't mind the pain. Who might even like it." Harry couldn't see Remus's blush.

Harry flushed, shrugging. He wouldn't tell him that he purposely cut his finger on one of Draco's claws then licked away the blood. He wouldn't tell him that he kind of liked it at all. "It doesn't bother me," he mumbled.

"Then tell him that," Remus said. "If he is afraid of hurting you, maybe you need to tell him why it doesn't bother you."

Harry nodded, sucking on the tip of his thumb where the cut was. "I will."

"He might have had time to calm down now," Remus said. "Do you want to go after him now?"

"Yes," Harry replied, already beginning to slip out of his chair. "Thank you, Remus," he said as he walked toward the staircase.

– CHAPTER SIXTEEN –

## *Bad Wolf*

Draco was sitting in their room, on the floor under the window. He had calmed down but didn't know what he should do next. He couldn't even get himself something to eat. Helpless and dangerous, he thought, what a combination.

Harry shuffled into the room a long while later, feeling along the wall to make sure he was in the right one. His finger sunk into a small groove he made when they first moved him, indicating that he was in the right room. He moved and sat on the first bed he reached, not even knowing if Draco was in the room or not.

Draco heard him long before he reached the room. The enhanced hearing was interesting, but had its downside too. He could smell him from the other side of the room. "I am here," he said quietly.

"Oh, hey ... uhm, Draco, can I talk to you?" he asked, shifting onto the bed more.

"Yes," Draco said.

"You're afraid that you'll hurt me, right?" he started, wondering how he was going to explain this.

"Of course I am," Draco said, sounding annoyed.

"The pain doesn't bother me, Draco. You saw last night," he said.

Draco's head came up and he looked at Harry. He got up from the floor and walked over, standing and looking down at him. "What do you mean?" he asked, curious now.

"It doesn't bother me," Harry repeated, not seeming to notice that Draco had moved. "Like ... I ... I actually like it sometimes ...." He was sure he was flushed red.

"You like pain?" Draco asked softly, standing only a few feet from Harry.

He swallowed, the actual statement floating through his head for a long moment. "Yeah ...."

Draco was at a loss for words. This had never occurred to him. Even though, given his own inclinations, it should have. "Tell me something painful you have liked," he said, still not sure he believed him.

"In the cell, that day I got you out. When you slammed me back against the floor and you were on top of me," he said, not believing that he was saying this at all. "I liked that, even though you couldn't tell."

Draco's eye widened. "What else?"

"Uhm, I might as well say that I cut my thumb on purpose," he murmured, embarrassed again.

"On my claw?" Draco asked. "You like the claws?" His tone was disbelieving now.

"Yeah, sharp," he whispered, beginning to breathe faster.

He could smell desire on Harry when he spoke and it caught his attention faster than the words. "You do," he said in wonder, his own pulse speeding up.

"Yeah, I do," Harry answered, biting his lip gently. "Where are you?"

"Standing by the bed, follow my voice," Draco answered.

Harry turned, crawling over to the edge of the bed where he heard Draco.

Draco watched him come toward him, having to hold himself from either jumping on or backing away from him. The wolf instincts were confusing, but they certainly heightened his arousal.

"Come closer," he whispered, reaching out for him. "Please ...."

The submissive pose was exciting and his senses seemed even sharper. Without realising what he was doing, Draco climbed onto the bed and pinned Harry, face down, Draco's clawed hands holding Harry's hands tight and his body pressing the other man into the mattress.

Harry shuddered, Draco's body on top of him sending small shivers down his spine. "Oh, man," he moaned, not knowing what to expect.

Draco rubbed himself against Harry through their clothes, his cock against Harry's arse and his face in that dark hair. He growled low in his throat, wanting more.

"Draco," Harry whispered, pressing back against him harder.

"Use your claws ..." he said, talking about their clothes. His heart was beating so fast that he was sure it was trying to beat its way out of his chest and into the bed, but he didn't care.

The part of Draco's brain that understood language didn't seem to be working very well. It didn't matter, though, because his instinct was to do just that. He reached for the top of Harry's shirt and ripped the cloth down his back. The sound was loud and satisfying. It left small scratches on Harry's back and he licked at them, enjoying the taste of the blood. Then he found the trousers in his way and began to tear them as well.

Harry whimpered and arched his back, Draco's tongue feeling like fire against the scratches he made. Well, he couldn't say this wasn't exactly what he wanted.

Draco felt fever hot as he shredded Harry's trousers and shorts and then started on his own. His were pull-ons that Harry had given him when he couldn't do the fasteners on the normal ones. He pulled and ripped and got them both naked, snarling with frustration by the time it was done. He pressed himself back against Harry, his whole body shuddering as he rubbed his red, hard cock against the man's arse.

Harry tried to push up onto his hands and knees, but couldn't because of Draco's weight pressing down against him. Not that he minded all that much. It made it easier for him to shift and rub his own cock against the sheets, but at the same time he couldn't breathe as deeply as he wanted to. Yet, even that added a bit of an edge to the pleasure.

Draco wanted to taste him. He sniffed and licked and began to leave small bites on Harry's back. He was gentle, but even that left small red dots where his canine teeth marked the smooth skin. He continued down, biting and then licking the bites until he was between Harry's legs and biting those rounded cheeks.

Harry managed to rise up on his knees, his shoulders still pressed into the bed. He had no idea what he was doing, or why he was doing it, but he pushed back against Draco's face, wanting more of something. His fingers were deep in the sheets as he gripped them, feeling the bites on him pulse with his heartbeat.

Draco ran his tongue down the crevice of Harry's arse, tasting and smelling him. He wanted more, so he pushed his face into that

space and began to lick and nip at the softer skin there, his clawed hands coming up to spread those cheeks further apart.

Harry's eyes went wide before he groaned loudly, his knees going weak at just the first nip. His hips began to rock against his lover's face, even as his own face flushed with shame.

Draco began to suck and lick at the sensitive skin of Harry's opening. He shuddered with delight at the taste and smell, his claws digging slightly in to the round cheeks he held apart.

Harry was gasping and moaning so loudly that he hoped no one else heard him. The combination of Draco's tongue on that part of him and Draco's claws digging into the skin sent Harry close to the edge.

Draco thrust his tongue into Harry's opening, the tight feel of it setting him on fire. He fucked the man with his tongue as hard and as deep as he could get.

"Oh, please," Harry whispered, feeling his body give in slowly.

Draco growled against his skin, his tongue and lips against Harry's opening still. Then he drew himself up, sliding his body forward and Harry's hips back at the same time, so that he was positioned. His cock was dripping now and he couldn't have waited if he had wanted to. He slid quickly into Harry's moist hole, a sharp bark escaping his lips as he did.

Harry's eyes went wide again, a loud sound making its way out of his throat. It hurt, but not as much as he thought it would.

Draco drove in all the way, Harry's blood trickling down his hips where the wolf-claws dug into his skin. The smell of sex and blood was enough to make Draco feel he had lost any sanity he had left. He was growling as he pumped hard into Harry's arse.

Groaning, Harry could only push back a bit with the thrusts, each one making him shiver with pleasure. After a few moments he reached down and wrapped a hand around himself, stroking along with each hard thrust.

Draco's cock slid deeper, the sensations feeling more intense than he remembered, and he was lost to them. Harry's opening clenched and tightened around his cock with each thrust. He could feel his own body tightening as he began to come in long, hot jets inside Harry's arse.

Warmth spread through Harry as he continued to stroke himself,

not quite there yet. He moaned in frustration, squeezing himself gently.

Draco continued thrusting, his cock still hard and his orgasm seeming to last forever. He shuddered and growled as he ground himself into Harry.

Harry came hard the next moment, his body clenching and shuddering around Draco. He collapsed on the bed, still feeling Draco moving inside him.

Draco continued to fuck him as the last of his seed pumped from his cock. He was still hard and he thrust deep, holding himself there as he curled his body around Harry's possessively.

Harry whimpered "Draco," the stimulation making him too sensitive.

Growling deep in his throat, Draco laid his head on Harry's back, face pressed to skin.

Harry sighed softly, deciding that if neither of them moved, it was fine.

Slowly, Draco's awareness of who he was and what he was doing seemed to come back to him. He shifted his hips, withdrawing from Harry and getting up on his hands and knees. He frowned when he saw the scratches down Harry's back and the puncture wounds on his hips.

Harry bit his lip, feeling Draco's come trail out after him. He turned on his back, ignoring the bits of pain from the various scratches and cuts. He could tell Draco was still over him so he looked up with a small smile, face flushed still.

"Are you ... okay?" Draco asked hesitantly.

"I'm fine – no, I'm better than fine," he answered honestly, shifting on the bed. "And you're, uhm ... kind of leaking out," he added quietly, blushing harder.

"You like that?" Draco asked quietly, his eye greedily taking in the debauched look of Harry.

"I like it," he confirmed just as quietly, feeling like Draco was staring him down.

Draco crouched down over Harry again, laying the good side of his face against Harry's chest, listening to his heart and delighting in the feel of him.

Harry smiled, reaching up and wrapping his arms around Draco.

"You liked it?" he asked, pretty sure of the answer.

"That really isn't a question, is it? I came so hard, I think I almost passed out." Draco spoke against Harry's chest, licking at the skin.

"Well, I'm glad you didn't pass out," he replied, laughing a bit.

"And you will want me to do that again?" Draco asked, lifting his head to look at Harry.

"Of course," he replied quickly, nodding. "Not right now, but, yeah."

"Then you had better get a wand," Draco said. "And learn how to do healing charms on yourself."

"I will, Draco. Promise." He shifted on the bed again, feeling as though he were stuck to the sheets.

"And Cleaning Charms," Draco smiled. "In the meantime, we need a shower."

"I wonder if I can walk," he said softly, shrugging, "but we do need one."

Draco rolled off the bed in one graceful move and came up standing. He held out one clawed hand to his lover. "Take my hand," he said.

Harry sat up slowly, reaching out and taking Draco's hand.

Draco pulled Harry up until they were both standing, but couldn't help the urge to pull Harry's body against his own again.

Harry laid his cheek against Draco's chest, sighing gently. His legs felt a bit wobbly underneath him and he supported all his weight on Draco.

Draco looked around for their clothes and realised that they were lying in shreds around the room. He chuckled and shook his head. "I could carry you," he suggested.

Harry blushed. "If you can," he replied, shrugging. Even though he was pretty sure he could.

"I'm stronger than I used to be," he said. "Put your arms around my neck." Then he put one arm around Harry's back and the other under his knees, lifting him.

Harry gasped, his arms tightening. "But then again, I'm still skinny and short," he mumbled.

"That, too," Draco smirked. When they reached the door, he asked Harry to open it. It wasn't until they were in the hall that Draco gave a thought to Remus and Tonks.

Harry buried his face in Draco's neck, snuggling closer. He hoped Tonks and Remus stayed downstairs, because he was sure this was an interesting image.

– CHAPTER SEVENTEEN –

## *Here For You*

Once in the bathroom, Draco set Harry down and turned on the water, then turned and closed the door. "Do you think they heard us?" he asked and then rolled his eye. "I think we were loud."

"Oh, they might have," Harry whispered, blushing hard. "You think they'll say something about it?"

"I don't know them very well," Draco answered. "Can you stand in the shower?"

"Probably," Harry answered, moving to get up.

"We could rinse and then soak in a bath if you want," Draco said.

"Soaking sounds good," he replied, moving toward the bathtub. "Come on."

Draco helped Harry into the bath and turned on the shower.

"Ahh," Harry said as warm water ran over his body, moving under the spray, just standing there and letting it flatten down his hair. He hissed softly when the water ran down his back and over his arse, the blood going along with it.

Draco watched the blood run down his lover's body. That was one of the disturbing aspects of his change; this constant fascination with blood.

Harry bent forward slightly, letting the water run down between his arse cheeks. "Ahh," he sighed again, feeling more comfortable.

Draco got into the bath and licked his lips, remembering and trying to control his rising lust. He was sure Harry needed a rest, at the very least.

Harry seemed to forget Draco was in the bath with him as he opened his legs wider and bent forward more.

Draco growled low in his throat, clenching his clawed hands as the position brought him very quickly to full arousal.

"Draco?" he asked, hearing the growl and wondering if maybe he was taking up all the space. "Sorry."

Draco took a step back, pressing himself against the tiles. He tried to remember words.

Harry stood up straight. "What's wrong?"

Draco whimpered, like a dog begging for a bone. He couldn't help it.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Harry said again, not knowing what for. He stepped forward reaching out until he touched Draco's chest.

Draco shuddered under his touch, his desire so hot that he was terrified of losing control. Didn't they just have sex? How could he be so turned on so soon after? Those fingers on the soft fur and skin of his chest were maddeningly wonderful, and he arched into them.

"You want to go again, don't you?" Harry whispered gently, moving to press against him. "That is what I'm here for."

Draco gasped as Harry pressed his wet body against him, his cock brushing against the man's thigh as he did. "Yes," he said, but it sounded like more of a growl again.

Harry smiled and turned around, leaning forward a bit. Even if he was tired, he was there for Draco.

Draco's hands reached for Harry again, pulling him back against him so that his cock pressed into the crevice of the man's arse.

Harry opened his legs wider and slowly began to rub against him, still smiling.

Harry was still slick with Draco's come from earlier and the blond growled at the sensation, thrusting between those rounded cheeks. He wrapped his arms around his lover, holding the man's back against his own chest.

Harry turned and rested his head on Draco's shoulder, beginning to breathe harder with every thrust of Draco's hips.

"Fuck, yes," Draco growled. "Get hard for me, touch yourself."

Harry wrapped a hand around his own cock and began to stroke slowly. He bit his lip hard, his body working to catch up.

Draco watched over Harry's shoulder, while still thrusting between his arse cheeks. He had not entered him yet.

Soon, Harry was hard again, his hips twitching to thrust into his hand. "Draco ...."

"Yes," he growled against Harry's ear, the sensation making his chest vibrate.

"Want more," Harry mumbled, squeezing himself as he began to

stroke harder.

"Tell me," Draco insisted, his voice vibrating. His back was still pressed against cold tiles, and he had the warm body of the other man pulled to his chest and groin.

"Fuck me," he whispered, squeezing his eyes shut.

"Yes," Draco growled, sliding down so that the head of his cock caught on the ridge of skin at the other man's opening, and then angling his hips, pressing in slowly.

Harry winced at the feeling, his muscles relaxing and clenching, but he didn't tell Draco to slow down or stop.

That low growl started as a vibration in his chest again as Draco slid all the way into Harry. He held him there, arms still around the other man and claws curled protectively into his own palms. He could feel his arousal swell at the tight heat surrounding him. "Now wank yourself off," Draco growled against his lover's ear.

Harry began to stroke himself again, feeling closer with every stroke. "Move," he whispered, "harder ...."

Draco slid his hands back to Harry's hips, claws pressing into flesh as he began to thrust, deep and slow into the other man.

Harry moaned softly, his hand slipping away from his cock as he concentrated only on Draco's thrusts.

Tight, wet heat, the feeling of flesh around him and under his claws, the smell of Harry and feel of the man's hair against his face – this was all Draco was aware of as he slid deep, rocking his hips to continue the languid fuck.

"Too slow," Harry whispered after a few minutes of it, needing more than just this rhythm to come.

Draco thrust faster, growling again as he did. The harder thrusts dug his claws into Harry's hips and he could smell blood from fresh wounds.

Harry groaned, placing his hands over Draco's and feeling the blood run under his fingers. "Gods," he murmured, biting his lip again.

"Touch ... yourself," Draco growled, breathing faster and feeling his balls tighten.

Harry began to stroke himself again, while listening to Draco, the blood on his hand making it feel more slick.

Watching Harry wank with his own blood pushed Draco over the

edge and he came, shooting deep inside the other man as he pulled him tight.

Feeling that warmth again made Harry begin to come hard, shuddering as he thrust into his hand a few more times.

Draco trembled, gritting his teeth to keep himself from howling at the intensity of the feeling and smell of Harry's come and blood.

Harry wanted to lay down, his remaining strength fleeting, and he was glad Draco was holding him up; without that support, he was sure he would've slipped down in the bath.

Draco held him firmly as he stepped back under the water, rinsing them both off. Then, still holding Harry, he turned the lever so that the shower turned off and the tub began to fill. He cradled Harry against him and went to his knees, holding him.

Grateful that Draco understood what he was going through, Harry let him move him around, already sure that he couldn't do it himself. "Mm, Draco ...."

Holding Harry against his chest, Draco leant back, lying there with them both soaking in the water and Harry closed his eyes while settling back against him, sure that he could easily fall asleep like this.

They sat quietly in the water for a while. When the water started to get cold, Draco nudged Harry. "Time to get out of the water," he said quietly.

Harry huffed and shook his head, not wanting to move even though his fingers had wrinkled in the cold water.

"Harry, it's cold in here," Draco complained. "You can sleep in your bed if you want to."

Groaning, Harry got up and stepped out of the tub, shivering in the cold air. He crossed his arms over his chest and wondered which direction the towels were in.

Draco stood too, removing the plug and reaching for the towels, wrapping one around Harry and then beginning to dry himself off.

"Thanks," Harry said, using the towel to rub off the dripping water. When he was done, he wrapped it around his waist, turning around, shaking the water out of his hair. "Done?"

Draco stepped out of the tub and looked down at Harry. He found his own brush and awkwardly brushed his hair. It was hard to hold with the claws, but he was getting used to it. "Don't you brush your hair?" he asked.

"Not usually. I should start now because it's been getting tangled a lot, but oh well," he said and shrugged.

Draco huffed. He picked up the other brush and handed it to him. "Just because you can't see, doesn't mean you can't brush," he said gruffly.

Harry scowled, beginning to brush through his hair. "Ow," he muttered a few times, getting stuck.

Draco leant against the wall, arms across his chest, and watched Harry.

When he was finally done, his hair almost reached his shoulders, still slightly curly from the water. "Better?" Harry asked, holding the brush out for Draco to take.

"Yes," Draco said, but he didn't take the brush. "Use your hands, feel the shelf above the sink and put the brush down on it. You have got to let your hands see for you."

Sighing, Harry moved forward until he reached the sink. He gripped the edge with one hand as he slowly reached up, feeling around for the shelf. "There," he whispered, setting it down a moment later and stepping back.

"Now, you will go back to our room," Draco said. "I will be right behind you. But I am not going to lead you. You can use your hands and find the way."

"Fine," he murmured, turning and nearly walking into the toilet.

Draco rumbled low. "You are Harry fucking Potter, if you can destroy Voldemort blind, you can bloody well learn to walk around your own house!" he snapped.

Harry flushed and crossed his arms over his chest, making sure to step away from the toilet before continuing to the door slowly. He reached out to touch the door when he reached it, moving down to grip the doorknob.

Draco watched silently. Harry always seemed to do better when he was angry.

He pulled it open quickly and stormed outside, using one hand to feel his way to the room.

Draco padded after him, smiling.

When Harry reached their room, he pushed open the door, stumbling a bit, but too angry to notice.

Draco watched the other man. Harry's buttocks and hips were

both decorated with puncture wounds now. "You need to go get a wand today," he said as sat down on the bed.

"Why today?" he mumbled, sitting on the bed, too.

"Because you are injured," he said, "and unless you want to ask Remus, Tonks or someone else to heal those, you will need a wand."

"They're fine," he muttered, pulling his towel away and running his fingers over the gashes on his hips.

"You like them?" Draco asked, realising it only then.

Harry blushed and nodded, prodding one of the wounds. "Dunno why," he whispered, trying to figure it out himself.

"Come here," Draco said.

Harry crawled over slowly.

Draco looked into Harry's face, searching those green eyes. Maybe it was because he couldn't see himself being watched, but they seemed more expressive than ever. "Did you always like pain?" Draco asked.

"No," he answered quietly, stopping when he reached him. "At least I don't think so."

"When can you remember liking it?" he asked quietly.

"Only when you would hurt me," he whispered, sitting back on his heels.

"At Hogwarts?" Draco asked.

"No, you never hurt me in Hogwarts, Malfoy," he said, smiling a bit.

Draco grimaced. "Then, when I ... hurt you, when we were alone?" he asked.

"Yes," he answered, tilting his head back in thought. "It was probably because I didn't think it was real and I kept thinking about what we did before ...."

"When ... Father ... came in?" Draco continued. He didn't want to upset Harry, but he really wanted to understand this.

Harry blinked and shook his head quickly, looking down. "I didn't like that."

"And the next time?"

"With Lucius?"

"No, the final time there," Draco whispered.

"Honestly, I wasn't concentrating on what was happening to me. I was too focused on what I was supposed to do," Harry answered

quietly.

Draco was quiet for a minute, thinking about it. "Did I do this to you?" he asked.

"Maybe you just ... brought it out," he replied softly.

"I still want you to take care of yourself," Draco said. "At least use something so that the wounds heal properly. Look at it this way, I can always make new ones."

"I will. I think there's stuff in the bathroom cabinet. Or that's what Remus said," he replied.

Draco's raised eyebrow was lost on Harry. "Remus?" he asked. "You told him?"

"Well, not about this, but he just told me where there were different potions and such when we came here," he answered, nodding.

Draco frowned, thinking and looking at his hands. He wouldn't be brewing potions anymore. He could barely brush his hair. And with no wand ....

"You'll have to adjust too, you know," Harry said, continuing on. "I'm here to help."

"Adjust. Right," Draco huffed.

"Yeah, come on." He shifted closer. "If I can do it, you can. Even though it's different."

"Yes, it's different, Harry," he said. "You are a hero and I am a convicted Death Eater."

"Who helped me a lot. Once I tell them that, you'll be free. Completely, Draco," he answered.

Draco looked into those earnest eyes and decided not to tell him about the paper or the realities of the wizarding world. Time enough later for that. He used the back of his hand to stroke Harry's cheek.

Harry leant into the touch, sighing softly. "I mean it."

"I know you do," Draco said, leaning his forehead against Harry's.

He grinned. "Good. Now what?" he asked, feeling energised again.

Draco snorted. "Get dressed and go get a wand," he said.

Harry sighed, slowly getting up. "I don't want to go outside," he said miserably.

"Can't hide in here with me," Draco said.

"Why not?" he asked quietly, moving toward his trunk.

"For the same reason you wouldn't leave me in Azkaban when I asked you," Draco answered, picking up their shredded clothing and putting it aside. He looked for another pair of pull-on trousers and found them. They were both wearing Harry's clothes at this point and they were both too large and too short for Draco.

"It's going to be horrible," Harry said, pulling out some clothes. He threw them on the bed, not even bothering to ask if they matched. "People bothered me before, but now? I can't even see them to hide first."

"Your friends will protect you; they always do." Draco's voice held an edge of resentment toward them, but he was glad it was true anyway.

"I don't want to go with them," Harry answered softly, shrugging. "I was thinking of asking Tonks."

"She is one of your friends, isn't she?" Draco asked.

"Well, yeah, I assumed you meant Hermione and Ron," he replied, holding up shorts to wear.

Draco found a shirt and didn't bother with socks; his claws would just shred them.

Harry pulled the shorts on then the trousers he had pulled out, sighing when they sagged on his hips. "I need a shirt," he mumbled, biting his lip thoughtfully.

Draco sat on the bed watching Harry rummage around in the trunk for clothes. "You need decent clothes," he muttered, frowning at what he was wearing.

"I know," he answered, standing up straight, a shirt in his hands. He pulled it on and smoothed his hands down it. "Do I even match? Sort of? Not that I really care, but, you know."

"Not that it ever seemed to matter before," Draco muttered.

Harry blushed and nodded, turning away as he ran a hand through his hair. He felt slightly embarrassed as he tried to remember where he had put his shoes.

"I tucked them under the bed," Draco said when he saw Harry frowning at the floor. "I tripped on them."

"Oh, could you get them for me?" he asked, wondering if Draco was still making him do everything on his own.

"They are on the side by the door, near the foot of the bed,"

Draco told him.

Harry bit the inside of his cheek and nodded, feeling along the bed as he went in that direction. By the time he found them Harry was frustrated; he sat down on the bed and went about the task of pulling them on.

"Look at it this way," Draco said watching Harry, "when you get your wand, you can hex me or Summon your shoes."

"Maybe I'll do both," he answered, finally getting them on right.

"Good," Draco snorted.

"Good. Until then, just help me with little things, please?" he asked, pouting a bit.

"I did help," the blond said and sighed. "How long do you think it would have taken you if I hadn't told you where the shoes were?"

"All day, probably," he answered, sighing too, "Thanks, though."

"You're procrastinating," Draco said. "I am going to go try to find something to eat. You go get your wand."

Harry sighed and nodded. "Can I get a goodbye kiss?"

"Can you?" Draco smirked, stepping close to him.

Harry nodded, feeling Draco step close. He leant up and kissed him gently, pulling away with a small smile. "Talk to you later."

– CHAPTER EIGHTEEN –

## *True Sight*

Harry left the room a while later, walking slowly and feeling along the wall. He walked down the long hallway that he knew led to the staircase and stopped at the top. He strained to hear anyone walking, just in case someone was walking up. When he didn't hear anything, he slowly began to walk down the steps, gripping the banister tightly.

He stepped off the last step and paused again, listening.

"Tonks?" he said loud enough for someone to hear, wondering if she was close by.

Mrs Black's painting began screaming and, not long after, Tonks and Remus came out of the study to find out what had set her off.

"Harry? Did you need something?" Remus asked.

Covering his ears and stepping as far away from the painting as he could, Harry nodded. "Is Tonks around?" he asked.

"Here, Harry," she answered, taking his elbow and steering him back into the study with her and Remus. They shut the door and it was suddenly a lot quieter. "Whatcha need, Harry?" she asked.

"I wanted to go get a wand," he answered, smiling a bit as he stood up straight. "If you're not busy."

"Um, well, I guess I won't be going to work for a while." Tonks answered, sounding a bit distracted.

Remus huffed at her statement.

"Why not?" he asked, frowning.

The other two exchanged glances. "I'm taking some time off," she said cautiously.

"Why?" Harry asked, scowling. He hoped it wasn't because of him.

There was another long pause while Tonks and Remus carried on a silent argument involving hand gestures and glares. "I can't really talk about it, Harry. The short story is that I'm under review by the Ministry," she said and sighed.

"Oh." *Because of something I did*, he added silently, shaking his head. "Well, if you want to go."

"Sure," she said, sounding brighter. "I think that sounds nice. Let's go. Are you ready?"

Harry smiled again. "I'm ready. Are you?"

He felt her take his hand. "Come on, Harry," she said brightly. "We can make a holiday of it."

Harry held on tightly, letting out a small laugh. "A holiday?" he asked.

"Sure," she said. "When's the last time we got to go out that was just for fun and not a mission of some kind?"

Harry opened and closed his mouth a few times. "I ... I don't know," he answered honestly.

"Right," she said, leading them past the still yelling portrait and out the door. "Ready?" she asked.

He nodded, still holding on tightly to her hand. "Ready." *Hopefully*, he thought.

She Apparated them to an area near the Leaky Cauldron and led Harry in. The pub was doing a pretty brisk business this late in the afternoon. Someone noticed who he was and suddenly there were a lot of people wanting to thank Harry for his defeat of Voldemort.

"You're welcome," Harry said a few times, quickly beginning to get uncomfortable. He felt someone pat him on the shoulder and he jerked away, knocking into Tonks.

"Give'm some room," Tonks barked out.

Then Harry heard the whispering. "He's blind?" "Can it be?"

Harry scowled. "Can we go, Tonks?" he murmured, not wanting to hear the voices anymore, but he knew this was only the beginning.

"Sure, Harry," she said, leading him to the entrance of the alley and tapping the stones with her wand. "Suppose we'll have to teach you how to do that by touch," she mused. They stepped through into Diagon Alley. "Well, they started fixin' things up a lot," she said.

"Really?" He breathed in deeply and sighed, wishing he could see the difference.

She put her hand in the crook of his arm, so that it looked more natural to be holding on to him. As they walked along, she described all the changes and the shops that had been repaired and reopened after those last terrible days of the war. Finally, they reached

Ollivander's shop. "Well, we're here," she said.

Harry listened quietly as they walked to the shop. He heard the voices of a few people who noticed him, but he managed to fade them out and pay attention to Tonks. "Well, let's go in," he said, nodding. "Can't believe I'm doing this for the second time."

"It's unusual, but not unheard of, for folks to need a new one," she said, opening the door and taking him into the shop.

"Well, well, I was wondering when you would be in," the familiar voice of Ollivander said.

Harry grinned at the voice. He always wondered how the old man knew things like that. "Took me a while, huh?" he said, slipping his arm out of Tonks' grasp and cautiously moving forward on his own.

Ollivander grasped his hand firmly, shaking it and then leading him forward as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "And it might be fortuitous that you no longer have your old wand," he said. "That one was linked with *his* and is no longer needed. Is it?"

"No, it isn't. Have you any ideas of new wands for me?" he asked, feeling a bit nervous about the whole process.

"Mmm," Ollivander hummed and then said, "I have actually been thinking a lot about you lately. Wondering what your goals will be now. Your wand will need to be one that can handle your new life."

"I haven't thought about that yet," he answered, shrugging. He was still getting used to not having his sight. What would he really do for the rest of his life?

"Think about it now then," he said. "It will help us find the right wand or the right wand, find you."

"But I don't know. What is there for me to do? Especially now that I'm like this," Harry said.

"So the wand needs to help you see what you cannot see," Ollivander said, and then, "What else?"

"That's basically it. I can't think of anything else right now," he replied, biting his lip.

"Mmm," Ollivander hummed and studied him for a moment.

"Harry?" Tonks asked. "Would you mind if I returned in a few minutes? I want to check something out at the shop next door."

"That's okay," he answered, turning back in her direction.

Harry heard the door open and close. "Now, we are alone," Ollivander said, placing Harry's hand on the counter. "Let me

consider some wands for you, while you consider if there is anything to add to our conversation."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked, looking confused.

"You looked like you were unwilling to discuss something," Ollivander said, looking through boxes. "Choosing a wand can be a very personal experience."

"Yeah, I just don't want to seem like a burden to anyone," he said after a moment, sighing.

"Let me try something I haven't done in a while," he said. "I am going to ask you a question and I want you to just say quickly the first thing that comes to mind when I do."

Harry raised an eyebrow, but stood up straight and nodded, waiting for him to start.

"What is the magical creature you feel closest to?"

"A werewolf," he answered quickly, blushing a bit.

"Mmm," Ollivander hummed. "An interesting choice. That does give me an idea." He went back to his shelves and found a box, setting it on the counter by Harry's hand and opening it. "Try this," he suggested.

He carefully took the wand out and held it for a moment. "Okay." He waved it, just like he did the first time he went to get a wand.

"Your magic is much more controlled than it was before," Ollivander said. "Try a simple spell, something you know well."

"*Lumos*," Harry murmured, flicking the wand.

"Ah, very good," Ollivander said. "You can't see that, can you?"

"No," he replied, feeling a bit ashamed.

"Not a problem," Ollivander said. "I will teach you a new one. But I must warn you, it has unusual effects. It lets you see the truth, not just what is visible."

"The truth as well as what is visible," Harry repeated, tilting his head curiously. "Teach me, please."

"The truth isn't always nice, Mr Potter," Ollivander said, "but yes, I think you will appreciate this spell. It is the true sight spell, *Aspectus Veritas*."

"Okay. *Aspectus Veritas*," he said clearly, flicking the wand again. There was sudden light in the darkness of his eyes. He blinked and tried to focus, the light becoming brighter. He could see the shelves

of the shop. He gasped and looked around, everything going dark again. "What ... I could just ...."

"You have to point your wand at what you want to see," Ollivander said.

"Oh ...." Harry moved it in front of him quickly and the world brightened again. "Wow," he whispered, biting his lip at the sight. He really didn't know how much he had missed it. "Thank you."

"There is werewolf bone inside that wand," Ollivander said in a hushed tone.

"Really?" He looked up at him, moving the wand along as well. "So, I'm guessing this is the wand," he said, grinning at him.

"Yes, exactly," he said. Behind Harry, the door opened.

Harry turned, grin getting wider at the sight of Tonks. "Tonks!" he exclaimed. "I can see!"

Tonks held up her hands, eyes wide. "Harry, careful pointing that at me!" she complained.

"No, no – I have to do it in order to see you," he explained. "Your hair's still pink," he commented, laughing.

"Oh, a vision spell?" she asked, putting her hands down but still looking a bit concerned.

He nodded, feeling happier than he had in a while. "Mr Ollivander taught it to me. And this is my new wand."

"Great, Harry," she said and smiled. "But remember, not everyone is gonna be comfortable with you pointin' a wand at them."

"I won't use it all the time," he promised. "It just feels nice to see again, you know? And you. I haven't seen you in such a long time."

"Yeah ...." After another moment, Harry quietly turned around and ended the spell, placing the wand back down on the counter. "Okay, I guess that's it, right?"

They paid for the wand and stepped back out into the street. "How about a trip to the robe shop, Harry?" she suggested.

Harry took her hand again as they walked. "That sounds good. I need new robes."

They made their way to Madam Malkin's robe shop. The woman was delighted to see Harry.

Harry politely smiled and greeted Madam Malkin, going with her when she wanted to measure him for new robes. The whole process took a while, but at least he was getting them.

"Hey, Tonks?" he asked, holding his arms out for Malkin.

"Yes?" she said from where she was sitting in a chair to one side.

"You think we can get clothes for Draco?" he asked softly.

"Do you know his measurements?" she asked.

"Not really," he murmured. "I know my clothes are too short for him."

Madam Malkin looked up at him from where she was measuring.

"Can he not come in for a fitting?" she asked.

"No, not yet at least," he answered, sighing.

"Can you show me where he differs from you and how much?" she asked.

"Uhm ... he's taller ... and his chest is wider," he began to explain, using his hands to show exactly how.

"Mmm," she said measuring the distance he showed. "I could not get an exact fit, but it could be altered with a spell to fit better."

"That's fine. And make sure they don't have buttons or anything like that. Just pull-ons, you know?" he added.

"No buttons?" she asked, frowning.

"Yeah. He doesn't like them very much. But if it's a real hassle, it's fine," he replied. He'd have to teach Draco how to do it.

"I will see what can be done," she said. She packaged up robes for him and for Draco, and then they were ready to go.

Harry took Tonks' hand again as they left the shop. "Hey, can we go to the Quidditch shop, too?"

"Sure, Harry," she said, patting his hand and leading the way.

Harry smiled a bit, following her. He could hear people talking again. He wanted to use the spell, but refrained from doing it, deciding that he didn't want to rely on his wand all the time. "People talk too much," he said to Tonks, squeezing her hand. He even heard some people wonder if they were together. He flushed, but didn't pull away from her.

Tonks squeezed his arm. "Don't let 'em bother you, Harry," she said.

"I'm not," he mumbled, obviously lying. "This'll probably be in the papers tomorrow, too."

"I don't mind, if you don't," she laughed. "We both know who we want and they're back at the house."

"True. Are we there yet?" he asked, wanting to get one thing then

head back.

"Yes," she said, opening the door and taking him into the shop.

"I want a Snitch," he said, once they were inside. He could hear the sound of children's voices, all of them talking about the latest broom on the market. He frowned a bit.

Tonks led him over to the counter and got the salesperson's attention. "What can I do for you, Mr Potter?" he asked.

"I want to buy a Snitch," he replied. "A good one."

"Um, okay," the man said, hesitating some. Then he brought back a box and set it on the counter. "This is our best one, Mr Potter."

Harry pulled out his wand and whispered the spell that would let him see again. He picked up the Snitch and examined it for a moment. "Okay, I'll take it."

Tonks laughed happily beside him.

Harry grinned as he paid for the Snitch, ending the spell a moment later. "Let's go home," he said, reaching for her hand again.

Once they stepped outside again, Tonks leant in. "So what's the Snitch for?" she asked.

"My own amusement," he answered, laughing a bit.

They Apparated back to the house and Tonks was still in a good mood. "At least here you can use that new spell without scarin' folks," she said.

"I still want to make my way around without the spell though," he answered, shrugging. "Can't rely just on it."

"Good idea, Harry," she said. "I know Remus is upset about stuff, but I think you can handle things okay."

Harry nodded, going inside. "Thanks, Tonks."

– CHAPTER NINETEEN –

## *Teasing the Wolf*

Draco had managed to make himself a sandwich without breaking anything else. Now he was back in their room where he had fallen asleep reading a book, lying on the bed.

Harry made his way upstairs, using the wall like he did the first time. He went inside the room and set the bags down, hearing Draco's deep breathing. "Asleep," he murmured to himself, moving to the bed and sitting down.

Draco lay sprawled across the bed. When the bed moved, he tensed but then the smell told him it was Harry. He relaxed and looked up at him.

Harry pulled the Snitch out of his cloak and began to play with it, the wings fluttering against his palm. He laughed softly, closing his other hand over it so it wouldn't get away.

"You have a Snitch," Draco said, watching it.

Harry smiled. "I didn't know you were up. Yeah, I got it for us, actually ...."

Draco snorted. "What are we going to do with it?"

"I don't know ... whatever we want," he answered, shrugging.

"What do you want, Potter?" Draco groaned, laying his head back down.

"Nothing." He kicked off his shoes and lay down next to him. "I got you some clothes."

"Good," Draco muttered. "I hope they are better than the ones we have been wearing."

Harry blushed hard and nodded. "I guess they are...." He thought for a moment before he pulled his wand out and laid it on the bed between them. "Got my new wand, too. It has a ... werewolf bone in it."

"That's ... weird," Draco said. "They make wands with werewolf bones in them?"

"Apparently. He asked me what magical creature I'm the closest to and I said werewolf ... then he gave me that one."

"Does it work with your magic?" he asked.

"Yeah, he even taught me this spell, Draco," he started, biting his lip, "a spell that lets me see."

Draco was still lying on the bed. "Can you see me now?" he asked.

"No, not until I say it. Can I?" he asked gently, moving closer to him.

"You won't like it," Draco said.

"I'll love it. Now can I?"

"Why are you asking me?" Draco said.

"Because I thought it would be proper to ask before just pointing a wand at you."

"Ah, well, then as long as you aren't hexing me," Draco said. "Point away."

Harry slowly picked up his wand and whispered the spell for the third time that day, the small light getting brighter until he focused on the image in front of him. "Draco," he whispered, reaching out and cupping his cheek. The damaged part of his face was just like it felt, and it didn't surprise him. Harry smiled and leant close, kissing him softly. "I've waited for this for such a long time," he murmured.

Draco shuddered when Harry kissed him, not responding but not pulling away either.

Harry watched him, taking in all the new aspects of him. "You do look different," he said, stating the obvious as he stroked his cheek. He looked down his body and took his hand, running a finger down the claws he had learnt to love.

"I'm furry," Draco complained.

Harry laughed a bit, brushing his fingers through the hair on his chest. "It looks just as soft as it is."

"Same colour as my hair," he said, then smirked, "everywhere."

Harry glanced down, biting his lip before he tugged at the loose pants, pulling them down and staring. "Yeah, wow."

Draco snorted, "Hey! That's ...." He laughed.

"Your cock," Harry finished, laughing, too. He pulled the pants back up and patted him gently, looking back up at him. "I love magic."

Draco laughed again. "My cock is magic?"

"I meant the spell, but now that you mention it, I'd say it is," he replied, grinning.

"You want to take a closer look?" Draco smiled.

Harry crawled close, taking in every new detail. "Lovely," he whispered, mostly to himself.

Draco lay back, hands over his head while Harry used his wand to look at him. It was fun to watch Harry's face as he did so. The other man seemed particularly taken with the light, white fur on his body. Wearing only the pull-on trousers, there wasn't much to stop Harry from seeing what he wanted.

Harry continued to smile as he ran his fingers through the fur. He leant over and kissed him softly, his wand still being held up in his other hand. "Perfect."

Draco arched his eyebrow above his remaining eye but didn't say anything. Harry already knew his opinion on that.

"Well, in my eyes you are." He ran a thumb over Draco's bottom lip, looking serious for a moment.

"Or your wand, since you can't see me otherwise," Draco drawled.

"Still my eyes," he replied, biting his lip and letting his thumb dip into Draco's mouth.

Draco froze, not moving his mouth at all while Harry's thumb slid into it.

Harry carefully ran the tip of his thumb over the tops of Draco's teeth, curious at the change. "They seem sharper, too."

Draco didn't reply, afraid to move lest he cut Harry. His incisors had grown longer and the teeth were sharper. He also had more of an urge to bite things than before.

"Bite me," Harry whispered softly, watching him closely.

Draco's eye widened. He brought his teeth together, very gently gripping Harry's thumb.

Harry licked his lip, still watching him. "Harder."

Draco opened his mouth and pulled away. "No," he said. "If I draw blood, it ... does things to me."

"I want to see then," he answered, holding his thumb out again.

Draco ignored the thumb and bit the side of his hand, where the meat was thicker. He sunk teeth into soft flesh with just enough

pressure that it began to give, the smell and taste of blood flooding his senses.

Harry blinked and groaned softly, his eyes glued to Draco's mouth as he began to bleed. "What does it do?"

Draco's eye had closed with his mouth. When he opened it again, he looked different – less human. Draco released the hand with his teeth but began licking at the blood, the taste exciting him.

Harry smiled a bit, laying his head on the pillow as he let Draco lick away the blood. "Does it taste good?"

"Yes," Draco growled against his hand. "You taste good and smell good," he said, panting a bit. He was very aroused now and trembling with a kind of weird mix of hunger and desire.

"Really?" Harry pulled his hand away suddenly, wanting to see his reaction.

Draco growled, automatically reaching a clawed hand to grab the hand again. His fingers wrapped around Harry's forearm, claws sinking into the arm, just on the verge of breaking the skin.

Harry's heart sped up as he watched the claws sink into his arm. He shifted a bit and gasped as the first bit of blood welled up under the claws. His other hand that was still holding the wand trembled and so did his vision.

"Taking food away from a wolf is a dangerous thing, Harry," Draco growled in an equally dangerous sounding voice.

Harry nodded quickly, understanding. "Sorry."

"You like that? Teasing me?" Draco asked, voice still low.

"Yes," Harry answered honestly, shifting again.

"Why?" Draco said, as he licked his way to the claw marks on Harry's arm.

"I think I love your reactions," he whispered, leaning closer.

Draco regarded him seriously for a minute. "You are playing with fire, Harry," he warned.

"What's the worst that could happen? I'd get burned?" he asked gently.

"What if I seriously hurt you?" Draco asked, words less clear now that his voice had shifted deeper.

"I don't think you would, but if it did come to that," he said and then paused, looking thoughtful. "I don't know."

Draco was holding himself back only with willpower. Every

instinct seemed to be screaming at him to pin Harry to the mattress and take what he needed. "I need you to show me ... that you can heal yourself," he growled.

Harry nodded quickly again. He quietly ended the Vision Spell, thinking of the only Healing Spell he knew. He pointed at his hand and whispered it, feeling the cuts close up.

Draco watched seriously and grunted in satisfaction as he saw the spell work. "Strip now," he growled then.

Harry rolled away and sat up, pulling off his shirt then his trousers quickly. He pushed them off the side of the bed.

Draco watched, trembling with the effort, and when Harry was naked, he practically threw himself atop the other man, pinning him to the bed.

Harry gasped, wishing he could use the spell again just to see the look on his face like this.

Draco growled again, leaning in, nipping at Harry's neck, small marks appearing behind as he moved down to Harry's chest.

Harry moaned, arching up. He loved it when Draco did this to him. "More," he murmured.

Growling, licking, sucking and biting – Draco was completely lost in the taste of Harry's flesh. The other man's chest was now covered in little marks, some of which bled a little. He licked at those until they stopped and then continued down to his belly.

Harry whimpered softly, little shudders repeatedly going through his body. He was sure he was covered in small cuts, but it made him feel more aware, more alive.

Draco's face was now pressed into the hair below Harry's belly, inhaling the scent of him and licking at that very delicate skin. "Touch yourself," he told Harry.

Harry reached to his chest first, gently running his hand over the fresh cuts. "Go on, Draco ...."

Draco gave Harry's cock a long slow lick up the shaft. His taste seeming to make explosions go off in his brain. Taste was so much more now than it had been before.

Harry jerked off the bed, a loud moan coming from him. He gripped the sheets, swallowing.

Draco licked and nuzzled Harry's cock, running his tongue over the head and down again. "Stroke yourself," he said.

Wrapping a hand around himself Harry shuddered softly, beginning to stroke himself.

"Fuck," Draco growled and began licking Harry's balls.

"Oh, Draco," he whispered, his hand moving faster as he lifted his hips.

"Don't come yet," Draco growled. "Prepare yourself."

Harry slowed down his strokes, using his other hand to reach further down. "A little help," he murmured, pressing a finger against his entrance.

Draco licked at Harry's finger and his entrance.

Harry let Draco do that for another moment, the sensation taking over. "S-stop," he stuttered, not wanting to come yet. He began to push the finger inside him slowly as he spoke.

"Yes," Draco hissed while he watched Harry fingering himself.

Harry moved that finger in and out a few times before he pressed a second one inside, moaning at the slight burn.

Draco's cock was twitching as he watched Harry slide his fingers into himself.

Harry tried to prepare himself the best he could, but he was already relaxed and ready for Draco. He was about to press a third finger inside anyway when he paused, asking Draco for help again.

"No, now," Draco growled, crawling up Harry's body until his cock pressed against him. He grabbed Harry's ankles and put them over his shoulders.

Harry groaned and shifted, lifting his hips up to relieve the stretch Draco subjected him to.

Draco's clawed hands reached for Harry's arse, pulling him up and spreading him as he pressed himself in deep.

Harry felt like he was being bent in half. He reached back and gripped the headboard, using it to give himself a bit of leverage as Draco thrust inside. "God."

Draco pulled back slowly, feeling each inch of himself held tight, and then gasping, pushed slowly forward again. He looked down into those sparkling green eyes and thought he could come just from the sight of Harry like this.

Harry moaned, his hands slipping away from the headboard. He wanted Draco to go faster, harder, but he didn't beg. Not yet.

Draco concentrated on controlling his movements, sliding in

deep and then out slowly, loving the feel of this, savouring it.

But soon, Harry couldn't take it anymore. He needed more. "Draco, harder," he whispered, bucking his hips the best he could in that position.

Draco grinned. "Beg louder," he said, slowly pulling back again.

"Harder, Draco," he said a bit louder, flushing.

"Louder," Draco said, slowly pushing into him again.

"Draco! Harder!" he yelled, biting his lip when he thought of who might have heard him, but that didn't matter now.

"Yes," Draco growled. He began thrusting fast and hard, loving the way Harry writhed under him.

Harry fisted the sheets as Draco fucked him, the bed beginning to rock with the force of the thrusts. Harry was sure he wasn't going to be able to walk right for the next few days, and he wasn't going to heal it just for that reason.

Draco was growling low in his throat again as he got closer, thrusting hard, and his claws were digging into Harry's flesh.

"I'm going ..." Harry shuddered as he came hard, unable to even finish his sentence. He clenched tightly around Draco as he did, his body arching off the bed.

Draco thrust several more times, Harry's body tightening around his cock as he came with a loud moan.

Harry moved, letting his left leg slip off of his shoulder and fall to the side. He groaned, the movement painful.

Draco eased his claws and cock out of his lover, sitting back up on his knees and looking down at him.

Harry's other leg fell down with another groan. He could feel his heart beating as he slowly began to calm his breathing, feeling the blood leak out of him. He didn't move yet, afraid to mess up the moment.

"You look so beautiful," Draco said, sighing. He loved the way Harry smelled: sex and blood.

Harry smiled gently. "Thank you," he said, feeling shy all of a sudden.

"I can't believe you want to be with me," Draco said quietly. "I could almost see why you ... wanted me before. Yet, here you are."

"Yet, here I am," he repeated softly, turning on his side.

Draco leant over and licked at the new wounds on Harry's hips.

Harry sighed softly, too tired to do much but lie there. "At one point, I thought you were fucking me with the claws," he mumbled incoherently.

"Yes," Draco said, having cleaned the wounds and then rolling him over, licking the other ones. "And you liked it," he whispered.

"I loved it," he said softly, closing his eyes.

Draco curled up beside him, listening while Harry's breathing evened out as he fell asleep. "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you, too," Harry whispered quietly, slipping off into a deep sleep a moment later.

– CHAPTER TWENTY –

## *Unexpected Guests*

Hermione's voice startled Draco, who had just been eating sausages and drinking his tea. Harry had the paper and his wand out, having finished most of his food already.

"Who's there?" Harry asked cautiously, just to be sure.

Hermione stepped out of the Floo, dusting herself off. She saw Draco's back and Harry next to him, wand in one hand and paper in the other. "Harry," she said, "we've come to visit."

A moment later, Ron stepped out of the fire, too. "Hi, mate," he said, frowning at Draco's back.

Draco bent his head forward. He had used a potion to grow his hair long and now used the hair to hide his face.

Harry held the wand up at his friends and smiled. "Hey, you two. How've you both been?"

Hermione looked curiously at Draco; Ron frowned at him. The two stepped around the table, smiling at Harry.

"So, what brings you here?" Harry asked after a moment, leaning a bit on Draco.

Draco still did not say anything. He pulled his hands back, putting them in his lap. He kept his face hidden behind his hair.

Hermione and Ron took seats across from Harry at the table. "We just wanted to check on you and see how you're doing."

He set the wand down on the table, finishing the Vision Spell. "I'm doing better," he answered, nodding. "A lot better, actually."

"Malfoy?" Hermione asked, "How are you?"

"Excuse me," Draco said, standing up and walking from the room.

Harry sighed softly, listening to him leave. "He's fine, Hermione," he answered for him.

"Harry," Hermione said in a voice that sounded like someone trying to be patient. "Tell us what is going on, please. We are worried

about you."

"We're together, Hermione," he said slowly, picking up his wand again. "I know it seems weird, but please trust me on this."

"I understand trying to save him," Hermione said, "but you need to explain the rest to me. You always hated him."

"Things change," he murmured, whispering the Vision Spell. He looked up at both of them. "I changed."

"He ... hurt you," Hermione said. "I know you said it was to save you. But I don't think it is right that you would want to be with someone who did that."

"It's not easy to understand, I know, but ... I love him. I know he hurt me ...." He blushed a bit. "But I knew he loved me before it happened."

"Even if that is true," Hermione continued, "he is a Death Eater. He has the Dark Mark."

"He didn't exactly have a choice. Why do you think he helped me kill Voldemort?" he asked, beginning to get angry.

"Didn't he tell you, Harry?" she asked. "You have to murder someone to take the Mark."

"That doesn't matter," he replied quickly, shaking his head.

Ron had been quiet. "I trust you, Harry," he said, "and I believe you. But you can't ignore this."

"Ignore that he killed someone?" he asked, raising an eyebrow. "I'm not afraid of him, if that's what you want me to be."

"You are holed up in here with him," Ron said. "But what about Tonks and Shackbolt? Even my dad might lose his job over this."

"I have to tell them what really happened. I'll make sure that everyone won't lose their job," he said firmly.

"Good," Ron said. "You can't just stay here all the time. They were all suspended for taking Malfoy out of there."

Harry's head snapped up. "They were suspended for taking him out?! Why didn't I hear about that?"

"Didn't Remus or Tonks tell you?" Hermione asked.

"No!" He gritted his teeth, shaking his head. He hated when things were kept from him like that.

"They probably didn't want to upset you," Hermione said quickly.

"I would've liked it if they'd told me anyway," he mumbled.

"Well, you could speak to the Minister of Magic about what

happened," Hermione suggested. "I know that they have put Malfoy in your custody, but that is only until his case is reviewed."

"I'll have to," he answered, running a hand through his hair. "I hate this."

"There was quite a big row, after that article in the *Daily Prophet*," Ron said. "Lots of people want to see Malfoy punished."

"I won't let them anywhere near Draco," Harry promised, clenching his hands into fists.

There was a silence from his friends before Ron finally said, "Harry, mate, we get that, but maybe you need to tell them why."

"And I'll do that," Harry answered quickly, already thinking of what he'd say to the Minister.

Ron and Hermione both smiled. "Good, Harry, and you know we will be there if you want us," she said.

His face softened as he looked up at his two best friends. "Thanks. Can you come back tomorrow and go with me?" he asked, looking hopeful.

"Sure, mate," Ron said with the biggest smile Harry had seen in a long time. Hermione hugged Harry as her reply.

Harry tensed just a bit, but he relaxed a moment later in the embrace, sighing deeply. "Thanks again."

The two said their goodbyes and promised to be back.

Harry got up after a while and headed upstairs, going into the bedroom. "Draco?"

"On the bed," Draco answered, setting aside the book he was reading.

Harry crawled onto the bed, moving closer to Draco. "You okay?" he asked, resting his head on his chest.

"You ask that often," Draco replied, laying his clawed hand against Harry's back.

"Because I always want to make sure," he answered, listening to his steady heartbeat.

"I am not sure whether or not I will ever be okay, Harry," Draco said quietly.

"Well, what do you mean exactly?" he asked softly, biting his lip.

"Nothing we haven't already talked about," Draco sighed.

"The scars ... I can help do something about them," he mumbled after a moment.

Draco didn't answer for a long moment. On one hand, he hated the scars, yet he wondered if he really deserved them. "I am a monster, Harry," he said. "There is no place for me."

"You're not a monster, Draco. Please don't say you are," Harry replied quickly, biting his lip harder.

"Others will tell you what I am," Draco said. "Do you realise what other people will do when they see me?"

Harry didn't answer, sighing softly against his chest. They wouldn't understand. Of course they'd say hurtful and hateful things about him.

Draco looked down at Harry's face pressed against his new shirt. Harry had brought him clothes. In Azkaban, the guards had refused him clothes, saying he was a rabid dog who should be killed.

"But there's magic and spells and everything. I don't want you to hate yourself," Harry said finally, rubbing his face against his chest.

"I hated myself long before this happened, Harry," Draco said. "Now the outside matches the inside."

Harry's lip trembled before he could stop it. He looked up at Draco, shaking his head. "Why?"

"You know why," Draco said quietly.

"Yes, but ... Draco," he whispered, sniffing a bit. He took a deep breath and laid his head back down, not wanting Draco to see the tears forming in his eyes.

"I have done things, Harry," Draco said, "Not just that night. My life before was ..."

"Was what?" he asked, his voice a bit shaky.

"You met Father, and you saw ... what he is like."

"Yes, I know. We'll get him, don't worry," Harry murmured.

"I doubt they will find him," Draco said. "But that wasn't my point."

"If they don't, I will. But yeah, that wasn't your point."

Draco was quiet, just lying there holding this amazing man whom he loved. Draco knew he didn't deserve him, but he wanted him. Wanted this. He pulled Harry closer, holding him tight and inhaling his scent.

Harry sighed softly at the movement, burying his face in Draco's neck. He kissed the skin lightly, wishing he could do more for him. He loved him that much. He didn't want him to suffer any more than

he already had.

"So, what next?" Draco asked.

"Whatever you want. We've got the day to ourselves," he answered, face still pressed against Draco's neck.

"I want you. I always want you," Draco said, still holding him.

"I'm here for you, Draco," Harry replied again, feeling safe and relaxed in his arms.

Harry woke up the next morning curled up with Draco. He yawned as he blinked open his eyes and tried to sit up, Draco's arm still around him. "Draco ...."

"Mmm." Draco clutched him tighter.

Harry smiled a bit, pressing his lips against Draco's cheek. "Hey, wake up."

The blond pulled at Harry again as if someone was trying to take something away from him.

That made Harry laugh softly. "Draco!"

"What?" Draco complained, holding him tight.

"I have to get up," Harry replied, still smiling.

"Why?" Draco asked, eye still closed.

"I want to go to the Ministry today," he said, relaxing against him again. Just for a bit more, he thought.

Draco opened his eye and frowned. "Why?" he asked.

"To tell my side of the story, of course."

Draco huffed but loosened his hold on Harry.

Harry slipped out of his arms and made his way off the bed. "Don't be mad," he said.

"Not mad, just ...." Draco sighed.

"Just what?" he asked, stopping at the foot of the bed.

"I can wait," Draco said, smirking.

Harry blushed and grinned, beginning to walk over to the door as he talked. "You'll probably pounce on me when I get back."

"Probably," Draco said, lying back on the bed. Having claws definitely had drawbacks. Some things were more difficult to do for himself.

"And I wouldn't mind." Harry left the room and went down the hall, entering the bathroom. It was much easier to travel around the house now. He only used his wand to find things, but other than

doing that once or twice a day, Harry stayed in his new, dark world. He stepped into the bath, took a quick shower, then brushed his teeth, walking back into their room twenty minutes later with a towel wrapped around his waist.

"What should I wear?" Harry asked, shaking the water out of his hair.

Draco growled at the sight of Harry. "Me," he said.

"You? How would I go about doing that?" he wondered, pulling the towel off and using it to dry his hair.

"Come here and I will show you," Draco teased.

"Why don't you come here and show me instead," Harry said, grinning. He knew he should've been getting dressed, but honestly, he loved spending his time with Draco.

Draco slipped off the bed, quietly stalking his lover.

Harry paused, the towel still in his hair. Draco was being awfully quiet. He concentrated hard on hearing anything that would alert him to what was going on.

Draco pounced, swooping Harry into his arms and throwing him on the bed, climbing atop him immediately.

Harry yelped then let out a loud laugh, body bouncing on the bed.

Draco pressed his body against Harry's, his erection rubbing against his lover as he lightly nipped at his neck.

Harry turned his head to the side, exposing more of his neck. In the bathroom, he had seen the faint marks from previous nips, but he didn't want to get rid of them.

Draco was already rubbing his cock against Harry's and leaving another trail of small red wounds down his neck and chest.

Harry moaned softly, his hips twitching up toward Draco's as he felt himself harden. "Draco," he whispered.

"Prepare yourself," Draco growled.

Harry licked his fingers as he dug his heels into the bed, lifting his hips up as much as he could. He reached and with a bit of maneuvering, managed to slip a finger inside himself.

Draco sat back on his heels, watching him hungrily. Then he leant over and licked Harry's cock, while Harry stretched himself.

Harry didn't think he needed much preparation, but he went on, soon fucking himself with three fingers as he tried to get more of his

cock into Draco's mouth.

"I wish I could suck you," Draco said, licking and rubbing his face on Harry's cock.

Harry shuddered, nodding as well. "I wish ...." He trailed off, his voice a shade higher than usual.

Draco moved up until his cock was brushing against Harry's hand sliding in and out.

Harry pulled his fingers out when he felt Draco brush against him. "Come on," he murmured, sounding impatient.

"Fuck," Draco said, pushing forward and feeling himself sliding into Harry.

Harry groaned softly, his legs moving to wrap around his waist. "Mm, I'll never get tired of this."

"Never," Draco growled, thrusting deeper and reaching to hold Harry's hips.

"Yes," Harry hissed, clenching around him as he began to thrust.

"Fuck, you feel so good," Draco gasped, starting to growl low in his throat again.

"You feel even better," he moaned, raising his hips and moving with him.

Draco laughed, but it sounded more like a growl. He thrust in faster.

Harry grinned, reaching up and gripping Draco's shoulders tightly. "Love you," he groaned, feeling himself get close.

"Yes, I love you," Draco growled again, claws pressing into Harry.

Harry came just as Draco spoke, his claws making him jerk and shudder.

Shuddering and growling, Draco came hard, back arching and head thrown back.

Harry whimpered, letting his legs fall as he covered his eyes with one arm. "Gods," he whispered, completely satisfied.

Draco slumped forward, resting his face on his lover's chest. "More when you get back," Draco whispered.

Harry smiled softly, still breathing heavily. "Promise?"

Draco nuzzled and licked the skin under him. "Yes, I do," he said.

"Good." He sighed softly, not wanting to move. "I should go ...."

Draco pulled out and sat back up. "You need to do a Cleaning Charm first," he said, smirking.

"Do I?" Harry asked. He didn't try to sit up, not wanting to bother the cuts on his hips. "Is my wand on the side table?"

"Yes, Summon it," Draco said.

"I was gonna," he said, silently Summoning the wand. He whispered the Cleaning Charm, shivering as it spread over his skin.

"You are going to be dealing with the Ministry," Draco said. "Never forget, you are a wizard. And you are the one who destroyed the Dark Lord. They owe you."

Harry nodded, slowly sitting up finally. "They owe me a lot, actually."

Draco got up and pulled out Harry's better clothing. "Here," he said, "wear these."

Harry slipped off the bed and pulled on his shorts, sighing as the material brushed over the new wounds. He loved it though; it made him remember what was waiting for him here. He took the clothes Draco laid out for him and began to get dressed slowly, making sure to button everything up right.

Draco was still naked, leaning back against the bed post and watching Harry. "You look good," he said.

"Really?" He smiled, running a hand through his hair.

"Good enough. You had better go soon." Draco smirked.

Laughing, Harry walked over to him, his arms open. "I'll see you later."

Draco pushed off from the bed and stepped into Harry's arms. "Yes, I will be waiting," he said.

Harry hugged him as tightly as he could, then pulled back, leaning up to kiss him. "Bye."

Draco gave him a quick kiss and then stepped back.

Harry put his wand away as he walked out of the room and down the stairs to Floo to The Burrow.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE –

## *Stonewalled*

"There you are," Hermione said. "We were wondering when you would show."

Harry got up slowly, having fallen when he came out of the fireplace. "I hate Flooing," he muttered, brushing off the soot from his clothes. "And yes, here I am. Sorry it took me so long ... woke up late."

"Sure, mate," Ron said. "Have you eaten? Mum made a lot of food, as usual."

"Not yet." His stomach grumbled at the thought.

"Sit down," Ron said. "I'll get you something."

Harry pulled his wand out and said the Vision Spell, glancing around the room. He didn't know the Burrow by feel.

"Using that spell again?" Hermione said. "I have been reading up on Vision Spells."

Harry sat down, looking at her. "Find anything interesting about them?"

"The one you are using," she said, "is a True Sight Spell. Do you know what that means?"

"That I can see the truth?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"It means that if someone is using a Disguise Charm or Invisibility Cloak, for example, you would still be able to see them," she answered excitedly.

Harry grinned. "That's brilliant, Hermione! Does it work like that all the time?"

"That's what the spell is for," she said. "To see what is hidden."

"And it also lets me see." He leant back in the couch, still grinning.

"Harry," she said, "it also means that whatever is keeping you from seeing is also a type of magical concealment spell."

"Really? I don't know, Hermione. I thought it was that, too. I

mean, even Draco said that it was a spell. But I've been like this for so long. Even if somehow someone can take it off, I doubt I'd be okay," he replied, shrugging a bit. He had been thinking about it for a while now.

"We don't know that, Harry," she said. "It's only been a few months."

"I don't feel okay," he mumbled, looking away.

She put her hand on his. "What is it?" she asked.

"I don't know. You know how you just ... feel like something's not right? While I've been like this, I've become used to not seeing everything. I hardly use the spell anymore. It feels like this is the way things are supposed to be ... and if I change it, everything will fall apart."

He heard Hermione's sigh.

"And I mean with myself, too," he continued softly, biting his lip gently.

"Do you want to talk about it?" she said quietly.

"What is there to talk about? I'm just scared, Hermione," he answered.

"Sometimes it helps people to talk about these things," she said.

"I guess," he muttered, sighing. He didn't really feel like talking about it all, however.

"You know I will listen if you want to talk," she said patting his hand.

"I know." He shrugged, taking a deep breath. "I want to sort things out first, though."

Ron placed a plate of food in front of Harry and sat down with one of his own.

"Thanks, Ron," he said, looking at the food gratefully.

They ate and chatted as if things were normal; Ron trying to talk with his mouth full and Hermione nattering on about the latest books she had read.

Harry laughed as he ate, joking with Ron and poking fun at Hermione. It was easy to forget about how much their lives had changed at moments like these.

Eventually, lunch was done and they would need to go soon if they were still going to the Ministry. "Ready, Harry?" Hermione asked.

Harry nodded, standing up. "I'm ready."

Hermione put Floo powder in his hand and then went through ahead of him.

Harry stepped up behind her, throwing the powder into the fire. "Ministry of Magic!" he said clearly, stepping into the green flames.

Hermione held her hand out and helped catch Harry at the other end so that he didn't fall again.

"Thanks," he said, stepping through as he squeezed her hand. "Now, where to?"

"Hey, mate," Ron said, "we are the escorts, not the ones in charge."

"Oh, I know. Escort me to the Minister then," he replied, shrugging.

The went through security, passes were issued and wands evaluated, then made their way to the Minister's office, where a falsely cheerful middle-aged witch enquired if they had an appointment.

"Not exactly," Harry spoke up, stepping forward. "I was hoping I'd be able to speak with him anyway."

"Minister Scrimgeour is very busy and not available to drop-in visitors," she said haughtily.

"Well, we're the exception," Harry replied firmly. He didn't want to resort to this, but he added, "Maybe you should tell him Harry Potter is here."

"Harry Potter?" the woman said and then he heard the pause while she obviously looked him over. "Excuse me while I see if the Minister is available."

"Right, we won't be going anywhere," he answered, looking smug.

After a minute, he heard the door open again and the woman speaking. "Minister Scrimgeour only has a few minutes, but he says he is happy to see you for a brief visit. Would your friends like to take seats?"

"Would it be a problem for them to join me as well?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Like I said, the Minister is very busy," she said.

"We are going in with him," Hermione said firmly, putting her hand in the crook of his arm.

"Yes," echoed Ron.

Harry smiled, nodding. "Shall we go in?"

The woman opened the door and Hermione led Harry through it.

"Harry, my boy, nice to see you," Scrimgeour said, his voice coming closer as the man got up to meet him.

Harry nodded politely, holding his hand out for a handshake.

"Nice to ... hear your voice again, I guess."

"Oh, so you are still ...." The man trailed off but did take Harry's hand to shake.

Harry didn't answer, shaking his hand firmly. "So, about what I'm here for," he started.

"I hope you are recovering well," Scrimgeour said after briefly greeting Hermione and Ron. "Sit down for a few minutes. I have a meeting, but I can be a tad late."

"This'll take more than just a tad bit, Minister," Harry said, letting Hermione guide him to a chair. He sat down, looking serious.

"What's on your mind, Harry?" the man said in a tone like he was talking to a youngster.

Harry narrowed his eyes but began to talk. "It's about Draco Malfoy and his case."

Harry heard the man sigh. "His case will be reviewed," he said. "You don't need to worry about that."

"Oh, I don't want it to be reviewed. I want him to be free. Permanently," he said clearly.

"Harry," the Minister said in the tone of one explaining a difficult fact to a small child, "these things take time. He was convicted by his own confession. Just because he has changed his story doesn't change the law."

"His own confession was forced from him! Because of the damn interrogators," Harry replied angrily.

"Do you have any evidence for that accusation, Harry?" The Minister's voice sounded disapproving.

Harry was beginning to get frustrated. "He told me himself."

"Harry, after a month in Azkaban, most would say anything to get out," he said in that false-friendly voice.

"Oh, please! He told me that the interrogators forced him to confess. It was either that or they'd use an Unforgivable on him! He was already subjected to unbelievable amounts of pain, so you tell

me, Minister Scrimgeour, would you also confess just so you wouldn't be hurt any more?!" Harry was gripping the arms of the chair by the time he finished speaking, his breath coming in short pants.

"The fact remains that he does have the Dark Mark," Scrimgeour countered, "which is tantamount to confession of murder."

"Oh, so you wouldn't know that he was forced into that as well. His own father was hurting him, Minister! Whatever he did, he did it out of fear for his life," he replied quickly, nails digging grooves in the chair. "And need I remind you, he saved mine?"

"So you have told us," the Minister said, "but my predecessors were too lenient on Death Eaters after the first war and look where it got us. If we let everyone go who said they were forced to do it, we would be back where we started."

"That isn't the point, and you know it," Harry said firmly, shaking his head.

"Why isn't that the point?" the Minister asked. "You think we should give special treatment to Malfoy? Isn't that how his father escaped us before?"

"You owe him special treatment. His father escaped you before because he was basically paying everyone off with his money. I believe that's only your fault," he replied calmly.

"Harry, you shouldn't throw around such accusations," Scrimgeour said in an angry tone. "You won't get very far with this attitude."

"Why not? It's what you do," he countered, sitting back in his seat. "Now, as I was saying, you owe him. He was already hurt by that damn werewolf, but instead of taking him to get proper care, you lot threw him in a cell. You owe him."

"Why does this concern you, Mr Potter?" The Minister's tone was harsh as he switched to the formal address instead of using Harry's first name.

"Now that, I don't believe, is any of your business. Let's just say that it's something that I want taken care of. Now," he said.

"Are you threatening me, Mr Potter?" the man asked.

"Of course not, Minister. I didn't say I wanted it taken care of or else."

"Well, I will look into the matter as soon as I can," Scrimgeour

said, rising from his chair. "In the meantime, I am already late for a meeting."

Harry didn't get up immediately. "You also owe me, Minister."

That stopped the man and Harry heard another large sigh. "We are all grateful for what you have done and the ... sacrifices you made," he said.

"Not grateful enough, apparently," he murmured, loudly enough for him to hear. He reached out for Hermione's hand as he stood up.

Once they were out in the hall again with Hermione leading, Hermione said, "Harry, have you thought about using your fame to help with this?"

"Yeah, I thought about it," he answered, shrugging slightly. "Looks like I'll have to, hm?"

"The *Daily Prophet* would do almost anything for an interview with you," Ron said.

Harry nodded, but sighed. "I really don't want to ... but if it helps ...."

"Talk it over with Draco," Hermione suggested. "But it may be the only way to get them to overturn the sentence and save the jobs of our friends."

"I will." He sighed again, running a hand through his hair. "Thanks for coming with me."

"Do you want us to come back with you to the house?" Hermione asked.

"No, you two go back home," he answered.

They walked him to the Floo where Ron patted him on the back and Hermione hugged him. "Just let us know what you want to do next," she said, putting Floo powder in his hand.

"I will. Thanks again." He threw the powder into the fire then stepped into it, saying "Grimmauld Place" clearly. He landed inside the kitchen with a huff, soot all around him.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO –

## *Dirty*

Draco was waiting for Harry, sitting at the table and trying to read. It made him nervous when Harry left, but he wouldn't admit it. When Harry came through the Floo, he grinned at the soot-covered man. "Hi, beautiful," he said.

Harry coughed, shaking the soot out of his hair. "Not so beautiful."

Draco stood and pulled Harry to him, lips gently caressing his lover's, and growled low in his throat.

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's neck, kissing him back. "I'm dirty," he mumbled.

"Well," Draco growled, "I guess we'll have to remove those dirty clothes."

"My face feels dirty, too," he added, smiling.

Draco licked and kissed his face. "Mmm, tastes good to me," he purred.

Harry scrunched up his face. "That can't be healthy."

"Give me something else to lick then," Draco said, licking Harry's ears.

"Why don't you just take me to the bathroom, so I can take a bath first?" he mumbled, tilting his head back.

Draco smiled and picked up Harry, throwing him over his shoulder and starting up the stairs. There were some advantages to the changes in his body.

Harry yelped. "I didn't mean like this!" he exclaimed, beginning to laugh a bit.

Draco just laughed, one hand across Harry's arse as he carried him up several flights of stairs to the bathroom near their room.

"You like this, don't you," Harry called out, wriggling a bit.

"Stop wriggling or I just may drop you," Draco said, still smiling.

Harry stopped. "You wouldn't!"

Draco laughed, a real laugh but with that edge of a bark to it that his voice had these days. "Still Slytherin," he added.

Harry huffed, wishing he could cross his arms over his chest. "Don't drop me!"

"I am not letting go of my prize that easily," Draco teased back, digging claws lightly into the fabric of Harry's robe.

"You better not," he muttered, sighing a bit at the feeling.

When they reached the bathroom, Draco set him down on his feet and closed the door. "Strip," he commanded and began running the taps.

Harry quickly began to take off the dirty clothes, dropping them in a pile on the floor. When he was done, he stood up.

Draco stripped his own clothes as well, watching Harry's face as the man listened, figuring out what he was doing.

"Where are you?" Harry asked, tilting his head. He could hear the water running, but not much else.

"In front of you," Draco said and stepped closer, his cock brushing against Harry's hip.

Harry reached out for him, smiling as he did so. "Don't surprise me like that."

"I thought you liked my ... surprise ...." Draco smirked, rubbing the head of his cock against Harry's skin.

"I do," he murmured, sucking Draco's lip into his mouth. "I love all your surprises, actually."

Draco growled, teeth clenched but loving Harry's mouth on his own.

Harry smiled again, pulling back. "And I like surprising you, too."

"Mmm," Draco hummed, "do you still want your bath?"

"Yes. I'm still dirty, you know," Harry replied, grinning.

Draco leant forward, his body pressed against Harry's and his mouth beside his ear. "I like you dirty," he said in a husky voice.

Harry shivered, his heart speeding up. "Why?" he asked quietly, feeling his mouth begin to go dry.

"I like making you dirty," Draco said, licking Harry's ear and rubbing his softly furred body against Harry's.

"Oh!" Harry shuddered, swallowing as his hips twitched against the other man's.

"Shall I make you really dirty before your bath?" Draco asked,

still pressing into him.

"Yes, really dirty. With come," he whispered, tilting his head up. "...and blood." He licked his lips.

"Put your arms around my neck," Draco told him.

Harry reached up, carefully slipping his arms around Draco's neck.

"Accio the lube," Draco said, clawed-fingers running gently over Harry's hips.

Nodding, Harry quietly Summoned it, catching it a moment later.

"Use a hand to slick our cocks," Draco continued to whisper against his ear.

Harry moaned softly as he pulled back, opening the jar and gathering the lube to spread on his hands. Reaching down, he wrapped both hands around their cocks, teeth digging into his lip hard.

"Ahhh," Draco gasped as Harry's hands touched his flesh, shuddering with pleasure.

Harry stayed like that for a long moment, concentrating on not coming yet. Eventually, he began to move his hands up and down, spreading the lube over them.

"Fuck, yes," Draco growled against his ear.

Harry moaned again, beginning to thrust up into his hands as he stroked. He leant forward and rested his forehead against Draco's chest, panting.

Draco's claws clutched at Harry's hips as they thrust together into his hands. The blond was rubbing his face against the side of Harry's, smelling him and licking at his face and neck.

"Draco," he whimpered, stroking faster. "Not ... gonna l-last."

Draco's response was to bite down on the muscle where Harry's neck joined his shoulder, growling.

"Fuck," Harry groaned, his knees going weak as he came hard.

Draco growled, biting into flesh as he came, come slick between them.

Harry whimpered again, feeling blood run from the bite. "God!"

Draco shuddered and then released Harry's flesh, licking the wounds, tasting his blood.

Harry leant against Draco as he licked at the bite, each swipe of his tongue soothing the sting.

The wound stopped bleeding and Draco sighed, pulling back. "You have to heal that immediately," Draco said, "I shouldn't have bitten you."

"It's okay, Draco," he said softly, tilting his head back again.

"No, it's not," Draco said, still trembling from his orgasm and the taste of Harry's blood in his mouth. "You could be contaminated," he explained.

"Oh." He reached and pressed a hand over the wound. "It feels fine, though. Don't worry about that, Draco. You've bitten me before."

"Heal it, Harry," Draco said sternly, "or I won't bite you again."

Harry nodded, swallowing slowly. "My wand is somewhere ... can I take the bath with you first?" he asked gently.

"Your word?" Draco asked.

"I promise," he replied, nodding.

Draco stepped back a bit and bent his arm, holding it out for Harry. "Take hold of my arm and I can help you into the bath," he said.

Harry sighed in relief as he took hold of Draco's arm, stepping forward.

Once Harry was settled into the water, Draco stood looking down at the beautiful man.

"Aren't you coming in with me?" Harry asked after a moment, wondering why he hadn't stepped in yet.

"If you like," Draco said, getting in and settling down behind Harry, stretching his legs out on either side of him.

"You know I like when you do," he said, leaning back against him. He cupped the water in his hands then splashed his face.

Draco relaxed, closing his eye and enjoying the feel of the hot water and Harry's body lying against him.

"So, I was thinking about doing an interview with the *Prophet*," Harry said, reaching for the soap.

Draco opened his eye, looking down at the man against him. "What? Why?" he asked.

"Because it'll help," Harry answered, rubbing the soap over his chest. The wound was beginning to sting and throb with his pulse, but Harry paid it no mind.

"Help what?" Draco asked, a bit distracted by the smell of blood

so close to him.

"Help with what's going on, Draco," he said. "Hermione said that it would be helpful with who I am and all."

"Everyone knows who you are – Harry Potter, Saviour of the wizarding world," Draco snorted.

Harry blushed, washing the soap off. "Exactly. They'd listen to me."

"About what?" Draco said, "What is it that you are going to tell them?"

"That you should be free. Permanently," he answered, hissing softly when some of the water splashed over the wound.

"You are going to talk about me? Publicly?" Draco asked, voice sounding a bit ragged.

"Just about your innocence, Draco," he murmured.

Draco snorted. "I have never been innocent, Harry," he growled.

"Well, at least to let them all know that you helped me kill him. That you deserve more respect than you've been getting."

Draco sighed, "I hope you know what you are doing."

"I don't exactly know yet, but I'll see," he replied, sinking down in the water until only his head was visible.

Draco kissed the top of Harry's head and relaxed again.

Harry stayed like that for a while, the warm water beginning to make him sleepy. He closed his eyes and breathed in deeply, almost forgetting where he was.

After a while Draco shifted a bit. "Water's getting cool," he said. "Do you want to get out?"

Harry made a soft noise, but sat up, leaning back against Draco again. "Yeah, it's not as warm."

"I can't get out with you lying on me," Draco said with a smirk. "Not that I mind the lying on me part, but can we move it to the bed?"

Harry scowled, feeling lazy as he slowly stood up and stepped out of the tub, shivering in the cool air.

"There's a towel on the rack in front of you," Draco said as he stood up.

"Thanks." He pulled the towel off the rack and dried himself off before wrapping it around his waist.

When he was dry, Draco bent and picked up their clothes. "Heal

yourself now," he said.

Harry tried to hide the disappointed look on his face. "Where's my wand?"

"Where you dropped it," Draco huffed.

"Where'd I drop it?" he asked, purposely delaying everything.

Draco growled and walked out of the bathroom, going to their room.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE –

## *Hopelessly Naive*

"Draco." When he didn't get an answer, Harry bit his lip and sat down on the floor, pouting like a child. "Draco?" he tried again, but there was still no answer. Harry sniffled as he held out his hand and Summoned his wand, murmuring the Healing Spell when he caught it. He got up a moment later and left the bathroom, heading down to the bedroom.

Draco sat on the bed in their room, waiting.

Harry slowly walked into the room, not even sure if Draco was there. "Draco?" he asked quietly, stopping.

Draco refused to answer. It was petty, but he was angry.

Harry swallowed against the lump that was forming in his throat and sat down on the first bed he reached. He hated scaring Draco off. He'd only end up alone when that happened. Just the thought made Harry grit his teeth as he scooted back a bit on the bed.

Draco sat watching him. He felt like he had always watched him. He wondered if the man could hear his breathing. So he worked to breathe quietly through his nose.

For a moment, Harry thought of using his wand to look for Draco, but he decided not to, not wanting to make him angrier. He lay down on the bed, pulling the pillow close, burying his face in it, as he tried to control his emotions.

"They broke it in front of me," Draco said quietly. "Told me I would never be allowed to touch one again."

Harry didn't move at first, afraid that he'd scare him away again. "Your wand?" he asked softly, turning his head toward the voice.

"Yes," Draco whispered.

"They were pricks ... who deserve to go to Azkaban themselves for what they did to you, Draco," he said, sighing deeply.

"I can be punished for picking up a wand now," Draco continued. "I don't want to go back there. I would rather die."

"You won't be punished, Draco," Harry said, silently cursing the guards who told him everything. "Here." He turned on his side, holding his wand out for him to take.

"No," Draco said.

"I promise no one will hurt you ... you won't be sent back there, I promise. Don't you trust me?"

"I trust you to do your best," Draco said. "I also think you are hopelessly naïve."

"What do you mean by that?" Harry asked, confused by his choice of words.

"You think doing the right thing matters. You think it will matter that you agreed to what we did, and you think that if they know what happened and how we feel, they will let us live our lives. That's what I mean by that," Draco sneered.

"But, it'll help, right?" he asked, voice barely above a whisper.

Draco looked at Harry for a minute. "I don't know, Harry," he sighed. "But if it's what you want to do, you are welcome to try."

"I just want it to all go away," he murmured, burying his face in the pillow again.

"Do you want me to go away?" Draco asked carefully.

"No, not you," he replied, voice muffled by the pillow.

"What do you want me to do, Harry?" Draco asked, feeling the need to comfort him, but also feeling like he was making things worse.

"I don't know. I just want you here with me," Harry mumbled, gripping the pillow tightly.

"Can I be your pillow?" Draco smiled, feeling silly about envying a pillow.

Harry sniffled and nodded, pushing the pillow away. He reached out for Draco, glad he wasn't angry anymore.

Draco crawled up the bed and into Harry's arms, leaving his towel where he had been sitting.

"I'm sorry I made you angry," Harry said, burying his face in Draco's neck.

"Not the first time, won't be the last." Draco snorted.

"But you won't really leave me, right?"

"Are you really afraid of that?" Draco asked.

"Sometimes," Harry whispered, his arms tightening around

Draco.

"Why would I leave you?" Draco asked. "I was willing to die for you."

"I don't know, but don't," Harry answered, curling his body up slightly.

"I can't begin to understand why you want me, Harry," Draco said, "but I know I want you. It's what I have become that I don't know how to handle."

"Stop questioning why I want you. Just know that I do, and I understand, Draco, about not knowing how to handle it. You'll be fine, though. Promise," he stated.

Moments like this made Draco feel guilty, and he was grateful Harry couldn't see him. A tear fell from his remaining eye and he wiped it away with the back of a furry hand.

"Just don't go," Harry continued to mumble, clinging on to Draco.

Draco's first thought was, *Where the hell would I go?* but he pushed the thought away, knowing that wasn't what he wanted to say. "Not going anywhere," Draco said, holding him tight, claws curled into his palms so that he could really wrap his arms around Harry without hurting him.

"Good. I don't know what I'd do without you," Harry said softly, the tension slowly slipping away.

Draco didn't reply, but he was certain that he would be dead without Harry. He would rather take his own life than be without him.

Harry groaned, tossing and turning as his mind pushed him through a nightmare. He was back in the room, and, of course, he couldn't see, but he could hear, hear Lucius Malfoy sadistically laughing as he hurt him. He screamed, but it seemed no one would save him. He thought of Draco, but the moment he did, he heard his screams as well, Lucius moving to torture him. Harry screamed for him to stop, to leave them alone, but he wouldn't.

"Shhh," Draco soothed, arms wrapping around the thrashing man in bed beside him. "You're safe, and I am here," he whispered against his ear.

Harry began to sob, knowing it was a dream, but he hated that he

couldn't do anything to make it all stop.

"Wake up, Harry," Draco said. "It's over. He isn't here."

Harry shuddered as he woke up finally, tears still streaming from his eyes. "Draco," he whispered, his voice sounding hoarse.

Draco rocked him in the bed, trying to soothe them both as his own heart had sped up, Harry's dreams awakening his own memories. "Harry," he said, "it's just me beside you."

Harry whimpered, burying his face in Draco's neck. "I'm sorry," he whispered a moment later, trying to control his breathing.

"Nothing to apologise for," Draco said, nuzzling Harry's hair against his face.

"I woke you up," Harry said, feeling ashamed now that he was fully awake.

"I don't sleep very well, anyway," Draco said.

"I'm sorry," he murmured again, feeling his heartbeat slowly return to normal. "I hate that."

"You always did take too much credit on yourself," Draco teased, still holding him and rocking.

Harry sighed, letting Draco continue to rock him. "Is it morning?" he asked, beginning to feel exhausted again.

"Doesn't matter," Draco said. "If you are tired, sleep. I will be right here."

"What if ... what if he's waiting," he whispered, shaking his head.

"I am waiting here, only me," Draco whispered against his ear. "Dream of me."

Harry swallowed as he nodded, settling down against him. He closed his eyes and thought only about Draco, hoping it would work.

Draco settled down, listening to Harry breathe and being amazed that this hero found a monster like him to be comforting. He tried not to think about Harry's nightmare and how much it mirrored his own fears.

As Harry drifted off, he began to dream again. It didn't start off like the last one, but it wasn't exactly better. He could hear Draco talking to him, but he felt so far away, like he had to run to find him, and so he did.

"Harry," Draco chanted. "Right here, holding you," he whispered, hoping to help the other man sleep.

Harry was suddenly pulled into someone's arms from behind. He

gasped and stood very still, afraid that it was *him* again. Then he heard Draco's voice, whispering into his ear. He was safe. He visibly relaxed back into the embrace, his breathing returning to normal. "Love you," he murmured softly.

"Yes, I love you," Draco answered, feeling warmer, and his heart felt full. He pressed his face into Harry's hair, the softness and scent of him making him feel a kind of belonging he didn't understand, but needed.

Harry woke up again, feeling much better than he had the first time he woke up. Draco still had his arms around him and Harry was sure he'd never felt as safe as he was now. He ran his fingers over Draco's hands and down his claws, stopping at the tip.

Draco was sleeping, feeling warm and comfortable wrapped around Harry's body, his chest to the other man's back. His fingers flexed involuntarily when Harry's stroked them, claws curling again.

Harry's fingers traced the claws with a smile, continuing to gently stroke them. He loved the feel of Draco's body, from head to toe. Harry loved Draco's claws especially, and loved using them to his own advantage at moments like this. Harry's fingers found the tip of the claws again and pressed down, shuddering slightly when his skin gave way.

The scent of blood was intoxicating and it made Draco's nose twitch, even as his cock had a similar reaction, pressing forward to rub against soft flesh.

Harry pressed back against him, running his bleeding fingers back up Draco's hand, making sure the blood smeared across his skin. He grinned, knowing the smell would drive his lover crazy.

A low growl that seemed to come from the back of his throat was the first touch of consciousness Draco felt. He sniffed and thrust against Harry's wriggling arse.

Harry moaned as the thrusting became harder. He opened his legs and curled one back around Draco's leg, groaning as he exposed himself. He reached back with his bloody hand, looking for Draco's mouth.

Draco's lips closed around that bloody finger, sucking and licking it. The low throat noise got deeper, and he was sliding his cock along the cleft of Harry's arse.

Harry's moans began to get louder, his other hand reaching to wrap around his cock. He slipped another finger into Draco's mouth as he stroked himself.

Draco's cock was leaking and slippery, rubbing against Harry's opening as he sucked his fingers, tongue twisting around them.

Harry began to tremble, feeling himself getting closer to the edge. He began to stroke himself faster, his fingers curling up in Draco's mouth.

Draco pushed forward, feeling the head of his cock breach the tight muscles of Harry's entrance, and his body shuddered with it.

"Fuck," Harry groaned, that alone making him come in hot bursts, his body jerking along with it.

Draco growled around Harry's fingers in his mouth. He thrust his cock into his lover as Harry's body spasmed against him. He felt Harry's come hitting his arms where he still held him around the waist and chest. He thrust hard and fast, wanting to come while Harry was still in that high, and then he jerked hard, filling him with hot liquid and nearly howling in delight.

Harry cried out in pleasure, the extra stimulation making his back arch sharply. His fingers slipped out of Draco's mouth a moment later, his body beginning to sag down into the bed.

Draco panted against Harry's neck, the tremors going down his spine finally subsiding. His lust clouded brain started to clear as his softening cock slipped out of his lover. "Fuck, you are amazing," he whispered.

"I try," Harry murmured, smirking lazily as he slipped his leg down.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR –

## *On the Record*

They had taken the Floo to the offices of the Daily Prophet. Hermione went first so that she could help Harry when he arrived. They were now dusting themselves off as a man greeted them. "Mr Potter, I am so glad to meet you," he said. "I am Warton Dobbs."

"Nice to meet you, too," Harry answered politely, holding out his hand.

Dobbs shook his hand firmly. "And Miss Granger, I presume?" Dobbs said. "A pleasure. Please join me in my office."

Hermione put her hand on Harry's arm, helping to steer him and directing him to a chair in the office.

Harry took a deep breath as he sat down, nervously smoothing his palms down the front of his robes.

"Would you care for tea?" Dobbs asked.

"No, thank you," Harry said with a small smile. He didn't trust this man yet, and he wouldn't take any chances.

"Well, just let me know if you would like anything," he said. "I can't tell you how delighted we were to get your owl. The only news we have had about you since your victory has been through Ministry channels. We really would like to hear it from your perspective."

Harry smiled again, feeling his skin heat up slightly at the man's words. "Well, I thought it would be best if I did tell everyone my side of the story. So ... I sent you an owl, and here I am."

"So how did you get inside Voldemort's headquarters?" Dobbs asked.

"I was ... well, I was captured," he answered after a moment of silence, running his hands over the arms of the chair.

"Really?" Dobbs sounded shocked. "What happened?"

Harry bit his lip and shook his head. "I don't really remember that part ... but it is how I lost my sight," he said quietly.

"Is it permanent?" Dobbs asked. "And do they know why?"

"It's obviously permanent," he stated, shrugging, "and it might be because of a spell ...."

"So you were captured and blinded. That must have been frightening. What happened next?" Dobbs asked.

"Uhm ... I was just in this room ... for a long time," he replied softly. He couldn't remember it all, but he did remember the days he spent tied up on the bed.

"And then ..." Dobbs encouraged.

"And then I found out that someone was there. Draco Malfoy. At first I fought with him, trying to make him let me go ... but then ...." He paused, wondering how he should phrase it. "We decided to compromise."

"A compromise?" Dobbs asked.

"Yes. He would help me kill Voldemort, and we'd both be free of his torment," he said, nodding.

"Why would he do that if he was one of Voldemort's followers?" Dobbs asked. "He did take the Dark Mark."

"Doesn't mean he wanted to take the mark," Harry countered.

"So, why did he then?" Dobbs asked.

"I don't know that much about it, but I'm sure he was forced into it."

"So how did he help you and what did you do?" Dobbs asked.

"I don't think that information is really necessary. Just know that he helped me, and if he didn't, I probably wouldn't be sitting here today," Harry answered firmly.

"Mr Potter, our readers want to know what happened. That is what is more likely to get them to listen to you. To read this," Dobbs said.

Harry shook his head. "They only need to know that he helped me."

"So how did you kill Voldemort?" Dobbs asked.

"The Killing Curse," he replied, glad he didn't push the other issue.

"If you were a prisoner, how did you get a wand?" Dobbs replied.

"I used Draco's wand."

"The one that was broken when he confessed and was convicted?" Dobbs asked.

"Yes, and that confession wasn't the truth, either," he murmured.

"According to the Ministry, he confessed to being a Death Eater and to having tortured you," Dobbs said. "Are you saying that he didn't torture you?"

Harry swallowed, beginning to get lost in his memories as he fought to make sure his story made sense. "Yes."

"Our sources at St Mungo's said you were badly beaten and bleeding," Dobbs said.

"In order to get close enough to Voldemort, there had to be ... something that would catch his interest," he mumbled, not knowing what else to say. He had wanted to cover up this part, but now he realised that he couldn't. "He wanted to see me bleeding ...."

"So Malfoy did torture you, as witnesses have said," Dobbs said.

"Because I asked him to. I wouldn't call it torture ... it was all an act," Harry said slowly.

Hermione took Harry's hand, squeezing gently.

"So what he confessed was essentially true, except that you say he didn't willingly take the Dark Mark and that you asked him to hurt and humiliate you as a part of your plan," Dobbs said, sounding sceptical. "Why would you trust him? You two were known to have hated each other while you were at Hogwarts."

Harry bit his lip when she took his hand, his heart beating faster. There were too many questions. He should've expected it. "He could've killed me ... whenever. I was wandless, blind ... yet, he didn't, and we talked ...."

"You talked?" Dobbs asked. "What could he possibly have said to convince you?"

"I'll keep that to myself, as well," he replied quietly.

"So it is your assertion that because he helped you get close to Voldemort," Dobbs said, "he should not be punished for his participation in Headmaster Dumbledore's death or for taking the Dark Mark."

"Not only did he help me with that, but do you actually think that I could've killed him in the middle of all those Death Eaters and made it out alive? No. He risked his life and fought them ... if there's anyone that should be punished for all of this, it's Lucius Malfoy."

"Yes, he escaped," Dobbs said. "Are you sure his son didn't help him get away?"

"Very sure ... he's the one who really tortured me," he said,

shuddering as the memories flashed through his mind. "He tortured both of us."

"Lucius Malfoy tortured both you and his son?" Dobbs asked, incredulous. Hermione gasped beside Harry.

Harry nodded slowly, turning his head away. He squeezed Hermione's hand tightly.

"Was that part of your plan?" Dobbs asked.

"No, it wasn't," he whispered, feeling his eyes well up with tears.

"Did he and his son rape you?" Dobbs asked.

Harry rubbed at his eyes, trying to control his emotions. "Just him."

"Just who?" Dobbs asked.

"Lucius," he mumbled.

"Lucius Malfoy raped you?" Dobbs asked.

Beside him, Harry heard the sound of a sob from Hermione. "Yes," he whispered, reaching for Hermione's hand again.

"Have you had sex with Draco Malfoy?" Dobbs asked.

"I ... I think I want to keep that to myself, too."

"Where is Draco Malfoy now?" Dobbs asked.

"He was put in my custody," he replied.

"Does he live with you?" Dobbs continued.

"Yes, he does." He ran his hands through his hair, feeling the beginnings of a headache.

"You live with a werewolf then?" Dobbs asked.

"Yes," Harry said simply, finding no fault in it.

"Draco Malfoy is a werewolf then?" Dobbs continued.

"He was bitten while he was protecting me from the Death Eaters after I killed Voldemort," Harry explained.

"Bitten by the infamous Fenrir Greyback?" Dobbs asked.

Harry nodded, gritting his teeth at the name.

"So you want the wizarding public to help free a former Death Eater werewolf? Why?" Dobbs asked.

"Because he doesn't deserve the treatment he's received since everything happened," Harry commented.

"Isn't he dangerous?" Dobbs asked.

"No," Harry responded honestly, thinking about Draco waiting for him at home.

"What will you do if he is sent back to Azkaban?" Dobbs asked.

"I'll go there with him."

"Why?" Dobbs asked, sounding shocked.

"Because he's a hero just as much as I am. If he's sent there, they're sending me as well."

"Are you in love with him?" Dobbs asked, sounding surprised.

"He's a part of me now," Harry said instead of answering.

"You are," Dobbs said with a strange sound in his voice.

"I am," Harry confirmed quietly.

Dobbs was silent for a minute. Hermione sniffed but held Harry's hand tight.

Harry closed his eyes, resting his head back against the chair. He had made it through the worst part of the interview, thankfully, with only a bad headache and memories.

"Mr Potter," Dobbs said quietly, "I am grateful for your candour and ... bravery."

"Thank you for listening, Mr Dobbs. Really listening," he replied, just as quiet.

"I can't promise what parts the paper will print," Dobbs said, "but I can promise to push to make sure that the parts that are important to you are included."

"That's all I wanted," he said, nodding.

"I understand," Dobbs said, his voice sympathetic. "You know the paper will want ... sensational, but at least Mr Malfoy's contribution to your victory will be part of it."

"That's the most important part," Harry sighed, feeling relieved.

Hermione helped him to his feet and led him to the Floo.

Harry felt drained, emotionally and physically. He fell through the Floo again, not even bothering to pick himself up as fast as he normally would.

Hermione went with him, falling to her knees beside him and wrapping her arms around him. "I'm sorry, Harry, so sorry," she said.

"Sorry for what?" he mumbled, his face pressed against her chest.

"You didn't tell us," she sobbed, "about his father."

"I didn't want to think about him," Harry whispered.

She held him tight, patting his back. "Is there more? I mean, more you want to tell me?" she asked quietly.

"He hurt me ... badly ... and Draco, too," Harry said softly. "I hate him."

"Why did he hurt Draco?" she asked.

"I don't know, but he did. I don't think it was the first time either."

Hermione nodded, her head brushing against his.

"Thanks, Hermione," he murmured. The headache was still there, reminding him of everything he went through that afternoon. He winced slightly. "Ow ...."

"Remus is on assignment," Hermione said. "Should I find Draco for you?"

Harry nodded slowly. "That would be good."

"I'm right up here," Draco said from the stairs, slowly coming down them.

"Draco?" he called out, badly needing to be in his arms.

Draco came down the stairs but hid the marred side of his face behind his hair in front of Hermione.

Hermione looked at him. "Do you want me to stay, Harry?"

"You can go. I just need Draco," he replied quietly.

She kissed Harry on the cheek and stood up. "Let me know if you need anything," she said and then stepped into the Floo.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE –

## *In the News*

Draco stood looking down at Harry for a minute. "What did you tell her?" he asked.

"Hermione?" he asked, reaching out for him.

"Yes," Draco said, trembling a bit when Harry's hands touched his legs. "I heard you talking," he said.

Harry pulled back after a moment, wondering why Draco hadn't helped him up yet. "She didn't know about what Lucius did," he said finally.

"You ... you told her ... that?" he asked, still standing.

"I just told her that he hurt us," Harry murmured, giving up and lying down on the floor. His head felt like it wanted to explode.

"And the paper, what did you tell them?" Draco asked.

"The same," he whispered.

"Why are you on the floor, Harry?" Draco asked, bending over to rub the back of his hand against Harry's hair.

"My head hurts," he answered, his voice barely above a whisper. "Just ... hurts ... all of it ...."

Draco knelt beside him. "Up with you," Draco said, wrapping an arm around Harry to help.

Harry sat up slowly, the movement alone making the world feel unsteady.

"There is a Headache Potion upstairs," Draco said. "Do you want me to carry you?"

Harry began to nod, but stopped, answering verbally, "Yes, please."

Draco helped him to his feet and then lifted him in his arms, carrying him up the stairs to their room. Once there, he laid him on their bed. "I will get the potion," he said, going to the bathroom to get it out of the cabinet.

Harry lay back on the bed as he waited. It seemed to help with

the pain, but not enough.

Draco came back into the room and put a potion to Harry's lips. "Drink this," he said.

Harry parted his lips and tipped the vial, drinking as quickly as he could.

When Harry had finished it, Draco set the vial aside and sat next to him on the bed.

Harry closed his eyes again and leant on Draco with a sigh. "How was your day?"

Draco shrugged. "I read and waited for you," he answered.

"Oh, I wish you had more to do around here," he mumbled, turning and kissing his neck lightly.

"I wish I could do Potions again," Draco said.

"Oh. You can always try, you know," he answered.

"I am too clumsy now," Draco sighed.

"You just have to work on it. You were always good at Potions ... don't let this stop you," he said, encouraging him.

"I don't have what I would need here," Draco argued.

"We'll get what you need then."

"You took Potions, Potter," he drawled. "Shouldn't you know that?"

"Yeah, I'm just forgetful." He lay back on the bed again, feeling a lot better. "That potion really helped."

"We are low on a lot of the potions one should keep on hand," Draco said. "I could try some I suppose."

"Thanks, we'll both need them. Come here," he mumbled, wanting to lie down with him.

"Harry, you would have to do the magic," he said. "I am not allowed."

"You're just going by what those guards said," he replied, scowling.

"No, it's part of the Ministry order for Death Eaters," Draco said. "Never allowed to touch a wand again."

"But once I get you free, you can, right?" he asked, tilting his head. He would hate it if he was forbidden to ever do magic again.

"I don't know," Draco said. "I would need to find out."

"Yeah, I think it'll be okay after that. Now are you coming here or what?"

Draco smirked. He enjoyed it when Harry was demanding. He crawled over to him. "You want something?" he asked happily.

"Just you." He reached out and pulled him closer with a smile.

Draco leant over and caressed Harry's lips with his own.

Still smiling, Harry cupped Draco's face and kissed him back, his head tilting.

Draco's eye closed, enjoying the kiss, but he also kept his teeth closed, not wanting to risk hurting Harry with them.

Harry's hands moved back as he slipped his arms around Draco's neck. This was probably the first time he'd ever actually snogged someone without it turning sexual immediately.

Draco sighed into his lover's embrace, rewarding him with lots of smaller kisses on his lips and chin.

Harry smiled again, letting out a small laugh. "Tickles a little," he murmured, leaning in to kiss whatever he could reach.

Encouraged by this, Draco continued to kiss Harry's cheeks as well, enjoying the way he squirmed against him.

Harry scrunched his face up playfully as the kisses continued.

Draco decided to kiss every part of Harry's face, working his way up.

"Draco," he mumbled softly, not used to this at all, but he wasn't complaining.

Draco had kissed over Harry's cheeks and up to his eyes, and he found himself unable to keep from adding little licks now.

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

Fingers in his hair, tugging, brought a small, happy growl from Draco as he continued to kiss and lick around Harry's eyes and over his forehead. He pointed his tongue and traced the scar there with it.

Harry's grip slackened as he moaned gently, tilting his head up.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, curious about Harry's reaction. So he licked and sucked at the other man's scar again.

Harry didn't know why, but it felt like the touches were sending small shocks through his body. He gripped Draco's hair again, groaning.

Draco could smell Harry's arousal and it excited him too. He sucked and licked at that scar, pressing his body against Harry's.

Harry thrust up against Draco, a small whimper escaping him.

"Draco ...."

"Yes," Draco answered between licks as he pressed his erection to Harry's hip.

"Why does it feel like that?" he managed to say, breathing hard.

"Magical scar," Draco answered, before sucking on it again. He knew the answer because he had one of his own.

"Oh," he shuddered, thrusting up against him again. He was almost sure that he could come just from Draco doing it.

"Touch my scar," Draco breathed, licking and sucking and rubbing himself against Harry.

Harry pulled his hand out of Draco's hair and moved it down to his chest, slowly trailing his fingers over the scar. "Are you sure?" he asked. He still felt guilty.

Draco trembled, gasping as Harry touched his scar. "Oh, yes," he whispered and then went back to licking Harry's scar.

"I'm gonna come like this," Harry whispered, pressing down on Draco's scar harder.

"Yes," Draco whispered sucking and pressing his tongue forward. He shuddered against Harry, rubbing his cock harder in time with the man's hand on his scar.

Harry bit his lip, the pleasure beginning to be too much for him. "Oh, Draco ...."

Draco was sure that Harry would have a hickey on his forehead; he was sucking hard now, rubbing his cock against Harry's hip through their trousers.

Harry cried out as he came hard, making a mess inside his shorts. He continued to run his fingers over Draco's scar, wanting him to come as well.

Draco rutted hard against his lover's hip until he was coming too, crying out as he did.

"Gods," Harry whimpered, turning his head away when there was a bit too much stimulation.

Draco pressed his face against Harry's neck, panting in the aftermath of his orgasm.

"That is ... so weird," Harry whispered, reaching up and running a finger down his own scar.

"Yes," Draco agreed, still shaking.

"But I loved it. New form of shagging, I guess," he murmured,

laughing breathlessly.

Draco snorted, licking at the sweaty skin under his mouth.

Harry let him, too tired to do much else. "I'm all sticky now."

"Mmmhmm," Draco agreed. He could smell Harry's semen and sweat.

"But I'm too tired to move ... let's stay here for now," he mumbled, yawning.

Draco sighed, curling his body more around Harry's.

Harry settled down in his chair, pulling a plate of toast closer to him. He was still a bit tired, but not as much as he was before he took a shower that morning.

Draco was sipping his tea when the Floo activated and Hermione's head appeared in the flames.

"Oh, good," she said. "You're both up. I have the paper for you. You might want to brace yourselves."

Harry swallowed his bite of toast as he sat up in the chair. "What do you mean?"

Draco groaned.

"Coming through," Hermione said. Her face disappeared and then she was stepping out of the fire. She pursed her lips, frowning, and laid the paper on the table.

"Bloody fucking hell!" Draco cursed.

"What!" Harry mentally cursed himself for leaving his wand upstairs, or he would've used the spell to see. "What is it?"

Draco grabbed the paper and started reading quickly through the article.

Hermione frowned, looking unhappy. "The headline is a bit lurid," she said.

"Yes, well, what does it say?" Harry asked again, beginning to get frustrated. "And don't lie."

Hermione sighed and blushed, saying in a shaking voice, "Harry Potter Raped, Draco Malfoy a Werewolf."

"Oh." He sunk down into the chair again, feeling his face flush with embarrassment, shame and anger. "I shouldn't have told him," he whispered.

Draco was growling as he read.

Hermione reached over and patted Harry's hand.

"I'm sorry, Draco," was all he could think of to say, his mind already fighting to keep away the memories again.

Draco was shaking and growling, having to concentrate not to tear the paper to shreds.

Harry tried not to cringe away, knowing that the entire article was basically his fault.

"The article has everything you told him," Hermione explained. "It also has some quotes from other people the reporter interviewed and Ministry releases."

"What did other people say?"

"Well," she hesitated, "there were some details about the crimes Draco is charged with. Including what he did to you, and someone told about your ... medical condition when you were brought in."

"They made it all sound really bad, right?" Harry asked, biting his lip. "What did they say about my condition?"

Draco dropped the paper, slid his chair back and bolted from the room.

Hermione watched him go. "About internal damage you had from being raped," she said quietly.

"I thought it would help," he mumbled, resting his head on the table. "I should have never said anything at all."

"Draco didn't read the editorial page though," she said, reaching over and opening the paper to that section. "It has a large editorial by the same reporter where he demands the Ministry pardon Draco for all crimes and reinstate him as a wizard," she explained.

Harry smiled just a bit. "He kept his word, but the article ... why did Draco sound so angry?"

"It includes pretty detailed witness reports of what he did to you in front of ...." She trailed off.

"I didn't tell him anything about that. Why'd they put it in?" he whispered.

"That's their job, Harry," she said sadly. "It's not like it wouldn't come out eventually. And then there is what Percy said."

"What did he say?" he asked, picking his head up again.

"He said that the Ministry's position is that since Draco confessed and witness reports agree with it," she explained, "that the conviction stands, but he also implied that there is something wrong with you – mentally."

"Fuck," he cursed, letting his forehead hit the table with a low bang. "There's nothing wrong with me ... and why won't they just listen to what I'm trying to tell them?"

"Dobbs said in his editorial that he felt you were lucid and telling the truth," she said.

"But that doesn't seem to matter ...." He lifted his head and banged it against the table again, gritting his teeth.

"Stop that," Hermione snapped, "I haven't told you everything."

"Then tell me," he snapped back.

"The Minister's office has sent a number of owls and Floo calls for you since it came out," she said.

"They have? But I haven't seen them," he replied, raising an eyebrow.

"This place is unplottable Harry," she reminded him, "so they have been coming to the Burrow."

"And, what have they been saying?" he asked, almost afraid of the answer.

"Scrimgeour wants to meet with you," she said. "Urgently, apparently."

"Oh. What does he want?"

"Well, according to Mr Weasley," she said, "the Minister's office has been swamped with mail since the paper came out."

"Hm. Should I go then?" he asked, rubbing his forehead as he sat up.

"Probably," she smiled, "but maybe you should talk to Draco before you go. I can wait."

"Okay, see you in a bit," he said, getting up and heading upstairs to their room.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX –

## *Bloody Mess*

Draco could smell as well as hear Harry coming. He was sitting on the floor in the corner of the room, curled in on himself.

Harry walked into the room, this time knowing Draco had to be there. "I'm so sorry, Draco ...."

Draco didn't say anything, but his body reacted, as always. He looked over at Harry, longing to reach for him, but flashes of memory kept him still. He could see Harry tied, spread between the posts of the bed, and the most disturbing part of those memories was that they aroused him still.

"There's an editorial, too," Harry continued as he walked into the room. "The reporter who did the interview with me ... he actually demands that you are pardoned for all the crimes and that you're reinstated as a wizard. There's still hope, Draco."

Draco's breathing hitched as Harry came closer and more images flashed in his mind, blood dripping from wounds he had made on Harry, the man writhing under him.

Harry stopped, hearing Draco's breathing. "Please, Draco. I don't want you to hurt because of this."

Draco shuddered, his cock twitching from his lover's scent as well as from the memory of thrusting into Harry's bloody body.

"Say something ... anything ..." Harry murmured, walking closer still.

Draco growled, a low rumbling in his throat.

"That's something." He knelt down in front of him. "Come on."

Harry on his knees, his scent filling the room, the memory of blood – it was too much, and Draco was suddenly trembling with the effort to hold back.

Harry sighed, reaching out for Draco and shuffling closer. "I love you ... remember?"

Draco growled loud, warning as best he could.

Harry scowled, but wouldn't give up. "I wish you'd say something more ...."

Draco was shaking now, still growling, and his hands clenched so hard his claws cut into his palms.

Harry shuffled forward again, slipping his arms around Draco. "Calm down," Harry murmured. He could feel his lover shaking as he rested his head against Draco's shoulder.

Draco lost control. Before he realised what he was doing, he had thrown Harry back and had him pinned to the floor, claws gripping his arms and teeth pressed to the soft skin of the other man's throat.

Harry let out a surprised yelp, but stayed perfectly still, not wanting to upset Draco further.

Draco was shaking with the effort not to bite that soft skin. He sniffed the strong scent of his lover, licking at that lovely skin as he ground his cock against Harry's.

Harry shuddered, feeling himself get hard, but he continued to stay still, not wanting Draco to end up doing something he would regret even though Harry didn't exactly mind at all.

Draco's voice was barely understandable, more growl than speech. "Mine," he said.

"Yours," Harry choked out, breathing hard.

Draco licked Harry's skin again, the taste and scent both soothing and arousing. He began to rotate his hips, rubbing himself against Harry.

Harry threw his head back against the floor with a groan, his body beginning to tremble. He completely forgot that Hermione was downstairs waiting for him. He forgot that he was supposed to be meeting the Minister. He forgot it all.

Draco drew his claws away from Harry's arms and up to his neck. He curled the sharp claws around the edge of Harry's shirt neckline and ripped downward.

Harry's back arched, the sound of his shirt ripping was loud in his ears.

Draco peeled the shirt back, exposing soft flesh, and licked his lips. He continued to lick Harry's neck, then moving down to his chest.

Harry reached out, combing his fingers through Draco's hair gently. It was times like these that he wished he could see again.

Draco's throat rumbled happily as he tasted him, licking softly at the hardened flesh of one nipple.

Gripping his hair, Harry let out a deep breath. "Perfect," he whispered.

"Mine," Draco said again, growling possessively as his tongue moved to the other nipple.

Harry bit his lip and nodded, gasping. "Yours," he replied again.

"Want to taste," Draco growled, tongue tracing the ridges of Harry's chest muscles.

"You can," Harry answered, gently rubbing his fingers against his lover's scalp.

"Not like this," Draco said. "Blood."

"You still can ...."

"Tortured you," Draco growled, resting his forehead against Harry's chest, panting.

"I asked you to," Harry reminded him.

"Want to," Draco gasped. "Not then, now."

"Oh, you can," Harry said quietly, biting his lip again. When he thought about it, he told himself that it was Draco. The man he loved. It pushed all thoughts of Lucius away.

"Love you," Draco whispered.

"I love you, too, Draco," he said, smiling gently.

"You want pain?" Draco was panting, trying desperately to control himself.

"I want pain. I want *you*," he confirmed.

"Good, mine," Draco growled. He looked up at Harry and brought a clawed hand to his chest, just below his shoulder. He gently drew the sharp claws across and down, thin lines of blood welling in their wake.

Harry's breath hitched, feeling the blood run down his chest like warm water. "Yes," he hissed.

Draco began to lick and suck at the blood, growling and shuddering.

Harry hissed again, gripping Draco's hair and arching up against the other man's mouth. "More."

Draco reached up and drew his claws down again, this time running down on either side of Harry's right nipple.

Harry shuddered, using his free hand to run his fingers through

the blood. He felt so alive when he was like this.

Draco's face was pressed into that bloody flesh, licking and sucking. His senses vibrated with the smell and taste of Harry. He reached clawed hands to the waistband of Harry's shorts and began ripping.

The ripping was loud in Harry's ears again as he lifted his hips out of habit. "My clothes," he murmured almost incoherently.

Draco ripped and threw aside the pieces of Harry's shorts. "Mine," Draco repeated, eyes feasting on the sight of Harry.

Harry nodded again, feeling his body flush like it always did when he was exposed like this to Draco.

"Prepare yourself," Draco growled, sitting back on his knees.

Harry reached up, holding his fingers out for Draco.

"Get the lube," Draco told him, trembling with the effort to hold back.

Harry faltered, quietly Summoning the lubricant. He caught it and squeezed a good amount on his fingers, opening his legs at the same time. "I wish you could do this," he whispered quietly, moving his hand down and slipping a finger into himself.

"I can do this," Draco said, running claws down Harry's thigh and watching him.

"Yes, but ... I still remember that first time," he murmured, quickly slipping in a second finger.

"I do too," Draco said, licking his lips, his cock twitching as he watched Harry's fingers fucking him.

"You were so careful with me ..." he said, scissoring his fingers with a moan.

"Yes," Draco whispered, missing the feel of his fingers doing that.

"So, I imagine it's you," he continued, pushing his fingers in deeper with each thrust.

Draco growled, eyes intent on Harry.

"But you felt so much better."

"Yes," Draco whimpered.

Harry didn't bother to go on with another finger, knowing that he could handle whatever Draco gave him. "Want you."

Draco slid forward, so that the head of his cock brushed against Harry's hand.

Harry slipped his fingers out and grasped Draco's cock, moving his body down so that his lover was pressed against his entrance.

Draco growled, pushing forward and reaching for Harry's hips.

Harry opened his legs wider as he lifted his hips.

Sliding in deep and bending over, Draco began to thrust hard but slow into him. That low growl started up again and he was lost in the tight heat and the smell of Harry.

Harry wrapped his legs around Draco's waist, feeling his body thrum with pleasure. "Faster," he whispered, fingers sliding over the hardwood floor.

Draco dug claws into Harry's hips, pistoning himself into him faster. The wounds on Harry's chest started oozing blood again, and Draco's growls got louder.

Harry could feel everything, the pain from the cuts on his chest, the slight burn from his thrusts and even the blood that had begun to run down his hips. All of it combined made Harry want to scream, but he settled with biting his lips, the metallic taste of his blood filling his mouth.

"Yes, mine," Draco growled, his senses overwhelmed with the other man.

"Close," Harry moaned, turning his head and pressing his cheek against the cool floor.

"Yes," Draco growled, he felt Harry's cock sliding against his belly, wet with blood and pre-come now. Then his balls tightened and the wave of pleasure radiated out. He did howl this time as he filled his lover.

Harry whimpered as he came a moment later, squeezing his eyes shut.

"Harry?" Hermione's voice sounded from the doorway. "Oh, my!"

Harry winced at her voice. "Uh ... Hermione ..."

"Fuck," Draco said, curling over Harry to hide most of both their bodies from the woman.

"I'm sorry ..." Hermione stammered, "but the noise ... and there is so much blood."

"I'm fine," he said, knowing how this must look. "Don't worry."

Draco's face was buried against Harry's chest.

"I'm going back to the kitchen," she said, and they heard hurried

footsteps.

"I completely forgot she was still here," Harry murmured.

"You never told me," Draco complained, lifting his blood-covered face.

"I didn't really get a chance," he answered, shrugging slightly.

"Do you have any idea what we look like?" Draco moaned, pulling out of his lover's body.

"I can guess," he said, slowly sitting up.

"Damn, but that was hot though," Draco smirked.

Harry grinned, nodding. "It really was. Feels like there's blood everywhere, too ...."

"There is," Draco smirked, looking down between their two bodies.

"We must've scared her."

"You should go talk to her," Draco said, "but Cleaning Charms first."

"Cleaning Charms, yes. Can you please get my wand? I don't think I can concentrate enough for wandless now," he murmured.

"You dropped it beside you, on your right side," Draco told him.

Harry reached around for it, finding it a moment later. He was beginning to feel sticky from all the blood by the time he said the cleaning spell. "Are they still bleeding?"

"Do a Healing Charm, too," Draco said.

"Are they really that deep?" he asked, a bit reluctant.

Draco licked his lips. "Not bad, but she might want to see you are whole," he said. "I can always do it again later if you miss them." He licked one to emphasise his point.

Harry grinned, nodding. "Sounds good." He mumbled the healing spell then got up, running a hand through his hair. "At this rate, you'll rip up all my clothes, too."

"Repair Charms," Draco said, laughing. "Or more shopping."

"I hate shopping," Harry said, heading to the closet and pulling out clothes. After feeling around for a moment, he pulled out a pair of jeans and a shirt. "I don't care if they don't look good," he said, pulling them on.

"I love shopping," Draco said wistfully.

"Because you know what to pick," he replied, smoothing his hands down his shirt.

"I would love to dress and undress you," Draco sighed.

Harry grabbed a brush and ran it through his hair. "I'm sure you will once you get the chance," he commented, tucking his hair behind his ear. "Hm ... I wish I had something to tie my hair back."

"Here," Draco said, handing him a strip of leather he had been using to hold his back.

"Thanks." He tied it back with a sigh. "I'll be back ... hopefully," he said, smiling playfully.

"I will go clean up," Draco said, then smiled. "Use the spell and see the mess you made of me."

Harry picked up his wand and pointed at where he thought Draco was. "Oh, wow." He blushed, biting his lip again. "You're a mess."

Draco stood and posed for him, feeling less self-conscious than he had in a while. He still hid part of his face under his hair, but was not as worried about Harry's reaction to his fur and claws.

"But in a beautiful way," Harry added softly, walking over.

"Don't touch me, I'm a mess," Draco laughed. "Go talk with her before she panics."

"Fine, but you owe me a kiss," he replied, turning and leaving the room.

Harry made his way downstairs slowly, then leant against the frame of the kitchen door. "Hermione ...."

"Here, Harry," Hermione said from the table. "Are you okay?"

Harry ended the spell as he walked over to the table and sat down. "I'm fine, I told you not to worry."

"But Harry," she hesitated, "it was so loud and there was a lot of blood."

"I don't know if you noticed, but we were shagging, Hermione," he mumbled, face going red again.

"Umm, well yes," she said and he could almost hear the blush, "but the blood?"

"His claws ... they're sharp," Harry said slowly.

"He cuts you?" she asked, sounding upset.

"I like it," he admitted quietly.

There was silence for a moment. "You like being hurt?" Hermione asked, her voice trembling.

"Yes, but just with him," he replied, biting his lip nervously.

"Harry, maybe you should talk to someone about this," she said quietly.

"I talked to Remus about it."

"Remus knows?" she asked, sounding shocked.

"Well, yes, he just talked to me about it. Everyone has different feelings, Hermione," he said.

"Did you like being hurt before?" she asked.

"Honestly, I never thought about it before," he replied, shaking his head.

"Do you think this is because of what happened to you?" she asked.

"I don't know, Hermione ...." He sighed, turning his head away.

"Does he like ... hurting you?" she asked.

"I don't think he'd do it if he didn't ...." He bit his lip again. "But, Hermione, don't think of it that way. What happened then, it really was all an act. The only person who truly hurt me was, you know, Lucius. I do love Draco."

"I don't understand, Harry," she said, sounding like she was crying.

"Hermione ... please don't cry ... I just ... I don't how to explain it ...."

"I don't know what to do," she cried.

"I ... I don't know, either," Harry mumbled, hating when she cried. He got up and went over to her, pulling her into a hug. "I'm all right, Hermione ...."

Hermione clung to him. "Have we lost you?" she cried.

"No, I'm still here. I'm still Harry ... I promise," he whispered.

"Malfoy? You like him hurting you? It's so hard to understand, Harry," she whispered.

"I still don't get it much myself, but I'm taking this one step at a time. I want you to, too," he said softly.

"Why him, Harry?" she said, getting herself a little more under control.

"Why Ron? Why anyone else that people fall in love with?"

"But I never hated Ron," she said.

"Really? Seemed like you did sometimes," he replied, smiling a bit hesitantly.

She huffed. "Sometimes I think I still do." Then she laughed.

Harry grinned. "See? Things change, people change."

She wiped her eyes. "Please promise me you will talk to me if you need or want to," she said.

"I promise. Promise you won't cry because of me anymore?"

"I can't promise not to cry, Harry, but I will try to understand and ask you when I don't." She sighed.

"Okay, that's fine," he replied, nodding.

"Do you still want to go see the Minister today?" she asked.

"I'm not sure." Harry had completely forgotten about the meeting. "I think I'll just owl him. To find out what he wants to talk about first."

"Up to you, Harry," she said. "You released quite a firestorm on them. You could talk to him or make him wait."

"Making him wait would make him madder, right?" he asked, standing up straight and tapping his chin.

"Oh, I think he will be plenty mad either way," she laughed.

"Well, what's the difference then? I'll go tomorrow." He grinned.

"Just Floo me when you are ready," she said.

"I will. Thanks again, Hermione."

Hermione kissed Harry on the cheek again and then Floo'd home.

## *Misunderstandings*

Harry headed back up the stairs and into the room. "Cleaned up?"

Draco had been in the shower. He padded quietly up behind Harry. "For the moment," he said softly.

Harry jumped, turning around quickly. "Oh ... oh, okay ...."

Draco put his arms around Harry's waist, pulling him close. "Did you forget something?" he asked.

"No, did you? I thought you owed me something ...."

"You aren't going to see the Minister?" Draco asked, lips hovering near Harry's.

"Not today," he replied, "I'm going to write him a letter. With your help, of course."

Draco inhaled his scent, staring into his eyes. He missed Harry being able to see him, but at least he left his eyes open and unguarded now.

Harry took his silence as permission, so he leant up and pressed his lips against Draco's, his arms moving to slip around his neck.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, tilting his head.

"Too tall," Harry mumbled against his lips, already on the tips of his toes.

Draco bent forward more, but then scooped Harry up in his arms and carried him to the bed.

"I've noticed that you carry me a lot," he commented, smiling a bit.

"Stronger now," Draco said. "Not sure why."

"I think I like it," Harry replied softly, resting his head against Draco's shoulder.

Draco laid him on the bed, smiling down at him and then climbing in beside him. "I thought we were supposed to be writing a letter," he teased.

"I didn't say now. We've got all day, Draco," he replied.

"All day?" Draco laughed. "And what should we do with that time?"

"Making a mess of ourselves comes first ... maybe eating, too," he said thoughtfully, shrugging.

"What did Granger say?" Draco asked.

"She cried, really, but I got her to calm down and to listen to me ...."

Draco frowned. "She thinks I want to hurt you, really hurt you?" he said.

"She thought that, but I told her different. It'll take her a bit, but she'll be fine," Harry answered, sitting up a bit and pulling the strip of leather out of his hair.

Draco's breath caught and he nearly whimpered. He wanted so badly to run fingers through those thick locks.

"What?" Harry mumbled, noticing the change in his lover's breathing.

"Nothing," Draco lied.

"You're lying ...." Harry set the strip down on the side table and sat up a bit more. "What is it?"

Draco pulled back, unsure of what to say. "I like your hair," he said quietly.

Harry smiled. "Well, thank you," he said, leaning close and kissing his cheek.

Draco sighed.

"Is there something else?" Harry asked, sitting back.

"Isn't there always?" Draco sighed again.

"Talk to me, then," Harry insisted.

"It's bloody frustrating," the blond muttered.

"What is, Draco?"

"Just things I can no longer have," he said, lying back on the bed.

"Like what?" Harry lay down next to his lover, snuggling close.

"You want a list?" Draco snorted.

"Well, maybe we can exchange ...."

"What?" Draco said frowning.

"Lists, I mean."

"Sounds fun," Draco drawled sarcastically.

"Never mind, Draco," Harry mumbled.

"All right, I am upset that I can't run my fingers through your

hair, or over your skin, or inside you!" Draco retorted and then found himself crying.

"Oh." He was surprised to feel the rumble in Draco's chest, indicating that he was crying. "You can ..." he started to say, reaching up to wipe the tears away.

"Not without cutting you," Draco said. "And I don't want that. Not then. I want to feel your skin, not open it. I want to suck your tongue and your cock without worrying about ripping or contaminating you. I want ... I ..." and then he was sobbing.

"Oh, Draco, I'm sorry," Harry murmured, moving closer and hugging him. There had to be something he could do, he thought, rubbing his back.

Draco just let himself cry for a bit. It felt good to be held. His father always berated and hit him when he cried.

"I'll help ... somehow, I promise," Harry said soothingly.

"I wouldn't mind being able to have claws, sometimes," Draco said. "But not being able to have normal hands at all, it makes everything more difficult."

"I understand that. As much as I love them ... it must be hard to deal with it all the time," Harry agreed.

"I sometimes wish he had made me a real werewolf," Draco said wistfully. "At least I would be sort of normal most of the time."

Harry stayed silent, not knowing what else could possibly comfort Draco after that.

"Do you think my hair would still be white as a wolf?" Draco asked, wondering aloud.

"I think so," he replied. "Soft as one, too."

Draco smirked. "Do you like dogs?"

"I do, actually ...."

Draco laughed, feeling better and sniffing at his lover. "I never had one," he said.

"Me neither," Harry replied, happy to hear that he sounded good again. "Well, not a real one."

"You had a not real one?" Draco asked.

"I didn't really have that one, either ... but yeah, I guess."

"That was vague. Just what am I not getting now?" Draco asked.

"My Godfather. As an Animagus, he ... was a big black dog," Harry explained quietly.

"Sirius Black was an Animagus?" Draco asked, sounding astonished. "Damn, I wish I could do that."

"Me too," he said with a grin, remembering his Godfather. "I miss him."

Draco was quiet. He didn't have any part in Sirius's death, but he knew his father and aunt did.

Harry sighed softly, closing his eyes as he rested his head on Draco's chest. "I hope nothing bad happens to you. That's why I have to do my best," he mumbled, not sure he was making much sense.

"You take a lot on, Harry," Draco said, running the back of his hand against his cheek.

"I know. Sometimes, I wonder how it would feel if everything wasn't like this. If I was completely free to do whatever I wanted. To love whoever I wanted without having to worry about them getting hurt ... or anything like that."

"Well, you did what you were supposed to do," Draco said. "Wasn't that enough?"

"I thought it would be, but there's always more," Harry whispered.

"You don't have to take care of me, you know," Draco said.

"I know, but I guess ... this is the one time I'm letting myself be selfish."

Draco chuckled at that. "So, taking care of me is being selfish?" he asked.

"Yes, I want you all for myself. If you're not here, I can't have that, right?" Harry asked.

"I thought it was some Gryffindor idea of guilt or something," Draco said.

"Not exactly," he replied, "just Harry Potter being selfish."

"Well, then, selfish Harry Potter, what do you want with me?" Draco teased.

"I want you to stay with me for forever and a day, and I want you to love me that long, too," he answered honestly.

Draco nearly started crying again. He held his breath for a moment. "I will do my best then," he said, kissing him gently.

This time, the secretary was not surprised and ushered Harry and

Hermione in to see Minister Scrimgeour right away. "Harry, my boy," the Minister said, "glad you could join me for a talk."

Harry nodded, taking the same seat again. "What did you want to see me for?" he asked, wanting to get this done as quickly as possible.

"Well, I thought it important that we clear up some misunderstandings," the man said in that pseudo-friendly tone.

"Yes, right. What misunderstandings?" Harry asked, letting it be known that he didn't want to be friendly at all.

"You seem to have got the false impression that we are unsympathetic to what happened to you," Scrimgeour continued.

Harry shrugged. He honestly didn't feel like talking about what happened to him again.

"You need not talk to the press about these things, Harry," the Minister said. "You, of all people, know how they always blow these things out of proportion."

"Yes, well, too late for that. I needed someone to actually listen to me for once," Harry replied.

"What is it that you want, Harry?" Scrimgeour said with a sigh.

"You know exactly what I want. I've been telling you all that from the time I was in St Mungo's!" he answered quickly, scowling.

"You want Draco Malfoy pardoned?" the Minister asked, sounding tired.

"Exactly."

"And if he is pardoned?" Scrimgeour continued. "What then?"

"I don't want anything else, if that's what you're asking," he replied, raising an eyebrow.

"There has been talk about awarding you the Order of Merlin," the Minister said.

Blushing slightly, Harry asked, "Really?"

"Yes," the man sighed, "we would like to set up a public ceremony to present it."

"Oh." Harry sat back in his chair, not knowing what to say to all of that.

"We need the public to feel better about the work we are doing to clean up the mess," the Minister continued. "You could help with that."

"How?" he asked hesitantly.

"We just need you to cooperate a bit with us," the man said.

"Help make our jobs a bit easier."

Harry nodded slowly. "That's fine. As long as you do what I want."

"Then we understand each other?" Scrimgeour asked.

"I guess," Harry replied, hoping he wasn't making a wrong decision.

Hermione made a small noise and then asked, "Is that a FULL pardon?"

Scrimgeour scowled at her.

"Pardoned of all the charges against him and reinstated as a wizard. With magic," Harry added, just in case he didn't understand it. Harry heard the man hiss and then a deep breath.

"I see," the Minister said. "Well, that is impossible given the current law."

"And you're the Minister of Magic," Harry reminded him, nodding.

"The law was enacted to make sure that we don't end up with more problems," Scrimgeour said. "It states that anyone who carries the Dark Mark, no matter the circumstances, can no longer touch a wand. Penalty for doing so is life in Azkaban."

"I'm already aware of the law," Harry said, sighing. "It isn't fair at all. Especially since Draco helped. He basically saved your life as well, and you repay him by not letting him ever touch a wand again?"

"My boy, how many Death Eaters got away last time with saying they were under Imperius and then followed *him* again?" the Minister explained. "Besides, it isn't just me. The Wizengamot handed this one down."

"I didn't say he was under the Imperius," Harry murmured, beginning to get frustrated. "And who is there for him to go after? I don't want to say this, but ... Draco's life will never be the same again. He didn't have to protect me. He could've just run away like most of the Death Eaters did and leave me to die, but he didn't. All I'm asking is for you all to give him some kind of recognition for that. Really."

"I understand," Scrimgeour said and he actually sounded tired. "I can pardon him, but even I don't have the authority to make an exception to the law. It really is the most I can give him."

"It isn't fair," Harry mumbled, running a hand through his hair.

He took a few deep breaths and shook his head. "I guess we'll have to go to the Wizengamot next."

"You may do that, my boy, but in the meantime, you and I have an agreement. Correct?" he asked.

He shrugged, but nodded again.

"I will have the papers drawn up for the pardon," the Minister sighed. "Bring Mr Malfoy in to sign them tomorrow."

"Okay. Do I still have to do the ceremony?" Harry asked, biting his lip.

"Yes," the Minister said. "It is important. People need to see the wizard responsible for defeating Voldemort. Especially after your interview, they need to see that you are ... whole."

"Can I bring Draco?" he asked quietly, still biting his lip.

There was a silence for a minute. "After the pardon, Mr Malfoy will be free to go where he wishes," the Minister said a bit stiffly.

"Okay. Do you know when it'll be?" Harry asked.

"Probably next week," Scrimgeour said, standing to walk them to the door. "We need to set it up. I will contact you as soon as we know."

"All right." Harry got up as he reached for Hermione's hand. "Thanks, I guess ...."

Hermione patted his hand and took his arm, walking him back to the fireplaces in the atrium. "You did well, Harry," she said. "Malfoy is an embarrassment to them, yet you got him a pardon."

"But I didn't get his magic back," Harry mumbled, feeling as though he had failed.

"But you got his freedom," she said. "That is more than I thought you would get, and, like you said, maybe you can work on the rest."

"I guess," he replied quietly. He wanted everything for Draco, his magic being one of the most important parts.

"Harry, have you thought about taking him to St Mungo's?" she asked.

"Yes, I have, actually. To help with the scars ... and all," he said.

"Good," she said, "because they look painful, and they might be able to do something for his eye. I have been reading up on it."

Harry nodded again, still looking a bit distant. "Hopefully they can help."

– CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT –

## *Never Doubt*

Draco had been pacing. He did that a lot when Harry wasn't home. It was hard being trapped inside all the time. Not that he hadn't spent most of the last year indoors, but he grew anxious when Harry was gone. When the Floo flared he stepped back, waiting.

Harry stumbled inside, managing to grip Hermione's cloak before he fell. "Hate Flooing," he muttered, for what seemed like the hundredth time.

"I know," Hermione said, dusting them both off. "Oh, hi, Malfoy," she said.

"Draco? Hey," Harry said, feeling a bit shy for some reason. He thought it was because of the fact that he hadn't got everything that he wanted to get for Draco.

"Harry, Granger," Draco acknowledged, ducking his head so that his hair fell across the damaged side of his face.

Harry bit his lip and nervously stepped forward. "I ... I got you pardoned."

There was a silence. "Pardoned?" Draco said. "Not just paroled?"

"Pardoned. Completely. You're free, Draco," Harry answered, smiling.

Draco looked at Hermione and then back to Harry. Hermione smiled and nodded.

"You never cease to amaze me," Draco said softly.

Harry blushed, shaking his head. "I told you. I'm just being selfish, and you deserve freedom, too."

"I can go anywhere, no restrictions?" Draco asked again, sounding uncertain.

"You can go anywhere you want, Draco," Harry confirmed softly.

Draco glanced at Granger again. She blushed and stammered, "I'll see you two tomorrow then," she said, giving Harry a brief hug.

"Bye, Hermione." Harry waved then turned back to Draco.

She stepped into the Floo and was gone. Draco stood staring at Harry, his eyes greedily taking in every detail of him.

"Are you still there?" Harry reached out and poked him gently. "Oh. You're staring again."

"Yes," Draco said, and it was barely a whisper.

"Why? I'm probably dirty again from that bloody fireplace," Harry said, beginning to brush at his cloak again.

"You look fine," Draco said, breathing harder now.

"Oh. Then what is it?" Harry asked, beginning to feel anxious.

"I ... like ... looking at you," Draco whispered.

That promptly made Harry's skin flush a deep red. "Why?"

"How can you still ask that?" Draco said, voice low and husky.

"I still wonder sometimes ...."

"As do I," Draco said, waiting for Harry to move, to do something.

"You don't have anything to wonder about," Harry replied, taking a step forward.

Draco trembled, waiting for Harry to touch him. "Neither, then, do you," he purred.

"I do." Harry reached out and touched the blond's arm lightly.

Draco trembled. "Do you doubt me still?" he asked, voice shaking as well.

"I don't want to." Harry stepped closer, resting his forehead against Draco's chest.

"Then don't," Draco said. "Never doubt that the sight of you makes my heart beat faster. Never doubt that your touch makes my body burn. Never doubt that I would do anything I could for you. Never doubt me, Harry."

"I won't anymore," Harry answered, slowly wrapping his arms around Draco. He could hear his lover's fast heartbeat, the sound triggering his own to speed up along with it.

Draco held the other man tight against him, inhaling his scent and rubbing his face against his hair.

Harry breathed in deeply then sighed, feeling content. "So, you're happy?"

"I am happy to be with you," Draco said, a low growl following the statement.

"And I'm happy to be with you," Harry answered with a grin.

"Want you," Draco growled, his body reacting to the other man pressed against him.

"I hope you always do," he said, taking a step back.

Draco growled louder when Harry stepped back, not wanting to let him go.

"You just like shagging on floors," Harry laughed, shaking his head.

"Or the table," Draco suggested.

"Table? We've never done it on the table." Harry smiled wickedly.

"We haven't," Draco said, smiling. "Take your robes off before I ruin them," he growled.

Harry quickly pulled off his robes, then everything else, standing in just his shorts a few minutes later. "I don't hear you undressing."

Draco had been too caught up in watching Harry, but now he moved to pull his own clothes off. Always a difficult proposition with claws, and he ripped them a bit getting them off.

"You know, I want to undress you one day," Harry said thoughtfully.

"Any time," Draco said, kicking away his trousers. "You want to take those off or have me rip them?" he said when he saw Harry still in his shorts.

"Any other day I'd say rip them, but I think I'm running out," Harry said, slowly pushing them down and stepping out of them.

Draco was panting at the sight of him and stepped up behind him, pushing Harry face down on the table.

Harry let out a soft groan, staying still for Draco. "Oh, yes!"

Draco growled, "Ready?" He rested his claws on either side of Harry's shoulders and rubbed his erection against Harry's arse.

Harry nodded slowly, pushing back against Draco. "Yes, please," he begged.

Draco ran his nails slowly down Harry's back; thin, red, glistening lines appearing in their wake.

Harry tensed then moaned, pressing his cheek against the table. "Mark me," he gasped softly. "Please ...."

Blood. Sex. Somehow the two were linked for him now and Draco groaned, feeling like he could come just from the smell. He leant forward, licking at those wounds, claws still resting at the base of Harry's back. "More?" he growled.

"More! I want ... I want something to always be there, to remind me of you," he whispered, breathing harder than before.

Draco shuddered at that, not sure what he was willing to do to that perfect flesh. He drew his nails down further, running red lines over Harry's arse cheeks. "How?" he growled.

"Any way," Harry shuddered, toes curling against the floor. "Just, please, Draco ...."

"Yes," Draco said, "but not until ... I am inside you." He went down to one knee behind Harry and began licking the blood on his arse.

Harry spread his legs wider, burying his face in the crook of his own arm.

Draco growled, licking and sucking and moving closer to the cleft of Harry's arse.

"Please," Harry whimpered again, not even knowing what he was begging for.

"Hold the table," Draco instructed and then spread Harry's arse with his clawed hands, exposing that darker skin and tight hole.

Harry's fingers curled over the edge of the table as he waited, wondering if his heart was actually trying to beat out of his chest.

Draco's face was smeared with Harry's blood and he pressed himself into that cleft, tongue tracing its way down to his entrance.

Harry gripped the table harder as he felt Draco's tongue move down, his body jerking with anticipation.

Draco was growling so much he vibrated with it as he finally reached his goal. He thrust his tongue against that tight muscle and his cock twitched.

Harry's nails dug into the wood, leaving tiny half moon indentations. "God," he whispered, clenching and relaxing under his lover's tongue.

Draco's tongue was stronger in this form and he used it to fuck Harry, pressing in and moving it about. His claws dug into Harry's arse cheeks as he pushed hard.

"More," Harry began to cry, trembling as he rocked his hips against Draco's tongue and claws.

Draco wiggled his tongue inside him, stretching it to find that spot inside of Harry. Finally, with just the tip, he grazed it.

Harry groaned in surprise, never expecting Draco to reach that

far. "Fuck ...."

It strained his tongue, but it was worth it. He thrust several more times, pressing deep to reach that spot and loving the tremors of his lover.

Harry believed it was possible that he could come just from Draco's tongue.

Draco loved the way Harry's arse clenched around his tongue but he also wanted more. He pulled his tongue out, sweeping it again over his entrance. He drew himself up, still holding Harry's arse tight, lining himself up.

Harry let go and leant up a bit, his forearms resting on the table instead. "Fuck me, Draco," Harry begged, licking his dry lips.

Draco pressed into his lover, groaning at the tight heat of him. "Oh, yes," he hissed.

"Mm, Draco," Harry murmured, resting his forehead on the table again. "Love you."

Draco was trembling, pressed deep inside Harry. "Yes, mine," he answered, blood welling around his claws in Harry's arse. He drew back and then flexed his hips, pushing his cock in smooth, but deep.

Harry groaned and arched, feeling like he could never get enough of Draco. "Yours, only yours!"

Draco growled his agreement, hips working in fluid motion, pulling back and then lifting up before sliding forward, working to hit that spot each time.

Harry rocked his hips along with the thrusts, beginning to softly pant. "More ...."

Draco's growls filled the room as he pumped his hips faster, harder. "Fuck, yes," he yelled, the words barely recognisable.

Harry could feel his hips digging into the table and he knew he'd have dark bruises there when they were done. "Not ... g-going to last," he stuttered, each thrust sending a shock of pleasure through his system over and over.

Draco howled, coming hard into his lover, hot sperm shooting inside him and his claws digging in so deep they were buried inside Harry's flesh.

Harry whimpered as he came in the next moment, an edge of pain in his voice. It felt as though Draco could just push the claws in an inch more and they'd touch his hip bones. He stayed completely

still as he fought to catch his breath.

Shuddering still, Draco leant forward, pressing his face to Harry's back, licking the blood there and nuzzling.

Harry swallowed slowly, shifting his hips a bit. "Draco ...."

"Harry," Draco whispered, "I am going to pull my claws back now. It will probably hurt."

"Yeah, go ahead." He nodded, biting his lip as he waited for Draco to pull them out.

Draco pulled his cock and his claws out at the same time, pressing palms down on the wounds to stop the blood flow that erupted.

"Ow," Harry whispered to himself, squeezing his eyes shut.

Draco lapped at the wounds, having found that, oddly enough, it seemed to stop the blood flow. After a few minutes of pressure and his tongue, the puncture wounds were dark but no longer bleeding.

Harry continued to pant softly, little whimpers escaping him every now and then. He was always so tired after.

Draco stood, looking down at Harry. The man's back and buttocks were covered in long shallow cuts, in addition to the deep puncture marks.

"Do they look as deep as they feel?" Harry murmured, trying to stand up straight.

"Don't move, yet." Draco said, "Give them time to scab. Do you want anything? Or I could carry you? That is, if you don't want to heal them."

"I wanna sleep," Harry replied, collapsing against the table again.

"I'll carry you," Draco said, lifting him gently into his arms and carrying him up to their room. He laid him in the bed and pulled the covers up. "Sleep on your stomach," he suggested.

Harry nodded, already snuggling up to a pillow. "I think I've got bruises on my hips," he mumbled, smiling a bit.

"More than bruises," Draco said, petting him with the backs of his hands. "I am going to clean up some. I will be right back."

"Hurry up," Harry whispered, wanting to fall asleep in Draco's arms still. He shifted, ignoring the pain. He did ask for it.

Draco showered quickly, blood flowing down the drain, and then returned, damp, to Harry's side.

Harry was humming to himself, in between sleep and awareness.

"Draco," he said, hearing his footsteps in the quiet room.

Draco crawled in beside him. "Here."

Harry moved closer, his head feeling strangely light and woozy.

"You're wet ...."

"Yes," the blond whispered. "Sleep now."

"I'm trying," Harry mumbled, rubbing his face against Draco's chest.

"What can I do?" Draco whispered.

"Can you sing?" Harry asked out of the blue.

"Not any more," Draco said.

"Have you tried to?"

"No," he whispered.

"You should try." Harry closed his eyes, curling up as much as he could against him. "For me ...."

Draco began to hum. It wasn't singing, but it was a start.

Harry fell asleep within a few minutes, a small smile on his face.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE –

## *Clean*

Draco lay next to Harry, reading a book. He was making steady progress through the Black library.

Harry woke up with a small groan, making the mistake of turning on his side. "Agh!" He fell back on his stomach and buried his face in the pillow.

Draco put the book down, looking worriedly at Harry. "Maybe it wasn't such a good idea," he said. "You should heal them."

"No, I'm fine," Harry answered, yawning a bit. "How do they look?"

Draco lifted the covers and made a face. "Well, these sheets are ruined," he sneered.

Harry bit his lip. "They're still bleeding?"

"They are leaking a bit," Draco said, trying not to react to the smell. It was disturbing to part of him that Harry's blood did this to him.

"Ah ..." Harry reached back, running his hand over the deepest wounds. "You said wait until they scab, right?"

"I don't know what wounds that deep will do without magical healing," Draco said.

Harry bit his lip and sighed. "I guess ... I guess I should heal them," he whispered.

"I wanted to mark you, as you asked," Draco said, "but I don't know if my claws or bite are contaminated."

Harry nodded, already reaching for his wand on the side table.

"Your wand is still downstairs," Draco reminded him.

"Oh." Harry sighed. "Why would your claws be contaminated? You've cut me before."

"Those were only skin deep," Draco said. "Do you want me to get you a Healing Potion?"

"Yes, please," Harry answered.

Draco went to the bathroom and came back with a potion. "We do need to restock soon," he said. "Lift your head to drink," he added, helping Harry.

Harry obediently lifted his head, drinking the potion quickly.

"Be right back again," Draco said and left the room once more.

Harry nodded, a grimace on his face from the taste of the potion.

Draco padded back in and pulled back the covers of the bed, sheets sticking to the dried blood.

"Should I move?" Harry asked.

"Lie still, beauty," Draco whispered, checking the wounds.

Harry lay still, playing with a loose piece of thread from his pillow. "Are they getting better already?"

"Yes," Draco said, using the warm cloth he had brought from the bathroom to wash dried blood from Harry's back.

Harry sighed deeply, the warmth soothing him. "I'll get a proper mark from you," he whispered, relaxing into the bed again. "I will ...."

"Mmhmm," Draco soothed, dipping the cloth in the bowl of warm water he had brought with him and wringing it out. The water turned pink, and he continued to bathe his lover.

Harry shifted against the bed, some of the cuts stinging when the water touched them. "Oh, I didn't tell you yesterday. You have to sign these papers at the Ministry. It has to do with your pardon."

Draco's hand stilled for a minute and then he continued, rinsing the cloth again. "I have to go there?" he asked, sounding unsure.

Harry nodded. "Yeah. Then we can come back home."

Draco was quiet for several minutes. He had washed Harry's back and was now beginning on his arse. "The claw marks on your back are healing very well," he said.

"That's good, I guess," he mumbled, not sounding all that enthusiastic.

Draco shook his head. "I don't want to be seen by anyone," he said.

"We'll be Flooing there ..." Harry murmured.

"And people will see me," Draco continued, voice tense.

Harry bit his lip. "I can do a Glamour Charm on you, if you really want."

Draco thought about it. "Yes," he said.

"Okay, I'll do that," Harry said, sighing softly. "We can go today,

too, if you want."

"You can't go anywhere, yet," Draco said. "Unless you want to use your wand to heal these punctures. If you want them to scar, then you need to leave them longer."

"The potion isn't healing up those?" Harry asked, smiling a bit. "I'll leave them longer, then."

Draco smirked. "I only gave you a mild potion. Just strong enough to heal minor cuts and stop the bleeding."

"Oh, I didn't know that." Harry grinned. "But I'll have to stay in bed like this?"

"Yes," Draco said. "If you move now, you will re-open the wounds."

"All day?"

"The longer the better." Draco sighed, but then smirked. "I can't reach all the blood."

"Where's the rest?" he asked, trying not to shift again.

Draco couldn't help grin. "Between your arse cheeks," he said.

Harry blushed hard. "Don't think I don't know what you're thinking ...."

"I am thinking that you will have to reach back and spread them if you want me to clean there." Draco laughed.

"You know how sensitive I am," Harry mumbled, reaching back and slowly exposing himself. "Go on before my face actually sets on fire."

Draco's breath hitched at the sight and he licked his lips. He tossed the cloth aside and began to lick instead.

Harry's grip slackened with a groan, pushing his face into the pillow. "I knew you were gonna do that," he said, voice muffled.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, licking and sucking at the blood and his lover's skin.

Harry spread his cheeks wider, his nails digging into the skin. "Draco."

"Mmm?" Draco hummed again as he pressed his face further, having worked his tongue from the top of the crevice down to his lover's tight ring.

"Gonna make me move," Harry moaned, hips twitching with the need to thrust against the sheets.

Moments like these, Draco missed the use of his wand more than

anything. "Don't," he said, pointing his tongue and running it in a circle.

Harry clenched with the effort, sweat breaking out on his skin. "I ... God ..."

Draco chuckled, pressing his tongue into the centre.

Harry groaned deeply, his hips thrusting against the bed a moment later.

Draco pulled his tongue back and smirked at Harry's reaction. "You love that, don't you?" he asked.

Harry nodded, pressing his cheek against the pillow as he took a deep breath. "Dunno why ...."

"Feels good," Draco said. "Want more?"

"Yes, I can't help but move a little, though," Harry replied.

Draco sat back up, considering. "If I had my wand, I would bind you," he said.

"I don't want to bind myself," Harry muttered, biting his lip again. "I'll try not to move too much."

"First," Draco said, reaching across him and picking up a pillow, "let's put this under your hips."

Harry lifted his hips. "A pillow would help."

Draco slid the pillow under him, lightly brushing against Harry's cock as he did.

Harry moaned softly, biting his lip hard. "You did that on purpose."

"Is that a complaint, Potter?" Draco teased.

"Don't be a tease, Malfoy," he whispered.

"That's how you like me, isn't it?" the blond laughed.

"Only sometimes," Harry said, grinning.

"And this isn't one of them?" Draco laughed. "You should tell me what it is you want me to do."

"Nope, and you know what I want you to do ...."

"Say it, Potter," Draco commanded in a low voice.

"I want you to make me come," Harry replied quietly, blushing again.

"Yes, yes, I know that part." Draco laughed. "Tell me how."

"Draco, what you were just doing ...."

"Say it," Draco said firmly, unrelenting.

"I want you to ... to lick me," Harry finally said, face red with

embarrassment.

"Where? How?" Draco asked.

"My arse ... you know, with your tongue ...."

"Yes, I know," Draco purred, "but I wanted to hear you say it." He ran the back of his hand over the soft, marked skin of Harry's arse. "Spread your legs for me," he said.

Harry opened his legs as wide as he could.

Draco crawled between them, running the backs of his hands up Harry's legs, especially along the soft, unmarked skin of his inner thighs.

"Tickles," Harry murmured, letting out a soft laugh.

"Hold still," Draco said, "and spread yourself for me again."

Harry reached back and spread his cheeks again, breath coming in short pants.

"So, hot for my tongue?" Draco smirked.

"Oh, shush," Harry retorted, scowling a bit.

"I suppose I had better put my tongue to a use you approve of then," Draco said, leaning in and resuming his licks. This time he began with the skin between Harry's balls and his opening.

"You'd better," Harry managed to reply, pushing back a bit.

Draco grinned and resumed his tongue explorations, working his way back to that tight, puckered opening. He pointed his tongue again and began to lightly brush over the muscle.

"Teasing," Harry accused, clenching again.

The muscle relaxed under his tongue and Draco pushed inward, wiggling the tip to stimulate the sensitive flesh.

Letting go, Harry reached back further and slid his fingers into Draco's hair, gripping it tightly. "More," he moaned, gently pushing his head down.

Draco closed his eyes, focusing all his attention on the feel and taste of Harry. He pressed his tongue in further and began to thrust in and out with it.

Satisfied, Harry pulled his hands away and gripped the sheets instead, his hips rocking with the thrusts.

Draco hummed against his lover's skin, loving his response and doing his best to fuck him deep with his tongue.

"So good," Harry whispered, gasping for breath as he pulled at the sheets. "Deeper ..." he urged.

Draco stretched his tongue, trying to reach Harry's prostate as he had earlier. He found it and caressed it with the tip of his tongue.

Harry shuddered from the inside out, moans of gratitude escaping him. "Fuck, keep going," he mumbled incoherently.

Draco did, thrusting his tongue against that spot over and over again.

Harry's orgasm caught him by surprise, his hips pressed against the pillow as he yelled Draco's name.

Draco growled, enjoying Harry's squirming and yelling. He loved being able to do that to him. He licked his opening a few more times and sat back on his heels, looking down at him.

"See ..." Harry said, shifting in the warm wetness under him. "You were supposed to be just cleaning me."

"I didn't hear any objections," Draco said, eyebrow raised.

"Like I could ...." Harry reached to pull away the pillow.

"I would have stopped if you'd wanted me to," Draco said, crawling up beside Harry.

"I mean, I wouldn't want you to stop anyway," Harry answered, pushing the dirty pillow away.

"Good," Draco said. His tongue hurt a bit and his cock was still hard, but it had been worth it.

Harry shifted closer to Draco, reaching out for him. "How do you do that, though?"

"Sounds weird," Draco said, "but I can do a number of things I couldn't do before."

"Yeah, I've noticed. Just don't choke me when we're snogging, okay?"

Draco laughed.

Harry grinned, still moving closer. "Are you okay?"

"Don't move around too much," Draco reminded him.

"I know, I know ... you should move closer to me, then," Harry replied, scowling a bit. This was going to be a long day.

Draco scooted closer, so that Harry could touch him if he liked.

"That's better. Now, I asked ... are you okay? I'm guessing you need help ...." Harry said, smiling a bit.

Draco shifted so the head of his cock brushed against his lover's hip. "You mean this?" He smirked.

Harry bit his lip and nodded. "Yeah, what do you want?"

"Can you raise your head up on your elbows?" Draco asked.

"Uhm ...." Harry tried it, looking curious. "Like that?"

Draco crawled up to the head of the bed and moved the pillows out of the way, handing one to Harry. "Put this under your chest," he said and then sat down with his back against the headboard and his legs on either side of Harry.

Harry shifted up a bit, pushing the pillow under his chest. "What're you doing?" he asked, raising an eyebrow. He knew Draco was in front of him now, but he didn't get what he was thinking.

"Reach out and touch me," Draco said, his voice deep again.

"Oh," Harry whispered, it finally clicking in his mind. He reached out and wrapped his fingers around Draco's cock with a smirk.

Draco gasped, his body trembling at Harry's touch.

Harry stroked him a few times, remembering the last time he was able to do this. "Want me to suck you off?" he asked, voice low and husky.

"Yes," Draco said, and hissed, arching up a bit.

Harry leant closer and kissed the head, letting his tongue drag around the skin teasingly.

"Good," Draco gasped.

Harry opened his mouth and sucked the head inside, swirling his tongue again. He forgot how much he loved doing this under the right circumstances.

"Mmm," Draco hummed. His head fell back, thumping into the headboard, but he didn't care.

Harry hummed happily at the noise, making sure that he covered his teeth before he began to move down.

"Yes, Harry," Draco purred, "suck me."

Harry sucked harder, slowly beginning to bob his head.

"So good." The blond gasped. "I love your mouth on me!"

Harry moaned softly, reaching to stroke what he couldn't reach.

"Close." Draco moaned again.

Harry continued to suck hard, wanting to taste Draco again.

Draco grabbed the headboard and held tight, claws digging into the wood as he came, filling his lover's mouth.

Harry swallowed as much as he could, continuing to suck lightly throughout Draco's orgasm.

"I missed that," Draco said, still panting.

Harry nodded, shifting back a bit. "Me too," he agreed, smiling.

Draco smiled down at him. "I love you," Draco said, "and not just because you are bloody brilliant in bed."

Harry blushed, grinning. "I love you, too, and you're the good one in bed, anyway."

"I think we are good together," Draco said, reaching to stroke Harry's face with the back of his hand.

"I think so, too," Harry murmured, closing his eyes and leaning into the soft touch.

Draco's claws curled in as he used the backs of his hands and fingers to touch his lover and looked into those green eyes – eyes that couldn't see him anymore, but understood him better than ever.

"Are you going to stay in bed with me?" Harry asked after a long moment of silence.

"Can't think of any place I would rather be." Draco sighed.

"Good. I want you to stay, too," Harry mumbled, resting his cheek on his thigh.

"Am I your pillow?" Draco laughed.

"You're where my pillow usually is, so ...."

Draco grabbed a pillow and put it behind his own back, scooting down so that he was more comfortable.

Harry moved with him, lifting his head again then resting it on Draco's lower stomach.

Draco rested his hands on Harry's head, using his claws to gently comb his hair.

– CHAPTER THIRTY –

## *Fine Print*

Draco growled as he accidentally cut off one of his shirt buttons. "Harry!" he whined. He couldn't even dress himself properly these days.

"Yes?" Harry had his wand out, the True Sight Spell already said a few minutes before. "Another button?" he asked, walking over.

"This is never going to work," Draco growled.

"You'll get it." Harry ended the Vision Spell and muttered a quick fixing one, the button going back to where it belonged. "Now let me ...." He quickly buttoned up the rest of the shirt then smoothed his hands down his lover's chest.

Draco held his hands out, waiting while Harry finished dressing him.

Harry pulled up Draco's trousers and did them up as well. "There. Now all you need is your cloak."

"And the Glamour Charm," Draco said. "Are you going to be able to make me look like I used to?"

Harry nodded, tapping his wand against his chin. "I remember."

"Do you remember what I looked like?" Draco smiled.

"Of course." He reached up and ran his finger down Draco's unscarred cheek.

"No scars, no claws," Draco said.

"No sharp teeth." Harry closed his eyes and pointed the wand at Draco again, making sure there was a clear image of Draco in his mind before he whispered the spell.

"Problem is that you won't be able to tell if it worked," Draco said. "True Sight Spell will show you what I really look like, not what I am supposed to look like."

"You'll have to see for yourself," Harry replied. "Go look in a mirror."

Draco had been avoiding mirrors since he got out of Azkaban.

Now, he tentatively went and looked in the one by the closet. "I look like me," he said quietly.

"Then it worked," Harry confirmed, grinning.

Draco stood staring at his reflection. He could still feel his claws and the scar tissue on his face. The mirror was almost like a portrait of himself before.

Harry pulled his hair back with the leather tie again. "I'm ready. Are you?"

"No, but let's get this over with," the blond huffed.

"What're you scared of?" Harry asked, heading for the door.

"I didn't say I was scared," Draco bristled. "I just ..."

"What?" Harry stopped and turned, waiting for him.

"Do you have to know everything?" Draco sighed.

Harry frowned a bit, shaking his head. "No, now come on. Let's go." He walked out of the room, expecting Draco to follow.

Draco did follow him, quietly. He figured he had upset Harry again, but he really didn't want to talk about what a freak he felt like.

Harry reached the Floo a few minutes later, waiting until he heard Draco stop next to him. "Can you make sure I don't fall?" he asked, reaching for the pot that held the Floo powder in it.

"I'll go first then," Draco said glumly, waiting until Harry had picked up some powder too. Then Draco threw it into the flames. "Ministry of Magic," he said and stepped through.

Harry sighed, wishing Draco would talk to him about what was wrong. He threw the powder into the fire as he muttered, "Ministry of Magic," then stepped into the fire.

Draco was ready to catch Harry as he stumbled from the fireplace and proceeded to help dust him off as well.

"Thanks, Draco," he said, standing up straight. He moved close, leaning up and kissing his cheek. "This'll be fine," he whispered, leaning back.

They went to the little dispenser for their passes and then to the guard to have Harry's wand checked.

"Where's yours?" the man barked at Draco.

Draco glared. "I am not carrying one," he answered icily.

Harry bit his lip, reaching for Draco's cloak as he walked ahead. He still felt guilty for not getting Draco's magic back.

Draco walked stiffly beside Harry, uncomfortably aware of all the

stares and outright glares he received. It's not like his appearance, even glamoured, ever blended in. He wondered if he should have had Harry make him look like someone else.

"I'm not exactly sure of where we're going," Harry mumbled, staying close to Draco.

"I know the way," Draco said. "Father used to visit Fudge."

Harry went silent at the mention of Lucius, nodding stiffly.

Finally, they stood before the office door of Scrimgeour. Draco took a deep breath and opened it for Harry. "We're here," he said.

Harry walked in first. "We're here to speak to the Minister," he said, remembering the secretary that was there.

"Yes, Mr Potter," she said. "Have a seat, and I will let him know you are here."

Draco took Harry's elbow and guided him to a chair, and then sat on the edge of the one next to him.

Harry sat down with a sigh, waiting to hear Scrimgeour's voice.

Draco fidgeted, clicking his claws on the arm of the chair. That earned him an odd look from the secretary before he stopped. She couldn't see the claws, but they were still there. After what was probably only a few minutes, she ushered him into the Minister's office and then stood nearby.

Harry walked to his usual seat and sat down. "Minister?"

"Yes, Harry," the man said, "nice to see you. We have the paperwork right here. Mr Malfoy, if you would have a seat, we can get started."

Draco sat down warily in the second chair in front of the Minister's desk.

Harry glanced in Draco's direction, biting his lip again. "This won't take long, right?" he asked the Minister.

"No, not long," Scrimgeour said. "Just sign here and here, Mr Malfoy."

Draco picked up the paper, setting it on the desk in front of him and frowned. "I read it before I sign it," he said coldly.

"Yeah," Harry mumbled quietly, feeling a bit useless in the situation.

"If you insist," the Minister said in an unfriendly tone.

"I do," Draco said, continuing to read. There was a long uncomfortable silence while he read the document.

"I thought it was a pardon, not a parole," Draco said.

"You said it was a pardon," Harry spoke up, sitting up in his seat with a scowl.

"You will be out of Azkaban, Mr Malfoy," the Minister said warningly.

"This has the restrictions of a parole," Draco said. "It says that if I violate them, I will be sent to Azkaban, without trial, for the rest of my life."

"Just a few precautions," Scrimgeour said. "Given your affiliations, we need to be able to assure the public of their safety."

"You bloody liar," Harry muttered, gripping the arms of his chair. "You told me he'd have a full pardon without any restrictions!"

"We can't very well let a convicted Death Eater out without some way of keeping tabs on him," the Minister bristled.

"I shouldn't do anything for you," Harry growled angrily.

Draco looked between Scrimgeour and Harry. He knew Harry wouldn't back down unless he told him to, but would the Minister give? The man's face was turning red, and he was very angry as well. Draco smiled when he saw the sweat on his brow, knowing Harry was going to win this one.

Finally the Minister huffed and said, "Very well." He looked up at the secretary. "Bring the other version," he snapped.

"Let me read it!" Harry said. He pulled his wand out quickly, still visibly mad.

The secretary had left the room and now returned with another piece of parchment, which she handed to the Minister.

"Harry," the man said, "please calm down."

Harry pointed his wand at him, murmuring the spell. "I said," he began, eyes narrowing as he glared at the man, "Let. Me. Read it."

Scrimgeour's eyes went wide when Harry pulled his wand. "Mr Potter!" he said loudly. "Threatening me will not help your case."

Harry rolled his eyes, lowering his wand a bit. "I'm not threatening you. I'm using it to see," he explained quickly, holding his free hand out for the parchment.

The Minister narrowed his eyes and looked at Harry, holding out the parchment and waiting. He was surprised when Harry was able to take it easily.

Harry grinned and raised an eyebrow, watching him curiously.

"Didn't believe me?" He glanced down at the parchment and began to read through it.

"As you will ... see, that version does not have any restrictions on Mr Malfoy's activities, other than those set in law for ex-Death Eaters," he said.

Harry nodded, looking up at him for a moment before looking in Draco's direction. "Here, you read it," he said, holding it out for the other man.

Draco smiled, taking the parchment from Harry. He read it over, nodding. "I will sign this one," he said and reached for the quill that had been set before him.

Harry smiled, leaning back in his seat. "This would've gone a lot smoother if you had started the right way, you know," he said, gazing at Scrimgeour.

"I have more than your interests to protect here," the Minister huffed.

"I understand that. Just for the record ... Draco, do you plan on ... hurting anyone else?" he asked, trying to hide another wicked smile.

"I have no plans at the moment," Draco said quietly.

The Minister signed and then the secretary witnessed the document.

"I would like a copy, for my records," Draco said and the woman nodded, doing the spell to copy it and handing him one.

After that, Harry'd had enough of seeing the Minister. He ended the spell and put his wand away.

"Harry, we have arranged for the ceremony to take place next Wednesday at noon in the Atrium," Scrimgeour said.

Harry sighed and nodded. He had almost forgotten about the ceremony. "All right," he mumbled.

"I look forward to it, Harry," the Minister said. "And you do deserve the award."

"Thanks," Harry said quietly, trying to fight away the blush. He honestly thought that Draco deserved the award along with him, but he knew that wouldn't happen no matter how much he wanted it to.

Draco took Harry's elbow again and led him from the offices, heading back to the Floo.

## *Past Tense, Future Imperfect*

"Will you go with me to the ceremony?" Harry asked softly when they stopped.

"It probably isn't a good idea," Draco said, putting Floo powder in Harry's hand. "I'll go through first again."

Harry nodded slowly, and stepped back, waiting for Draco to go. The blond stepped through, waiting for Harry on the other side. He stumbled through a moment later, bumping into Draco, who caught him in his arms and pulled him tight to his body.

"I wanted you to go with me," Harry mumbled sadly, wrapping his arms around him.

"I'm here," Draco said. "If you saw the way people looked at me, you would change your mind."

Harry sighed again. "Fine. I never wanted to go anyway."

"No," Draco said, pulling back enough to look at his face, "you deserve the award and ... I wish I could see them give it to you."

"I want you to see," Harry answered quietly, pouting like a child.

"Are you hungry?" Draco asked, leading him to the table and then letting go of him.

"A little," Harry mumbled, sitting down at the table. "Don't think I'm giving up, though."

Draco snorted and began putting together sandwiches from their supplies.

"What're you making?" Harry asked, sliding down in his chair a bit. He could hear Draco moving around and he smiled, glad Draco was getting better at doing things like that.

"Just sandwiches with some of the meat and cheese in the ice box," Draco answered. "Why don't you have a house-elf here?"

"Hermione, really," he answered, grinning. "She isn't too keen on treating them like they're normally treated."

"Yes, well she is neither blind nor does she have claws, so she can

do without them," Draco sneered. "It would make things a lot easier."

"True. Maybe I can get Dobby to help us," Harry replied, shrugging.

"Dobby? That barmy house-elf I sent – I mean that you freed from Father?" Draco asked, stammering awkwardly for a minute.

Harry nodded, raising an eyebrow. "Finish that first sentence."

"Oh, the barmy house-elf we used to have at the Manor," Draco said.

"Oh, yeah. He isn't so bad. Strange, definitely, but loyal."

"Yes, he was always odd," Draco smirked, setting a plate in front of Harry.

"But you said you sent him somewhere," Harry said, pulling the plate close. "Thank you."

"I did?" Draco said, nervously picking at his sandwich.

Harry nodded, taking a bite out of his sandwich. "You did."

"Well, I used to send him on errands all the time," Draco said casually. "Father hated that elf," he added.

"That's why I gave him that sock," Harry said, smiling a bit, "but you liked him enough to send him on errands for you."

"He was weird," Draco said, "but more interesting than the others, and since Father didn't like him, he kind of gave him to me."

"He was your house-elf. Uhm ... sorry I freed your house-elf, I guess," Harry said sounding sheepish.

"It's okay," Draco said, quiet again. "It was fun to see how mad you made Father."

Harry bit his lip and nodded. "He got really mad, but things were different then, so I found it amusing."

"I'm glad the elf helped you," Draco said quietly.

Harry tilted his head. "You had something to do with that?"

Draco took a bite of his sandwich, chewing slowly.

"Well?" Harry picked at his sandwich, curious now.

Draco huffed. "Well, what?" he asked.

"When someone asks someone else a question, they are expected to answer it, Draco," he said, eating a piece he broke off.

"Someone?" Draco snorted.

"Draco, answer the question," Harry said, rolling his eyes.

"Maybe I don't know what you are talking about," Draco sneered.

"But you do, because no one else knew about Dobby helping me," Harry retorted.

"What are you on about, Potter?" Draco asked with a sigh, getting up from the table without finishing his sandwich.

"Draco, come on. It doesn't really matter now, does it? I'm just curious."

"I didn't even like you second year, remember?" Draco sighed.

"But you love me now ...."

Draco's back was turned to Harry, and the blond looked back over his shoulder. "Yes," he said quietly, "I do, and you love me."

"Yes, I love you." He smiled, pushing away his plate. "Thanks for the help, though ... at least, I think it was helpful."

"What do you think I did?" Draco asked quietly, holding on to the counter.

"I think you sent Dobby. Am I right?" he asked.

"Why would I do that? Back then?" Draco asked, watching Harry's face.

"I haven't figured out that part yet, but I will," he replied.

"Finish your sandwich," Draco said, leaning with his back to the counter.

"I'm full," Harry answered.

Draco walked over to the table and picked up Harry's plate.

"Draco." He reached out and caught Draco's wrist, getting up from the seat. "I know you've got your secrets and I've got mine. I don't want to push you into telling me anything, but know that I won't judge you or anything like that."

Draco was trembling. "Did he really help you?" he whispered.

Harry nodded, smiling again. "After getting me in a bit of trouble first, yeah, he did."

"So where is he now?" Draco asked, not pulling away from Harry but looking at the hand around his wrist. It reminded him of the time, just after Harry had been captured when he had first grabbed him.

"Hogwarts, I think," he answered.

"Could he, would you want him to come work for us here?" Draco asked.

"I wouldn't mind. As long as he doesn't punish himself every time he thinks he does something wrong."

"Good," Draco said, breathing having sped up as he waited to see what Harry would do with the hand he was holding. He flashed on that memory of Harry undressing him and kissing him.

Harry ran his thumb over Draco's skin for a moment, stepping closer. "Sometimes I think about the future," Harry said suddenly.

Draco licked his lips, feeling the heat of Harry's body as he stepped close. "The future?" he asked.

"Yeah, about how things are going to be. Is there anything that you've wanted?" Harry asked, moving his hands up and slipping them around Draco's neck.

"You," Draco whispered, trembling at Harry's touch.

"Besides me, Draco," he replied, hopping up on the table and pulling him close again.

Draco allowed himself to be pulled against his lover; he was hard already. He never understood how Harry could do this to him – had always been able to make him feel things that he wasn't sure he could handle.

Harry hummed, deciding to answer first. "I've always wanted a family."

"A family?" Draco asked, heart clenching painfully at the word.

Harry shrugged. "Yeah, what about you?"

"You mean ... a wife and children?" Draco asked, sounding small as he did so.

"Well, I guess it's different in our case." Harry blushed, wrapping his legs around Draco's legs and pulling him closer.

Draco licked his lips, gasping when Harry pulled him forward so his cock rubbed against his lover's. "Are you talking about us?" he asked, voice nearly cracking.

"We are together now," Harry whispered, running a hand down Draco's arm.

"Yes," Draco whispered, "we are, but you could have anyone."

"I don't want anyone else," Harry reminded him.

"You said you want a family, children?" Draco asked, voice quavering as he did. "I can't give you that."

"Well, I'd want to raise them with you," Harry said, hearing the change in his voice. "What's wrong?"

A tear fell before Draco could stop it, landing on Harry's upturned face. "I am a monster, Harry," he said quietly.

"You aren't," Harry insisted, reaching up and cupping his face. "You aren't. Please believe *me* if not anyone else."

"I could hurt them," Draco whispered fearfully.

"We'll figure out how to work around your claws, I'm sure. So don't worry about that, Draco," Harry answered, wiping away his lover's tears.

"Father didn't have claws and look what he did," Draco said. "What if I am like him?"

"You'll never be like him," Harry whispered, shaking his head quickly. "Never, Draco."

"How can you know?" Draco asked, tears still falling.

"You wouldn't love me like you do if you were anything like him."

"I never wanted you dead, not really," Draco said in a small voice, forehead resting against Harry's.

"That's the difference between you and him, you have a heart," he said quietly, combing his fingers through the hair at the nape of Draco's neck.

"When Father started talking about his plans that summer," Draco continued, "I was confused. I was mad at you, but I didn't want you to be killed."

"This is why I want to give you everything I can," Harry murmured.

"Potter, you aren't listening," Draco whined. "I am answering the bloody question."

"Oh. So you sent Dobby to warn me," Harry stated, biting his lip.

"I didn't have anyone else to talk to," Draco explained, "so I had been telling the elf about you all along."

"I would've never guessed it was you," Harry murmured, shaking his head. "Ever."

"Yes, you can be pretty clueless," Draco laughed.

"Oh, shush." Harry poked him, scowling a bit.

"Make me." Draco smirked.

"I would, but we both know where that'll lead."

"And the problem with that?" Draco smiled.

"We've already done it on the table," Harry answered.

"Oh, and you didn't like it? Or do you have somewhere else in mind?" Draco laughed.

"I loved it, and, no, I don't have anywhere else in mind. Do you?" Harry asked, laughing at what they were talking about.

"We could see if we could shock Mrs Black's portrait into silence?" Draco laughed again.

"I'd rather not have the competition, though!" Harry grinned.

"Competition?" Draco asked.

"All that screaming. You know she'll scream first," Harry explained.

"Ah, and you are a screamer, Harry," Draco teased, smirking.

Harry blushed, running a hand through his hair. "I can't help it."

Draco leant in, inhaling his lover's scent as he licked at his lips. "Oh, but I like it," he purred.

"But I'm so loud," Harry mumbled against his lips.

"Oh, yes, you are," Draco purred again, rubbing his lips against Harry's.

"And you like it." Harry pushed his lips against Draco's gently, his hands moving to grip his lover's shoulders. "I like when you growl."

Draco's chuckle turned into a growl and he wasn't sure if it was Harry's words or his touch that did it. He reached for Harry's arse and pulled him tight against himself, lifting him off the table so that Harry had to hold on with his legs.

Harry's legs tightened, his arms slipping around Draco's neck again. "Where are we going?"

"To our room," Draco said, "unless you want that competition after all."

"I'll pass," Harry said, rolling his eyes.

Draco chuckled and carried his lover up the stairs, every step rubbing them together in such a way that he was nearly ready to use the stairs before they made it.

"Bed," Harry said, legs beginning to slip before they made it into the room.

Draco laughed, face pressed against the side of Harry's. "But I thought you preferred the floor," he teased.

"No, I thought you preferred the floor," Harry accused, pulling himself up each time he slipped down.

Draco groaned but shook his head. He could almost swear Harry was doing that on purpose. When they got to the room, he set Harry on the bed. "Didn't you say you wanted to undress me?" he

prompted.

"I did?" Harry asked, reaching out and unbuttoning his shirt. "I'd love to, anyway."

"Unless you want to repair it again, I can't undo the buttons," Draco said and sighed, watching Harry as he worked on his clothes.

"It'll take time," Harry said, pushing away the shirt.

Draco snorted but didn't say anything, focusing instead on the feel of Harry's hands sliding the shirt over his shoulders and down his arms. He moaned softly.

Harry smiled, running his hands down and over Draco's chest as well. "You're just as sensitive as I am," he murmured, beginning to undo his lover's trousers.

"Yes," Draco trembled, his nipples hardening as Harry's hand touched his chest.

Harry slowly pushed down Draco's trousers, purposely touching his skin as he did so. "Wish I could see your reaction all the time."

Draco panted, those light touches sending shivers up his spine.

"Step out of them," Harry said, dropping the trousers to the floor and scooting back a bit on the bed.

Draco stepped out of his clothes. "Take yours off before I ruin them," Draco growled.

"Fine," Harry replied, undressing as quickly as he could. "Even though I like it when you do."

Draco smirked. "Have to save some of them," he said, voice low. He crawled forward onto the bed, pinning Harry under him just as the other man tossed his clothes on the floor.

"I guess," Harry whispered, shifting under Draco as he got more comfortable. "What're you thinking about, Draco?"

"You," he growled.

"What're you thinking about doing to me?"

Draco was crouched over Harry's body and he lowered himself now, so that they touched from thigh to chest, cocks sliding against each other.

Harry bit his lip and thrust up, moaning softly. "That's it ...."

"Mmm," Draco hummed, his breath on Harry's face as he watched him. He rotated his hips a bit to slide their cocks against each other.

Harry turned his head, looking for Draco's lips. He opened his

legs wider and moved with him, making small noises.

Draco teased Harry, barely brushing his lips against his lover's and then evading Harry's attempts to kiss back.

"Draco," Harry muttered after a moment, still leaning up to kiss him properly.

"Harry," Draco responded, giving those pursed lips a lick with a deep chuckle.

"Come on," Harry pouted.

"What do you want, Harry?" Draco purred.

"A kiss, but you're too busy teasing me," the raven-haired man answered breathlessly.

Draco rewarded him by bringing his lips against Harry's, his tongue sliding between them.

"Mmm ...." Harry opened his mouth wider, his tongue moving to rub against his lover's.

Draco turned his head and his eyelid fluttered shut as he ran his tongue against Harry's, tasting him deeply.

Harry moaned quietly, nipping at Draco's tongue as he reached out, cupping the blond's damaged face.

Draco explored Harry's mouth even as his hips began to rock, pressing their cocks between them.

"Harder," Harry groaned into the kiss, wanting more.

Draco ground his hips against Harry's, growling into the other man's mouth as he did.

Harry angled his hips up and wrapped his legs around Draco's waist tightly. "God!"

Draco began nipping gently at Harry's chin and then down his neck, still pressing his cock hard against Harry's as he did.

"Draco," Harry whimpered, his heels digging into Draco's lower back. "Close ...."

"Yes," Draco answered and bit Harry's neck, canine teeth sinking into soft flesh and the taste of blood sending him over the edge. He came, thrusting against Harry and growling against his neck.

Harry's gasp turned into a loud groan, his body shuddering underneath Draco as he came.

Draco shuddered too, the heat and smell of Harry's come making his own orgasm seem to spiral out for a long time. Finally, his body began to relax and he released the flesh between his teeth, licking the

wound.

Harry made a soft noise, trying to slow down his breathing.

Draco lay his head against Harry's shoulder, face still pressed against his neck. His claws had dug into and ripped the sheets on either side of Harry's head.

"That was nice," Harry mumbled quietly, feeling warm, sticky and content.

Draco laughed weakly. "Nice," he echoed only somewhat sarcastically. He forced himself up to his hands and knees and then lay down beside Harry before pulling him close again.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO –

## *Hero's Reward*

The Ministry Atrium was set up with a stage and decorated with bright banners. Harry was sitting on stage waiting to be called to the podium to receive his Order of Merlin. Minister Scrimgeour, of course, was using the event to give a speech about unity and putting the past behind them. Draco snorted from his place at the back of the crowd. A few people frowned at him.

Harry kept his head down, his fingers gripping the material of his trousers nervously. He knew there were a lot of people in the place, and it was harder to go through all this without his sight. He hardly even listened to what the Minister was saying.

"And now I give you the young man who has saved our world and made this all possible, Harry Potter!" the Minister's voice boomed out. Harry had been rehearsed in how to get up, accept the award and shake the Minister's hand.

Harry took a deep breath and got up, managing to not stumble as he walked over to the Minister, a small forced smile on his face.

The Minister placed the ribbon with the medal around Harry's neck and then shook his hand. "Face outward and smile for the camera," he whispered to Harry as he did.

Harry sighed as he turned, obediently smiling for the camera. He wished Draco was on the stage with him.

There was some shouting from the crowd for Harry to speak.

"Well, I don't know what to say," Harry said, startled, face flushing in embarrassment like usual.

There was some confusion and then someone suggested that Harry use the Sonorus Spell and talk to the crowd.

Harry pulled out his wand and cast the spell, the wand pressed against his throat. "I said, I don't know what to say," he repeated, his louder voice echoing through the Atrium. "I'm just glad everyone's safe now."

There was cheering from the audience and a few people yelled, "Thank you!"

"You're welcome, I guess ... uhm ...." Harry ran his hand through his hair nervously. "I should say thank you to everyone who helped, as well."

Harry knew that in addition to Draco, Hermione, Ron and most of their friends were in the audience as well.

"Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger, Nymphadora Tonks, but just call her Tonks or she'll kill me," Harry said, smiling naturally.

The audience laughed.

"Remus Lupin, all the Order of the Phoenix, you all know who you are," he continued, pointing out at the crowd. "And finally, Draco Malfoy. I'd like it if everyone stood up and gave him a round of applause with me, please." He grinned and began to clap for him.

At first, only a few people clapped and he thought he could tell it was only his friends. Then more did. It was never as large as the applause for Harry, but it did seem to be at least half the people.

Harry smiled, looking down. He pressed the wand against his throat again. "He deserves it. And, I guess that's all I have to say."

There was more applause and a lot of folks coming up to shake Harry's hand. It seemed to take forever before Hermione and Ron found him and pulled him away from the well-wishers.

"Thanks," Harry said, smiling thankfully. "Where's Draco?"

"He didn't want to stand up at the front with us," Hermione said. "I don't see him now."

"I don't see him either," Ron said, looking around.

"Where did he sit?" Harry asked, pulling out his wand again.

"He was standing in the back when I last saw him," Ron said.

Harry whispered the Vision Spell and pointed it out in front of him, scanning the crowd quickly. Some people gave him strange looks and backed away, but he wasn't paying attention. He was sure he could spot Draco with the spell, yet after a few minutes, he still hadn't seen him. "I can't find him."

"The crowd has thinned out a lot, and I still don't see him," Hermione said. "Would he have gone back to the house?"

"Not without me." Harry bit his lip nervously as he began to walk around, looking everywhere. "Draco!" he called out, beginning to get scared.

More people turned to stare. "Stay here, mate," Ron said. "I'll go look for him."

Harry nodded, trying to calm down. "He just went home," he whispered to himself.

"So, you and I can go back to the house," Hermione said, "and Ron can look for him here."

"I hope he's home," Harry muttered, glancing at her.

Ron came back. "I haven't found him yet."

"Well, keep looking," Hermione said to Ron. "Harry and I will Floo back and check the house."

"I'm getting nervous," Harry said, still biting his lip. "Let's just go now." He started to walk away, ignoring everyone that was looking at him.

Hermione took Harry's arm and guided him to the Floo, going in ahead of him to help steady him on the other side.

Harry had his wand out in front of him the moment they got back. He ran through the kitchen and upstairs, calling Draco's name as he did.

Remus and Tonks came out of the older man's room. "Harry?" Remus asked, hastily tying his dressing gown. "What's wrong?"

"Draco's missing!" Harry ran into their room, his heart clenching when he saw the empty bed.

Remus caught up to him. "I don't think he has come back here," he said.

"That's what I was afraid of," Harry said quietly, leaning against the wall before he slid down it. He pulled his knees up to his chest. "I don't know where he could've gone."

Tonks had joined them and Hermione was on the stairs, nearby.

"I don't think he would just wander off," Hermione said. "He doesn't even like leaving the house."

"I shouldn't have made him go. I practically made this happen," Harry muttered, shaking his head as everything clicked in his mind.

"He didn't want to go?" Remus asked.

"Not at first ...."

"He's not exactly popular these days," Tonks added. "What with the family history and his other family members still on the loose."

"I think I know what happened," Harry said suddenly, looking up.

"What?" the others asked in unison.

"His father ..." Harry whispered, his face going pale at the thought. "Lucius; he must've kidnapped him."

There was a moment's silence. Remus took a deep breath. "We should alert the Ministry and see if he can be located," he said.

"I'll head to the Auror's office straight away," Tonks said, going back to Remus's bedroom to get dressed.

"They'll take forever to do something about it," Harry said, heading back into his room. He began to pull out his clothes, thinking fast.

"What can we do?" Hermione asked. "We don't even know where they are."

"We'll find him, that's what we'll do," Harry said, pulling off the dress clothes he had been wearing. "Where did you all find me?"

"Parkinson's mansion," Hermione said, blushing and turning her head when Harry began stripping in front of her.

Harry sat down on the bed and nodded, pulling his jeans on. "He's there."

"Why there? The Aurors sealed that place up," Hermione said.

"I'm sure Lucius Malfoy knows his way around those kinds of things," Harry replied. "Come on, please, I don't ...I didn't want this to happen. I promised."

"Hullo?" Ron came up the stairs. "I didn't find him."

"We're going to where you found me, Ron," Harry said, getting up. He pulled his hair back again and ended the spell, putting his wand in the holster he had strapped to his right leg. "I'll need your help."

"You always have it, Harry," Ron said.

"Should we stop and get others?" Hermione asked.

"Yes, but we won't wait for them. It'll take too long right now," Harry answered.

"Tonks is getting the Aurors," Hermione said. "Let's at least tell her and Remus where we are going."

Harry nodded. "Fine, but hurry."

Hermione ran down the next flight of stairs and knocked on Remus's door, telling him and Tonks what they were doing.

"I wish you would let the Aurors do this," Ron said, "but I know you well enough to know you won't wait."

Harry smiled a bit. "You know this is really important to me. Thanks, Ron."

Hermione returned. "They will get others and meet us there," she said.

"Okay. You two ready to go?" Harry asked, stretching a bit. "Want to borrow trousers, Hermione?" he added, remembering the dress she wore.

"Do we have time for that?" she huffed.

"Not really, but I wanted you to be comfortable." Harry left the room and headed downstairs, telling himself that he was going to find Draco.

"If the place is sealed," Hermione asked, following him, "how will we get in?"

"I don't know. You're supposed to think of these things, Hermione," Harry replied, scowling.

"We had a staging area outside the grounds," she said. "We could Apparate to there and then see if the place is still sealed."

"That's fine with me," Harry said, nodding in approval.

"Take my arm, Harry," she said. "I can take you Side-Along and Ron knows the place already."

Harry took her arm, staying close. He felt the Apparition and it was a long one. Finally, they were standing somewhere he could feel the summer breeze.

"Are we there?" Harry asked, breathing in deeply.

"We are just outside the grounds," Hermione said, and they heard the pop as Ron joined them.

"Let's go check if the place is sealed," Harry said, getting anxious.

Hermione cast several spells. "The Ministry seals are gone," she said.

"See, they have to be here. Let's go."

"What?" Ron said. "This has got to be a trap, Harry. You just want to charge in there?"

"How else are we going to get in there?" Harry snapped, pulling out his wand. "We're wasting time."

"We'll go with you, mate," Ron said, "but we would like to know if you have a plan."

"I'll go in first. That way if there's anyone there, they might think that I'm alone."

"Harry," Hermione said, "I ... I just can't see you hurt again."

"If it happens ... it happens. I promise I'll be okay, though."

Harry paused, thinking for a moment. "I'll be the distraction if I have to be."

"You can't go alone," Ron said. "You are blind, Harry. You can't find it or Apparate in. So I am going with you."

"I'll use the spell, Ron," Harry answered. "I don't want anything to happen to you, too."

"We are going with you, Harry," Hermione said firmly.

"You'll watch my back," Harry countered, shaking his head. "I'm going in first."

Hermione stood to Harry's right and Ron on his left, just behind him as they walked up the path to the front of the large house.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE –

## *Blood Ties*

Harry had his wand at the ready as they walked, the True Sight Spell already cast. "I don't even remember this place ...."

"You never saw it," Hermione whispered, shivering a bit despite the warm weather, "but this is where you were."

He stopped in front of the doors and turned, looking at them. "I wanted to say thanks again. You both have always been there for me. So ...." He walked over and gave Ron a hug, then Hermione, sighing.

Hermione bit her lip and looked like she would say something but then nodded. Ron smiled weakly. "Sure, mate."

Harry smiled back then looked at the door. "Ready?"

"Ready," his friends said, raising their wands.

Harry took a deep breath and let it out, rolling his shoulders. "*Alohomora*," he said finally, hearing the door lock click open.

The other two stood waiting behind him, tense and ready. There was no noise and nothing happened. Harry waited another moment before he reached out and pushed open the door, wand still in front of him. It was dark and Harry couldn't see much. He glanced at Hermione and Ron before he stepped inside. They stepped in with him, and the door slammed shut behind them with a loud echo in the large entry hall.

Hermione reached for the handle and tried to reopen it. "It's locked," she whispered.

"Just leave it alone," Harry replied quietly, looking around the room. "Where did you find me before?"

"In the dining hall," Ron answered, "to the right."

"Let's start there," Harry murmured, turning and quietly walking toward the dining room. He had never seen the place, but he remembered how it felt to be tied up in front of all the Death Eaters.

"*Expelliarmus*," was the first word Harry heard, and his wand was yanked from his hand as his world once again went dark.

Hermione started a spell but fell over silently as a Body-Bind Curse hit her from behind. Ron got a spell off before a Stunner took him down.

Harry gritted his teeth as he heard the spells, his hands clenching into fists. This was why he didn't want his friends to come inside with him. He knew it had to be a trap. Without the Sight Spell, Harry couldn't see a thing, so he listened for any movements.

He heard a cold laugh that he was very familiar with. "Welcome, Harry," Lucius said. "Do join us. We have been waiting for you."

Harry shook his head, a small shiver going down his spine. "Where's Draco?"

"Right here with his family, where he belongs," Lucius replied and Harry recognised the wild laughter of Bellatrix.

"He doesn't belong with you!" Harry exclaimed, trying his best to hide his own fear.

"He belongs to me," Lucius replied, "and he is paying the price for his disloyalty."

"He doesn't belong to anyone," Harry said, taking a step forward.

"You have no understanding of our ways, half-blood," Lucius sneered.

Someone shoved Harry forward into the room and he heard people moving on either side of him.

Harry stumbled, but caught himself just before he fell. "Your ways? What, hurting your only son for your own satisfaction? I didn't know that was the way of a pure-blood."

"Loyalty to family above all else," Lucius sneered. "Right, boy?" There was a muffled response.

"Draco!" Harry yelled, hearing the sound. "Let him go!"

There was a round of laughter at that. From it, Harry could tell that there were several people in the room besides Lucius and Bellatrix.

"Fucking bastards," Harry said, loudly enough for them all to hear. "I said let him go."

"Why would I do that, Potter?" Lucius asked. "None of you are leaving this building alive."

Harry felt his stomach lurch, but he took a deep breath, holding back the fear. "You're the only one dying."

"Is this what you like, my son? Do you think he is brave?" Lucius

sneered. "He is a fool."

"He's smarter than you could ever be," Harry replied.

Hands grabbed Harry's wrists from each side.

Harry immediately began to struggle, trying to pull his arms away.

"What, can't handle the truth?"

"I don't care what you think, Potter," Lucius snapped. "I only want you to see the results of what you have done."

Harry was dragged forward and forced into a chair. He was still struggling as he was forced to sit down. He had no idea what Lucius was talking about. Harry felt ropes slither over his legs and arms, holding him down. "Fuck," he murmured, the magical restraints limiting his movement.

"Don't worry, Potter, we'll get to that," one of the other men sneered lecherously.

Harry swallowed, trying to control his breathing as his heartbeat sped up. He wanted to ignore what he heard, but the words kept replaying in his mind.

"Would you like to *see* Draco, Potter?" Lucius laughed.

Harry bit his lip and shook his head. "I want you to let him go."

"You don't want your sight back?" Lucius asked.

"I don't care about my sight," Harry said.

"Even if I told you it was I who took it?" Lucius asked.

Harry felt his anger build up again. Lucius was taunting him. "I said I don't care." Harry heard movement and then whimpering. Harry bit his lip again, knowing that the whimpers belonged to Draco. "Let him go," he whispered.

"Bella, my dear," Lucius said, "which of the other two do you want?"

"The red one," she said with a laugh.

Harry gasped, beginning to struggle again. "Don't touch them!"

"Who gets the girl?" a male voice asked.

"You can have her first, Macnair," Lucius said, like he was offering a piece of cake instead of a person.

"No, please," Harry said, feeling tears well up in his eyes. He shook them away. "Don't hurt them ... please don't."

"Do you have anything to offer instead, Potter?" Lucius asked.

"Myself," he answered quietly.

"Really?" Lucius asked. "And what can you give us that we can't

just take?"

"Anything ... just don't hurt them, please," he said, letting his head hang.

"You give up too easily," Lucius said, stroking his face.

Harry cringed away, but didn't answer. When his friends were involved, he couldn't help it.

"Not going to bargain for them?" Lucius asked.

"Whatever you want from them, take it from me," Harry said, knowing exactly what he was doing. "Just don't hurt them."

"You will do anything we say?" Lucius asked.

Harry bit his lip, but nodded after a moment. "Fine."

"Say it, Potter," Lucius commanded.

"I'll ... I'll do anything you say," he answered.

Harry heard muffled growling and Lucius laughed.

Harry bit his lip harder when he heard the growls, his heart clenching at the thought of Draco.

"I should have done something about this foolish obsession of my son's a long time ago," Lucius said.

Harry felt a hand in his hair and his head jerked back. He made a soft noise in his throat, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed a few times. Lips came down on his, a tongue thrusting into his mouth. Harry made another noise, trying to pull his head back away from the kiss. It felt so unnatural to do anything with someone who wasn't Draco. The kiss continued, forceful and thorough, the hand pulling his hair to control his head. Harry stayed still after a while, wanting the kiss to be over with as soon as possible. There was a deep laugh as the man drew back, biting Harry's lip as he did.

Harry had his eyes squeezed shut, making sure the tears didn't fall. Feeling a sudden wave of defiance, he spit the taste of the man out of his mouth, hoping he hit someone. The man released his hair and backhanded Harry, making his head spin. Harry let out a grunt of pain, his body jerking in the chair as well. Even his lip trembled as he fought not to cry, his head slowly falling forward again.

"You aren't being very cooperative," Harry heard Lucius say from somewhere to his right. "You would prefer we play with your friends?"

"No, I'm sorry," Harry mumbled, breathing in deeply.

"Such a nice short skirt the Mudblood is wearing," Lucius said.

"Shame she can't say anything in the Body-Bind, but she can feel it, can't she?"

Harry shuddered. "I'll be cooperative. I swear. Just don't touch them."

"Tie them to those chairs," Lucius told the others. "If Potter cooperates, they remain guests at the party. Otherwise, they are the entertainment."

Harry sighed softly, knowing now that he'd definitely have to do as they said. He wouldn't know what to do if Hermione and Ron were hurt because of him. He'd hate himself even more.

Draco was growling again and Harry heard movement. "My son doesn't like the arrangement," Lucius sneered.

Harry looked up, shaking his head. "I'll be fine," he mouthed, hoping that Draco was somewhere in front of him so he could see.

"Remember, Potter, it only takes a moment to kill one of them," Lucius said. "Do what we say and they may yet live."

The ropes binding Harry slid away. "I know," he whispered, rubbing his wrists.

"If I can't have the girl," Macnair said, "then I want Potter first."

"I suppose that is fair," Lucius said. But he was interrupted by Bellatrix. "That's hardly fair given that I won't be allowed the red-haired one," she complained.

Harry stayed silent as they argued over him, not even daring to put in his own opinion.

"Bella, dear," Lucius drawled, "you two will just have to share."

Harry shuddered again, his hand moving to rub at his eyes. Only then did he let a few tears escape, making sure that they were rubbed away fast.

He felt a hand on his chin, nails digging into his skin. "Oh, but I think the tears are pretty," she told him.

Harry went still again, his hand falling away. He'd never been this close to Bellatrix before.

"Such pretty eyes that can't see," she crooned. "What good are they then?"

Harry could feel her breath on his face and he blinked away the fresh tears, his hands moving to grip the arms off the chair tightly.

Behind him, Harry heard Macnair laugh. "If it's tears you want, Bella," he said, "I am certain I can make sure he gives you buckets

full."

Harry's nails dug into the chair as he forced himself not to say anything.

"Stand up, Potter," Macnair ordered, pulling his hair.

Harry stood, wishing Macnair would let go of his hair. He kept his hands at his sides though. Bella let go of his face. Before he could react, Harry felt rough hands pulling and ripping at his clothes, stripping him bare. Then Macnair pulled Harry forward. Harry felt the edge of a table against his thighs. "Bend over and hold the other edge," he was told.

Nearby, he heard the sound of Draco growling and struggling.

Harry did as he was told, turning his head and pressing his cheek against the cold table. He began to think of how he'd get out of here with Draco and his friends.

Lucius laughed. "Don't worry, son, you won't be left out," he sneered.

"No," Harry whispered quietly, his voice barely audible to himself.

The others laughed again, and Harry heard and felt banging on the table. Harry ignored them as he gripped the table, trying to concentrate on getting out safely. Rough hands grabbed Harry's arse. At the same time, he felt soft fingers and sharp nails on his face. Harry went back to biting at his lip as the torture started, trying to close himself up in his mind.

Draco's growls were louder now and he could hear muffled cries from him. Harry wished he could somehow soothe him, but there wasn't much he could do.

"Can you hear that, Potter? Do you know what Lucius is doing to your dog?" Macnair asked.

Harry shook his head, not wanting to hear what he was doing. Then he felt Macnair's cock pressed against him and Bella's hand holding his chin, no doubt watching his face. Harry's face paled at the touch, his eyes widening a bit as tears welled up in them again.

"Pretty," Bella said and Macnair laughed as he pushed hard into Harry's body, without lube.

Harry screamed, his body shaking and quivering underneath the man. The tears that he had tried so hard to keep back flowed out of his eyes now. He heard Hermione sobbing somewhere to his left and

someone else cursed.

Macnair didn't pause but began thrusting hard and fast into Harry's body. Harry tried to press his face against the table again, wanting to feel the cold. He was sobbing, the tears falling down his cheeks and over Bellatrix's fingers.

Draco was howling now, whatever they had used to gag him with was either gone or not doing much to keep the sound down. Bellatrix laughed and Harry felt her press her lips to his. He tried not to cringe away from the kiss, not wanting to make it seem like he wasn't cooperating. Draco's howls reminded Harry that he was there to save him. All he needed to do was figure out how.

Ron had begun a litany of profanity; it would probably surprise most of his family that he even knew those words. This seemed to amuse the others in the room.

Lucius laughed loudly, too. "My son seems much less cooperative now, doesn't he?" he asked the room. "*Crucio*," he said loudly and the howls reached a new decibel level.

Macnair was still shoving hard into Harry's body, fingers digging into his hips and the table edge cutting into his thighs. Bellatrix's claw-like nails dug into Harry's hair and scalp, holding him so she could see his face. Bellatrix laughed and he felt the press of her lips on his again.

"Stop," Harry groaned, turning his head away from the kiss finally. He let go of the table for a moment and mumbled the True Sight Spell, hoping it would work without his wand. It did, but he couldn't see much without holding his hand up. "I s-said stop," he said, trying to look around.

Behind Harry, Macnair was grunting and pounding into his body. With Draco's screams, the only one close enough to hear Harry was Bellatrix, whose mad eyes looked at him with a wicked gleam. "Poor baby doesn't like it?" she cooed.

Harry gritted his teeth, feeling himself sag against the table. Draco's screams echoed through his head, and it was steadily becoming all too much for him. "Fuck you," he gasped.

Bellatrix laughed. "I just might," she teased. Behind Harry, Macnair was coming, shoving in deep and groaning loudly. Harry let out a silent sob, his eyes squeezing shut again as he felt the burn intensify for the moment.

Blood and come trailed down Harry's legs as Macnair pulled out and slapped Harry's arse, laughing. "Still so tight," he said.

The room rang strangely quiet as Draco's howls stopped suddenly. There was sobbing from at least two people in the room, and someone else was panting. The continued sound of flesh hitting flesh was loud and the table shook in time with it.

Harry felt like collapsing on the floor, but he forced himself not to as he pressed his body against the table still. He couldn't hear Draco's screams, but he was sure he was still being hurt. Harry gripped the table edge tighter.

"Climb onto the table, Potter," Macnair said.

Harry grunted as he pulled himself up onto the table, his lower body pulsing with pain.

"Lie on your back," the man ordered.

It hurt to move more, but Harry turned, slipping onto his back. He raised his hand a bit and stared up at the ceiling, not wanting to look at anyone else yet. He could feel the table shaking as if someone else was on it too.

"*Ennervate*," Lucius cast somewhere down the table in the direction of Harry's head, and there was a loud gasp and moan from Draco.

"Draco," Harry whispered, shifting as close as he could to the sound.

The response was so hoarse that Harry could barely make it out. "Harry," Draco rasped.

It felt like something broke in Harry's chest. "I'll get us out, promise," he said quietly, fresh tears slipping out of his eyes and into his hair.

"How sweet," Lucius said, his voice making it clear that he found it disgusting. "You destroy my son and then promise to take him away again. I guess being blind you are not aware of the hideous monster you created."

"He's not a monster," Harry said, shaking his head. "You're the monster."

There was laughter around the room at Harry's declaration. "My son was beautiful," Lucius continued, "but this animal would be best put out of its misery."

"You did this to him," Harry growled, moving to sit up.

A hand closed on Harry's throat, long nails digging into his skin, and pushed him back down. "You killed our Lord and you will pay!" Bellatrix snapped.

Harry gasped, his hand closing around her wrist as he fought to breathe. "No, you will," he managed to say.

"Little Potter wants to play rough." She laughed, and he felt the fingers of her other hand rake down his chest, stinging and sharp.

Harry gritted his teeth again, the nails leaving shallow cuts, but nothing like he hadn't experienced before.

Lucius's voice sounded much closer to Harry now. "Bella, dear," he drawled, "haven't you had enough blood play for one day?"

She laughed at that. "But this one is unmarked and you wouldn't let me have the red one," she complained. She put less pressure on Harry's windpipe, but dug her nails into his throat too.

Harry tried to pull away from the nails, feeling as though she was trying to rip a chunk out of his neck. "Stop ...."

"Potter, giving orders again," Lucius sneered. "You made a bargain, and, so far, your little friends have remained unmolested, but that can change."

Harry made a soft noise, but didn't reply, not sure if he could if he wanted to.

"Bella, before you damage him too much, remember that your husband hasn't had his chance to play with him yet," Lucius spoke like he was talking to a naughty child.

As they spoke, Harry reached his hand out, feeling around for Draco. He knew his lover was close and he needed to reassure himself. Harry's hand encountered blood before it met flesh – hot, sticky blood. Then as he stretched further, he found a rope-bound wrist, claws pressed into the flesh of the palm. Harry bit his lip, placing his hand over Draco's. Running one of his fingers down a claw, he sighed, almost forgetting about the nails slowly digging into his neck.

"What would you do if we let you go to him, Potter?" Lucius asked.

"Talk to him," Harry said quietly, lying. He wanted to do much more than that.

"Bella, let him go," Lucius said, and Harry felt her hands withdraw from his neck and chest. "Take a few minutes to indulge

yourself, Potter," Lucius drawled, clearly amused.

## *Double Bind*

Harry moved, getting onto his hands and knees as he crawled over to where Draco lay. When he slipped in the blood, he stopped and raised his hand so he could see, the spell still active. Draco was tied face down at the end of the narrow table. He was bent over it with his legs tied to the legs of the table and his hands to its sides. "Draco," Harry moaned, crawling the rest of the way. He could hardly see Draco's face through all the blood. "This is all my fault," he whispered, gently running his hand over his cheek.

Draco opened his one eye and looked up at Harry. "Shouldn't have come," he rasped.

"I shouldn't have made you go to the ceremony with me," he replied softly, lying down in front of him. It was strange to talk like this in front of all the Death Eaters, but when he was with Draco, he felt like he was in another world. "I'm sorry."

"Not your fault," Draco croaked. "Let my guard down. Get out of here."

"I'm not leaving without you," Harry promised, moving to kiss his lover's cheek.

Bellatrix laughed again. "He really isn't very bright, is he, nephew?"

Harry ignored her. "Just ... have some hope with me, Draco," he whispered quietly, leaning over more so that he was talking directly into his ear. "Like last time."

Draco sighed, but didn't respond.

"So the blind beauty loves the beast, does he?" Lucius drawled.

"I love you," Harry whispered into Draco's ear, completely blocking out everyone else. "I do."

A man's voice spoke up. "So, it's my turn with him, Lucius."

"I have been enjoying the show, Rodolphus," Lucius complained, "but I suppose that's true."

"No," growled Draco, "leave him alone. Use me."

Rodolphus laughed. "You are nearly used up, dog."

"No, Draco, I'm fine," Harry said, looking at him. "I don't want them to hurt you anymore."

"Mine!" Draco growled.

"Yours, always yours," Harry whispered, trying to soothe him.

"No one else," Draco sobbed, a tear slipping from his eye.

Bellatrix laughed again. "He made the beast cry! Even you couldn't do that, Lucius."

"I know," Harry said quietly, laying his head next to Draco's. "I know ... it'll be fine, Draco."

"No, don't let them," Draco begged.

"I don't have a choice," Harry replied quietly.

"Fight them, get away!" Draco pleaded.

"Not without you," Harry said firmly.

"Fucking Gryffindor," Draco snapped.

"Fucking Slytherin," Harry countered, leaning in close to quickly press his lips against Draco's.

A hand closed on Harry's hair again, dragging him back and off the table until he fell to the floor, held by his hair. Harry cried out in surprise, his legs kicking out as he began to struggle.

"Struggle all you want," Rodolphus sneered. "I like it rough." He dragged Harry up backward by his hair so that he was now lying on his back.

Harry reached up to try and make the man let go, feeling like his hair was being ripped out. The man dropped Harry's head, and it hit the floor. Harry heard the crack against the floor before he felt the pain, a small moan coming from him.

Draco was growling again, struggling and banging his head against the table. Hermione started yelling, "Stop!"

Rodolphus straddled Harry's body and pinned his hands down. "Macnair," he said, "give me a hand here."

"No," Harry whimpered slowly, the pain in his head making it seem like things were going in slow motion around him.

Another pair of hands grabbed Harry's wrists and pulled them over his head, holding them tight against the hard floor. Bellatrix was laughing again. Her husband pushed a knee between Harry's legs forcing them apart. Harry couldn't struggle as much as he wanted to

in this position. "It hurts," he mumbled quietly, knowing it wouldn't help.

"Good," the man between his legs said, and Harry could feel Rodolphus fumbling with his trousers.

Draco was struggling so hard the table creaked. He was muttering obscenities and promising to disembowel the other men.

Harry turned his head to the side, hearing Draco's voice as his thoughts drifted away.

Rodolphus pushed himself into Harry, the pain worse than before.

Harry shuddered, squeezing his eyes shut again. He bit his lip hard, trying to close his legs somehow.

Fingers closed around Harry's cock. "He needs some encouragement," Bellatrix cooed.

Harry's eyes widened. "No!" he yelled, bucking his hips. Harry could feel her fingers pumping his flesh. "No, stop," he cried out, shaking his head violently.

"Aww, that's better," Bellatrix crooned. Rodolphus kept thrusting, laughing now as well.

Harry was sobbing, hating his body for reacting to her touches. Only Draco was supposed to make him feel like that. He felt her bend over him, and her mouth closed around the head of his cock.

"Please, stop," Harry sobbed loudly, his hips thrusting up suddenly.

Rodolphus laughed again. "Your boyfriend is enjoying himself, Draco," Macnair yelled over his sobs.

"No! No ...." Harry tried to pull his arms away from Macnair, so that he could push away Bellatrix.

Macnair held his hands and Rodolphus his hips, while Bellatrix sucked and bobbed her head on Harry's cock. Her husband was panting now as he thrust harder.

Harry rocked with the thrusts, feeling himself get closer with each one. It made him feel sick.

"So Potter is a slut after all," Lucius sneered, laughing. Draco started howling again, thrashing on the table.

Harry trembled, the words hitting too close to home. That is what he was now. Draco would never touch him again. The thought made him cry harder.

"Bella sucks cock very well," Lucius said, as if he was talking about something mundane, "and Potter certainly seems to appreciate the talent." Malfoy senior kept up the banter, especially seeming to enjoy the howls of his own son.

Ron had taken over Draco's litany of threats, and Hermione had fallen silent.

Rodolphus thrust hard and then was groaning as he came hard into Harry's body.

Harry came a moment later with a tortured cry, his body arching off the ground before he went still, his chest heaving.

Bellatrix pulled back, letting him shoot all over himself and laughing as he did. "What a mess you have made, little Potter!"

"Not that little, once motivated," her husband said, laughing.

Harry didn't say anything, but his face flushed in embarrassment. He weakly tried to pull out of Macnair's grip.

Rodolphus and Bellatrix stood, but Macnair still held Harry's wrists.

"So, Potter," Lucius said, "you accused me of raping you. Something only my son had done to you."

"He didn't," Harry whispered, voice hoarse.

"Ah," Lucius smirked, "because you enjoyed it?"

"Because it wasn't real," Harry corrected.

"His cock and seed in your arse was real enough," the man sneered, "as was your blood."

"It wasn't real," Harry repeated.

"Are you suggesting we imagined it?" Lucius asked.

"You ... you had your own view of it," Harry said, coughing a bit.

"Such denial from the slut," Lucius sneered and laughed. The others joined in. "So what shall we do with him now?"

"Let us go," Harry mumbled, feeling out of it.

"I will make you an offer, Potter," Lucius said. "I will let you go if ...."

"NO!" screamed Bellatrix. "He must die! They all must die!"

Harry heard a smack and a sob. "Never interrupt me, Bella," Lucius snapped.

"Twisted family," Harry muttered to himself, falling in and out of consciousness.

"Where was I?" Lucius said. "Oh, yes, the offer. I will allow you

and the other two to leave this place, if you do me a favour."

"What?" Harry asked.

"Kill my traitorous son," Lucius said.

"No, never," Harry said.

"Then I will disembowel him and strangle him with his own intestines. After I have killed your two friends," Lucius said.

"No, just let us all go, please," Harry begged, biting his lip.

"*Crucio*," Lucius said, and Hermione began screaming.

"Stop!" Harry screamed, beginning to struggle again. "We had a bargain!"

"*Finite*," Lucius said. "And that bargain was kept. She is unmolested – for now – but we must be going soon. The Ministry is truly inept, but they will find a way through the wards eventually. We have a Portkey to take us from here. My son dies. He has betrayed his family. That is not negotiable."

"He isn't dying!" Harry yelled, his anger escalating.

"You are hardly in a place to make such decisions, Potter," Lucius said. "You have to the count of ten and then I kill the Mudblood. One ... two ...."

Harry shook his head, thinking. This was his only chance to get out alive.

"Three ... four ... five ...."

"All right, I'll do it!" Harry snapped.

"Very good," Lucius purred, "wise decision."

Harry heard a gasp from Hermione.

"Yes," Draco's hoarse voice agreed.

"Are you going to make me do it from the floor?" Harry asked sarcastically, fighting off the sinking feeling in his stomach.

Macnair released Harry's wrists.

Harry got up on his knees first, feeling the blood and come run down his legs. It made him shiver, but he guessed he deserved it now.

"No stalling, Potter," Macnair sneered.

Harry got up to his feet slowly. "What am I supposed to kill him with?"

"Give him that knife," Lucius ordered. "Cut his throat, Potter."

Harry held his hand out for the knife, trying to keep his hand from shaking. Before he was given it, Harry thought of the Vision Spell, non-verbally casting it. He pretended he couldn't see, but now

he had a visual of where everyone was.

"Do it," Draco growled, his one eye looking at Harry.

Harry looked at him for a long moment, showing him that he could see him perfectly fine. He glanced away a second later, not wanting anyone else to know. "I don't want to kill him while he's still tied to the table."

"That's not part of the agreement," Lucius said. "He is an animal; he has to be tied up."

Harry ran his finger over the edge of the knife, the blood welling up quickly. "Untie him, Malfoy."

"Get on with it," Lucius snapped.

Harry could see that Hermione and Ron were tied to chairs just on the other side of the table from where Draco lay. Harry sucked on his finger as he looked to where Hermione and Ron were. He began to walk over, silently and unnoticeably using wandless magic to release them from the ropes that tied them to the chairs. A quick glance at both of them told them not to move yet. He stopped in front of Draco.

Draco turned his head to watch Harry and lifted his chin, offering his neck to him. Harry moved back behind him and bent down, pressing himself against Draco's back. Harry slipped his hand under his lover's chin and made him tilt his head back more, then Harry gently pressed the knife against Draco's throat as he began to quietly whisper into his ear. "I'm going to untie you."

"Gonna fuck him or kill him?" Macnair sneered, eliciting laughter from the rest.

"Oh, both would be fun," Bellatrix quipped.

"I've got Macnair and Bellatrix," Harry continued to whisper, running the dull edge of the knife up and down the skin as he silently released the bindings on Draco's legs. "Can you handle Lucius and Rodolphus?" he asked, making a show of licking the shell of Draco's ear.

Draco gasped. "Yess," he hissed between his teeth.

"Good." Harry turned the knife again, pressing the sharp edge against Draco's throat. Harry's other hand ran over his lover's arms, quietly undoing the ropes there. He distracted everyone by gently moving the knife over the skin, making a small shallow cut. "Count to five, then throw me off ...."

Draco counted in his head and then bucked upward, hoping to startle the others so they didn't fire immediately.

Hermione and Ron moved too, Summoning their wands at the same time.

Harry got up quickly and went after Macnair first, stabbing him in the chest without a second thought. As he felt the man's body fall under him, Harry grinned.

Draco jumped onto the table and then leapt at Rodolphus, taking the man to the ground under him. Curses were flying around the room as Hermione and Ron battled Lucius and Bellatrix. Draco sunk his claws and teeth into Rodolphus, ripping into his throat, blood gushing into his mouth.

Harry pulled the knife out of Macnair, making a face at the blood that followed. He snuck up behind Bellatrix just as she fired a spell, pulling her hair back and exposing her neck. "This is for Sirius, too," he whispered, pressing the knife against her throat.

"No!" she yelled, grabbing Harry's wrist and trying to stop him.

Draco had ripped the throat from his uncle and dropped his body to the floor. He now turned his attention to Lucius who was diving for one of the doors. Draco was singed by a near miss from Hermione as he ran down his father, knocking the man face down to the ground. Lucius kept his grip on his wand even as the breath was knocked out of him.

Harry laughed, pulling the knife over Bellatrix's throat evenly. "Did you stop when I said no?" he said, dropping her to the floor. It felt strange to kill someone like this, but Harry felt he didn't have any other choice.

Draco landed on his father's back, grabbing the wrist of the man's wand hand and slamming it into the floor. He felt it snap and Lucius screamed in pain.

Harry turned and watched what was happening, slowly walking over just in case Draco needed helped.

Draco flipped his father over, looking down into his eyes.

"Draco," Lucius ordered, "release me."

Harry stopped, just watching. He hoped Draco wouldn't let his father take over him again.

"I was yours," Draco growled. "You could hurt me, but you shouldn't have hurt Harry or let them touch him. He is mine."

Lucius was trembling. "I am still your father," he sneered. "Release me."

Draco ripped his claws downward, slicing open his father's robes and grazing the skin underneath.

Hermione and Ron came up behind Harry. "Harry," Hermione asked, "shouldn't we do something?"

"No," Harry whispered, feeling himself smile a bit. "He needs to do this." He held out the knife for Hermione to take before he could fall over, his magic drained along with feeling physically and emotionally exhausted.

"No," Ron had said with Harry and smiled, catching Harry around the waist and holding him up. "Lean on me," he said. "Can you still see?"

"No," Harry murmured, leaning on Ron. "I think I'm going to pass out," he added.

Lucius's eyes widened. "Draco, no." He sounded frightened now. "What are you doing?"

Draco held his father pinned with his left claws around both wrists and straddling the man's body. He used his right hand to peel back the layers of fabric, exposing Lucius's chest and stomach.

Hermione and Ron helped Harry to a chair and she cast *Ennervate* on him.

Draco drew his claws down the centre of his father's body, blood welling in their wake. Lucius cried out and began to beg. "Draco, my son, please stop," he pleaded.

"A Malfoy doesn't beg," Draco sneered. "That's what you told me. Or cry. Even when they kill his mother." Draco sliced across that pale stomach, opening him.

"Not a chair," Harry murmured, slipping off the chair and laying down on the floor. He could hear Lucius begging Draco to stop and he was glad things happened the way they did. "We win," he whispered, pressing his cheek against the cold floor.

Draco was so focused on his father, he didn't see what was going on behind him. He reached into the man's belly and drew out his intestines, showing them to his father. The man screamed in pain and horror. "For Mother," Draco said.

"Bloody hell!" Ron yelled, not sure which was more upsetting, Harry passing out or Draco disemboweling his own father.

Hermione pulled Harry's head into her lap and refused to watch anymore.

Ron watched as Draco looped the intestines around Lucius's neck and strangled him. The wards fell when the man died and the room was suddenly filled with Aurors with their wands drawn.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE –

## *Moving On*

Slowly, Harry woke up with a small groan. He tried to blink away the weariness as he moved to sit up, but it didn't work very well.

"Wotcher, Harry," Tonks said, taking his hand.

"Hey, Tonks," Harry whispered, deciding that sitting up wasn't the best idea. He sank back down in the bed with a sigh.

"Just lay still or they'll put you under again, 'kay?" she smiled at him.

"Under what?" he asked quietly.

"Sleeping potions," she said, "so you'll heal faster."

"Ah, that explains the need to sleep so much," Harry mumbled, laying his head on the pillow. "How is everyone?"

Tonks made a face. "Hermione is out of hospital now. She was pretty upset," Tonks said. "Ron was fine, though he's been pretty worried."

"Where's Draco?"

"He's in another room," Tonks answered. "He's not being charged with anything, this time."

Harry smiled, feeling relieved. "I want to talk to him."

"S'not awake yet," she said. "He was pretty bad off. Something 'bout bleedin' inside, though they got that stopped."

"Can I still go to his room?" Harry asked, biting his lip.

Tonks shrugged. "I'm supposed to call the staff when you wake," she said, "but if you want me to help you there, I can get them after."

"Help me there," Harry said, beginning to slowly sit up again.

Tonks helped him sit up and then put her arm around his waist. "Put your arm over my shoulder," she said, helping him stand.

Harry did as he was told, swinging his legs off the bed and standing up. "Sore," he whispered, leaning against her.

"Yeah," she said, her face scrunching up in a frown. "Harry, I'm sorry we let you down."

"You didn't," he murmured, taking a few deep breaths. "I'm alive, right?"

"Don't take this wrong, Harry," she said as she carefully helped him walk from the room to the next, "but I never wanna have to see you torn up like this again. I still have nightmares 'bout last time."

"I'm sorry, Tonks, again, I don't remember what happened," he said, shuffling with her.

"You don't remember what happened this time?" she asked.

"Only up to a certain point, then it all gets fuzzy."

"Do you remember killing the Death Eaters?" she asked.

Harry nodded slowly. "I'll never forget doing something like that," he whispered.

"Ron says you passed out while Draco was ... fighting his father," she said.

"I was so tired ... and it all hurt," Harry mumbled, remembering that last bit. "I was happy that it was about to be over though."

"Well, Lucius is definitely dead," she said with a shudder. She led Harry into a room and over to the bed there.

Harry could feel the change in the air and knew he was in Draco's room. "Draco," he whispered, feeling along the sheets. "Is there any way I can get in?" he asked Tonks.

"Don't know, Harry." She sounded hesitant. "He almost died. His body was ... badly damaged."

"I know," Harry said softly, moving to get in the bed.

"He looks pretty bad," she said, but helped Harry anyway.

Harry snuggled as close as he could, pulling the sheet down and then over them together. He buried his face in Draco's neck and sighed, feeling his lover's pulse. "I missed you."

"What in the name of Merlin is going on here?" came a new voice in the room.

Harry ignored whoever spoke, wanting to enjoy his bit of time with Draco.

"Um, this is his ... um, this is Harry Potter," Tonks answered the Mediwitch.

Harry smiled, kissing his lover's neck softly. "Everything will be fine soon."

Draco's head turned, pressing his cheek against Harry's head.

"Mr Potter, this is a Critical Care ward and we are not set up for

this kind of thing," the Mediwitch said sharply.

"I won't hurt him," Harry said, grinning just from Draco's bit of movement.

Tonks gave a small laugh. "I think you are gonna find them harder to separate than is worth the effort," she told the woman.

"Though, I don't know if he'll ever want to touch me again," Harry whispered.

The Mediwitch huffed and left the room saying she was getting a supervisor.

Tonks pulled up a chair and sat down. "D'you need anything, Harry?" she asked.

"Water ... but other than that, I'm fine like this."

Tonks got up and poured water from a nearby pitcher into a cup and brought it to Harry. "Here ya go," she said, pressing it to his lips. "He does seem more relaxed now," she observed.

Harry took the cup and drank a few gulps, sighing as it helped with his dry throat. "I'm more relaxed, too."

"I'll be right outside if you want anything', 'kay?" Tonks said.

Harry nodded, setting the cup down before turning and snuggling close to Draco again. He dozed off for a while. He woke to the feel of claws combing through his messy hair. Harry sighed softly at the familiar feeling. "Are you kind of up?" he asked, yawning a bit.

"Mmm?" came the sleepy reply.

Harry grinned. "Draco ...." He moved up and kissed Draco's lips softly.

Draco sighed as Harry's lips touched his. He never thought he would feel this again. His arm around his lover tightened and he felt on the verge of crying.

"I'm glad you're up," Harry whispered against his lover's lips, comfortable in his embrace.

"Not up, but awake," Draco mumbled. "You ... are you ... healed?"

"Mostly, I think," he replied. "Still sore."

Draco snorted. "I feel like I was trampled by a Hippogriff."

"You looked like you were the last time I saw you," Harry said, shaking his head.

Draco nodded. "Thirsty," he whispered.

Harry turned, feeling around for the pitcher and the cup he knew

had to be there. He poured some water out for Draco and held the cup out.

Draco put his hand around Harry's and guided the cup to his lips, sipping the water and then letting it go. "Thanks," he said.

"Welcome," Harry said, setting the cup down. "And, Draco, I'd understand if you didn't want me like that anymore," he started, deciding to get this out now.

"What are you talking about?" Draco asked, frowning.

"I came while they touched me," Harry said quietly, feeling dirty again.

"What has that got to do with anything?" Draco asked, feeling angry at the reminder of what they had done to Harry.

"You don't think I'm a slut?" Harry asked, biting his lip.

"Potter," Draco huffed, "you were a virgin when they captured you. Have you willingly been with anyone else?"

"No, I guess I just felt like one when they were talking," Harry mumbled.

"Harry, you were only submitting to save your friends and then they still had to hold you down," Draco said.

Harry nodded slowly, remembering a bit. "Yeah, so you still want me?"

Draco snorted. "I wanted you even when I hated you," he said. "So you come charging in, sacrificing yourself to save me and I am supposed to lose interest now?"

"It happens like that sometimes," Harry said. "I wanted to make sure."

"You have so little faith in me?" Draco asked.

"No, I'm sorry I thought that," Harry mumbled, turning to move close again.

"I would do anything for you," Draco said, "and it tore me apart ... what they did to you."

"I wish I could have stopped what they did to you," Harry whispered, biting his lip.

"I know," Draco said, "but you shouldn't have come. It was an obvious trap."

"I knew what I was getting into. I didn't see any other way to get to you," Harry replied.

"Bloody hero," Draco scoffed, but there was no anger in it.

"I can't seem to help it," Harry said, smiling.

"I noticed," Draco smirked. He ran the back of his hand against Harry's cheek.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Harry said, still leaning into Draco's soft touch.

"Hi, I am Mediwitch Glazer," a woman said as she entered.

Draco raised an eyebrow.

She looked at the two of them, both eyebrows raised. "Mr Malfoy and ... Mr Potter, I presume?" she asked.

Harry nodded, relaxing back down against him.

"Mr Malfoy, I am in charge of your case and I was looking over your file," she said, paying no attention to their cuddling. "We don't have any record of treating you previously."

"You didn't," Draco said.

"So you didn't receive any treatment for the werewolf injury?" she asked.

"No, I didn't," he answered sharply.

Harry ran a gentle hand over his chest. "He should've been treated."

"Well, it would have been easier to treat immediately following the attack," she said, "but I do have some ideas of ways we can proceed. It will require removing some of the scar tissue and a series of potions."

Harry leant up again, whispering into his ear. "I love you no matter how you look, but do you want to do this? For yourself?"

Draco frowned. "What would all that do?" he asked.

"Your scars ... they'd help with them," Harry said.

Draco thought about it. "And the eye?" he asked.

"Oh, we have a new mechanical eye that is so realistic most people can't tell the difference," she said, "but we have to work on repairing the eye socket first."

"That's what you wanted, right?" Harry asked his lover, still close.

"Can Harry stay with me here?" Draco asked.

The woman frowned, but sighed. "If that's what it will take to get you treatment, then yes."

"Then I will try it," Draco said.

"Very good, Mr Malfoy," she said. "I will be back later with the first of the potions."

Harry grinned, laughing a bit. "You're getting what you wanted."  
"I have what I wanted," Draco smiled, hugging Harry to him.  
Harry blushed, but nodded, hugging him back. "I do, too."

It was months later. Harry and Draco had gone back to Grimmauld Place while Draco continued the treatments. Each day Draco's appearance improved and Harry noticed the blond was happier as well.

Waking up, Harry sat up and stretched in the bed, looking around the room. Draco was still asleep next to him and Harry lay down, looking at that completely reconstructed face. "Draco, morning," he whispered.

Draco mumbled in his sleep, reaching a clawed hand out for his lover and only opening his eyes when he realised the man was sitting up instead of lying next to him.

Harry smiled at him. "Sleep well?"

"Better if you come back down here," Draco smirked.

Harry leant down and kissed him deeply, pulling back a moment later so he could whisper against his lover's lips as he looked into his eyes. "You know, sometimes I think you're going to get tired of this ... then you wake up in the morning and that thought goes away."

Draco chuckled, knowingly. "My body knows you are there even when I am asleep," he answered. "And I always want you." He rolled onto his back so that his morning erection clearly tented the sheet.

"I think you're just always horny," Harry replied, lifting the sheet.

"I am just a beast around you," Draco teased, stretching his body out and lifting his hips a bit.

Harry bit his lip, moving down into Draco's lap, his own erection obvious. "I am, too, it seems," he murmured, reaching back to position himself and casting a silent charm for lubrication.

"Gods, Harry," Draco gasped; the feel of Harry straddling him was one of the most amazing things he knew – then it hit him – Harry looked down at him. Harry *looked* at him. "Harry?"

"Hm?" Harry hummed, in the process of slowly sitting down on Draco's cock. He bit his lip harder, eyes half open.

"Oh, fuck, yes," Draco gasped, distracted by his lover's body taking him inside. He threw his arms out, holding on, knowing he would lose control when Harry started to move. "Harry? Can you see

me?" he whispered.

Harry paused, blinking then slowly looked at Draco. He swallowed, blinking a few more times. "Yes," he gasped, eyes going wide.

Draco laughed at the look on his lover's face. "You can see? Really?" he asked, trembling under Harry.

"Yes!" Harry looked around the room quickly. He could see. Without a wand. "I can see," he said, leaning down over his lover.

Draco smiled up into those intense green eyes. "Good," he said, smiling, "fuck me, and you'll see what I look like when I come."

"You're so beautiful," Harry whispered, reaching out and running his finger down Draco's jaw as his hips began to move slowly.

"Yes, yes," Draco panted, looking up at him. "You are my beauty," he added, thrusting up into that wiggling arse.

Harry figured he was too emotional to move like he originally planned. He slipped off and lay down next to him, opening his legs again. "No, you are. Come here."

Draco growled as Harry slid off his body. "Where are you going?" he asked, flipping over so that he lay on top of Harry.

"I have a better view of you this way," Harry replied, lifting his hips slightly.

Draco smirked, raising an eyebrow. "I like both views," he said, reaching clawed hands to grip Harry's hips and sliding his already slick cock back into his lover.

"I like this one better." Harry moaned, reaching up to wrap his arms around Draco's neck.

Draco kept his eyes on Harry's sparkling green ones as he thrust deep inside of him. "Oh, Gods, I love this," he gasped.

"Me too," he murmured, moving with him. "You know what I want ... harder, faster ...."

"And I always give you what you want, don't I?" Draco smirked, digging claws into Harry's flesh as he sped up his rhythm, flexing his hips and angling himself to hit Harry's prostate as he did.

"Yes, yes," Harry gasped loudly, trying to keep his eyes open, but it was hard. "Love you," he managed, reaching down and wrapping a hand around himself.

"Oh, Gods, I love you," Draco answered, panting faster and thrusting deeper, sweating now as he worked his body hard to please

them both. He could smell blood now, his claws piercing Harry's skin.

"I'm close," Harry whispered moments later, looking up at Draco as he continued to stroke himself. "Come with me!"

Draco was growling now and he nodded, eyes squeezing shut as he let himself go, thrusting deep and filling his lover. He howled with delight as the pleasure shot up his spine.

For the first time, Harry watched Draco come, his own body reacting the same way a second later. Harry pulled him down for another kiss.

Draco lost himself in the feel of Harry's kiss and his body wrapped around him. It was intoxicating and it was worth everything he had been through. This is where he belonged.

Harry pulled back and took a deep breath, pressing a kiss to his cheek. "Now we can move on with life," he said softly, smiling.

Draco raised an eyebrow. "I like moving with you." He grinned as he carefully withdrew his cock and claws from his lover's flesh, then lay down beside him.

"You know what I mean," Harry replied, hissing softly.

"Yes, I do," Draco said, laying his head on his arm and watching Harry. He was grinning. "Do you realise the law says I can't use a wand, but it never forbid brooms?"

Harry looked at him, the realisation slowly dawning on him. "I can fly! We can fly! Draco!" He jumped out of the bed and ran to the closet, pulling out clothes. "Come on!"

Draco laughed happily. "I am going to kick your arse, Potter," he drawled.

"What makes you think that you'll beat me now? You never have before," he said, smiling. He was about to get dressed when he noticed the blood on his thighs. "Damn, I forgot."

Draco lifted an eyebrow and stalked over to Harry, dropping to his knees and licking the blood from his skin. "Maybe Quidditch can wait a little longer?" he smirked.

"Maybe," he mumbled, looking down at him with a grin, "but only a little longer."

## *The Prize*

Harry landed on the roof and got off his broom, feeling completely energised as he looked around. He had waited so long to fly, and it was even better with Draco. He grinned when Draco landed a few moments later. "That was the best!" he yelled, grinning at him.

"Told you I would beat you, Potter!" Draco laughed.

"You did not beat me!" Harry exclaimed, running over to him.

"I did too!" Draco grinned. "I made it to that flag pole before you did."

"You only think you did!" Harry replied, scowling at him.

"And I would have beat you back if it hadn't been for that damn bird," Draco said and smirked.

"Don't get mad at a bird just because you suck, Malfoy!" Harry said, laughing.

Draco raised an eyebrow at the other man, setting his broom aside and putting his hands on his hips. "I think you are the one who sucks, Potter," he drawled.

"No, I believe you are," Harry said, not getting the reference yet.

They were on the roof of number twelve, Grimmauld Place and spelled to be unobserved by anyone not close by. Draco grinned and strode forward, grabbing the back of Harry's hair with his claws and tilting the man's head back to look into his eyes. "You suck me very well," he said hotly.

Harry gasped slightly, still surprised at how fast Draco could move now. "I'm glad you think so," he murmured, looking up at him.

Draco grinned up at the open sky and then back down into those green eyes. "Show me," he growled. "Here, now." He pulled on Harry's hair so that the man would go to his knees.

Harry slowly got down on his knees, reaching for Draco's jeans as he did. He was glad they had decided to use that spell now.

Draco growled low in his throat as Harry unfastened his jeans.

He licked his lips and ran claws through the other man's hair.

Harry shuddered softly, pulling Draco's cock out and stroking him slowly.

"Yes," Draco practically purred. "Use that hot mouth on my cock," he said. "Suck me, beautiful."

Harry sucked Draco's flesh inside his mouth a moment later, moaning at the taste. He gripped his hips as he began to suck hard, his head bobbing.

"Slowly," Draco admonished, breath hitching at the feel.

Harry slowed down, his tongue mapping out every single sensitive spot on his cock. He loved making Draco feel this way.

Draco watched Harry's lips slide up and down and his tongue lick his cock. "I am going to come down your throat and then I am going to turn you over that short wall there and fuck you," he told Harry.

Harry moaned loudly, loving when Draco talked to him like that. He wanted to turn over right then and there.

Draco pulled Harry's hair tighter, coming then with a sharp sound like a bark.

Harry squeezed his eyes shut, swallowing as much as he could. He reached to grip himself through his trousers with a moan.

"Don't come yet," Draco growled. "Keep sucking." He had found that since his transition, he could stay hard for hours, even coming repeatedly.

Harry let go of himself as he continued to suck, ignoring the slight ache in his jaw.

"Yes," Draco growled. Then he pulled on Harry's hair again. "Up," he said.

Harry slowly got up, watching Draco's face. He was so hard that he knew he wouldn't last long if he touched himself.

"Drop your pants," Draco said, "and put your hands on the wall."

Harry turned and undid his trousers, pushing them down. He leant on the wall and waited for Draco, his breath quickening.

Draco growled, wrapping clawed hands around Harry's hips and rubbing his slick cock along the crevice of the man's arse. "Going to fuck you hard," Draco's voice rumbled, deep.

"Yeah, fuck me," Harry moaned, pushing back against him. "Please ...."

Draco's chuckle was so deep it sounded more like a growl and he

angled his hips so that the head of his cock pressed against Harry's opening. In a quick thrust, he pushed forward and pulled Harry's hips back against him, sheathing himself inside the man.

Harry cried out, his eyes squeezing shut again as his nails tried to grip the wall.

Claws digging into Harry's hips, Draco began to pull back slowly and then thrust forward hard and deep.

Harry rested his forehead against the wall, the pain and pleasure making his heart beat faster. "Draco," he groaned, clenching around him slightly. He reached to touch himself again.

Draco was growling loudly now, the smell of their sweat and Harry's blood making him forget words as he continued to thrust deep into Harry.

Harry moved with him, stroking himself in time with the thrusts. "Fuck," he whimpered, biting his lip.

Draco lost himself in the feeling of Harry's body. "Fuck, yes," he growled, going faster so that he was practically slamming Harry into the wall now.

Harry pressed his cheek against the wall, the stone rubbing against it roughly. He wouldn't be surprised if the side of his face ended up bruised and scratched, but it was all worth it.

"Come for me," Draco growled against Harry's ear as he thrust into him.

Harry cried out again as he came hard, his body shuddering. "Draco," he moaned, clenching again.

Harry's body clenching around his cock had Draco arching into him, coming long and hard.

Harry relaxed against the wall, breathing hard as he felt Draco come. It felt like he could go on for hours, and Harry was sure he would if Draco wanted to.

Draco pressed Harry into the wall, holding himself inside the other man with his face pressed alongside his lover's. "I could fuck you like this forever," he growled. "I love the way your body holds me inside, never wanting to let go."

"I love it," Harry whispered, still panting, "so much."

"And I love you," Draco whispered, licking Harry's ear.

"I love you, too, Draco," Harry said, smiling at the gesture.

Draco grinned and thrust a couple more times, making Harry

gasp, before pulling out.

Harry whimpered, nearly tripping over his trousers as he tried to turn around and look at his lover.

Draco grinned at him, one eyebrow raised and his canine teeth glinting in that once perfect smile.

"Not a word," he murmured, pulling up his trousers before wrapping his arms around Draco's neck and kissing him. "I love those teeth," he murmured.

Draco kissed him back, bloody claws now curled in protectively. "The better to bite you with." He whispered the line from the old fairy tale.

Harry laughed, nipping at his bottom lip. "You'd better ...."

Draco grinned. "I'm hungry," he said. "Let's go see what that foolish house-elf has made for dinner."

"Stop calling him foolish," Harry muttered, shifting. He could feel blood and come running down his thighs and he paused, looking up at him. "Carry me! Since I won."

Draco's laugh was nearly a bark. "In your dreams, Potter," he laughed, but then scooped him up in his arms. "I'm carrying you because I won and you are my prize."

"Yeah, whatever. You'll think what you want, and I'll think what I want," Harry said, wrapping his arms around Draco's neck again.

Draco shifted Harry's weight, slinging him over his shoulder and swatting him playfully on the arse.

"Hey!" Harry made a fist and hit the other man, knowing that it wouldn't be more than just a tap to Draco.

Draco's response was to laugh, picking up their brooms with his other hand and going to the door to the attic.

"Not funny." Harry huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. He was so used to Draco carrying him around like this that he wasn't worried about being dropped. "Go to the kitchen!"

"The kitchen?" Draco asked, still laughing as he made his way down the stairs.

"Yeah," Harry said, bouncing with each step. It made him laugh a bit. "I'm hungry."

Draco huffed, stopping at their room to put the brooms by the door and then continuing down the stairs. "You are a pushy git," he gruffed, smacking Harry again.

Harry laughed, even as he jumped. "I can't help that part!"

"Behave yourself," Draco said, laughing. "Or I might just drop you."

"You wouldn't!" Harry said, gripping the back of Draco's robes anyway. Just in case.

Draco chuckled, the noise sounding a bit like a growl.

Their laughter set off the portrait of Mrs Black, which just seemed to make Draco laugh harder.

Harry covered his ears, laughing harder, too. "Everyone will come out to see what's wrong!" he called out over the noise, snickering.

Predictably, Remus stuck his head out of the library. "What is it with you two?" he complained. "I think you like to set her off!"

Draco grinned walking up to Remus. "He's the noisy one," he said, giving Harry another swat.

"Sorry, Remus!" Harry said, jerking again. Scowling, he attempted to hit Draco again. "He started it!"

Remus shook his head, smiling. "Carry on," he said, knowing they would anyway, and retreated back to the library.

## 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*** – 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)