

# *Fallen Star*



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## Summary, Notes & Copyright

**Summary:** Sequel to *Shooting Star*. Voldemort has taken over wizarding Great Britain. 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? Will the Death Eaters find them? What of the prophecy?

**Warnings:** Language, Explicit M/M sex, M/F sex, F/F sex, Oral, Anal, Vaginal, Rimming, Non-Monogamy/Polyamory, Foursome, Threesome. Later chapters include Explicit Violent Sex, Forced Anal, Forced Oral, Bondage, Rape, Humiliation, Pain, Violence, Blood, Torture, and canon Character Deaths mentioned.

**Notes:** Begun before the release of DH, so AU after HBP. Parts of this story took inspiration from the song “Come What May” (from the movie *Moulin Rouge*, song by David Baerwald, sung by Ewan MacGregor).

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– CHAPTER ONE –

## *A Walk in the Park*

David kissed his lover, slowly and thoroughly. He could feel a chill in the air and shivered, pulling back to look at him. "Welcome to San Francisco, Harlan," he said, smiling.

Harlan grinned, glancing around quickly. "So, we're really free?" he asked, moving to sit up.

David rolled off him and sat up, looking about the dark, wooded area. "It is three hours behind the East Coast, so sunrise hasn't happened here yet," he said. "We should leave this park just in case someone manages to trace us."

"Do you know where we're going?" Harlan asked, slowly standing up and dusting off his clothes.

"No, do you?" David asked, grinning.

Harlan glanced up at him, raising an eyebrow. "... No," he replied hesitantly, as if he were waiting for David to tell him.

"Well, I don't either," David said with a smile. "We have to figure it out together." He got to his feet and held a hand out to the other man.

Harlan slipped his hand into David's. "We will. I know that much ...."

They walked along a path until they found a road with pavement along it. David looked both ways and then shrugged, turning right for no reason in particular. He could smell the sea in the air.

Harlan was walking alongside him, looking around curiously. It was a lot different from England from what he could see. He would have to wait until the sun came up to really see how different.

The occasional car passed them and soon they were out of the wooded area and standing before a large road. David glanced behind him, seeing that the sky was lightening. He looked again and saw that on the other side of the road was a beach, and beyond that, the Pacific Ocean.

Harlan pointed, his eyebrows rising again. "I've never been to the

beach before," he commented, glancing at David. "We should go once we get settled."

"Why wait?" David said, taking Harlan's hand and leading them to the crosswalk. The road was busy, even this early, and they waited for the light to change before strolling across. There were steps down to the beach, and benches facing the ocean. David led them to the bench and then bent to remove his shoes.

"I thought we'd have to wait until a certain time," Harlan murmured, bending over to take off his own shoes.

David tucked his socks into his shoes and then tied the laces together so he could put them over his shoulders, turning to help Harlan do the same.

"You look like you've done this before," Harlan said, smiling softly as David worked. He looked out at the sand and dug his toes into it, laughing softly.

"Yes, my mother took me to the beach on the Riviera," the blond answered. Then he stood and took Harlan's hand, leading him farther out onto the wide sand.

"Can we go by the water?" Harlan asked, wanting to know how it would feel.

"Why not?" David said, bending down to roll up the legs of his trousers.

"Sorry if I'm asking too many questions," Harlan said, doing the same with his jeans. "I'm not used to this is all ...."

David smiled at him. "You can ask all you want," he said, "but I have never been a Muggle before, so I am not sure I know the answers."

"I know about inside the house," Harlan said, beginning to walk closer to the edge of the water, "so you can ask about that."

David walked with him, watching the birds flying overhead as the sky lightened.

Harlan stepped up to the edge and waited for the water to come to him. It took another moment, but soon it was washing over his feet. He jumped back with a small yelp, trying to get away from the extremely cold water. "It's freezing!"

David laughed. "Well, we're not in the South of France here," he teased.

"Is the water warm there?" Harlan asked, pouting slightly as he

glared at the ocean.

"Yes," David answered and dipped his toe into the next little wave that lapped ashore. "Considerably warmer," he added, pulling his foot back.

"Should be warm here, too," Harlan mumbled. "Maybe I'll get used to it after a while?"

"Or maybe we walk on the beach but not in the water," David said, smiling and holding out his hand for Harlan.

"Oh, that sounds better anyway," Harlan said, taking his hand and walking closer. "Much better than standing in cold water."

They walked along the beach for a bit, watching as people came out to run or walk their dogs. The traffic on the road had picked up, too. "We will need to find a place to live and a way to make money," David said into the quiet.

"Jobs," Harlan said softly, still looking out at the sea. "And a cheap flat ...."

"How does one find a cheap flat?" David asked.

"Uhm ... a newspaper?" Harlan suggested, glancing at him.

"Let's find one then," David suggested, leading them over to the pavement to put their shoes back on.

"Do we need money to buy one?" Harlan asked, sitting down so he could pull his socks and shoes on.

"We have money, but we need to change it to American currency," David said, dusting sand off his feet. "That means finding a bank."

"Maybe we should ask around," Harlan said, getting up with a shrug.

They got their shoes on and walked in the direction of the businesses. It took them a while, and then they had to wait for the bank to open. David was hungry by this point and was glad to finally exchange some of their money. He didn't do too much at once just in case anyone came looking for them. "Breakfast now?" he asked his lover.

"Sounds good to me," Harlan replied, looking amused, but in awe because of the way Americans spoke.

They found a little corner diner and were seated. The waitress smiled at their accents.

"Will we have to talk like them?" Harlan asked as she walked

away after they ordered their food.

"I suppose it will be odd to some people that we have American identity cards but are obviously British," David whispered.

"We can always say that we were raised there, but we moved here and haven't lost the accent yet," Harlan said quietly.

David nodded, reading the menu and puzzling over some of the descriptions. He finally settled on the most familiar food on it. They had picked up a newspaper and now he began looking through it, trying to figure it out.

"It's like the *Daily Prophet*," Harlan commented, watching him with a small smile, "but with still pictures ...."

"And a lot bigger," Draco said, leafing through the thick stack of newsprint.

The waitress came back with their tea first, and Harlan took it with a smile. "Maybe you can even look for a place that needs flatmates. I think that would cost less."

David frowned at the suggestion, not sure he could handle that idea. "I think a country full of Americans is enough to get used to, let alone living with them," he drawled.

"Fine, fine ... then keep on looking for a flat," Harlan replied, sipping his tea after he added sugar. He made a small face, reaching for more milk and sugar. "Different tea, too ...."

David had just taken a sip as well, his face scrunching up in distaste. "Add finding a decent place to get tea to our list of things to do," he said, also adding more milk.

"We could buy our own tea once we get a flat," Harlan said, taking another sip. It still didn't taste like he was used to, but it was something warm to drink so he didn't complain.

The first day was a disaster. They found that without a phone number to give potential landlords, they weren't going to have much luck finding a place to live. They eventually settled on finding a cheap hotel room in one of the seedier parts of town. David hated it and was currently sitting on the uncomfortable bed counting their remaining funds.

"We'll find a place," Harlan murmured from beside him, kicking his shoes off so he could get more comfortable. "Just don't know how we'll get a phone number to give them. Can we make one up?"

David huffed. "What good would that do? They have to be able to call us back and let us know if we got the place. Unless we can convince them to give it to us on the spot."

"I think if we have enough money to give them they might," Harlan said, shrugging. "How much do we have left?"

David frowned. "Things are expensive, and they expect us to have three times the rent just to move in. First, last and a deposit. Then we need money for power for lights and things like that. Not to mention food, clothes and transportation."

"That's a lot of money," Harlan sighed.

"And the exchange rate makes it hard to figure out. I had to transfer Galleons to pounds and now pounds to dollars. I think we have enough to get us one of the cheaper apartments listed but only enough to live on for a week or two after," David said. He frowned and stuffed it back into the pack. "Not to mention we need clothes if we don't want to wear the same ones every day."

"I don't mind wearing the same ones," Harlan said, glancing at what he was wearing. "Just until we get a job. We can wash them every night if you want."

"We can't use magic, and they will take too long to dry," David said, frowning. And he hated the idea of wearing the same clothes over and over.

"Or we can just not get them dirty," Harlan said. "We've got to work with what we have for now ...."

David half smiled. "Maybe we should be naked whenever we are alone then," he said, voice low as he spoke.

"That would work. Not like I'm not used to being naked all the time," Harlan said quietly, smiling a bit at him.

David set the pack aside and pulled his own shirt off, arching an eyebrow at Harlan.

Harlan followed him easily, knowing just from that look that David was silently asking him to do the same.

"I liked you naked all the time," David said, lying back to unfasten his own trousers.

"If it were acceptable to society, you'd probably have me naked everywhere," Harlan said, grinning as he pushed the jeans down and off.

"Yes, naked and ready for me," the blond said, grinning at his

increasingly naked lover. He set his own clothes aside and then reached to idly fondle his own quickly hardening cock.

Harlan moved back on the bed once he was naked, smirking at David. "Always for you."

David released himself and reached for his lover then, pinning Harlan to the bed and pressing their bodies together.

"Mm," Harlan hummed softly, looking up at the other man through his fringe. "Missed you like this ... Draco," he whispered quietly, as if someone else could be listening.

The blond arched his eyebrow. "Dangerous," he whispered, then licked his lover's lips. "Don't worry, David likes to fuck Harlan into the mattress, too," he teased.

Harlan blushed hard, leaning up to kiss him softly. "Then he should probably get to doing that, right? And soon ...."

"So Harlan is a pushy bottom?" David asked with a smile, nibbling on the man's chin.

"Only when David's being a little tease about everything," Harlan murmured, tilting his head up.

David brought his mouth down over his lover's, kissing him hard, his tongue thrusting against Harlan's lips.

Harlan moaned, opening his mouth and sliding his tongue alongside David's. His arms moved up and wrapped around him as they kissed, his head tilting to the side.

David wrapped a hand in that dark hair and rocked his body against his lover's so their cocks brushed against each other.

Harlan moaned into the kiss, his legs opening wider so he could thrust up against David.

David slid a hand down along Harlan's body and then between them, wrapping his hand around both their cocks.

Harlan gasped softly, thrusting into David's hand as he opened his eyes and watched him.

"I love you," David whispered. It was only the second time he had said it, and it sent a shiver down his spine to admit it still.

"I love you, too," Harlan replied softly, kissing him. "We'll always have each other no matter what happens."

David was panting now as he stroked them, but then he stopped. "I want to fuck you now," he said, voice rough with desire.

"I need you to," Harlan said, his voice gone husky. "I'm yours."

"Yes, mine," the blond said, reaching for the pack again, and stopping briefly to pull out a small jar of lube. He opened it and then returned to his position above Harlan, his fingers reaching below his lover's balls to press slickly into him.

Harlan bit his lip and relaxed around the fingers, lifting his hips and angling them so he could push down on the fingers himself.

"You want me inside, don't you?" David asked, smiling at the eager look on his lover's face. He found it one of the most intoxicating things he had ever experienced.

"Yeah, please," Harlan murmured, rolling his hips as his eyelids fluttered. "More ...."

Smiling wide and heart speeding up, David moved forward, pressing the head of his cock against Harlan's opening and then pushing slowly inside.

Harlan groaned, his hands reaching up to grip David's shoulders. "Draco ...." he whispered.

The blond didn't have the heart to correct him at a moment like this. He loved the sound of his real name on his lover's lips. He leant in, pressing his lips to the other man's ear. "Harry," he whispered.

Harlan moaned softly, slowly wrapping his legs around David's waist. "Draco," he whispered again, trying to urge him to move.

David chuckled, sliding nearly out and then quickly back into his lover, beginning to rock harder with each thrust.

"Yes," Harlan hissed, beginning to move with him. He tried his best to keep his eyes open so he could watch David, but it was hard to, the pleasure was too much.

"Baby, you feel so good," David gasped, the cheap bed squeaking now as he thrust.

"Harder," Harlan cried out, digging his nails into David's skin as he felt the bed move underneath them.

David pushed hard, the sound of their skin slapping together only drowned out now by the mattress squeaking. There was also a pounding on the wall from the other room but David ignored it, thrusting hard. "Touch yourself," he encouraged.

It was difficult, but Harlan managed to reach between them and wrap a hand around his cock, his head falling back as he began to stroke himself. "Close," he yelled.

"Come, baby, come for me," David cried out, as he began to fill

his lover with his seed.

Harlan came with a scream, his back arching off of the bed as he clenched around David.

David shuddered and held his lover through their orgasms, feeling like nothing could be wrong when he was with the man he loved. Well, except for the idiot pounding on the wall and yelling for them to be quiet. He laughed.

Harlan blushed before he laughed softly, glancing up at the wall. "Sorry!" he said, hoping they heard him.

"I'm not," David said, kissing his lover.

Harlan smiled into the kiss, relaxing back against the bed as they kissed.

David lay back, pulling Harlan into his arms. And relaxed. Had he ever truly relaxed before? No Voldemort to call him at any moment. No Death Eater "games" to play. No constant fear. And best of all, someone he loved who loved him too.

– CHAPTER TWO –

## *A Room of Our Own*

The next day, they went to a rental agency and David was able to charm the young man behind the desk into helping them figure out how to get something called a "cell phone" and other details on how to look for "inexpensive but liveable" places in San Francisco. They were now working their way through the list of "apartments."

David scowled at the dingy paint and the dirty floor. The windows were so dirty they barely let in light. And the owner wanted \$500 a month for this one room "efficiency" as they called it.

"We can clean the place up," Harlan muttered, unable to help the frown on his face. He couldn't believe the owner wanted so much money for a place like this.

David wished again that he had been able to transfer more money before their escape. And that he could use magic. "How?" he asked, actually having no idea how to do such a task without magic.

"Sweeping up the dust, mopping, washing off the windows so we can see through them ... maybe some paint," Harlan replied, glancing around the place.

"Well, the location is better than the others," David admitted grudgingly.

"Much better," Harlan commented, thinking about the other neighbourhoods they'd visited. "Let's get it ...."

David sighed. Well, if they found jobs, they could get something better later. "And then we find a bed that doesn't squeak," he said.

"With soft sheets. And we can paint the walls ... green," Harlan said, smiling at David. "... Maybe red, too."

"Green and red?" David asked. "We are not doing the Christmas colours in our home."

Harlan pouted. "Can't just have your House colours alone, though."

"David and Harlan don't have House colours," the blond answered, arching an eyebrow.

Harlan blushed and nodded. "Yeah ... well, we'll figure out a colour once we go shopping."

David talked to the landlord and actually managed to get the man to take their deposit in cash, right then. They signed a contract and were given a copy and keys. David was relieved and slumped against the wall in the empty room.

Harlan sat down next to him, ignoring the amount of dust around them. "We can go shopping today. Get furniture and appliances ... yeah, we'll need a lot."

"We don't have a lot, Harr ... Harlan," David sighed. "We just gave most of our money to that man." He pointed at the "kitchenette" area and said, "So what do those do?"

Harlan got up and walked over to the area, pointing at the fridge. "This keeps things cold ... though I'm not sure it works." He opened it and glanced inside, making a small face again. "Uhm. Anyway, that's the stove, then these are the burners where we can cook," he continued, pointing at the top. "And the oven." He pointed below it. "We'll need pots and pans, too ...."

"I haven't the slightest idea where one finds any of those things," David said with a tired sigh, and slid down until he was sitting on the dirty carpet.

"I know .... We'll just have to find a big shopping centre or something," Harlan said, walking back over and sitting down. "But at least we have our own home now."

Draco looked around the dingy room but then put his arm around the other man. "With you," he said.

"Together," Harlan said, resting his head on David's shoulder. "Now what?"

"A bed," David said decisively. "We can get food anywhere, but I want to have a mattress to shag you into."

They found a futon store, which sold beds that folded up into sofas, and carted one home via a taxi. Then they had to put the frame together. It took a long time, since neither of them had done anything like it. They stopped in the middle and found a pizza place down the street from their flat, carrying the pizza back to sit on the floor and eat. "Not bad," Draco said as he ate the strange food.

"Pizza," Harlan said, looking down at the slice himself. "Never

got to really eat it myself. Well, besides the crusts they'd give me." He shrugged, reaching for another.

"Well, eat as much as you like," David said, finding it strange that he loved to watch Harlan eat and would often get lost just looking at his mouth.

"I don't want to eat all of it," Harlan murmured, taking a small bite out of his next slice.

"I suppose we can put it in the white box and then heat it in the other one when we are hungry again," David said.

Harlan laughed softly, leaning over to kiss David's cheek. "The oven, you mean. People are going to think we're from another planet ...."

"The cold one is called what again?" the blond asked, leaning in to lick tomato sauce off his lover's lips.

"Refrigerator," Harlan replied easily, smiling at him. "You'll get the hang of it eventually."

David got up, closed the pizza box and stuck it in their empty refrigerator. "We can finish the frame tomorrow," he said. "Right now, I want to lie in bed with you and test the neighbours' hearing." He grinned and waggled his eyebrows.

"Wish we could use Silencing Charms," Harlan said, laughing softly. "I hope we don't end up waking them up or something."

David prodded the plastic the mattress was wrapped in. "Does this stuff come off?" he asked.

"Yeah, take that off and then we'll put on the sheet," Harlan said, getting up to get the bedding they had bought as well.

"How?" David said, perplexed by the plastic.

"Just ... pull." Harlan tried not to laugh again as he walked over and began pulling off the plastic for him.

When the plastic tore, David had thought he had done something wrong. But he watched Harlan quickly rip into the stuff and soon was helping him.

"That's it!" Harlan pulled off the rest of the plastic and balled it up, stuffing it in the bag they got with the bedding. "Now put this on." He opened the package and pulled the sheet out, glancing at David.

At least he knew how to do that, and soon they were making their bed together. It was dark out and the only lights in the place

were in the bathroom, the refrigerator and what came in from streetlights outside.

"We should've gotten candles," Harlan murmured, smoothing his hand over the sheet. It was really getting dark in the room and it was frightening to him. The darkness reminded him of the past.

David slipped out of his clothes. "You won't need light for what I want," he said, drawing back the top sheet and climbing in. He patted the spot next to him. "Strip and come here," he said.

Harlan glanced at him, only his face visible in the light from the street. It made David's blond hair seem so much brighter. He nodded and began to undress, folding his clothes and setting them down before walking around and sitting down next to him.

David was lying back with his hands behind his head. He grinned, glancing down at the way his erection tented the sheet. "See anything you like?" he asked.

Harlan glanced down as well, smiling softly. "Remember how we used to do this every morning?" he said softly, moving to pull the sheet back.

"Oh, yes." David grinned. "I would definitely like to keep that tradition," he said.

Even though it was another memory of before, Harlan pushed away the bad thoughts and moved down on the bed, his hand wrapping around David's cock. Harlan paused to glance up at the other man's face before he leant down and sucked him inside, his tongue swirling.

David shuddered, always loving the feel of his lover's mouth on him. He cupped the back of his Harlan's head. "Oh, yes, baby, that's so good," he crooned.

Harlan began to suck as he bobbed his head, his lips tightening around the flesh in his mouth. He loved doing this for Draco.

David was moaning softly now, fingers curling into his lover's hair. "Baby, slow down," he said. "I still have to fuck you."

Harlan slowed down and pulled back after a moment, glancing shyly up at David. "I like making you come like this ...."

"Yes, but if I don't fuck you soon, you will be in pain," David reminded him. The blond reached a hand to slide up Harlan's thigh, caressing him.

"Oh, yeah," Harlan whispered, remembering that for the first

time in a while. "I forgot."

"I would fuck you every day without it," David said. "I adore you. I also don't want you to suffer." His hand now slid over Harlan's hip, gently squeezing the man's arse.

"It's nice not being in pain every day," Harlan admitted quietly, his eyes closing slowly.

David nodded, not wanting to think about that. "I want to make you feel good. Tell me how you want it tonight. On your knees? Or do you want to ride me?" he suggested, smiling.

"Can we switch in the middle?" Harlan asked curiously, moving to get on his knees. "We don't have to stay in the same position the whole time ...."

"However you like it," David smiled, his fingers caressing along the crevice of Harlan's arse now.

"However you like it, too," Harlan whispered, moving forward on his hands as well.

David sat up, moving behind his lover, both hands caressing his cheeks now. He almost reached for his wand again but then found their pack and pulled out the lube. He spread those beautiful cheeks and slid oiled fingers inside, twisting and rubbing that bundle of nerves.

Harlan's hips jerked, moaning softly as he clenched around the digits. "Love this ..." he gasped, licking his dry lips.

"Yes, love fucking you," David agreed, working his lover with his fingers until he was slick and open, before getting up on his own knees and pressing his cock into that moist opening.

Harlan rocked forward then back, pushing himself slowly down on David's cock with a small shudder. "God ..." he moaned, gripping the sheets.

"Yes, baby," the blond encouraged. "I love the way your body takes me and holds me." He slid forward and then began rocking with his lover.

David's words always made Harlan moan louder as he began to move, his cock hard.

David flexed his hips, thrusting over and over again, his eyes half-closed in delight. "Change positions or keep going?" he managed to gasp.

Harlan swallowed, breathing hard. "Sit back and pull me with

you," he managed to say.

David leant forward, wrapping his arms around his lover's waist and chest and then shifted back, gasping as the new position drove his cock deeper than before.

Harlan trembled in David's lap for a moment before he stretched his legs out, opening them wide before bending his knees so he was stable enough to lift himself up and then down.

David was panting now, willing himself to make it last longer. It was amazing, and he loved Harlan fucking himself on his cock. The blond slid one hand down to wrap about his lover's cock, stroking him in time with the other man's movements.

Harlan groaned as he moved faster, David's hand making him lay back against him, only his hips moving to fuck himself. "So good," he whispered, wriggling his hips.

"Yes, baby, fuck yes," David whispered against Harlan's ear. "Come for me, baby."

Harlan wanted to last long, he honestly did, that's why he thought changing positions would help. But it didn't. His orgasm hit him on the next thrust down, his cock jerking in David's hand with a cry.

David cried out with him, entire body spasming as Harlan's body clenched around his cock.

Harlan whimpered as he collapsed back on David completely, still lightly clenching around him so he wouldn't slip out just yet.

David wrapped his arms around his lover, holding him tightly and rocking slightly. "Yes, safe with you in our new home," he said, "and it's better than all the wealth or power I ever knew."

"Forever," Harlan whispered, humming softly as his eyes closed. "Are you comfortable like this?"

"Happy; wish we could sleep this way," he said with a smile.

Harlan smiled as well. "You're warm," he whispered, slowly drifting off.

David chuckled. "Lie down, baby," he said, easing the other man's body down onto the mattress.

Harlan pouted, trying to move closer to David once he was off of him.

David curled up around Harlan, spooning his body up against his lover's, arms holding him. "Goodnight, love," he whispered.

"Night," Harlan said softly, falling asleep almost immediately.

Harry didn't know what was happening, but it was dark, it always was. Suddenly he was being pulled away by someone, the grip on his leg tight as he felt his skin scrape against ground he was being dragged across. He screamed and kicked out, but then he wasn't on the ground anymore and he was chained to a stone. He knew what would happen and he waited, but even then the first blow surprised him, making him cry out and begin to struggle again. There was cruel laughter and Harry just kept crying and struggling, trying to get away from the hands that were suddenly touching him everywhere.

David woke to blows, and he almost struck back before he realised that his lover was having another nightmare. He rolled over, trying to pin the flailing man to the mattress. "Harry, stop," he said, "it's a nightmare."

Harlan was silently sobbing as he tried to get out from under David. Why couldn't he be normal? They were safe now; he should've been able to just forget about what happened before.

The blond took a deep breath and rolled to his side, pulling the other man into his arms and holding him. "It's okay, we're safe now," he whispered.

"I want to forget," Harlan whispered, shaking in his arms. "I want to be normal ...."

"Give it time, love," David soothed, petting his lover's hair. He didn't know if that was true, but he hoped it was. He hoped they would find a way to live this new life and leave behind the horrors of their past.

Harlan sniffled and swallowed, taking a few deep breaths. He wasn't so sure about that, but he would do what David said. "Did I hurt you?" he asked softly.

"No, I'm fine," David said. While he might have a bruise in the morning, he didn't mind. "Can you get back to sleep?" he asked.

Harlan nodded slowly, wiping away the tears as he settled back against David again. He usually only had one nightmare for the night, unless things were really bad.

David lay quietly, holding his lover. He wondered what it would take to make it in this new life. What kind of employment was there for an ex-Death Eater and Potions master? He looked at his arm in the dim light of the streetlight that came through the blinds. The

Dark Mark was still there, slithering against his pale skin.

– CHAPTER THREE –

## *Not Suited To It*

David was studying the newspaper while Harlan made eggs for breakfast. In the last several days they had managed to equip their flat with some basics. Although they had never heard of them before, the rental agent had told them about places called "thrift stores" where they found much of what they needed at lower prices than in the regular shops. David wasn't thrilled about using things used by others, but he bowed to the necessity of it.

The blond was now sitting at their small wooden table near the front window. They had managed to get enough of the grime off of it so they could see out, and the natural light was good. He had a biro and was circling potential jobs in the listings. David didn't even know what half the jobs listed were about.

Harlan set a plate down in front of David when he was done, taking another one for himself and sitting down across from the blond. "We'll go to those places today?" he asked, taking a bite of the eggs.

David picked up a fork and began cutting into the eggs. He smiled when he saw his lover had already buttered his toast for him. He looked up at him, always momentarily stunned by those open green eyes. "Some of them, at least," the blond answered. "It's hard to know what we will be good at without trying it first. But I have been to enough restaurants in my life that at least I know what the wait staff is supposed to do."

"I can do washing up and stuff," Harlan said, shrugging. He knew David would be good as a waiter in one of those fancy restaurants. Harlan, on the other hand, thought he didn't have that look they probably wanted.

David frowned. He wanted better than that for his lover. "I guess in the beginning. But our long-term plan should include finding jobs we actually like and that pay well enough to live as we want."

Harlan nodded, looking down at his plate as he ate. "Yes, I know.

"That's what we'll do."

"So have you given any thought to what you would actually like to do?" David asked.

"No, not really. I never thought about Muggle jobs before, well, besides when I was much younger," Harlan said, glancing up at him.

David ate, reading through the paper as he did. He actually managed to eat all of the two eggs and toast that Harlan had given him.

Harlan smiled at David, wondering if he even noticed that he finished the food. He had purposely given David more, only because he knew he needed it.

"You keep insisting that I eat, and you might end up with a fat lover," David teased, eyes glinting as he looked at Harlan.

"I'll love you still," Harlan replied, grinning as he got up to pick up their plates and take them over to the sink.

David watched his lover, finding he liked to watch him during little domestic moments like this. Despite the lack of money, cheap clothes, poor quality furniture, and simple food – David was happy. He waited until the other man was nearly finished cleaning and then stepped up behind him, pressing his body against his lover's back, pinning Harlan against the sink. "I love you," he whispered against his ear.

"I love you more," Harlan said, smiling as he reached to turn off the tap.

David huffed, nibbling on his lover's ear, sliding both hands down Harlan's body.

Harlan grinned, relaxing back against him. "It's true ...."

David kissed and licked his lover's neck. "I should fuck you right here against the counter," he whispered.

Harlan swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing. He could feel the counter pressing gently against his hips and that reminded him ... but, no, he wouldn't think of that.

David sucked on the point where his lover's neck and shoulder met. He felt him shiver but was unaware that he had brought back a bad memory.

Harlan's eyes closed as he moaned softly, tilting his head to expose more of his neck.

"Yesss," David hissed against his lover's skin, bringing one hand

up to thrust fingers into Harlan's hair. The other slid around over his arse, kneading the flesh.

Harlan moaned again, pushing back against the hand slightly. David wouldn't hurt him, that's why he thought he shouldn't think about it.

"Do you want it?" David whispered, licking at a dark red mark he had just left on his lover's shoulder.

"Yes," Harlan replied quietly, shuddering slightly.

They had already gotten dressed and David was pressing his erection against his lover's arse through the layers of their jeans. He began to rub against him, moaning. "I want you all the time," he said, voice husky and feeling a bit dizzy with need now.

Harlan bit his lip softly, feeling his hips press more against the counter with each movement. "Me, too," he said softly, trying to hold back the bad memories the best he could.

David nipped at Harlan's shoulder. "Take your trousers down," David whispered, reaching to unfasten his own.

Harlan reached to undo the jeans and pushed them down slowly with his underwear, leaving them around his ankles.

"Gods, yes," David gasped, kissing and nipping his way down Harlan's back, running his fingernails lightly over the exposed flesh of his arse.

Harlan moaned and shivered again, feeling his skin get goose bumps, from both the fingers and the cool counter.

They had already showered that morning and Harlan's skin was soft and clean. David licked and nipped the cheeks of his arse. "Bend forward more," he whispered.

Harlan did as he was told, bending over the counter a bit more for whatever David wanted to do.

The blond smiled, using both hands to spread those cheeks, and nipped at the darker, sensitive skin between them.

Harlan gasped softly, reaching to grip something. He loved when David did this.

David chuckled, noticing his lover gripping the sink as his tongue laved along the crevice of his arse. David was already hard, but he wasn't in any hurry. He wanted to get Harlan so turned on he was begging for it.

"God," Harlan moaned, pushing back against the tongue, his hips

jerking every time it passed over his sensitive entrance.

David pointed his tongue, gently running the tip around the sensitive flesh of that puckered opening, hands tightening on the flesh of Harlan's cheeks.

"Fuck," Harlan whimpered, his body trembling. "Please ...."

"Please what, baby?" David asked as he continued to lick and suck at the opening.

"More," Harlan groaned, now gripping the sink so he wouldn't fall back.

"More what?" David insisted, loving this game.

"Of you," Harlan whispered, biting his lip again.

"My tongue?" David asked, licking along the crevice again.

"Your cock," Harlan clarified, his face flushed.

The blond pulled back, smiling up at him. He almost Summoned his wand but then remembered he couldn't. "Stay here," he said and quickly went to table beside the futon and got the small jar of oil they used for lube. He slicked his fingers as he returned.

Harlan nodded and stayed where he was, taking a few deep breaths to relax himself.

The blond hurriedly pushed his own jeans and shorts down, slicking his cock and then pressing fingers into his lover, his other hand on Harlan's hip.

"Yes," Harlan sighed, closing his eyes and pushing back on the fingers gently.

"You want my cock inside you?" David asked, voice low with desire as he twisted his fingers inside the other man.

Harlan nodded quickly, moaning loudly as David's fingers brushed against that spot.

"Tell me, beg me," David whispered against the man's ear, sliding his fingers out and then using them to position himself. He rubbed the soft head of his cock against that slick opening.

"Please fuck me," Harlan moaned, panting hard. "Please, Dra ... David ...."

"Yes, baby," the blond hissed, sliding inside, hands holding his lover's hips as he did. "Oh, you feel so good around my cock."

Harlan stood up the best he could so he could reach back and grip David's arse to pull him closer.

"You might want to hold on," David warned him as he slid back

and then thrust inside again.

Harlan nodded, reaching to grip the sink. As long as he wasn't pressed against and over it, he was fine.

David held his lover's hips and thrust over and over again, moaning as he did. "Yes, so tight, so perfect," he gasped.

"Yes, yes," Harlan chanted with every thrust, his eyes squeezed shut. "Harder, faster ...."

David growled then, happily speeding up and pounding into his lover.

Harlan began to cry out, feeling closer than before as his arms shook from holding on. David's thrusts were making him move forward from the force, but he didn't notice, too focused on the pleasure.

"Come for me, love," David encouraged, sliding one hand over Harlan's hip to pull on his cock.

It only took Harlan a few more thrusts before he was coming hard, thrusting into David's hand.

David came within a minute later, making small growling noises as he thrust deep and filled his lover.

Harlan whimpered, his arms shaking as the rest of his body trembled. "Fuck," he whispered, trying to catch his breath.

"Yes, a very good fuck," David agreed, forehead resting on his lover's back.

"Now we'll definitely get a job today," Harlan whispered, laughing softly.

David chuckled. "Why?" he asked, kissing between Harlan's shoulder blades.

"That was like good luck," he replied, shrugging a bit.

"Ah, then fucking before going to search for jobs is now part of our plan," the blond said, chuckling and then gasping when he pulled back. "I miss Cleaning Charms," he complained as he looked for something to clean up with.

"You're just lazy," Harlan teased, finding soft tissue paper and handing it to David.

David snorted but used the paper to clean himself. "Well, we better go get that cellyphone thing and start on those job listings," he said.

Harlan laughed as he pulled up his jeans again, buttoning them up

and turning around. "I'm ready."

"Brush your hair," David said, realising he had made it messier than usual.

"It's fine," Harlan replied, running a hand through it.

David handed him the brush, scowling.

Harlan pouted, but brushed his hair quickly.

The blond gathered up the things they would need for the day and then turned to smile at him. "Better," he said.

"Good." Harlan's hair was longer than before and it still had that out-of-control look that he really couldn't do much about. He did like that his fringe was long enough to cover his scar.

"Come on, love," David said, holding out his hand.

Three days later, David was irritable, his feet were sore and he was about ready to hex someone. Life as a Muggle was not something he was suited to. Everywhere they applied for work wanted work histories. And some of the so-called restaurants he would not have eaten in to save his life.

The next place on the list was an upscale bistro near the Castro. At least it looked better than the last three places they had gone into. He spent a minute reading the menu posted in a frame by the door. French cuisine.

"You know French?" Harlan asked curiously, glancing up at the menu before looking at David. The menu was in both English and French.

"Yes," David said, smiling. "I know five languages besides English."

Harlan raised his eyebrows in surprise. "I only know English," he said, reaching for the door to open it for them. "And Parseltongue."

David shook his head, then adjusted his clothes and took a deep breath. He walked in and asked for the manager. The owner and manager was a large man named Milo. David greeted him in French. The man's face lit up in a smile.

After chatting for a bit, David introduced Harlan as well. Milo greeted him in French too, but David switched to English. "Harlan Pearce, my companion," he said to Milo. "English only, but he's good in the kitchen."

Harlan smiled shyly at the owner, glancing around the place

quickly. "You have a nice restaurant," he complimented.

Milo smiled at him. "Weel, Harlan, what can you do in ze kitchen?" Milo asked.

"I can wash dishes and clean up the area. And if you need someone to clean up the tables after people leave, I can do that, too," Harlan replied.

It wasn't long before Milo was showing them the work areas in back. Chatting in a combination of English and French with David, and to some degree Harlan, Milo explained that one of his waiters had quit that day without giving notice and they would be short-staffed for the Friday night rush. Could David wait tables? Could they both start that night? David explained they would be delighted to.

Harlan grinned at the thought of finally having a job so they could get what they needed in their new home. He stayed close to David as they were shown around, carefully listening to whatever Milo said in English.

They left the place with promises to be back in several hours. When they were back on the street, David pulled Harlan to the side and wrapped his arms around him, kissing him.

Harlan laughed softly against his lips, kissing him back gently. "We have jobs now," he whispered.

David pressed his lover against the outside wall of a nearby shop. "Yes," he said, kissing him again. "And I need better clothes, so we are going shopping."

"That's fine," Harlan replied, smiling up at him. "You'll need them to be a really good waiter."

So, grabbing his lover's hand, they went in search of a clothing shop that would carry the right kind of clothing for the waiter job. David was smiling and hadn't felt this good in days.

"You just like shopping," Harlan commented with a laugh, as they went into several shops. He didn't think he would need any new clothes for his job, but David would.

In the changing room of a small shop, David was trying on clothes. "You want to come in here?" he asked Harlan through the door.

"I don't want to get in your way," Harlan replied, already holding a few bags from the last store.

"Come in here," David said, opening the door enough to let him in.

Harlan nodded and walked inside, letting David close the door behind him as he bent over to set the bags down.

David didn't wait until the other man was even standing again, his hands cupping Harlan's arse.

Harlan covered his mouth so that his gasp wasn't loud. He looked back at David, surprised. "We're in a dressing room," he whispered.

David grinned. "Then we will have to make it quick," he answered. He was only wearing a shirt and shorts at the moment, and he reached one hand into his shorts to stroke himself. "Suck me?" he asked, leaning back against the wall.

Harlan bit his lip and glanced at the door, wondering if anyone would be able to just look under the door and see them. But he got onto his knees and shuffled over to David, hooking his fingers in the shorts so he could pull them down just a bit so that his erection was exposed. "Don't make too much noise," he whispered, glancing up at the blond. He swirled his tongue around the head before pulling him into his mouth.

David clenched his teeth, sucking in a breath at the sensation. He rested his hand on the back of Harlan's head, fingers sinking in to the dark, thick strands of hair.

Harlan licked and sucked, bobbing his head as he worked. He reached up and used one hand to stroke David as he sucked, looking up at him again.

The sight of his lover's mouth wrapped around his cock and those green eyes looking up at him was probably the most beautiful thing David could imagine. He was panting now, trying not to make noise as his lover's lips and tongue worked him.

Harlan began to suck harder as his eyes closed again. He was glad that David wasn't making any noises, because he definitely didn't want to be caught in a dressing room doing this.

David was pulling his lover's hair now, trembling. "Yes, oh, yes," he whispered and then he was making little growling noises as he came, filling his lover's mouth.

Harlan swallowed it all, breathing hard through his nose as he waited until David was finished before pulling back. He pulled up his

shorts and patted his hip, slowly getting up with a smile. "I like that shirt ...."

David was panting and laughed now. He reached for Harlan, pulling him close and kissing him again.

Harlan laughed as they kissed, making sure that David got a good taste of himself.

There was a knock on the door to the dressing room. "Everything all right in there?" the sales clerk asked.

David laughed. "Yes, fine," he called out.

That only made Harlan laugh harder, reaching for a pair of trousers for David to put on. "Here ... we should go before they get too suspicious ...."

David's grey eyes sparkled. "Sure, love," he said, "though I should probably wear my own until we pay for these." He picked up the ones he had worn into the shop. "Do you remember where we first met?" he asked.

"At the robe shop?" Harlan asked, leaning against the wall as he waited for David to get dressed.

David flushed slightly, nodding as he fastened his trousers.

"You talked a lot," Harlan said, smiling softly. "Still do ...."

David smiled. "Yes," he agreed, smiling at the other man. He picked up the clothes he intended to buy. "With these, I will have enough to get through several days of work," he said. Then he cocked his head. "I remember your eyes."

Harlan blushed a little. "I remember you were a prat."

David frowned and shrugged. He had more regrets about those years than he could name. "Shall we go to work now?" he asked lightly.

Harlan grinned, picking up the bags and opening the door to the room. "Yes, work."

– CHAPTER FOUR –

## *New Job*

They made their way back to the Milo's. David changed in the restroom. It had been a long day before work and as the evening wore on, the blond's feet hurt something fierce. Waiting on Muggles ... people, was a more complicated job than he would have imagined. But they seemed to like him and always complimented him on his accent. He tried to keep his attention focused on the job, but was comforted to occasionally look over and see his lover busing a table. He was glad they had been able to find jobs at the same place.

Harlan actually liked his job. It was quiet and calm, and all he had to do was clean the tables and stay out of people's way. He made sure to not touch the tips that were left on the tables, knowing for sure that they weren't for him. He found himself glancing around several times, just to look for David. He would smile whenever he saw him, but he almost ended up running into a customer who was on her way to the restroom. He apologised a few times, she didn't seem to mind. He was grateful for that, not wanting to be fired the first day because of a mistake.

Later in the evening, with more wine flowing, the customers did seem to get more forward. Several women offered their phone numbers and one man pinched David's arse.

Harlan was nearby cleaning down another table while watching David. He could tell that the customers really did like him, and Harlan smiled. He knew he'd be good for the job. Until he saw a man touch David. He frowned, nearly breaking a plate as he dropped it in the large box he carried around.

David frowned at the man and stepped away. "Aw, don't be that way," the man complained.

"I am not on the menu," Draco said as calmly as he could and the man and his friends laughed. The blond looked over at the sound of the plate hitting the cutlery in the box Harlan used. He caught his lover's eyes, trying to wordlessly reassure him.

Harlan blinked and looked back at the table, picking up the last of the dishes and placing them more carefully in the box before heading back to the kitchens to wash them. He knew David would never look at anyone besides him, and he understood why they liked him so much. But it was still strange to see someone else do that to him.

David wished he could take a break and go talk with Harlan. But the place was busy and he was having a hard time keeping up with everything. At least the customers seemed happy with him and the tips were good.

Harlan was able to take a small break after a long while for about ten minutes, and he followed one of his coworkers outside.

The man pulled out a cigarette to smoke. "I'm Mark Reigner," he said to Harlan. The man seem about the same age as him and Draco, with curly brown hair and bright blue eyes.

Harlan introduced himself, with only a small pause before his name now. He glanced at the cigarettes curiously, but declined the offer when he was asked if he wanted one.

Mark eyed Harlan curiously. "So you haven't done this before, have you?"

"The job?" Harlan asked, glancing at him. "No, I'm new to all this, yeah."

"You and the new waiter are both English. Do you know each other?" Mark asked.

Harlan nodded, smiling a bit at the mention of David. "D-David and I have known each other for a long time, actually."

Mark gave Harlan an appraising look up and down. "He's pretty, but I like your eyes better," he said, stepping a little closer.

"Thank you ...." Harlan said softly, his cheeks colouring slightly. He stepped a bit away when Mark moved closer, liking the distance they had. "So, you've worked here for a while?" he asked, changing the subject.

Mark didn't move closer but continued to look at him in a way that made it clear he was interested. "About six months," he said. "Did you recently move here?"

It was a bit unnerving to be looked at like that, but Harlan didn't say anything yet. "Yeah, a bit ago. Americans are funny," he commented, laughing a bit.

"Really? How so?" Mark asked.

"Your tea tastes bad, and the money is all the same colour ...." Harlan said, looking amused, but thoughtful.

Mark nodded. "More of us drink coffee than tea," he answered, dropping the cigarette butt on the pavement and grinding it out with the toe of his shoe.

"I noticed," Harlan said, glancing down at the ground. "Tea tastes better, though." He grinned again.

Mark smiled at him. "Does it make the guy who drinks it taste different?" he asked.

Harlan raised an eyebrow at the strange question. "I don't know," he said, shrugging. "Why?"

"We could find out," he suggested.

"Oh ...." So that's why he was looking at Harlan like that. "I'll have to ask my boyfriend."

"The blond?" Mark asked, raising an eyebrow.

"No ...." Harlan said hesitantly, not wanting him to know everything about that just yet. "Someone else."

Mark nodded. "Does he share?"

"No, uhm, we should be getting back inside, right?" Harlan asked, inching towards the door.

"Sure," the other man said, gesturing for Harlan to go ahead.

Finally, the place closed for the night and Draco dropped gratefully into a chair with a groan. He wanted to be horizontal for the next twelve hours.

Harlan had walked back inside and looked around for David, smiling as he sat down next to him. "You look tired."

"My feet hurt," Draco complained. "You?"

"Same. My fingers look pruneey from washing dishes," he replied, holding up his hands.

David reached out to take Harlan's hand, gently stroking the wrinkled fingertips.

Harlan smiled thankfully. "Want to head home?"

"Yes," Draco said, bringing Harlan's fingers to his mouth and kissing the tips.

The gesture made him blush, only hoping that Mark wasn't around to see. He looked up to see Mark watching them from the

doorway to the kitchen. His eyes met Harlan's and he raised an eyebrow.

Harlan blushed harder, gently pulling his hand away from David's.

David glanced up at Harlan and then Mark, frowning. "Home," he said, getting to his feet.

They had figured out the buses well enough to get home. David kept dozing off on the ride.

Harlan managed to stay awake, gently nudging David when it was their stop. "Come on," he said, beginning to get up.

David managed to climb to his feet and trudge up the street, and then up the stairs to their flat.

"You're going straight to bed," Harlan said, unlocking the door and letting David in first.

"Mmhmm," Draco agreed, sitting down on the edge of the futon and fumbling with his shoelaces.

Harlan knelt down in front of him and untied the shoes, slipping them off and setting them neatly off to the side. "So how was your first day? Besides being completely tired now?" He began to unbutton David's shirt.

"Ask me in the morning," David said, flopping back on the mattress without even undressing.

Harlan laughed softly, picking up David's legs and laying him on the bed properly. He finished unbuttoning David's shirt and pulled it off, starting on the trousers next. Once he was able to pull those off, he folded them and laid them on a chair nearby. "Night, then ...." he whispered, pulling the covers over him and leaning down to kiss him goodnight.

David was asleep before Harlan had even pulled the covers up.

Harlan went to the bathroom first and then he went to bed soon after David fell asleep. He snuggled up close and hoped he wouldn't have any nightmares as he finally fell asleep.

He didn't know how much time went by, but soon there was this strange but familiar tingle going through his body. He shifted and then there was pain, so sudden that he was only able to let out a strangled gasp. It quickly intensified and soon Harlan was screaming as he writhed on the bed, his body jerking with the *Crucio*-like pain.

David woke quickly and held his lover. "Wake up," he shouted, thinking the man was having another nightmare.

Harlan opened his eyes, tears streaming out. He continued to writhe, sobbing openly.

"Merde!" David cursed. "It's the spell." He knew he needed to fuck his lover to stop it. He wasn't even hard and the screaming wasn't helping him get in the mood. "Baby, hold on," he said and rolled to the side of the bed, grabbing the lube and reaching down to stroke himself.

Harlan whimpered, turning over on his stomach so he could grip the pillow and scream as much as he wanted into it.

Draco tried to focus on the memory of what it felt like to be inside his lover. "Going to fuck you, baby," he said, as much to turn himself on as to let Harlan know he was working on it. He climbed between his writhing partners legs and reached a hand to press fingers quickly into his body.

"Just d-do it," Harlan gasped loudly, not caring about being prepared at the moment.

Draco nodded, he was only half hard, but he hoped it would be enough. "Spread your legs more," he said.

Harlan forced his legs open and tried to get up on hands and knees, but he was shaking too much.

David used one hand to spread his lover's arse cheeks and the other to hold his cock, trying to push inside. He managed to force the head inside that tight ring.

Harlan groaned, the slight burn from the entry making him arch off the bed again.

"Tight," David gasped, trying to press forward more. "Is it helping?" he asked.

Harlan managed to nod slightly, even though he was still hurting. It seemed the more David pushed inside, the more it seemed to lessen.

"Baby, I love you," David said, the tight heat helping him get harder. He began to rock his hips, pushing a little each time into his lover.

"Love you, too," Harlan gasped, pressing his face into the wet pillow as he began to move.

"That's it," David encouraged, Harlan's body responding was

helping him get more aroused.

Soon Harlan could only feel the pleasure of being fucked and he moaned gently, pressing his cheek against the pillow so he could pant.

"Oh, yes, you feel so good," the blond gasped, fingers holding on to his lover's hips and thrusting.

Harlan was glad that David was doing the work because he wasn't sure he had the strength to do it for himself. "Draco ..." Harlan whispered, his voice hoarse.

"You are mine," the blond answered, getting closer with each thrust. "Can you come for me, baby?"

Harlan was only just getting hard, so he wasn't sure if he would be able to. "I'll try," he whispered.

"It's okay, baby," David said, gasping and thrusting. "I will suck your pretty cock when I am done," he promised.

Harlan nodded, biting his lip softly as he pushed back on his lover's cock and clenched gently.

David gasped, throwing his head back as he came, filling his lover with the seed and magic that would keep him from pain for another day.

Harlan moaned softly, gripping the sheets as he felt that rush of warmth inside him.

"Baby, yes," he gasped. "I love you." He slid his cock out, come dripping as he did. "Lay on your back," he told his lover.

Harlan slowly pushed himself onto his back, his chest shiny with sweat and his face wet with tears. He smiled softly up at him, his legs opening for David.

The blond smiled down at him and then bent to lower his mouth to his lover's cock, sliding lips over the soft crown and swirling his tongue.

Harlan moaned, his hips rising as he bit down on his lip again.

"Mmm," David hummed around his lover's cock, sliding his mouth down to take him deeper.

Harlan gasped and reached to slide his fingers into David's soft hair. He tried not to thrust up, but he couldn't help it.

David slid back up enough to speak. "Fuck my mouth, baby," he said and then swallowed him again.

"Use ... your fingers," Harlan managed to whisper, lifting his hips.

David wrapped fingers around the base of his lover's cock and slid the other hand lower to press into his still slick opening.

"Yes," Harlan whispered, beginning to thrust up into David's mouth before thrusting down on his fingers.

David finger fucked his lover while Harlan fucked his mouth. He had to concentrate to breathe. And he loved it.

"Close," Harlan gasped after a while, his body beginning to tremble.

David made sure to twist his fingers, pressing Harlan's prostate as he sucked harder.

Harlan came with a hoarse cry, his fingers tightening in David's hair as he shuddered on the bed.

David swallowed the hot liquid that filled his mouth, continuing to finger his lover as he did.

Harlan trembled as his hand slid out of David's hair, breathing in short pants.

David licked the softening flesh of his lover's cock. Then kissed it gently, sliding come-slicked fingers out of him. He smiled up at Harlan.

Harlan slowly came down from his high, feeling sore and exhausted on the bed. He didn't bother to close his legs or even move, but there was a small smile on his lips.

David reached for a towel they kept beside the bed, wiping his hands on it and then using it to clean himself and his lover.

Harlan hummed thankfully, his eyes closed.

David finished and then curled up against his lover's body, taking him into his arms. "I love you," he whispered, petting his hair. "Sleep, baby."

"Love you, too," Harlan replied quietly, already beginning to drift off into a pleasant sleep.

– CHAPTER FIVE –

## *Possession*

David was on a break. It was Wednesday night, so not as harried as the weekend. He walked back into the kitchen area, looking around for his lover. Mark was working on an order and looked up. "He's in the bathroom," the man said with a wink.

David sat down on a nearby bench to wait. He considered going in search of Harlan but didn't think Milo would be thrilled if they started anything at work.

"So you two live together?" Mark asked.

David nodded.

"He said he isn't your boyfriend," Mark commented, and smiled when David frowned.

Harlan made his way into the kitchen, smiling at David when he saw him. "You're on a break?" he asked.

"Yes," he said, glancing warily at Mark.

"Don't mind me," Mark said with another wink.

Harlan glanced at Mark before he sat down next to David. "You don't look as tired as before," Harlan commented quietly, resting his head on David's shoulder.

David shrugged. "I think I am getting used to it," he said. "Not as many customers as on the weekend, either."

"Good," Harlan murmured, holding up his hand. "Still pruney though." He laughed softly.

"The gloves don't seem to keep you dry enough," David observed, uncomfortably aware of Mark listening to them.

"Water gets inside sometimes," Harlan replied, shrugging slightly. He didn't care that Mark could probably hear them.

"Want to go outside for a few minutes?" David asked.

Harlan nodded and stood up, walking out of the kitchen with David behind him.

In the alley, David crossed his arms across his chest and cocked his head, looking at Harlan.

"What's wrong?" Harlan asked, leaning against the wall.

"Did you tell Mark I wasn't your boyfriend?"

Harlan bit his lip and nodded slowly. "Only because he wanted to know so much, and I didn't know if you wanted people at the restaurant to know ...."

David scowled. "I've seen the way he looks at you," he hissed.

"But I'll never let him do anything about it," Harlan said quickly. "I'm yours ...."

"Mine," David hissed and stepped closer, pressing Harlan to the wall.

"Yours," Harlan replied softly. "He can look at me all he wants, but he's not getting anything."

David covered Harlan's mouth with his own, kissing him roughly, possessively.

Harlan kissed David back with a small sigh, his arms wrapping around him.

David drove his tongue into his lover's mouth, body pressing him hard into the wall.

Harlan moaned, a small shiver going down his spine from how David was behaving.

The back door opened and Mark stuck his head out. "Milo is looking for you, David," he said, without seeming to care what they were doing.

Harlan broke the kiss with a gasp, swallowing and glancing at Mark.

David growled, glaring at Mark before stepping back and adjusting his clothing.

Harlan glanced down at the ground as he fixed his clothes as well. At least they wouldn't have to hide in front of him anymore.

"I'll be right there," David snapped, and Mark's eyebrows rose. The man pulled his head back inside. David looked hard at his lover. "Anyone asks again, you are mine. Understand?" he said in a tone that was almost harsh in its intensity.

"I understand," Harlan replied quietly, slowly looking up at him.

"Good," David said, and then turned and went back into the building.

Harlan waited a moment before he followed him inside, heading for the kitchen.

Mark frowned at Harlan when he came back in.

"Okay, okay ..." Harlan said, looking at Mark before reaching for the gloves he had to wear. "You caught us. He's my boyfriend."

"You don't have to do what he tells you, you know," Mark said.

No, actually, Harlan did have to. "I know, but it was dumb not to tell you in the first place," he replied, shrugging.

"Some guys get into relationships they don't know how to get out of, that aren't good for them," Mark said, stepping closer and dropping his voice so no one else would hear.

"What're you talking about? I love him, and we're good together," Harlan said, assuming Mark was saying all of this because he was still trying to get with him.

Mark frowned. "He seems to boss you around a lot," he said.

"So what?" Harlan asked, getting defensive.

"Whatever," Mark snapped. "Just trying to help." He turned and went back to his work.

"Well, thank you ... but I don't need any help," Harlan replied easily, turning to the sink to do his own work.

David was glad there weren't too many people that night because his mind was not on work. Of course, fewer customers meant fewer tips, too. He sat at a table afterward, counting up his tips and waiting for Harlan to finish cleaning up.

Harlan finished washing up the dishes from the last table and sighed, stepping back and pulling off the gloves. He set them down and then untied the apron he wore, hanging it up in the right place. He got his things quickly, knowing that David must've been waiting outside. "Goodnight, Mark," he said, heading out of the kitchen.

"Night, Harlan," the other man said.

David looked up as his lover came out to the dining area. He finished his tallies for Milo and then put his tips in his pocket.

Harlan walked over to him, smiling softly again. "Ready to go?"

David nodded, standing up and reaching to take Harlan's hand. He saw Mark in the doorway and narrowed his eyes, pulling Harlan against him and kissing him again.

Harlan blinked in surprise before he blushed, kissing David back softly.

David released him and smiled. "Home," he said.

Harlan grinned and nodded, taking his hand. "Home it is."

Once they stumbled up the steps into their flat, David barely let them close the door before he shoved his lover against it. He pressed his thigh between Harlan's legs. "Mine," he said, lips devouring his lover's.

Harlan moaned and thrust against David, his cock hardening almost immediately. "Yours," he gasped into the kiss.

"Anyone asks you, you make sure they know that," David said, grinding his hips against his lover's.

"Yes, yours, I know ..." Harlan replied, biting his lip at the delicious friction.

"I had to share you there," David growled. "I don't intend to here."

"You won't have to," Harlan whispered, looking up at him.

David continued to nip and suck at Harlan's chin and neck, reaching to unfasten the man's jeans.

Harlan tilted his neck to the side with a small sigh, his eyes slowly closing.

The blond bent his head, sucking hard on his lover's neck as he slid his hand into the man's shorts to wrap his fingers around the warm flesh.

Harlan groaned loudly, thrusting into David's hand slowly. "Good ...."

David bit Harlan's neck and pushed the jeans down, freeing the man's cock.

Harlan cried out softly, knowing that he would probably have a dark red mark on his neck. "More," he whispered, trying to step out of his jeans.

David pulled back long enough to shove the other man, turning him around facing the door and then biting the back of his shoulder as he worked to get his own trousers down.

Harlan braced himself against the door, arching as he felt David's teeth on his shoulder.

David groaned, realising he needed the lube and almost reached to Summon it before catching himself. "Don't move," he growled and then stalked the short distance to grab it, slicking his own cock on the way back.

Harlan swallowed, pressing his hands against the door as he waited for David to come back.

The blond slid slick fingers along his lover's crack, finding his opening and pressing inside quickly. He had no patience tonight, preparing his lover quickly and biting into his shoulder again as he did.

Harlan whimpered, pushing back on the fingers as he bent over more, glancing over his shoulder. "Fuck me," he whispered, licking his dry lips.

"Yes, going to fuck you hard," David growled, pulling out his fingers and pushing his cock inside him. "Fuck, yes!" he growled as the other man's body yielded to him.

"Harder," Harlan moaned, pushing himself back as he quickly adjusted to him.

"Yes, going to pound you into the door," David promised, and began to thrust hard into him.

"Please," Harlan gasped, trying to hold back before he began to cry out with each thrust, David's cock touching that spot every time.

"Are you mine?" David growled against Harlan's back, nipping the back of his neck.

"Yours," Harlan groaned, resting his forehead against the door. He tried to grip something, anything.

David flexed his hips, rocking in and out of his lover's body with small growls each time. He continued to bite him, one hand on his hip and the other sliding around to grasp his lover's cock.

Harlan reached back to grip David's hip as he moved, thrusting into his hand. "I'm close," he whispered.

"Yes, come for me baby, come with me inside you," David gasped, thrusting even harder.

Harlan came only a few thrusts later, his back arching sharply. "Fuck." He shuddered, trying not to fall to his knees.

David slammed his hips forward into his lover and bit hard into his shoulder as he came. He felt his lover's come slick his hand, and it sent a shiver up his spine. He loved the way the other man wanted him.

Harlan made a soft sound as he felt David bite him again, sure that his neck and shoulders were a mess of red marks. But he didn't mind; he loved it, actually.

Trembling, David licked and kissed the bruised flesh of his lover's shoulders. "I love you," he whispered. "I know the spell makes you need me. But I need you, too."

Harlan smiled softly. "I love you, too. Even without the spell, I'd still need you."

David pulled back and turned his lover around, kissing him tenderly this time. He planted little kisses along his lips and over his chin. "Come to bed and hold me, love," he whispered.

Harlan nodded and took David's hand. Kicking his shoes and jeans the rest of the way off, he walked over to the bed and got in it. "Come here ...."

David shed his clothing then, wanting his skin against his lover's as they lay in their small bed.

Harlan pulled his shirt off, lying down and waiting for David.

David crawled in after him, taking him into his arms with a contented sigh.

"Goodnight ..." Harlan whispered, resting his hands on top of David's as he closed his eyes.

David leant his face against his lover's and whispered in his ear. "I love you, Harry," he told him.

"I love you, Draco," Harlan replied softly, slowly falling asleep with a smile on his face.

"Hey, amigo," Manuel greeted David with a grin, slipping his arm around his shoulders. "You're really getting good at this job; it took me at least a few months to get like you are."

David tensed when the other man touched him but nodded. "Thanks," he said.

"A couple of us are coming over to my house for a small get-together. Would you like to come?" Manuel asked, smiling brightly.

David considered, cocking his head. "Can I bring someone?" he asked.

"Of course you can!" Manuel replied cheerfully. "Does that mean you'll come?"

"I think so," David said cautiously. "What will be happening at the party?" he asked.

"Party-like things .... You know, drinking, maybe a few games ...." Manuel curiously glanced at him. "Never been to a party before?"

"Not in this country," David answered, shivering at the memories of what Death Eaters called a party.

Manuel nodded, pulling his arm back and standing in front of him. "Ah, don't worry, it'll be fun. And a nice break."

David nodded, smiling a little. "Thanks," he said. "Is it far? We ... I don't have a car."

"Oh, I've got one. You can ride with me, so you're okay there." Manuel grinned. "I've got to head back. So ... we'll meet outside later?" he asked.

"Sure," David said, getting back to a busy table he had and hoped to get a good tip from.

Meanwhile, Harlan walked into the kitchen with another tray of dishes to wash. He nodded at Mark before he set them down, rolling his shoulders before pulling the gloves on.

Mark came up behind him and laid his hands on his shoulders, rubbing. "Tight?" he asked.

Harlan nodded, pausing to stand there. "Carrying this thing around all day ...."

Mark began massaging Harlan's shoulders.

David finished the rounds with his tables and headed back in the kitchen. He stood in the doorway, frowning and watching the other man with his hands on Harlan.

"Thanks, Mark," Harlan said quietly, reaching to put the things into the sink so he could wash them. He didn't notice that David was watching.

Mark looked up and smiled at David. The blond scowled, arms across his chest. He turned and left the room.

Harlan glanced back just in time to see David leave. He frowned, glancing up at Mark. "What happened?" he asked.

Mark shrugged and went back to his kitchen prep work.

"I'll be right back," Harlan said, turning and walking out of the kitchen, looking around for David.

David had headed to the bathroom to splash cold water on his face.

Harlan looked around everywhere, still frowning when he couldn't find him. He went into the bathroom and nearly sighed in relief. "There you are ...."

David tensed, scowling again and reaching for a paper towel to

dry his face.

"What's wrong?" Harlan asked, walking over to him.

"Don't give me that," David snapped.

"What did I do?" Harlan asked instead, biting his lip.

David glanced around, making sure the bathroom was empty. Then he grabbed Harlan by both upper arms. "You are mine," he hissed. "I don't like his hands on you."

"He was just helping. I know he didn't mean anything by it," Harlan said quickly, looking up at David.

"He wants you," David nearly growled.

"But he can't have me," Harlan said.

David backed Harlan up against the wall, pressing into him. "No, he can't," David whispered. "I don't want him touching you."

Harlan nodded quickly, not even trying to pull his arms out of David's grasp. "You don't have to worry. I'm yours, I will always be," he said softly.

David pressed his lips to Harlan, kissing him hungrily.

Harlan slowly closed his eyes, submitting to the kiss as he leant against the wall.

The door opened and David pulled back, releasing Harlan. A customer went into the stall, giving them a disapproving glare. "We are invited to a party after work," David whispered to his lover.

"Can we go?" Harlan asked, perking up.

David frowned. "I thought we would, but now I am not sure," he said.

"Why not? I promise I'll stay with you the entire time," Harlan said quietly, aware of the person in the room with them.

David thought about it and finally nodded. "Fine," he said, "but stay away from Mark or anyone else who looks at you like that."

"Okay, I will," Harlan said, smiling a bit awkwardly. The smile was to show he was glad to be going the party. He wasn't happy that David didn't trust him. But maybe if they went places, David would learn.

"I'd better get back to work," David said, kissing Harlan quickly and then heading back to the dining room.

"See you later," Harlan said, waving before he headed back into the kitchen to do his work. He stood in front of the sink and sighed softly, rubbing his sore upper arms before beginning to wash the

dishes. David's jealousy was beginning to become too much. Harlan decided to let it go for now. He would rather tolerate the jealousy than risk upsetting David.

## *Mistake in Judgment*

David sighed as the last customer left, and he locked the front door.

Harlan was leaning against a wall near the kitchen, finally finished with his work for the night. He actually couldn't wait for the party that they'd be going to. It would be something different.

David was settling up his receipts and putting his station to rights. He glanced up at Manuel and cocked his head.

Manuel smiled, nodding towards the door. "The car's out front. We'll wait for you."

"I am bringing Harlan," David told him.

"I thought so. That's cool, David," Manuel replied, grinning at him before leaving the restaurant.

"Ready?" David asked Harlan from the door of the kitchen.

Harlan nodded with a smile, pushing himself off the wall and walking over. "Good thing we have a ride."

David took Harlan's hand and led him outside, looking into the car.

Harlan walked with him, glancing in the car and smiling at who he saw. Jennifer, one of the nicer waitresses sat in the front with Manuel, while Andrew and Mark sat in the back. It looked like they'd have to really crowd in tight.

David frowned and considered telling them he had changed his mind. He looked at Harlan and saw how eager his was. Taking a deep breath, David climbed in and then patted his lap, indicating where he wanted Harlan to sit.

Harlan's face flushed, but he climbed in after him, sitting down on David's lap. He waved back when everyone turned to say hello, even though he was sure his flush didn't go away.

David clenched his teeth, hands on Harlan's waist and his own arousal responding to the man's arse rubbing against him.

Harlan relaxed back against David as Manuel drove off, looking out the window with a small sigh. He forced himself not to glance at

Mark, not wanting to make David angry again.

David felt every turn and bump of the car, his fingers tight on his lover's hips.

At first Harlan through David's hands were tightening because David was making sure Harlan was okay, but then he felt what was really the problem. He blushed again, resting a hand on one of David's hands.

When the car pulled a stop, David had his eyes closed, trying to will away his erection.

Harlan patted his hand as Manuel parked. He opened the door to get out first, not wanting to tease David like that.

David shifted uncomfortably as he got out. Mark chuckled but the blond ignored him.

Harlan glanced up at Mark and blushed when he saw that he had noticed.

They followed Manuel up to his apartment and were met by several other people from work.

Manuel went about getting things ready. He turned music on and brought out bottles of alcohol. Everyone seemed to be used to these parties because they all got together on the couch and started talking, making jokes amongst themselves. Harlan wanted to join them, but he remembered what he'd promised David and stopped.

David took a seat in the armchair. He wasn't used to showing his feelings in front of other people, but he wanted Harlan with him.

Harlan took a seat on the floor in front of David, glad that they were close to the group. He accepted a cup of whatever they were all drinking, glancing up at David to see if he wanted any.

"I knew you two were together from the time you both started working," Jennifer commented with an amused smile.

David arched an eyebrow, resting a hand on Harlan's shoulder.

She giggled, nudging Andrew. "Look, I told you."

Harlan blushed, but smiled at them, sipping from the cup. "It was hard to not make it obvious."

David nodded, relaxing more when everyone seemed not only comfortable but pleased with them. Well, almost everyone. Mark shrugged.

Harlan followed through with his promise, staying with David for most of the night. He talked more and laughed, both because of

feeling comfortable and because of the drink that they kept refilling whenever he finished it.

David tried to relax, enjoying the party. He watched the social dynamics, figuring out who was with whom. He noticed that several people would disappear at points into the back room.

Harlan stayed where he was, carefully declining people's offers to dance or anything. They knew that Harlan was with David, and Harlan guessed that they just wanted to have fun, but he still didn't want to take any chances. He could almost feel Mark's gaze for most of the night, forcing him to have a small blush on his face.

David watched the dancing for a while, noticing the ways it was similar to that in the wizarding world. He leant forward to whisper in Harlan's ear. "Want to dance with me?" he asked.

Harlan smiled and nodded, setting his drink down before he got up.

David had waited for a slow song. He stood up and pulled Harlan with him to the centre of the room where a few other people were still dancing. Around them, he noticed several others were making out on the couch.

"I'm rubbish at dancing," Harlan murmured softly, looking shy in the centre of everything.

"Put your arms around my neck and follow my lead," David said, laying his hands on Harlan's hips and beginning to move to the music.

Harlan slipped his arms around David's neck and smiled as he began to move along with him. "I like this ... thanks for letting us come ...." Harlan said.

The words made David's half-hard cock twitch and he took a breath, looking down into his lover's eyes. "Good," he managed.

Harlan leant up and kissed him softly, sighing as he pulled back. "Love you," he said quietly.

"You two are fucking hot," someone said, but David ignored them, eyes focussed on Harlan's.

"Yes," he whispered, before nipping at the man's lips

Harlan blushed, but decided to ignore them as well. All he could really focus on was David, and he leant up again, kissing him longer.

One of David's hands on Harlan's hips strayed lower, kneading his arse. His eyes closed as he lost everything but the taste and feel of

his lover.

Harlan was trying his best to be around everyone, bouncing along to the music with David as the night went on. Eventually he slipped away from David, just to use the bathroom.

David leant against the counter discussing the menu at the restaurant with a couple of the other waiters. The blond was becoming increasingly interested in cooking and what went into learning to make the meals they served.

Harlan was just about to leave the bathroom when he felt the beginnings of the effects of the spell. He turned and gripped the bathroom sink, trying to stay in control, but as the seconds went by, it got worse.

David was deep in his conversation with Manuel and Richard, unaware that he and Harlan had forgotten to keep track of the spell.

Mark seemed to be the only one who noticed that Harlan had gone to the bathroom and still hadn't come back. He got up and knocked on the door, wondering if maybe Harlan had gotten sick from drinking too much. "Harlan?" he asked, knocking again when there was no answer.

Harlan gasped as he slowly slid down to the floor, his body trembling. He heard someone calling him, but he couldn't reply.

"Harlan, I'm coming in," Mark said. Then he opened the door, his eyes going wide. He rushed over and knelt down, not knowing what happened.

Harlan squeezed his eyes shut as he continued to jerk and moan, not noticing when Mark carefully pulled him into his lap.

Mark thought Harlan was having a seizure of some sort, and he reached to pull his cell phone out to call an ambulance. "David!" he called out first, needing help to keep Harlan from hurting himself.

David looked up sharply and noticed that Harlan wasn't in the room. He had a prickling sensation at the back of his neck and ran towards Mark's voice. "Merde," he cursed when he saw his lover. He dropped to knees and reached for him. "Give him to me," he insisted.

Mark shifted and carefully passed Harlan over to him, looking scared. "Do you want me to call an ambulance or anything?" he asked, unable to take his eyes off of Harlan.

"No, Muggle ... I mean no, I can handle this," he said. "I need someplace quiet to lie him down."

"I have a spare room," Manuel said from the doorway, making room for them to pass.

Harlan was crying out in pain as David lifted him in his arms and stood up, turning sideways and making his way to the room indicated. He laid his lover on the bed. The other two had followed and more were peeking in the doorway. "We need privacy," he insisted.

Manuel nodded, gripping Mark's shoulder and gently pulling him to the door. "We'll be out here if you need anything," Manuel said, closing the door behind them.

"I'm here, love," David soothed, reaching quickly to unfasten his lover's jeans and pull them down his hips.

Harlan sobbed, but lifted his hips for David, biting his lip so he wouldn't scream like he wanted to.

David's face was set in a worried frown as he unfastened his own trousers. It was difficult to get hard in this situation. He pulled Harlan around so the man was bent over the side of the bed. "I don't have any lube," he told his lover, pulling on his own cock and trying to get it to respond.

"It's okay," Harlan managed to gasp, trying to move his body so that it would be easier for David.

David did the only thing he could think of – he spit in his hand and coated his half-hard cock with it. Then he moved forward, spreading the man's arse cheeks with the other and pressing the head against his opening. Not fully hard and without lube, it was difficult to get it past the tight ring.

Harlan groaned with the added burn, his fingers gripping the sheets as he tried to relax for David. "Just ... go on ...." He didn't care if he wouldn't be able to walk right for the next few days.

"Trying to," David hissed, losing the erection he had with the effort. He closed his eyes, breathing harder with fear, and tried to concentrate on the image of Harlan on his knees sucking him. His cock began to harden as he did. "Yes, baby, going to fuck you," he whispered.

"Fuck me," Harlan said quietly, his eyes closed and jaw clenched. "Please ...."

The words helped and David continued, rubbing the head of his cock against his lover's opening as he pulled and squeezed the shaft. "Yes, going to fuck you, baby," he whispered. "Going to be deep inside that tight hole." And then he found he was hard enough to press the head in and moaned at the sensation.

Harlan moaned softly as well, pressing his face into the bed as David managed to push inside. The pain had started to lessen the moment he did, and Harlan sighed.

"You want me, baby?" David asked, needing the encouragement, his cock barely inside his lover.

"Want you," Harlan whispered, swallowing as he gently pushed back on his cock.

David sighed, taking hold of his lover's hips and pressing inside him. "Yes," he said. "I love being inside you. Fucking you."

Harlan wriggled his hips, biting his lip again. "Faster," he whispered, remembering that they weren't in their own home.

"Don't want to hurt you," David gasped, but began to flex his hips, pulling back and thrusting forward.

"It's okay," Harlan encouraged, pushing back harder. "Please ...."

David nodded and began to fuck his lover hard and fast, knowing it wouldn't take him long now.

Harlan pressed his face against the bed as they rocked. He knew he wouldn't be able to come this time, but he wanted David to come.

"Yes!" David hissed, thrusting in hard a last time and releasing his seed into his lover.

Harlan moaned softly, collapsing against the bed. He was exhausted, and he felt slightly embarrassed for having this happen in front of so many people.

David pulled out and tucked himself back in his trousers, uncomfortably aware of people in the next room. There was a knock at the door. Manuel wanted to know if Harlan was okay.

Harlan reached back and slowly pulled up his jeans, trying to fix them as fast as he could.

"I think they could hear," David whispered, blushing a bit.

Harlan blushed too, moving to sit up on the bed. "We should probably leave before they ask a lot of questions, right?" he asked quietly.

"We work with them," David whispered. "It's not like we can

avoid seeing them."

"Then what do we say?" Harlan asked, biting his lip.

"I'm not a bloody Muggle, I don't know what to tell them," David snapped, still whispering.

"We can tell them I have an illness .... There's one that makes you do that, I think," Harlan said, looking down.

"That makes you have to fuck?" David asked, eyebrows arched.

"No, what happened in the bathroom," Harlan explained, blushing again.

"Do you know what it is called?" David asked.

"Uhm ...." Harlan paused for a long moment, thinking hard. He didn't know too much about Muggle illnesses, but he remembered this one. "... I think ... epilepsy."

There was a louder knock at the door. "You two okay in there?" Manuel called through it.

Harlan glanced at the door before he slowly got up. "Help me," he whispered, reaching out to hold on to David.

"Are you not better?" David asked, worried as he helped him up.

"I'm tired," Harlan said softly, beginning to walk to the door. When they reached it he opened it, biting down on his lip as he looked at everyone outside. "Sorry ...."

David stepped up beside him and put his arm around Harlan's shoulder. They were peppered with questions and David just shrugged. "He's doing better now," he said.

Harlan nodded, looking down. "I didn't mean to interrupt the party."

"What happened? Are you okay?" Manuel asked.

"I have epilepsy," Harlan lied quietly, shrugging. "It happens sometimes."

"I thought so," Mark said, sighing. "Would you like a ride back home?"

David looked to Harlan, letting him decide this.

Harlan glanced up at David and didn't see any kind of disapproval on his face, so he nodded, looking at Mark. "Thank you."

"Thank you for inviting us," David told Manuel politely.

"Yeah, thank you, really. And I'm sorry again. I had fun," Harlan said, smiling at them.

They said goodbye to everyone and followed Mark out to the car.

"I was really worried," Mark said as they walked to the car, glancing back at Harlan every now and then.

"I'm sorry," Harlan said quietly.

David held his hand tightly, not liking that Harlan felt bad about it.

Harlan glanced at their hands then looked down.

"Nah, don't be sorry," Mark replied, unlocking the car. "You can't help it." He opened the door for them.

David gestured to the car, helping his Harlan into the backseat before climbing in after him. He told Mark the address of their apartment, not completely comfortable with that but not knowing what else he could do about it.

Harlan rested his head on David's shoulder with a small sigh as Mark started the car and drove off in the direction of their home. The ride was quiet and Harlan found himself dozing off.

David pointed out their building when they got close and then woke his sleeping lover.

Harlan woke up and blinked.

Mark had already parked the car and was out, opening the door for them. "Morning, sleepyhead," he said, smiling.

David frowned at the affectionate tone in the other man's voice. Mark reached to help Harlan from the car and David ground his teeth.

"Thank you," Harlan said, smiling sleepily at the man. Harlan stumbled getting out and fell into Mark, who caught him in his arms. David got quickly out of the car and reached for his lover.

Before Harlan knew what was happening he was being grabbed back into David's arms. "Sorry," he said quickly.

"Goodnight," David said firmly to Mark, and led his lover to their building.

"Night, Mark," Harlan said, glancing back at him before turning forward to keep up with David's quick pace.

Mark waved, watching them go into the building with a small frown on his face. He turned and left after they went inside.

– CHAPTER SEVEN –

## *Selective Memory*

David helped Harlan up the stairs and then unlocked their door, pushing his lover ahead of him into the room.

Harlan stumbled inside, turning to look at David. "I'm glad we went to the party."

David snorted, relocking the door and leading him over to the bed. He set Harlan down on it and began pulling the other man's clothes off.

"It was fun, right?" Harlan asked, letting David undress him. "And I danced with you ...."

David had removed the man's coat and shirt and now bent to get the shoes. "Yes, it was," he said. "And you can dance with me anytime you like."

Harlan grinned, lifting his foot for him. "You dance really nice. So I want to do it again."

"I think you have had too much to drink," David said.

"Did not," Harlan said, blushing softly. "Whatever I was drinking was good though. You should've had some. Didn't I ask if you wanted any? I should've."

"I don't like being drunk," David answered, thinking he also didn't trust what others gave him. He finished removing his lover's socks and shoes and then laid him back on the bed, working to get his jeans and shorts off, too.

"Oh .... Well, I didn't get drunk so I don't think you would've," Harlan said, lifting his hips when David moved to pull the jeans down.

David smiled fondly down at his naked, babbling lover, then stood and stripped as well.

Harlan scooted up on the bed, his eyes on David. "But I don't really drink much anyway .... That was probably the first time in a long time," Harlan said.

David climbed in beside the man, wrapping his arms around him

and pulling him against his own body.

"We're going to sleep now?" Harlan asked, snuggling close and closing his eyes. "Good, I'm tired."

"Yes, sleep, baby," David soothed, petting his hair.

"Night, Draco," Harlan said softly, not noticing his mistake as he fell asleep.

"Sweet dreams, Harry," the blond whispered, smiling and kissing his forehead.

David woke first, slipping out of bed to make tea. Times like these, Harlan would miss things like Hangover Potions. The blond made their tea and then sat down beside his lover, putting the cup on the bedside table.

Harlan had pulled the covers over his head, the light making his head hurt even more. "Turn the light off," he moaned.

"That's called the sun, and I can't make it go away," David replied, amused. "But I do have tea for you."

"You can block it," Harlan murmured, slowly pulling the covers away. "Tea?"

"The shades are closed, baby," David answered, picking up the cup of tea and bringing it up to his lover's lips.

"Thanks," Harlan whispered, blowing on it before taking a small sip. He sighed, looking up at David. "Morning ...."

"Good morning, love," David said, still holding the cup for him.

Harlan slowly sat up, reaching to take the cup from his hands. "Sleep well?" he asked, sipping at the tea.

"Yes," David said quietly. "Are you okay this morning?"

"Just a headache, but I'm okay," Harlan answered softly, smiling at him.

"So last night has me thinking about the spell requirement," David said.

"What about it?" Harlan asked, raising an eyebrow.

"We've had two accidents recently," David said. "We might want to make sure I fuck you in the mornings so we don't have that happen in the evening like that."

Harlan nodded, sipping the tea slowly. "We can still have sex at night though, right?" He would miss that.

David's smile grew and he cupped his lover's chin. "Oh, baby,"

he cooed, "anytime and as often as you like."

Harlan smiled brightly. "Good, then that's fine with me. Good thing we have today off." He leant up to kiss David. "Plus, I hope everyone doesn't start treating me weird."

David gently returned the kiss. "So what do you want to do with our day off?" he asked.

"Can we go out? After this headache goes away," Harlan said, drinking the last of his tea.

"Of course," David said, sipping his own tea.

"Is there anything you want to do outside?" Harlan asked, setting his cup down.

"Well, what do Muggles do for fun?" David asked.

"Same things as witches and wizards, I suppose," Harlan replied, smiling as he lay back on the bed again. "Except differently. They take buses to go places and such."

"Well," David said, "I saw some bookstores on Clement Street. Or we could go to the beach or the park or something."

"I liked the beach, but the water was too cold," Harlan said with a shiver. "Maybe the bookstores and then the park?"

"Sounds good," David smiled, setting his empty cup aside.

Harlan sat up again, smiling back. "So come back to bed and lay with me while this gets better. Oh, and ... can we buy something else, maybe?"

David lay down again, opening his arms for Harlan.

"Like maybe a television?" Harlan asked, moving into his arms and resting his head on David's chest.

"A what?" David asked.

"A television. There was one at Manuel's flat .... You know, that box in front that had moving pictures in it?" Harlan tried to explain.

"Ah," David said. "Are they expensive?"

"Some of them are," Harlan admitted. "We have a lot saved up though, right?"

"Well," David said, "not a lot. But we can look at the cost and see if we can get one." He slid his arm down, stroking Harlan's backside fondly.

Harlan smiled, his eyes closing as he relaxed. "Thank you," he said.

"Are you feeling better?" David asked.

"Yeah, the headache is going away," Harlan murmured.

David's fingers caressed up his lover's spine. "Good," he purred.

The touch made Harlan shiver, his eyes opening again. "We should carry lube around with us," he said suddenly.

"Yes, we should," David agreed. "Are you sore?"

"Yeah, a bit," Harlan replied softly.

"Shall I kiss it and make it better?" David asked, licking his lover's ear.

Harlan blushed again, but nodded. "Yes, please ...."

David smiled. "Be right back," he promised, rolling out of bed and heading to the bathroom where he ran the water until it was warm and then soaked a washcloth in it before returning.

Harlan had rolled into the middle of the bed as he waited for David to return.

"On your hands and knees, love," David said, smiling as he returned to the bed.

Harlan rolled over onto his stomach first then got up on his hands and knees, glancing over his shoulder at David.

David climbed between the other man's legs and then began to wash his arse gently, first the cheeks and then softly down the crack.

Harlan hummed softly, resting his forehead on the bed. It felt so good just to be touched like this by someone he loved and trusted.

David was as thorough as he was gentle, washing his lover's sore opening, then his balls and cock as well.

Harlan began to harden under the touches, his hips circling as David touched him.

David set the cooling washcloth aside and then reached to spread those cheeks, inspecting the damage from last night. Harlan's opening was red but not torn. The blond licked at the sensitive tissue.

Harlan moaned softly, tilting his hips up and back. "Mm, yes," he encouraged.

David cupped his lover's balls with one hand while he kept him spread with the other, licking and sucking on that puckered opening.

"Ah, please," Harlan moaned, his cock bouncing as he tried to push back on David's tongue.

David pushed his tongue into his lover as he slid his hand up Harlan's shaft.

Harlan's hips rocked as he thrust into David's hand, his cheek

pressed against the bed as he panted.

David wriggled his tongue inside his lover, squeezing the head of his lover's cock as he did.

"Draco," Harlan gasped, his eyes squeezed shut as he gripped the sheets again. "More ...."

The sound of his real name, so seldom heard now, was exciting. David withdrew his tongue enough to speak. "More this?" he asked.

"More, yes," Harlan begged, swallowing to wet his dry throat.

"Come for me, love," David said, renewing the thrusting of his tongue and speeding up his hand, loving the way the other man trembled under him.

It only took Harlan a couple minutes more before he was coming hard, arching his back sharply with a cry.

David sighed happily, patting his lover's arse affectionately and reaching for a towel to clean his face and hands.

Harlan slowly collapsed on the bed again, panting softly. "Mm ..." he hummed.

After cleaning himself, David handed his lover the washcloth. "We are going to have to do laundry, too," he said. "You just soiled our second set of sheets."

"Sorry," Harlan said softly, laying down on his side and glancing at David.

"No apologies needed, love," David said, smiling. "I love doing that to you. We just need clean sheets."

David managed to get Harlan out of bed and stripped their second set of sheets, stuffing it into a bag with the rest of their laundry.

"Big bag," Harlan commented, pulling his shoes on properly before getting up to help David.

They managed to carry the bag down the street to the local laundromat. David had grabbed the bag of change that they used to pay for buses and laundry.

"We need four of those big coins," Harlan said, pulling the bag down to an almost empty row of washers.

"Last time we were here, that girl said we have to sort them by colour," David said, dumping the contents of their bag onto a table.

"So, you start pulling out the white clothes," Harlan said, getting the colours out.

David nodded and together they managed to get most of it sorted. They argued over the placement of a few items. Not for the first time and, he was sure, not for the last, David missed house-elves.

"Now can we put them in the washer?" Harlan asked, moving to open one of them.

"Did you remember the cleaning powder?" David asked, scooping an armload of white clothing into a nearby machine.

Harlan nodded, picking up the box of powder. "I still say it smells good," he commented, opening it up and reaching for the small scooper.

"You're daft," David answered, making a face. He noticed a pretty brunette was watching them.

"I am not daft," Harlan said with a pout, scooping the powder out and putting it into the machine. "Smells like flowers or something ...."

"I think we will have to visit one of the flower gardens in the park," David said. "You have clearly forgotten what flowers actually smell like."

Harlan blushed slightly, closing the machine. "Can't blame me for that, can you?"

David leant in to whisper in his ear. "That girl is watching us. Do you think she's attractive?" he asked.

Harlan quickly glanced back, blushing harder when he saw that someone really was watching them. "She's really pretty," Harlan said quietly, looking back at David.

David winked at the young woman watching them. She blushed and returned to folding her clothing. The blond continued to whisper. "Do you want her?" he asked.

Harlan blushed hard, watching David for a long moment. Was it some kind of test or something? "Well, er. I have you, so ...."

David pulled back and considered his lover. "You don't miss being with a woman?" he asked, voice still low.

"Kissing them is a lot like kissing you anyway," Harlan said with a shrug. He glanced back at the woman.

She glanced up and blushed again when she saw the two of them looking at her. "I wasn't talking about kissing," David whispered, smirking.

"Oh, you mean ..." Harlan trailed off, looking at David quickly. "I've never really gotten that far."

David's eyes widened and his mouth dropped open a bit before he caught himself. "What about the Weasley girl?" he asked.

"I was fighting a war," Harlan said softly. "I couldn't be with her, too."

David had forgotten the Muggle now and was staring at his lover. "You never?" he asked, shocked. He had forgotten that.

"You were my first," Harlan replied, reaching for the small bag that held the coins they would need for the machine.

David began to tremble then, and he turned away.

"What's wrong?" Harlan asked after he put the coins in and turned the machine on. He stepped closer, touching his arm.

David wanted to run and he was shaking. "No, no," he was muttering, covering his own face with his hands.

"Draco," Harlan whispered, gently guiding him to a chair to sit down, "I didn't mean to upset you." He wrapped his arm around him.

David was losing control in a Muggle laundry room and was unable to stop himself.

Harlan hugged him, feeling helpless in the situation. He rubbed his back and tried to soothe him, though.

"I raped you," David hissed.

Harlan winced. "I've forgiven you ...."

"Repeatedly," David said, shuddering.

Harlan didn't know what to say. It wasn't like he could deny it. "But I've forgiven you ... that shouldn't matter ...."

David's grey eyes looked up in pain at his lover.

"I love you, Draco," Harlan said, biting his lip. "I love you ...."

The man hissed at the use of his name in public. "I need to go for a walk," he said. "Can you handle the laundry for a while?"

"I can handle it," Harlan said quietly, watching him. "You want me to wait here or go home?"

"If the laundry is done, you can go home," David said, getting to his feet.

"Where are you going?" Harlan asked.

"I don't know," David said, not looking at him. "Don't worry. I'll be back."

"All right ... I'll see you later," Harlan said, looking down at the floor.

David left quickly, walking faster than usual and not having any idea where he was going.

Harlan looked up, watching him leave and sighing softly. He saw that the woman was still looking at him, her eyes full of sympathy. Harlan shrugged and went back to the clothes.

He washed, dried and folded the clothes, taking his time in the laundromat. He didn't know how long he waited to see David's blond hair in the doorway before he finally decided that he needed to go. He carefully put the clothes into the bag and tied it up, slowly making his way back to the flat with the heavy bag. He made it back inside and went about putting the clothes away, glancing at the door to the flat every few minutes. He had no idea where David was and it worried him. He needed David in more ways than just sexually.

Hours passed, and Harlan ended up falling asleep curled up in their chair, an empty carton of ice cream next to him.

– CHAPTER EIGHT –

## *Second Chances*

David lost track of time, wandering aimlessly as his thoughts roiled. He had allowed himself to let go of the past and forget who they really were. Forget that *Harry* was with him because he had no choice – a slave bound to *Draco* by blood magic. A man who he had raped and stood by while others raped and tortured. It made him sick to remember, but he couldn't forget.

When he finally came back to the laundromat, the other man was gone. David made his way slowly to the flat.

David let himself into the flat, worried at first when he didn't hear anything. He smiled softly when he saw Harlan asleep in the chair. The blond sat down nearby on the futon, looking at his lover for a long time. He was completely in love with this man. But how could he know if what Harlan – Harry – felt for him was real or just a result of the spell?

Harlan's face scrunched up as he began to dream of his past. They were hurting him again and holding him down, and he struggled to get away, screaming for help. The worst part was that everything was dark, and he couldn't see who was doing it to him.

The minute Harlan's face changed from calm to pained, David recognised the nightmare starting. He jumped off the futon and went to his knees beside him, reaching to hold him. "It's okay, it's a dream," he said urgently.

Harlan woke up with a gasp, his eyes wide as he looked at David. "Draco ..." he whispered, nearly falling off the chair in his haste to get closer to him.

David wrapped his arms around the other man, fingers plunging into his hair and lips kissing his cheeks. "Harry," he whispered.

"You came back ... I missed you, you know," Harlan said, his words slurring together from being sleepy still.

"Of course I came back," the blond soothed, running fingers through his lover's hair. "Did I scare you?"

"I thought maybe you'd never come back. I don't know what I'd do without you," Harlan replied, looking at him.

David frowned, searching his lover's face. "What if we didn't have the spell binding us?" he asked. "What if the way you feel about me is just the spell?"

"If it were just the spell, I wouldn't be here," Harlan said honestly, looking into David's eyes. "Did you not see that I held on to life because I loved you? I had so many chances to just give up."

"I wanted you so bad," David said, trembling. "I still do."

"That's how I know you've changed, Draco," Harlan said softly. "That emotion you have right there. We've all made mistakes in our lives and we all deserve second chances."

"Second chance," David whispered. "You are my chance to be whole."

"If you want to be happy, you'll stay with me forever," Harlan insisted.

"Forever," David echoed, kissing him gently. Then he pulled back to look into those green eyes. "I didn't know you were a virgin when I ... I swear it."

"How could you know? It's not like everyone really knew about my personal life," Harlan replied.

David nodded, taking a deep breath. He looked over and saw that Harlan had made the bed. "Sorry we missed the park," he whispered. "Do you want to go to bed now?"

"We can go to the park tomorrow ... and it'll be even better," Harlan said with a small smile. "And yes, bed. I'm sorry I ate all the ice cream, by the way."

"You are entitled," David said, getting up off his knees and helping the other man, too.

Harlan got up and walked over to the bed, slowly crawling into it.

David stripped and threw his clothes over the chair before climbing in with him. "Do you want to now?" he asked, knowing they had a few hours until the spell required it.

It took Harlan a moment before he understood what he was asking. If they didn't do it now, Harlan was sure that he'd end up being woken up by the spell. "Yes," he answered. "I know you'll be careful."

David smiled, stroking the other man's hair off his face. "Suck me

and ride me?" he asked.

Harlan blushed. He wondered if he would ever get used to the terms. "Of course," he murmured, beginning to move down David's body.

David smiled, aroused just by the sight of the other man preparing to use his mouth on him.

Harlan kissed both of David's hips first, smiling up at the other man. "I love you," he whispered, leaning down to take his cock into his mouth.

"Yes, love you," David said, reaching to lay his hand on Harlan's head. He could never keep his hands off the other man.

Harlan closed his eyes as he concentrated on sucking David, his head bobbing slowly.

"Yes, baby, I love your mouth on me," David crooned. "You make me feel like no one else ever did."

Harlan pulled off and licked up the length, watching David as he did. He stopped and suckled on just the head, his hand wrapping around the shaft and stroking him.

"Yes, my love," David whispered, trembling with his arousal. "So beautiful."

Harlan licked a few more times before he pulled away again, sitting up and moving to get off the bed. He pulled off the shorts he had on, exposing his own arousal to David before finding the tube of lubricant.

David gazed up in adoration and desire at his lover, reaching a hand out for him.

Harlan took his hand and slowly got back into the bed, holding the tube out for him.

"Want me to prepare you?" David asked, his voice husky.

"Please," Harlan replied, lying down on his stomach.

"On your knees, baby," David said, rolling towards him.

Harlan got up on his knees only, making sure to push his arse out for him.

David quickly squeezed the Muggle lube onto his fingers and reached for his lover's opening, sliding a finger gently inside him.

"Mm," Harlan moaned, slowly pushing back onto the single finger.

"Yes, you like that," David crooned. "Going to stretch you and

then you will ride my cock. Right?"

"Yes, ride your cock," Harlan whispered, swallowing thickly.

David worked in two more fingers, twisting and stroking that bundle of nerves inside.

Harlan had begun to moan and gasp, his heart speeding up as David prepared him.

"Ready to ride me, baby?" David asked, pumping his fingers in and out of the other man.

"Ready," Harlan said, gripping his sheets as he moved to get up. He wanted to come with David inside him.

David pulled his fingers out and then reached to slick his own leaking cock now. He watched hungrily as his lover crawled on top of him.

Harlan positioned himself above David's cock before he slowly started to sit down, a low moan escaping him.

David gasped, the sensation making him shiver, and resisted the urge to thrust up, watching his lover's face as he sank onto his cock.

Harlan let out another moan as he finally sat down, clenching around David gently. "You feel so good ...."

"Yes, good inside you," David managed to practically growl.

Harlan waited a few more minutes before he pulled himself up and slowly sat down again, starting a slow rhythm.

"Yes, baby, ride me, that's it," David whispered, hands on his lover's thighs.

Harlan picked up the pace after he heard David's words, his hips rocking as he moved faster.

"Oh, yes," David encouraged, eyes half-closed as he watched his lover. "Yes, good inside you."

"Can I ... touch myself?" Harlan gasped, his cock bouncing as he fucked himself.

"No," David said, smiling and sliding his own hand to wrap around his lover's cock.

Harlan moaned loudly as his rhythm faltered, his hips thrusting into David's hand.

"Yes, baby," David growled, getting closer and thrusting up into Harlan now. He stroked and twisted his hand on his lover's cock.

"Gonna come," Harlan moaned, biting his lip hard. "Come with me ...."

"Yes, now," David growled, arching up into his lover as he shot his seed inside him.

All it took was one more thrust and Harlan was coming hard, his back arching sharply.

"Yes, yes," David whispered as his lover's come spurted over his hand, belly and chest. He laughed in delight at the feel of it and the look of rapture on Harlan's face.

Harlan smiled when he heard the laugh, looking down at David happily. "I don't even think I want to move ...."

David reached a hand down beside the bed, groping blindly for a towel they kept there to clean the mess. He wiped up his chest and stomach, then pulled the man down atop him and rolled so Harlan was on his back. Then he pulled out of him, using the towel to clean his lover.

Harlan's eyes were closed as David cleaned him, the exhaustion coming back slowly. "Sleep," he said softly.

"Yes, baby," David said, dropping the towel beside the bed again and crawling back up to lie down and take his lover into his arms. "Sweet dreams, tonight, my love," he whispered.

"Sweet dreams," Harlan whispered, yawning as he rested his hands on top of David's. He fell asleep and dreamt about Harry and Draco – finally free.

September in San Francisco was actually warmer than the summer had been. That, and the fact that few of the trees had leaves that changed colour, made it difficult for David to believe they had really been there for three months already.

Except that David was getting good at his job, and he found he enjoyed it. He had taken to hanging out in the kitchen during his breaks. At first, it had been to be near Harlan. And because he didn't trust Mark. But he had started talking about the menu items and how the food was made with Milo and Richard, the other cook. He was fascinated by the process and the more he learnt, the more it reminded him of potion making.

"You're lucky I like you, David," Richard said as he sprinkled a bit of spices into the soup he was making. "Otherwise you wouldn't even be allowed back here for long." Mark snickered from where he stood, watching them. "But you remind me of myself when I first got

interested in cooking," Richard continued.

David nodded, eyes watching carefully. "How do you know how much to add? I've noticed that sometimes you measure it with the little spoons, but sometimes, like now, you just add it with your fingers."

Richard shrugged, stirring the soup. "I can just tell how much it needs. Like ... here, taste some." He got another spoon and dipped it in the pot, scooping up a little for him. "Blow on it first."

David blew on the spoon and then sipped it. He frowned. "Needs something more," he said.

"See, that's how you can tell," Richard said with a grin, using another spoon to get a bit for himself. "Mm, yeah, more salt, you think?"

"Maybe, and more of that," David said, picking up a bottle and sniffing it. "Dill," he read off the label.

"Good idea," Richard said, nodding. "Go ahead and put it in yourself. I think I can trust you not to overdo it."

David had already washed his hands so he took a pinch of the herb and added it to the soup, watching it disappear into the mix.

Richard stirred it, adding a bit more salt before tasting it again. "Oh, that tastes wonderful ...." He smiled at David, tapping his chin thoughtfully. "Have you ever thought about going to culinary school?"

"Do they have them here?" David asked.

"Yes, of course," Richard replied, covering the pot of soup. "The one I went to. The Culinary Institute of America. Lovely school, I think you'd do great there."

"Thank you," David said, nodding and seriously thinking about it. "Oh, break's over," he said, heading back to the dining room. He stopped and gave Harlan, who was busy with dishes, a quick kiss.

Harlan blushed, turning to wave goodbye as David walked away. He sighed softly and picked up the tray, walking back into the kitchen, a small smile on his face.

Mark stepped up behind Harlan at the sink, leaning one hand on the sink beside him. "So how are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm good," Harlan replied, washing another plate. He glanced up at Mark, smiling a bit. "Really good. How're you?"

"Not too much going on." Mark shrugged. "I was seeing a guy

for a while but that didn't work out."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You'll find someone better," Harlan said, setting the plate on the side to dry.

"You two getting along any better?" Mark asked.

"We were always getting along nicely," Harlan replied.

Mark sighed, clearly not believing that. "You want to go for a drink after work?" he asked.

"That sounds good, but I'll have to ask David if we aren't doing anything," Harlan answered, reaching for a glass to wash.

"Harlan, don't you do anything without David?" Mark asked, sounding shocked.

"Not really ... but he is my boyfriend, I like it," Harlan said, nodding.

"It's not healthy," Mark said. "You should have friends of your own. Didn't you have friends back in England?"

Harlan paused at the memory of his friends. "They died," he said quietly. "Accident."

"Oh, sorry," Mark said, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"It's okay," Harlan said, shrugging. "They're in a better place, I hope."

Mark gave his shoulder a squeeze. "Well, I had better get my smoke now before my break is over. You taken yours yet?"

"Not yet, haven't had the chance," Harlan said. "I could join you, if you want."

"Sure, I would," Mark said, smiling.

"All right, let me just finish this," Harlan murmured, turning back to the sink and finishing the plates. He pulled off the gloves when he was done and put them away, wiping his hands on his jeans. "Okay, ready."

Mark lit up as soon as they were outside. He had grabbed a coat for the cool night and was holding it closed with the other hand. "So what do you do for fun, Harlan?" he asked.

"Uhm, well ..." That was a hard question, considering the fact that Mark probably wouldn't know what he was talking about if he told him he liked to fly and play wizard's chess. "David and I go to the park sometimes, and ... the laundromat is fun." He laughed softly, rubbing his arms.

"Oh, man, you need to get out more if you think the laundromat

is fun," Mark said, half laughing. "How about the movies? Dancing? Sports?"

"We watch movies on the telly sometimes," Harlan said with a small blush. "We only danced at that party ... and sports here are strange."

"I guess you two are used to rugby and things like that," Mark said.

"Yeah ... and football. Which is another sport here?" Harlan asked, looking confused.

"Different," Mark said, dropping his cigarette and crushing it. "Do you like music?"

"I love music, but I can't really dance all that well," Harlan said, laughing again.

"I could show you," Mark offered.

Harlan frowned slightly. "I don't think David would like that."

Mark huffed and rolled his eyes. "Fine, but you think about what I said. You need a life that isn't always about what David wants." He opened the back door. "I guess we had better get back."

They went back to work. It was a busy night and late by the time cleanup was done. David was sitting at a table in the dining area, talking with Manuel and Jennifer when Harlan finally finished.

Harlan sat down next to David once he was finished, smiling at the others. "David, are you ready to head back home?"

"Yes," David said, smiling tiredly at his lover. They said goodnight to the others and made their way home by bus.

Harlan rested his head on David's shoulder once they found seats on the bus. "Can I ask you a question?"

"Mmm?" David answered sleepily, eyes closed and feet throbbing in pain. Some days he missed magic more than others.

"Would you ever let me go out with other people? Just ... I don't know, for fun. With you, too ..." Harlan asked.

David frowned. "What do you mean?" he asked, voice quiet but body tense.

"Just, uhm ... not like a date. Just friends," Harlan said quickly, feeling David tense.

"Mark wants more than a friend," David snapped.

"I make it clear every day that you're my boyfriend, and I'm only interested in him as a friend," Harlan replied softly.

"Doesn't mean he is listening," David drawled.

"I don't think he'd force me to do anything, David ...." Harlan said slowly.

"So what do you want to do?" David asked, warily.

"He says he wouldn't mind teaching me how to dance," Harlan said, shrugging. "But I know you could always teach me that. But ... he asked today if I could go out for a drink after work. Something like that, I guess."

"I don't want him touching you," David said.

Harlan nodded. "So no dancing, I understand."

"And you don't stay out all night," David said. "Take no risks."

"I'll make sure to come back early," Harlan said firmly.

"I'll think about it then," David said with a huff, closing his eyes again.

"Thank you," Harlan replied, smiling brightly. He sat up a bit more to see where they were.

– CHAPTER NINE –

## *Shifting Footing*

Harlan woke up first, blinking against David's warm skin. He pulled back and smiled at David then leant up to kiss him softly. "Morning," he whispered, even though he knew David was still fast asleep. He slipped out of bed and went to the bathroom before he headed into the kitchen to put the kettle on.

When he went back to the futon, David was still asleep. He quietly crawled back into the bed and went under the covers, moving down to his cock. He grinned before sucking him into his mouth, waiting for a reaction.

"Mmm," David murmured. He was still asleep but one hand found its way down to Harlan's head and he opened his legs wider.

Harlan moaned softly, the sound vibrating around David's rapidly hardening flesh.

"Yes, baby," David whispered, knowing no better way in the world to wake up than to this.

Harlan sucked hard one last time before he moved away, getting out of the bed and reaching for the lubricant. He climbed back in the bed and squeezed some on his fingers, reaching back to prepare himself quickly.

David whimpered as Harlan's mouth left him and he opened his eyes, looking up to see his lover preparing to fuck him. "Good morning!" he said enthusiastically.

Harlan laughed softly, his breath hitching as he slipped a third finger inside himself. "Morning ...."

David lay there watching him but couldn't resist reaching to touch him.

Harlan pulled his fingers out and moved up and over David, panting softly as he straddled David's chest. "Suck me," he said, moving up and pressing the head of his cock against David's lips.

David's eyes widened. He couldn't remember Harlan ever initiating something like this. He nodded, opening his mouth and

taking the head of the man's cock between his lips, swirling his tongue over the soft flesh.

Harlan moaned softly, reaching to slide his fingers into David's hair. His hips twitched as he fought not to thrust into that warm wetness.

The angle was wrong to take Harlan's cock deeper, but David did his best to suck and lick his length, reaching a hand up to wrap his fingers around the rest.

Harlan thrust weakly a few times before he pulled back, biting his lip softly. "That's enough. Gonna ride your cock. Make you come so hard," he said huskily, moving back down David's body.

David shuddered, such bold words from Harlan making his cock twitch and his heart speed up. "Yes, please," he answered him.

Harlan found he was liking this – it felt empowering to take charge. He moved back until he could position himself over David's cock. "Beg me again," he whispered.

"Oh, baby, please, fuck me," David said, shivering again as he watched Harlan.

Harlan would've held out longer to hear David beg more, but he wanted it just as badly as he did. He slowly began to sit down, feeling him press inside with a groan. He paused when David was completely inside, rotating his hips teasingly.

David grasped Harlan's thighs with both hands. "Yes, oh, yes, please," he moaned, arching his hips.

Harlan swallowed as he began to ride him, the futon beginning to creak with his movement. "Fucking you," he gasped loudly.

"Yes, baby, yes," David groaned, trying to keep his eyes open, watching his lover.

Harlan reached to stroke himself as the pace quickened, crying out as David hit that spot on every thrust. "Come with me!"

"Yes!" David shouted, thrusting up several times before he came. He arched so hard his arse left the bed.

Harlan stroked himself a few more times, coming hard as he clenched around David's cock. "Fuck," he whispered.

David lay gasping and looking up at his lover in awe.

Harlan sighed softly, wriggling a little so David's cock slipped out of him. "Mm ..." he hummed, finally looking down at David.

"You slept well, I take it," David said in a teasing tone. He liked

this more aggressive side of his lover.

Harlan blushed softly, but nodded, smiling at David. "I'm happy this morning."

"Good." David smiled. "Want to go to the park?"

Harlan nodded quickly, moving to get off of him when the tea kettle whistled. "Yeah, let's go!"

"Tea and a shower first," David said, laughing and sitting up.

"Oh, yeah!" Harlan said, running into the kitchen to turn off the boiling kettle. He made them both cups of tea and walked back to the futon, holding one out for David.

David laughed, swinging his legs off the bed and taking the tea from his lover.

Harlan sat down next to him, blowing on the tea before taking a sip. He glanced at David with a smile. "So ...."

David sipped his tea. "So?" he asked, arching an eyebrow.

"Anything you want to talk about?" Harlan asked cheerfully.

David raised both eyebrows now. "I haven't even had my first cup of tea, and I'm still recovering from a fantastic shag," he said. "What could I possibly be thinking about?"

Harlan blushed, drinking more of his tea. "I saw that you've been spending a lot of time in the kitchens. And not just with me."

"I'm not flirting with Richard or Milo, if that is your concern," David drawled.

"No, no ... I didn't think you were," Harlan said quickly. "Are you interested in cooking or something?"

"It's interesting," David said, nodding. "I mean, the kind of food they make at Milo's is interesting to me. It is complicated and has to be done just right, like Potions."

"Why don't you try it sometime?" Harlan asked, finishing his tea. "You'd do well."

"I think I would like to try it at home," the blond said. "On nights we don't eat at work. I can get some of the recipes from work and practise."

"That sounds really good, actually," Harlan said, grinning at him. "You should do that."

David smiled, nodding. "I guess it would be nice to have me cook for you for a change," he said.

"It would be. Could be romantic," Harlan said softly, getting up

to wash his cup.

David got up too, drinking the last of his tea and handing the cup to Harlan. "Shower with me?" he asked.

Harlan set the cups down to dry, turning to look at him. "Of course."

It took them longer to shower together, but David enjoyed it. He wished they had enough money to get a place with a real bathtub like he used to have. At least he had found decent thick towels to dry off with when they were done. He was doing that when he asked, "So, to the park. Do we make it a picnic?"

"We'll have to make food for that, right?" Harlan asked, rubbing the towel over his thick, long hair.

"Or we can pick something up at the deli down the street," the blond said, smiling and combing his own hair.

"Sandwiches," Harlan said, grinning as he picked up the brush to brush his hair. He had started doing it every day, knowing that David would tell him to do it anyway.

David pulled on a shirt, long-sleeved despite the warm day and then some khaki trousers.

Harlan pulled on his usual baggy jeans and green short-sleeved shirt that actually fit him. "I'm ready," he said, running a hand through his hair to attempt to fix it again.

They locked up and made their way down to the street. "So, one of the gardens in Golden Gate has a Shakespeare theme," the blond said.

"Shakespeare?" Harlan asked, crossing his arms over his chest as they walked. "Like Romeo and Juliet?"

"Yes, it's supposed to have every flower mentioned in his works."

"Oh, well, you'll have to tell me about them," Harlan said, smiling softly.

"I will," David said. "And there is a theatre company that does free plays in the park. We could go to them."

Harlan grinned at the thought of doing something else besides just going to the park. "I'd like that!"

They picked up the sandwiches and caught a bus to the park. It took them a little while to find "Shakespeare's Garden" but they strolled through with David narrating both the information about the plays and what he knew about each flower, which was a surprising

amount. Finally, they settled on the grass to eat their lunch.

"You know a lot about all of that," Harlan commented, reaching to get his sandwich.

"I love his work," David said, lying back in the grass and propping himself up on one elbow.

"He was a Muggle, you know," Harlan said, unwrapping the sandwich.

"No, he was a wizard," David said.

Harlan paused, glancing at him curiously. "Really?"

"Really," David nodded, taking another bite of his sandwich.

"I didn't know that," Harlan said, looking shocked as he began to eat his sandwich.

"Lots of magic in his stories; it shouldn't be that surprising," David said, watching his lover spill mustard on his shirt.

"Oh, I guess I assumed he made it up," Harlan murmured, frowning as he used his finger to wipe the mustard off and lick it from his finger.

David smirked at him, licking his own lips and then using a serviette. He tossed one at his lover.

"Thank you," Harlan said, catching it in the air easily. "I guess I'll have to wash it later."

Harlan was notorious for staining his shirts. David had no idea how the elves at Hogwarts had ever kept the man's school robes clean.

Harlan continued to eat the sandwich, managing not to spill anything else. He looked around the park and saw not only couples, but groups of friends, talking and laughing. He thought of Hermione and Ron and looked away. "Have you thought about letting me go out after work sometime?" Harlan asked the next moment.

"With Mark?" David asked suspiciously.

"Yeah ..." Harlan said, wiping his mouth off with the serviette.

"I don't like him," David said sullenly, lying back and staring up at the sky.

"He's really nice, you know," Harlan said, shifting and lying down next to him.

"I know he can't keep his hands off you," David replied, frowning.

"The most he does is touch my shoulder," Harlan answered,

resting his head on David's chest. "And even that's a friendly thing."

David searched the sky, looking at the clouds and thinking. He wanted Harlan to be happy, but he definitely didn't trust Mark. "Friends ask questions. Questions about your past," he said cautiously.

"I'll lie if he asks," Harlan said. "It's not all that hard, really ...."

"You are a terrible liar," the blond argued.

Harlan pouted. "He would have no choice but to believe what I say anyway."

"Why?" David asked.

"Because he doesn't know anything about my past, so whatever I say has to be true, right?" Harlan asked.

David snorted. "Not likely," he said.

"Or I can just not tell him anything," Harlan murmured.

"You can't tell anyone details about our lives before here."

"I know. We can't really trust anyone, I know that."

"So if he gets too pushy about it, tell him you don't want to talk about England," David said. "Better to refuse than to be caught in a lie."

Harlan nodded, leaning up to look down at David. "You're letting me go then?"

"We can try it," David said, huffing.

"Thank you," Harlan whispered, kissing him softly.

David rolled his eyes, but kissed him back.

"I'll tell him tomorrow," Harlan said happily, kissing David a few more times.

Harlan glanced back at the door to the kitchen when Mark walked inside, reaching to turn off the tap. "Hey, Mark," he said, turning around.

"Hey, Harlan," the man said, hanging up his jacket on the coat rack.

"I wanted to know if that offer still stands? You know, getting drinks after work?" Harlan asked, smiling a bit.

Mark's eyes widened. "Sure," he said. "He isn't really going to let you go out with me?"

"I can go," Harlan replied.

"Tonight?" Mark asked.

"If you want to," Harlan said, shrugging.

"Didn't think it was going to be that easy .... Yeah, tonight is good," Mark said, grinning.

"Great, so, after work then," Harlan said, smiling before turning around to continue his work.

David was nervous all evening. He actually mixed up orders – twice. Something he hadn't done since his first week on the job. At the end of the evening he was worse, even writing down the wrong item on the last order. Now that the restaurant was closed for the night, he sat at his usual table, settling his receipts and counting his tips.

Harlan grabbed his jacket and slipped it on, walking out of the kitchen and making his way over to David's usual table. "You look shaky," he commented, kissing his cheek a few times before kissing his lips.

David frowned. "I'm fine," he said, but his voice was flat.

"You're still worried about me going out, aren't you?" Harlan asked quietly.

David frowned at him and shrugged.

"I'll be fine, David," Harlan said, reaching to cup his cheeks.

David snorted. "Don't stay out too late," he said.

"I won't," Harlan said, kissing him again. "Promise."

David sighed and kissed him back. "You have your key?" he asked, though it was a stupid question.

Harlan smiled and nodded, patting his pocket. "I have my key. And some money."

David nodded. "Get going then," he said.

"Okay. I love you," Harlan whispered.

David frowned but nodded, finishing his work and getting up to leave. He leant in and kissed Harlan quickly, whispering, "I love you," as he did.

Harlan smiled and waved, heading off for the door and stepping outside.

– CHAPTER TEN –

## *Too Late*

Mark had pulled the car around to pick up Harlan. He leant over and pushed open the door. "Get in," he said.

Harlan got in, closing the door behind him. He buckled himself up and glanced at Mark. "You can drive me back home later, too?"

"Sure," Mark said, putting the car in gear and driving. He headed the car up Valencia.

Harlan looked through the window as Mark drove, curiously looking at everything they passed. He wasn't sure of where they were going, but Mark must've known.

Mark found a parking space and turned to Harlan. "Just a little place I like," he said. "But we can talk here."

"In the car?" Harlan asked, raising an eyebrow.

Mark laughed. "Well, we could," he said, "but there is a little pub around the corner that has better drinks than the stale bottle of water I keep in here."

"Pub sounds better," Harlan said with a laugh of his own, unbuckling his seatbelt and opening the car door to get out. It was after midnight and chillier than he expected, so he pulled his coat closed, waiting for Mark to get out.

Mark got out, locked the doors and joined Harlan on the pavement. He took the man's arm and led him up the street.

Harlan gently pulled his arm out of Mark's grasp. "I can follow you just fine," he said, smiling at him.

Mark shook his head but smiled. The bar was small and dim but quieter than most. They found a corner booth and the waitress came to take their orders.

Harlan didn't have much experience with ordering drinks. All he knew about was Firewhisky and Butterbeer, and he was sure they didn't sell them here. "Uhm ... order for me?" he asked Mark. "Something that tastes nice?"

"Beer?" Mark asked. Then he ordered them a couple of dark

beers.

Harlan shrugged, but nodded. He hoped it tasted like Butterbeer. "Thanks."

"So what changed blondie's mind?" Mark asked.

"I just asked him," Harlan said, sitting back in his seat. "A few times."

"I bet," Mark said, rolling his eyes. "So, how long you two known each other?" he asked.

"Since school," Harlan replied, smiling again.

"How long is that?" Mark asked, and then thanked the waitress when she brought their beers.

"About ten years," Harlan said, taking his glass and eyeing the frothy liquid.

Mark's eyes widened. "You can't have been but a baby then," he teased.

"We haven't been together that long," Harlan said with a laugh.

"So you met in school but weren't dating until when?" Mark asked.

Harlan decided to take a chance with the beer and took a sip, making a slight face at the taste. He blinked and smacked lips. "I think it's been about ...." He paused, thinking. "... Six months."

Mark laughed at the face and his blue eyes widened at the statement. "You've only been together for a few months and you moved all the way here from England together? Why?"

"A change of scenery," Harlan said, taking another chance with the drink again. He wanted something sweeter than this.

"So you just moved your whole life halfway around the world with a guy you were only with a couple months?" Mark asked in a tone that sounded unconvinced.

"Yes, exactly," Harlan said, making that face again. "This doesn't taste all that good."

"What would you prefer?" Mark said, motioning for the waitress.

"Something sweeter?" Harlan asked.

Mark ordered him a rum and coke instead.

"Thanks again. I'll pay for it," Harlan said.

"No, I asked you out, so I pay," Mark said. "You can pay next time."

"Oh, okay," Harlan said, smiling at the thought of a next time.

"Next time then."

"So, you didn't date in school but then you move to America with him," Mark prompted. "Why him? You two seem so different."

"Everything isn't always as it seems," Harlan murmured easily, smiling at the waitress as she set down his drink.

"You are so laid-back and he is so stuffy," Mark said.

"He keeps me in order and I help him relax," Harlan said, taking a sip of his new drink. Now that was better.

"Well, that's one way to look at it," Mark said.

"See? We're perfect for each other," Harlan said proudly, sitting back with his drink. "But enough about me. I hardly know anything about you."

They talked for a couple hours, with Mark telling about growing up in the Midwest and moving to California to get away from "homophobic morons." Mark was on his fifth beer and Harlan finishing his third drink.

"That's why I like it around here," Harlan said softly, playing with the beer mat. "It's so common, you know?"

"There are still homophobes here, too," Mark said, "but, yeah, much better. Did you date guys before David?"

"No, not really. I liked this one girl, but she was my best friend's little sister so that was weird," Harlan said, shrugging.

"Sounds weird," Mark said. "You like girls, too?"

Harlan paused to finish his drink, sucking on a bit of the ice. "I think so ... well ... I'm not all that sure anymore. They're nice looking though, yeah. David's better though," he rambled.

"Better be glorious in bed with that attitude." Mark laughed.

Harlan giggled, his cheeks flushing. "He makes up for it all in bed," he confirmed.

"Cock ten inches long and made of gold?" Mark teased.

Harlan laughed, shaking his head quickly. "Oh, no, I never measured it! And I'm pretty sure it's not made out of gold."

"So, he can't be that formal in bed." Mark smiled too.

"Yeah, he's different in bed. More ... free ... mmm," Harlan murmured, getting a far-off look in his eyes.

Mark's eyebrows rose. "Fuck, hadn't seen that look before," he said, licking his lips.

"What look?" Harlan asked, blinking and looking at him. The

waitress walked by and told them it was last call, asking if Harlan wanted another and he nodded, saying thanks.

Mark smiled. "You are so much hotter than he is, you know," he said.

"No ..." Harlan murmured, waving a hand at him.

"So gorgeous and you don't even see it," Mark continued. "And David acts like you are some prize he won. Like he owns you."

"Because he loves me," Harlan said, his face flushing again. "Love is a gift that not everyone gets, right?"

Mark frowned and sighed. "Was he that much of a snob in school?" he asked.

"Oh, well, you could say we hated each other in school. We always fought. Then one year ... it just changed." Harlan accepted the drink from the waitress. "He changed. I changed, too, I guess."

"You fought?" Mark asked, smiling. "This I gotta hear. Tell me about it."

"He was a bit of an arse," Harlan said, smiling softly at the memory. "He didn't like me and my group of friends, and I didn't like his, so we were always against each other in everything ...."

"Really?" Mark said, grinning. "Did you ever hit him?"

"A few times," Harlan said, thinking more of the spells rather than the punches. "He broke my nose once."

Mark's eyes grew wide. "Broke your fucking nose?" he repeated, shocked. "Did you get him back?"

Harlan laughed a little, sipping at his drink. "You could say I did," he said, not mentioning the fact that he nearly killed him.

"Wow, and here you are living with him," he said. "How did you get over that stuff?"

"We ... matured, I think," Harlan said seriously, setting his glass down. "That was years ago."

"Well, I think you are better than he deserves," Mark said, leaning forward with his chin in hand, elbow on the table and smiling at Harlan.

"How do you think that when you don't really, really know him?" Harlan asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

"You wash dishes and do all the hard work," Mark said. "I bet you even end up doing the dishes at home."

"I like doing the dishes," Harlan said, defending his job. "And he

helps me do them at home, too."

Mark shook his head and looked sceptical. "So what do you want to do with your life?" he asked, changing the subject.

"I ... haven't really thought about that much," Harlan admitted, taking a long sip of his drink.

"You don't want to wash dishes for the rest of your life," Mark said.

"Well, no, I'm just not sure of the rest right now, though," Harlan said quietly.

"I've thought about art school," Mark said. "But I don't really have the money for that."

"You should save up the money you're getting now and try for it anyway," Harlan said, glancing at him.

Mark smiled. "Want to see some of my drawings?"

"Sure! You carry them around with you?" Harlan asked, looking curious.

"No, but my place is just up the block," Mark said.

"Ohhh," Harlan said, nodding a few times. "I have to be home soon, but I want to see them." He hesitated. "So okay."

They got up and Mark paid the tab. He caught Harlan's arm when the man swayed, smiling at him.

"Thanks," Harlan said, smiling back. He managed to walk outside, laughing softly every time he would sway and stumble.

"Here, take my arm," Mark said. "It's not far."

Harlan hesitated before gripping Mark's arm, not wanting to trip and fall over. Maybe it was because of how much he had drunk, but Harry seemed to realise then how strong the man's arm was. Mark was a little taller than Harry, with what was probably an average build. But Harry could feel the muscle under the shirt as he hung on.

Mark put a hand over Harlan's, steadying him as they walked to his building. He slipped an arm around Harlan's waist to help him up the stairs.

Harlan glanced down at Mark's arm around his waist, idly thinking about David back at home. They were just friends and that was all. Even if the man holding him did feel good.

Mark leant Harlan against the wall and got his keys out to unlock the door. "I wasn't expecting company, so it's kind of a mess," he said, holding the door for Harlan.

"It's okay," Harlan murmured, walking inside and glancing around curiously. "I like it ...."

Mark closed the door and turned on a light. It was a small one bedroom and reasonably clean, but cluttered. He steered Harlan to the couch, helping the intoxicated man sit down. "Want something to drink?" he asked, fingers picking nervously at his jeans.

"No, thank you," Harlan replied, sliding down in the couch. "So where's your art?"

Mark fumbled around for a bit and pulled out a sketchpad and then dropped to the couch beside Harlan, setting it in his lap.

Harlan leant over, waiting for Mark to open the book for him.

Mark moved closer, his thigh pressed alongside Harlan's and reached across the other man, opening the book.

The loose brown curls of Mark's hair brushed Harlan's cheek as he did and Harlan shivered. He blinked in surprise as Mark drew back again and began turning pages. Harlan drew his attention to the sketchbook. They were mostly character sketches, drawings of people. As he turned there were a number of nudes as well.

Mark turned the pages slowly, explaining the story behind each drawing.

"You draw people naked, too," Harlan said as if he were in awe. He looked up at Mark. "They let you?"

Mark smiled, raising his eyebrows, blue eyes sparkling. "When I'm lucky," he said. "I would love to draw you, too."

"Naked?" Harlan asked, his eyes wide as he blushed hard.

Mark's eyes shone with amusement, smiling as he nodded. He turned the page again, to a sketch of Harlan's face.

Harlan glanced down at the book again, tilting his head. "That's me .... When did you do that?"

"Oh, took me a while, without you posing for it," Mark said. "Much easier if someone holds still. Not something you do much though."

Harlan glanced back up at him, his cheeks still red. "Sorry. I would've if you told me you wanted to draw me."

Mark had been leaning over to look at the drawing with the other man, and when Harlan looked back up, it brought their faces within inches of each other. He closed the distance, gently pressing his lips to Harlan's.

It took Harlan a moment to react to Mark kissing him. When he did, Harlan leant back quickly, shaking his head. "You know I have a boyfriend," he said quietly. The kiss had felt good, but there was no way he was giving in to this.

"Yeah, I know," Mark said sadly, reaching to cup Harlan's chin.

Harlan shivered at the touch, swallowing hard. "I just wanted a friend," he explained, looking in the man's eyes. Very blue eyes, he thought.

Mark sighed and let go, leaning back. "I know," he said sadly. "Sorry, I got carried away."

"It's okay, just, don't tell David, okay?" Harlan didn't want to see his reaction to this all.

"Course not, I'm not suicidal," Mark said. "That guy is scary sometimes."

"He's sweet," Harlan said softly, looking down at the sketchbook again. "He just gets jealous sometimes."

"Jealous, and with a look in his eyes that makes me think he could hurt me with a thought," Mark said, shivering at that.

"Ah, yeah ... I know," Harlan muttered, reaching for the book and pulling it into his own lap.

"Will you still pose for me sometime?" Mark asked.

"I can't do it naked ...." Harlan said softly, blushing a bit as he flipped through the book again.

"Well, we can start with you clothed, I suppose," Mark said, smiling.

"It's better for both of us if I stay clothed," Harlan said, not looking up at him yet.

"Will you answer a question truthfully?" Mark asked.

"Depends on the question," Harlan replied, glancing up at him.

"If you didn't have a boyfriend, would you be interested in me?" Mark asked.

Harlan could not tell Mark he found him attractive, even if it was true. Of course, without David, he would never have met Mark. "I guess so ...." he mumbled.

"Not too sure of that?" Mark asked, looking disappointed.

"No, I mean. You're really nice, Mark ... and creative. I just ... maybe if you were in England and I saw you there and I wasn't taken, I would be," Harlan said.

"Guess that's as good as I'm going to get on that," Mark said, a sad smile on his face. Then he took a deep breath and seemed to work at cheering up. "But we're still friends?"

"We're still friends," Harlan said, smiling at him.

"And next time I can sit you down and draw?" Mark prompted.

"Yes, clothed," Harlan reminded him with a shy grin. Not only would David definitely not approve, but then he would have to explain the scars.

Mark sat back and nodded, smiling at him.

"Good ...." Harlan looked down at the book, brushing his thumb over a drawing. "You are really good at it. You should just be accepted to art school for free."

"That would be nice, but not the way it works," Mark said. "Even if they waived tuition, I would have to have some way to pay rent and eat."

Harlan sighed, holding the book out for him to take. "I'm sorry. I'm sure you'll find a way one day."

"Thanks," Mark said, yawning and tossing the book on to the table before leaning back again.

Harlan leant as well, closing his eyes. He just intended to rest for a minute. He woke with a start later, finding himself leaning against Mark who had also fallen asleep. He looked around for a clock and saw that it read 5:12 AM. "Oh, it's so late! I have to go back home now!"

Mark sat up and stretched. He blinked a few times, looking at the clock too. "Not even sunrise for another hour," he teased.

"That late? Oh, David's gonna be mad ..." Harlan insisted, getting up.

Mark snorted. "When isn't he?" he quipped, but got up and reached for his jacket.

"He's not always mad, but he'll be mad now." Harlan bit his lip nervously as he stood by the door, waiting for Mark.

Mark sighed and opened the door, holding it for Harlan and then locking it behind them when they left. "You act like he's your dad and you broke curfew," he said.

"I promised him that I'd be back early," Harlan said, gripping the staircase railing as he got a little unsteady.

"Early morning count?" Mark asked, arm around Harlan's waist

again as he helped him down the stairs.

"No," Harlan murmured, smiling a little at Mark.

Mark drove Harlan home, remembering the location from before. They pulled up in front just as the sky was lightening in the east.

"He's going to kill me ...." Harlan muttered, glancing up at the building as he unbuckled his seatbelt.

Mark frowned. "You shouldn't have to be afraid of your own boyfriend, Harlan," he said, reaching a hand out to lie on Harlan's.

"I'm not afraid ... it's more like nervous," Harlan said quietly, pulling his hand away and reaching to open the door.

– CHAPTER ELEVEN –

## *Sick Rage*

David was sitting in the armchair, staring at the door when Harlan came stumbling through it.

Harlan slowly closed the door behind him, smiling softly at David. "Morning. I'm sorry I'm so late."

David's eyes narrowed, face set in the coldest expression Harlan had seen ... well, since those first days after the Enslavement Spell.

Harlan swallowed, slowly taking off his coat. "The time went by so quickly ...."

David said nothing but sat glaring at him.

"Don't be mad," Harlan said, slowly walking over. "I really am sorry."

"Was he good?" David asked, voice cold as ice.

"Good at what?" Harlan asked, stopping in front of his chair.

David's scowled deepened. "Don't play fucking games with me," he growled.

"What? No, we only talked," Harlan insisted, slowly understanding what he was implying.

"It's gone five in the bloody morning, Harry!" David ground out.

"I know, I didn't notice. I really didn't mean to come back so late," Harlan said, biting his lip again.

The blond got to his feet, walked around Harlan to pick up his coat and went to the door. "I am going for a walk," he hissed.

"No, don't go, Draco," Harlan said quickly, turning to grip his arm. "Please."

David was tense as steel. He stopped but didn't respond.

"I don't want you to go. I said I'm sorry; I won't do it again, promise," Harlan said, trying to pull him back.

"You already promised not to stay out late," David hissed. "Apparently your word isn't worth much."

"It was my first time really out, and I should've been looking at the time, I know ...." Harlan whispered.

"And if you forgot the time and didn't make it here before the spell reacted?" David said, voice still cold and hard.

Harlan looked down. "I would be in even more trouble." Mark wouldn't know what to do, and he probably would've ended up being sent to hospital.

"Have you seen what happens to someone under *Cruciatius* for a prolonged length of time?" the blond asked.

"They go crazy," Harlan said softly.

"Gibbering insane," David agreed. "That could be you."

"I know ...." Harlan murmured.

"And I would still have to fuck you, even like that, or leave you to suffer," David added.

"I know, but that didn't happen, Draco," Harlan said, looking at him again.

David was still standing stiffly, refusing to move or acknowledge the other man's hand on him. "Did he touch you?" he asked.

Harlan swallowed again. "No ...."

"You are a terrible liar," David hissed.

"He didn't touch me the way you're thinking," Harlan said quickly, "just helped me so I wouldn't fall and stuff."

"Why would you fall?" David asked, eyes still narrowed as he looked at Harlan.

"We were drinking. I don't have much tolerance," Harlan answered quietly.

David closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. He started to shake then.

"And that's all," Harlan murmured, watching him.

The fear and anger welled up, making the blond shudder, hands clenched at his sides.

"Draco ..." Harlan whispered, resting his hand higher on his arm.

The shaking grew worse and the blond kept his eyes tightly closed.

Harlan began to grow worried when David wouldn't stop shaking. "It's okay," he said.

David pulled away from Harlan with a growl and stomped towards the door. Instead of opening it, he slammed his fist into the wall beside it, plaster cracking and falling to the floor.

Harlan gasped and gripped his hand, gritting his teeth. He had

forgotten that the bond connected them together to the point where he would feel David's pain. "No, don't do that," Harlan said, walking over and pulling David's hand away from the wall. "Don't hurt yourself."

David's knuckles were bloody and he looked at Harlan, pain clear in his grey eyes.

"I'm sorry, I'll never do it again; just don't hurt yourself because of me," Harlan said, looking back into David's face.

David's eyes searched Harlan's bright green ones. He didn't know what to say to that. He felt so much pain inside, he could barely feel his hand.

Harlan's own hand was throbbing, but he ignored it. "Please, I don't want you to hold it all inside, but don't hurt yourself."

David turned his face away, closing his eyes again. "I can't," he whispered.

"Can't what?" Harlan asked. "Talk to me."

"Can't," David repeated, shaking his head and trying to clear it.

"What can't you do?" Harlan asked again, walking around so he could see David's face.

David felt so brittle he could break. He tried to breathe, but his heart was hammering and he felt like he was suffocating. He had been taught to control himself but he was losing that now.

"Come sit down," Harlan whispered, pulling him towards the futon.

David shook but allowed himself to be led to their bed.

"There are other ways to let your pain and anger out that don't have to do with violence," Harlan said softly.

David stood, eyes staring off without seeing. Well, not seeing the room around them. Violent images were conjured by the pain and his lover's words. He saw his father's cane and the blows falling on him as he tried to curl into a ball, making as small a target as possible. Rage. His father's rage. His own rage. He shuddered again, sick to his stomach as more images flooded his mind.

Harlan could only watch him as he stared off, feeling useless in the entire situation. He couldn't imagine what was going through his head, and he couldn't help but feel responsible for it all. "Draco ...."

David turned and fled to the bathroom, dropping to his knees and vomiting into the toilet.

Harlan followed quickly, kneeling down next to him and rubbing his back gently.

David hadn't eaten since the night before, so there wasn't much to expel. He sat there with dry heaves, choking on his own memories.

Harlan used his sore hand to comb his fingers gently through David's hair, trying to soothe him.

David reached for a towel, wiping off the saliva and sweat from his face. Then reached up and flushed the toilet, closing the lid and resting his fevered forehead against the cool surface.

Harlan rested his head on David's shoulder, sighing softly. "I didn't mean to make you sick."

"You didn't," David whispered, the taste in his mouth making him grimace.

"You can admit it," Harlan said softly, trying to help him up.

David scowled but pushed himself to his feet. He bent over the sink, washing his face. He took the cup there and rinsed his mouth, spitting the foul taste into the drain.

"Let me see your hand," Harlan said, reaching for it anyway.

David stood still while the other man took his hand, examining the torn and bruised skin. It wasn't broken. David knew what that felt like from experience.

Harlan's own hand was shaking as he turned the warm water on and held it under it.

David felt numb, watching Harlan tend to his wounds. "It's nothing," he whispered.

Harlan hissed softly, feeling as though he were running water over his own cuts. "You were bleeding." He turned off the tap and found the small first aid kit they'd bought.

"Not much blood," David said, not understanding why such a small injury upset the other man.

"Still cut," Harlan said quietly, opening some of the antibiotic ointment and squeezing it on his fingers. He gently began to spread it over his lover's knuckles.

"I miss potions," David mumbled. "My father used them. No matter what, no one could tell a thing the next day."

Harlan glanced at him sharply. "He used them on you?"

David nodded, watching Harlan spread the ointment. "That's how I know so much about Healing Potions."

"He ... he didn't hurt you, did he?" Harlan asked quietly, swallowing as he reached for the tape to wrap around the wound. He didn't know why he was asking when he was pretty sure of the answer. Lucius hadn't looked like a very loving man.

"He punished me when I didn't do as he wanted," David said in a faraway voice.

"I'm sorry," Harlan said softly, beginning to wrap the tape around his hand slowly. He didn't know why, but soon he was blinking away tears.

"Like when you beat me at Quidditch and Granger topped my grades," David said softly.

Harlan let out a small sob before he could stop himself, putting the things away and closing the kit when he was done. He turned away, trying to swallow past the lump in his throat. "That's why ... you ...."

"Hated you," David finished for him, staring at himself in the mirror. He shivered at how much like Lucius he looked.

Harlan slowly walked back to their bed, holding David's hand close to him as he sat down. He was putting together the clues. Why hadn't he seen it before? He sniffled again, staring at the ground.

David allowed himself to be led and pulled down to sit beside Harlan. "The angrier he became with you, the worse the punishments," he whispered. "He said we were pure-bloods and I should never let a half-blood or Mudblood beat me at anything. Sometimes he was so angry and so .... Well, I thought he would kill me."

"Why are you with me?" Harlan whispered, tears streaming down his face. "I must remind you of him so much ...."

David frowned, staring at the floor. "At first ... at first, I thought I asked for you to punish you for it all."

"You got sick ... that time I kept talking back ... he hurt you like you ...." Harlan bit his lip hard.

David shuddered. "In the study, yes," he answered.

"And I made fun of you ...." Harlan covered his eyes with one hand as he sobbed, shaking.

David brought one arm up around Harlan's shoulders, pulling him to his chest. "You didn't know," he whispered.

"That doesn't matter now," Harlan sobbed.

"Shhh, baby," David whispered, rocking his lover.

Harlan slowly pulled away from David, shaking his head. "You shouldn't ... I shouldn't ...." he mumbled, his eyes closed.

"At first, I wanted to hurt you," David said. "But then, when you kissed me, I remembered something."

"What?" Harlan asked, sniffing a few times.

"You, before I knew who you were," David whispered.

Harlan looked down at his lap, wiping away the tears. "But this whole time ...."

"This whole time what?" David said. "We have a history? You knew that part." He continued to pet and rock Harlan against him.

"We're supposed to be together," Harlan said quietly. "I should help you with these things."

"You do help me," David whispered. "You help me forget all that."

"But then it's still there .... Making you sick .... And I just reminded you of it, didn't I?" Harlan said.

"When I get angry, it reminds me of him," David admitted.

"Did you want to hit me instead of the wall?" Harlan asked suddenly.

David's eyes widened. "Maybe during the night," he said, "but not right then."

"Did you really think I would go with another man just like that?" Harlan asked softly, looking at his hurt hand and rubbing his fingers over the knuckles.

David took a sharp breath. "I know you didn't choose me. Wouldn't have chosen me," he said.

"But I'm with you. I love you. I would never cheat on you like that," Harlan whispered.

"Don't you wonder? What it would be like with someone who had never hurt you?" David asked.

"No. I wonder what it would've been like if I didn't lose the war. That's the most I wonder about now, but ... the way things are now ...." Harlan paused. "I like the way they are."

"I can't stand the idea of someone touching you and maybe, you will like them better," David admitted, looking away.

"I can't see anyone else as a lover," Harlan said softly. "Not because of the bond, but because I already have the best with me."

David's eyes widened and then he blushed. "But you can't know that, since you haven't had anyone else," he whispered.

"I didn't need to be with anyone else," Harlan answered. "Even if there was some way to break this bond, and we went our separate ways because of it, I know for sure that I would forever compare everyone to you. I'd probably be miserable for the rest of my life. Because there isn't anyone else like you."

David looked into his lover's eyes, desperately wanting to believe him. "Let me bring you pleasure," he whispered. "Let me show you how I feel about you."

"You don't always have to use pleasure to show me how you feel about me, you know," Harlan said softly.

"No?" David asked, smiling. "What would you prefer?"

Harlan blushed softly, glancing down at his lap. "... I've only ever been on a date once."

"A date?" David asked.

"Yeah ... I don't know," Harlan murmured with a shrug.

David smiled. "Next night off, I should take you somewhere?" he asked.

"If you want," Harlan said, glancing up at him with a small smile.

David smiled. "Tell me, what you would like to do on our dates?" he asked as he lay back on the bed, bringing his lover with him.

"We can go out for dinner. Not at Milo's," Harlan said with a smile, lifting his own hand to look at it.

David frowned, taking Harlan's hand and kissing it. "That hurt you?" he asked.

Harlan nodded. "But I think I deserved it."

"No," David said sharply. "Never. I never want to hurt you again."

"But I was really late and ....Will I be able to go out with him again sometime?" Harlan asked.

"Why him?" David asked with a pained expression, looking at Harlan.

"I just want a friend. I tend to take a liking to the first person who talks to me apparently," Harlan said, smiling a bit.

David snorted. "Except me, apparently," he said.

"You were always different, remember," Harlan said, laughing softly.

"I wanted to be your friend then," David said. "I didn't know your name yet, either."

"You talked so much about things that I didn't know about yet. As a matter of fact, I'd say you were trying to impress me. Were you?" Harlan asked curiously.

David blushed. "Yes, very much so," he said. "I didn't have any friends that weren't chosen by my father."

"I didn't have friends at all," Harlan said with a shrug. "I wish you knew that you didn't have to try so hard."

"Yeah, well I didn't even know how to make friends. I just imitated my father, like I always did back then," he said with a sigh.

"If things were different from then, that's something else I wonder," Harlan murmured.

"Yes," David agreed softly, fingers stroking his lover's hair.

Harlan leant up and kissed David's cheek softly. He was tired after being up all night, and the alcohol was still making him feel a bit off balance, but he knew they had only a little time until the spell would affect him. "But for now ... you can show me how much you love me by pleasuring me," he whispered.

"And that would be a pleasure for me," David said, smiling and leaning in to kiss him again.

Harlan tilted his head and kissed him back deeply, his fingers sliding into David's hair to grip the strands. "I would hope so."

David undressed his lover, kissing the man's skin as he revealed it.

Harlan sighed softly, his eyes closing as he relaxed. It was nice to do this without so much urgency.

David made sure to kiss and stroke and pet Harlan until the man was trembling and moaning in pleasure. Then he slid between his legs. "Open for me, baby," he whispered.

Harlan opened his legs for David, lifting his hips for him already. "Gonna fuck me?" Harlan asked, biting his lip.

"Yes," David answered, trembling with both desire and the thrill of hearing Harlan talk like that. "You want me inside you?" he asked, squeezing lube into his palm and slicking his cock.

"Yes, fuck me," Harlan gasped, looking down at him. "Now."

Harlan demanding him was a thrill and David complied, sliding his cock slowly into him with a long, happy sigh. He smiled down at

the other man.

Harlan smiled back up at him, managing to relax around him. "Pleasure me," he murmured, tilting his hips up and wrapping his legs around David's waist. "Fuck me."

"Yes, baby," David gasped, slick fingers wrapping around Harlan's cock as he began to thrust into him, rotating his hips as he did.

"Feels good?" Harlan asked him as he moaned, moving with him. "Having your ... cock deep ... inside me ...."

"Yes, fantastic," David answered. "Perfect inside you!" He twisted his fingers, pulling on his lover's cock in time with his movements.

"Yes, more," Harlan groaned, squeezing his eyes shut as he let himself just feel.

"I love you," David gasped, "more than anything." He rocked and trembled.

"I love you, too," Harlan whispered, opening his eyes to look up at David. "Come with me," he said softly, biting his lip hard as he came on the next thrust.

"Yes, together," David answered letting himself go and releasing into his lover with a long, low moan.

Harlan's legs tightened around David for a moment before he relaxed, shuddering lightly with his orgasm.

David kissed his lover's lips and chin, nuzzling his neck. "Together," he whispered again.

"Together," Harlan agreed, humming in delight.

– CHAPTER TWELVE –

## *Rampant Lion*

April in San Francisco was a mixture of cool breezy days and brilliant warm ones, a riot of flowers, and tourists everywhere. Business picked up at the restaurant and tips were good.

They had lived in San Francisco for nine months now, and life had settled into a nice rhythm. Harlan still hung out with Mark, but the man seemed to have backed off of his propositions. David took his lover to dinner, movies and even occasionally dancing on their nights off. Sometimes, they went to parties after work with their friends. Other days they explored the sights of the city, and some days they spent doing laundry or watching television together. It was a good life. Better than David had imagined it could be.

David kissed Harlan as they left the restaurant. "See you in a couple hours," he said. "Home by two," he called out to Mark in reminder.

"I'll call you if anything changes," Harlan said as he got into Mark's car, thankful that David had finally gotten them both cell phones.

David rolled his eyes and nodded, waving. He caught the Muni bus and sat back, relaxing until he reached the place to change buses. He had picked up a transfer ticket and got off the bus, crossed the street and stood on the corner waiting for the next one. He glanced at his watch, which read 12:15 AM. He sighed, tired and wanting to get home.

A car, blaring loud music, pulled up at the curb. "Hey buddy," a man called out, "can you give us directions?"

David stepped up and leant into the window. There were four men in the car. The one in the passenger side pointed a gun at him and David froze. The two men in the backseat got out and stepped behind him.

"Hey faggot," one of them said, "give us your money."

David scowled, wishing he still carried his wand but held up his

hands. "Sure," he said. He had heard enough stories to know it was better not to argue when one is being mugged. It meant losing the evening's tips though, and that would mean he couldn't take Harlan out that week.

One of the men began reaching into David's pockets, pulling out his wallet and the change he carried, then his cell phone. David tried to hold still and not show any fear.

"So where's your boyfriend, faggot?" one of the men sneered.

David was trying to decide if it was more dangerous to respond or ignore the question, when he felt the blow to the back of his head. The world spun and he fell to his knees.

Harlan was in the middle of trying his best to stay still for another one of Mark's sketches. They still hadn't done any nude ones, but the more comfortable he got, the more he thought about it.

Mark smiled at the dark-haired man. He had known Harlan for nine months now and they were friends. He still found the man beautiful but had accepted that they would never be more than that. He had done dozens of sketches of Harlan, but never grew tired of drawing him.

"Are you done-" Suddenly Harlan cried out, falling to his knees before he slowly fell onto his side. His eyes were shut. It felt like something heavy had hit him on the back of his head.

The blows continued in the form of kicks – taunts and insults accompanying them. David curled in on himself, covering his head with his arms. Flashes of his father's cane and sneering voice mingled with those of his attackers until he was sure he was lying on the floor of the Manor and not the pavement.

Harlan jerked as he felt another blow to his stomach, and he curled up, that earning him another in the back. He couldn't tell who was doing this. It couldn't be Mark. He was sitting in the chair when he felt the first blow. He tried to concentrate through the body-jerking blows, but it was hard and tears began streaming down his face.

Draco moaned, begging his father to stop. He heard laughter. More

blows followed and the world spun black.

Harry groaned, rolling over as he shook. He gritted his teeth and tried to get up on his hands and knees, falling down a few times. The flat began to shake as Harry clenched his hands into fists, raw magic flowing through him as he fought to get control of it.

Mark ignored the tremor and crouched beside Harry. "Harlan, do I call an ambulance? I tried calling David but there was no answer," he asked, voice frantic as he tried to figure out what was happening.

Harry was gasping, finally opening his eyes and looking at Mark. It wasn't him. That meant ... the spell's bond. "David ..." he whispered, gritting his teeth again. The floor shook again and a few things fell off of Mark's shelves.

Mark looked down and frowned. "I can't reach him," he repeated, heart pounding as he tried to remain calm.

"We have to find him," Harry insisted, his voice hoarse as he began to crawl to the door. The door flew open and Harry glanced back at Mark. "I need your help."

Mark's eyes widened. "The ... door ... What the fuck?" he asked, unsure of what he thought he had just seen.

"I don't have time for this. Are you going to help me or not?" Harry insisted, trying to get up on his own. Despite the magic, he was still hurting, his body shaking.

Mark was at his side then, helping him up. "I should take you to a doctor," he said more insistently now.

"No, I don't need a doctor," Harry said, leaning heavily on him, "David does. Now. Please, we have to find him."

Mark helped Harry down the stairs and to his car, confused by what his friend was saying. "To your place then?" he asked.

"It wouldn't happen at home," Harry said, shaking his head. That would mean he could be anywhere. "Dammit!" The car shook as Harry thought hard. "He ... he transfers buses. Go to where he'd have to wait for the next bus."

"Was that another earthquake?" Mark asked when he felt the second tremor. He had just started the car and looking around worriedly. Then, "I don't know where you change buses."

Harry ignored the question as he quickly told Mark the exact street corner where they would transfer. "Hurry, Mark. Please ...."

They drove through the quieter streets of the Mission district until they reached the cross street. A light rain was falling now and the pavement was slick. Finally, they pulled up to the intersection. Draco was lying in the gutter.

"Oh, Merlin," Harry whispered, seeing Draco's blond hair almost immediately. He opened the car door and stumbled out. "Draco!" he yelled, falling on his knees next to him and reaching out for him. "Please, Draco ...." Harry knew enough to feel along his neck for a pulse. There was one, and he sighed in relief. It wasn't over though. If his own body was throbbing he couldn't imagine what Draco was feeling. "Mark, help me get him in the car!"

Mark had jumped out of the car too, putting it in park but leaving it running. "Oh, fuck," he yelled. "Shouldn't we call the police?" He had no idea how Harry had known that something was wrong with his partner, but he could see it was bad.

"What will they do? Ask questions, and they'll probably never find who did this to him. Now help me get him into the fucking car, please," Harry insisted.

"They will bring EMTs and an ambulance," Mark said, but began to help Harry lift the bleeding man into the car.

"I can help him," Harry said, once they managed to get him in the backseat. He got in with him and combed his fingers through his lover's wet bloody hair. "Just take us home now."

"Harlan, he is bleeding badly and at least one of his arms looks broken," Mark pleaded. "Shouldn't we get him to a doctor?"

Harry noticed he was bleeding from a gash on his forehead. Harry had learnt some basic healing spells during the war, but he had never tried to do them wandlessly before. He concentrated now, desperately hoping to control his magic. His fingers tingling with magic as he ran his finger along the cut, he closed his eyes and whispered words under his breath. The cut slowly sealed up and the blood stopped flowing. He looked up at Mark again. "Take us home, Mark. I'll ... I'll explain all this, and I'll need your help."

Mark watched, eyes wide as Harry healed the cut. He didn't know what to think of what he was seeing, but he was sure he wasn't going to argue with his friend after witnessing it. He gulped and turned around, driving as quickly as he could to the two men's flat and ignoring the no-parking sign to pull up as close to their place as

possible.

"Let's get him inside," Harry said once they stopped, opening the door. It was raining harder and it made his hair stick to his forehead and get in the way, but all he cared about right now was Draco.

Mark turned off the car and jumped out to help Harry carry Draco inside and up the stairs to the flat. Draco moaned pitifully as he was jostled on the stairs.

"I'm sorry, it'll be okay," Harry whispered, glancing around before he looked at their door, wandlessly unlocking it before it flew open as well. "Inside and go to the bed to lay him down."

They lay the still-moaning blond on the futon, and Mark looked at his own bloody hands for a moment. "What do we do?" he asked.

"Harry," Draco gasped, tossing his head in pain.

"You can wash your hands and put some water in a kettle for tea. And then fill a bigger bowl with warm water and bring a rag." Harry got onto the bed, brushing the wet hair off of Draco's face. "I'm here. I'm going to help you." He began to unbutton Draco's blood-stained shirt.

Mark nodded. He closed the door to the flat and went to do exactly as Harry told him. He felt almost like he was in some kind of weird dream. Harry's commanding behaviour was odd and yet compelling.

"Harry, please, don't let him hurt me again," Draco begged.

"He won't ever hurt you again, Draco," Harry said, pulling his shirt off gently. "I'll take care of you."

"Please," Draco begged, sounding like he was a child again. He wasn't entirely awake. Pain and dark memories swirled in his mind.

As Harry peeled away the cloth, he saw bloody gashes along the blond's ribs, left by boot tips.

"I'll kill these people if I ever find them," Harry growled, moving close and resting both of his hands on the area. He could tell at least one of his ribs was broken; that would be the reason why it hurt Harry to bend on his side. "Take a deep breath, Draco." He felt he needed to touch the wounds to heal them but he knew it would hurt Draco and therefore himself when he did it. He pressed his hands down, slowly healing the gashes as he felt along the rib to fix it. Draco was crying by then, gasping and shaking.

Mark came to his side again. "Harlan?" he asked worriedly. He

wanted to help but felt completely out of his depth.

Draco cried out, begging again for his father not to hurt him anymore.

"It hurts," Harry whispered, pulling his hands away once the rib was finally put back into place. Bones took longer to heal, but this would be a good start. He leant against Mark, trembling violently as he looked at Draco.

Mark held him, shaking in fear too. "Harlan," he whispered. "I don't understand what is happening. I'm not stupid. But this ... what you are doing, it's like something out of a movie."

"I said I would explain, and I will. But I just need to make sure he's okay first," Harry said, turning in Mark's arms and looking up at him. Harry leant up and kissed Mark's cheek, feeling a bit of his magic spark through his lips.

Draco was unconscious again, still quietly moaning and shifting on the bed. His left arm was at a wrong angle, broken just above the wrist.

Harry pulled away and walked around the bed, reaching out to Draco's arm and moving it back into place as gently as he could and then concentrating on healing the break. When he concentrated, he found he could use his connection with Draco to feel the break itself. It was odd to use the Enslavement Spell to help, but since it was working, he was grateful.

Draco screamed, body arching on the bed and Mark jumped.

The tea pot whistled.

Harry squeezed his eyes shut at the sound. His own arm throbbed as he looked up at Mark. "Turn the stove off. And I still need the bowl of warm water and a rag."

Mark jumped again and ran to turn off the fire. He rummaged around in the shelves and found a bowl and cloth. He filled the bowl with warm water from the sink and brought it back to the bed.

Draco lay moaning and crying again, his head thrashing.

"Thank you," Harry said, his face softening as he smiled at Mark. He picked up the cloth and dipped it in the water, moving it up and gently wiping the blood off Draco's face, healing all the cuts he passed along the way. He went down his chest, dipping the cloth into the water a few times, healing everything he came to. By the time he was done, his own body was in much less pain than before and that

meant it was almost the same for Draco. He handed the bowl of now bloody water back to Mark.

Mark felt numb as he took the bowl to empty it into the sink.

Thankfully, Draco had calmed down and it calmed Harry down, his body feeling worn-out. He sat down on the bed, glancing at Mark. "Tea?"

Mark startled, nodding quickly and going to back to make the tea. He found focusing on the mundane task helped him remain calm. He brought Harry the cup of tea, his own hands shaking as he handed it over. "I forgot to ask," he whispered, "should there be something in it besides the tea?"

"Sugar," Harry whispered, as he finally took a seat on the bed. He glanced at Mark, smiling at him again. "Thanks."

Mark went back and found the sugar, bringing it to Harry and adding it. Then he sat down beside him. "Can you tell me now?" he asked.

Harry took a small sip of the tea, looking at Draco on the bed before looking at Mark. "Do you believe in miracles, Mark?"

Mark licked his lips, glancing back at where Draco slept. "If I didn't before, I do now," he said.

Harry quietly sipped at his tea, trying to think of the best way to tell him this. "That's a start. What I did to him was a lot of healing magic."

"Magic?" Mark repeated, eyes wide.

"Magic," Harry confirmed.

"Damn," Mark said, leaning back, then frowning. He didn't understand how this could be true.

"I'm a wizard," Harry said.

"A wizard?" Mark repeated, feeling stupid. Things like this couldn't be true, could they?

Harry nodded, looking at him. "We're both wizards."

Mark looked at Draco, then back to Harry. "Him, too?" he asked.

"Him, too," Harry confirmed. "I can trust you not to tell anyone, right?"

"Like they would believe me if I did," Mark huffed. Then he looked seriously at him. "I won't tell. I don't know, somehow it is easier for me to imagine him with some kind of spells than you. I mean, he's just kind of frightening sometimes."

"You don't have to be frightening to be a wizard, Mark," Harry said, resting his head on his shoulder. "We're just like you. We're just able to perform magic, that's all." Harry lifted the blanket up from where he sat and tucked it carefully around Draco.

"If he can do magic, how did this happen to him?" Mark asked.

"We can get hurt," Harry whispered.

Mark nodded, looking thoughtful. He looked at the floor for a minute. "And your name really isn't Harlan, is it?"

Harry blushed softly. "No, it's Harry," he replied.

"And what did you call him?" Mark asked, looking at the blond again.

"Draco," Harry replied, looking as well.

The man in question murmured in his sleep at the sound of his name. Mark was staring at him. "He looks different when he is asleep. No sneer on his face," he said.

"He's beautiful really," Harry said quietly.

"Still say I like your looks better," Mark said, smiling. "I can see why you think so, though."

"You prefer who you prefer," Harry said easily, smiling back at him.

"Are you really from England? Is any of the other stuff you've told me true?" Mark asked.

"I have the accent, so yes, I'm from England. And I told you the truth, mostly," Harry answered, resting his head on Mark's shoulder again.

"Sorry," Mark said, tentatively putting an arm around Harry. "It's just a lot to take in, you know?" It felt both good and odd to be comforting Harry after everything he had just witnessed. Yet, he felt good to be able to help.

"I know. I'm glad you're taking it this way, though. I want to explain more, but I really need to talk with Draco first," Harry murmured.

"You sleep," Mark said. "I can sit up and keep watch. Not sure what I will do if anything happens, but I can wake you, right?"

"Yes, please. Thank you, Mark," Harry said softly, relaxing against him easily and slowly falling asleep.

Mark shifted, lying Harry back beside Draco on the futon and then lifting the man's legs onto the bed. He took off Harry's shoes.

He shook his head at the sight of the two men and then sat down in the armchair to keep watch.

– CHAPTER THIRTEEN –

## *Revealed*

Draco woke with a start, Summoning his wand from its hidden place before he was even aware he had done it. He looked quickly around the dim room. He was in their flat, Harry was beside him and ... Mark was staring at him from the armchair. The blond scowled.

"You really do know how," Mark whispered, eyeing the strange stick before looking at Draco's face. "You looked better without the scowl though."

"Bloody hell," Draco cursed softly, lowering the wand. He looked quickly at Harry, reaching out to touch him as if to assure himself the man was okay. Draco remembered only fragments of the assault, and it was muddled with other memories. "What happened?" he asked.

"You were attacked," Mark replied. "Har ... Harry fell over and I thought he was having another seizure ... but then he started calling for you and saying that we had to find you. And we did. Took you back here." The blond's reaction made Mark nervous. He never knew quite how to behave around the aloof man.

"What did you call him?" Draco asked suspiciously.

"Harry's his real name, right?" Mark asked, sitting up straighter in his seat, feeling defensive now.

"He tell you that?" Draco asked, still holding his wand, but not pointing it.

"He told me a lot," Mark said, hoping he could get Draco to tell him more.

"Why?" Draco asked, eyes narrowed. He had come to accept Harry's friendship with the man. But it rankled him still. Now this.

"He had to heal you, and I saw," Mark explained quickly. The other man's condescending look annoyed him.

Draco sighed, one hand coming up to pinch the bridge of his nose. He had a headache on top of the very real problem of their new life being blown apart. "Did he tell you why we don't use magic here?" he asked.

"No," Mark answered, getting up from the chair to make Draco tea. It gave him something to do besides fidget while he talked to the blond. "Why don't you? You could have so much more."

Draco shook his head. "We left England, changed our names and don't use magic. That doesn't tell you anything?"

"Something happened there," Mark said. "Something you're both hiding from."

"Exactly," Draco said, reaching to pet Harry's hair again. "And if we are found, we die."

"I figured it had to be something big like that," Mark said. He finished the cup of tea and brought it back over, holding it out to Draco. "Who's looking for you?"

Draco looked at the tea. "There's milk in the icebox," he said.

"I'm guessing you want me to put milk in it," Mark said, rolling his eyes at the man's attitude but heading back to get the milk anyway. He had no idea how they drank tea constantly. It had to be a British thing. "Okay, here." He added the milk and brought the cup back. "Now tell me," he insisted.

Draco took the tea and sipped it, nodding. "You would really be better off not knowing," he said.

"But I know part of it already," Mark said, taking his seat again. David, or Draco, really could be frustrating. Harry shifted in his sleep, murmuring something before going quiet again.

"Too much," Draco said, considering whether or not he should Obliviate Mark. "There are powerful wizards who want Harry dead, and now me. He is something of a famous person where we come from, but the Dark ... the people in power now can't let him live because of it."

"He's famous, so they want to kill him for it," Mark said, trying to make sense of it all. "Why can't they just leave him alone?"

Draco cocked his head, just realising something. "Did you say he used magic to heal me?" he asked.

"Yes. He just sort of held his hands over you and muttered some stuff and you healed," Mark explained, looking at Harry. He would've never guessed that he was famous. Harry was so humble, and he honestly couldn't even see his own beauty.

"This is important," Draco said urgently. "You are absolutely sure he didn't use my wand?" Draco held up the wand in question.

"The first time I saw your ... wand ... was when you woke up," Mark said, sure of himself and not understanding what Draco was getting worked up over.

Draco's heart beat faster. "Merlin," he whispered, looking back at Harry. "What have you done?" Draco asked the sleeping man in a whisper.

"What did he do?" Mark asked, curious. Harry didn't answer, but his shifting had become more urgent, his face slowly scrunching up in that familiar mask of pain.

Draco moved to Harry's side, forgetting Mark for the moment and took his lover into his arms, rocking him. "Shhh, love," he whispered, "just a dream."

Mark watched, feeling he should give them a moment alone, but he couldn't seem to look away from them. The tender look on the blond's face shocked him. It changed his features completely. Harry whimpered and cried out softly, pressing his face against Draco's chest as he woke up.

"I'm here, baby," Draco soothed, still rocking Harry and kissing the top of his head.

Harry slowly opened his eyes, swallowing as he breathed hard. "Are you okay?" he asked almost immediately, moving to sit up too quickly.

"Sore but better," Draco said, smiling softly, but not letting Harry get too far. "I hear you did some fancy wandless magic," he continued.

Harry blushed slightly, but nodded. "I don't know how. I haven't done magic since ...." He paused, seeming to remember that Mark was in the room with them. He smiled at him.

Mark got up then, nervous about watching the intimacy between the two men. He assumed that Harry would eventually ask for tea, so he decided to make it rather than wait.

Draco followed his gaze and then blushed too. He had forgotten as well. Harry always undid him. "I didn't even know you could do wandless magic," Draco said to Harry. "You never told me."

"It happens when I get really emotional," Harry said softly, glancing back at Draco. "I never told you because I thought I wouldn't ... use magic ever again."

"And here I thought you were helpless when they took your

wand," Draco said, shaking his head. "Could you have hexed me back then?"

"I'm not sure. It was like I lost my magic. Maybe I wanted to die when they killed Ron and Hermione? Maybe a part of me knew this would happen between us?" Harry asked.

Draco snorted but kissed Harry anyway. "You are a fool," he whispered.

"Well, thank you. I love you, too," Harry murmured with a smirk. Draco pulled back, blushing when he realised they had forgotten the other man, yet again.

Mark came back in with Harry's tea, sugar in it this time. He smiled at Harry, holding it out for him. "So, you're famous? And what was all of that about you hexing him?" He sat back in the seat, looking at both of them. He tried to look nonchalant. "I'm curious."

Draco snorted and reached for his tea, shaking his head. "I wonder what laws we have broken here in telling him?" he asked.

"Probably quite a few," Harry said, smiling as he sipped his own tea. "But we can trust him, Draco, I can tell." He gave Mark a serious look that bordered on threatening. "And we can fix it if he turns out to be a problem."

Draco frowned, looking at Mark again, trying to weigh what he knew of the man. He had turned out to be a better friend to Harry than he would have ever guessed. And he seemed to be taking all this better than he would have thought a Muggle would.

Mark's eyes were wide again at the implied threat from Harry. "Right, right, I actually like my life, so don't worry about me telling everyone. And you're a bit different now, Harlan, I mean ... Harry."

"He's always been different," Draco said, nodding. "Just took him a while to remember it." He smiled at Harry, wondering if his lover understood what he was getting at.

Harry raised an eyebrow curiously, but didn't respond.

"Will someone please answer my questions?" Mark insisted. He was confused and he didn't like that.

Draco arched an eyebrow and nodded to Harry.

"What questions, Mark?" Harry asked, looking at him.

"Well, why are you famous? Who wants to hurt you and why?" Mark asked. Harry glanced at Draco.

"Don't say the name, Harry," the blond warned. Draco held out

his arm, the skull and serpent clear even in the low light of the room. "Don't wake it," he whispered.

Harry glanced at the mark, biting his lip and looking away. "I won't."

"I've never seen that tattoo before," Mark said, leaning over to get a good look at it.

"If you ever see another like it, you will most likely be dead soon after," Draco said, reaching for his shirt but finding it covered in blood. He frowned and rolled out of bed, going to their chest of drawers and pulling out a clean one.

Mark frowned, glancing between them. He didn't want to push too hard, but he did want answers.

"What I am famous for doesn't matter, at least not anymore. The man ... the man who gave him that mark has taken over the Wizarding world. And he wants me dead," Harry explained. He realised he had never explained to Draco about the Prophecy or the Horcruxes. Harry, Ron and Hermione had managed to destroy all the Horcruxes except the snake and Voldemort himself. And Harry had no intention of going back, not now.

"The thing that used to be a man," Draco muttered. "And it does matter, it's why he is a wanted fugitive."

"That's why you moved so far away from England and changed your names. What about you wanting to hurt Dav ... Draco?" Mark asked.

"You know we didn't like each other at first," Harry replied, his cheeks colouring.

Draco snorted again and sat back down on the bed, legs crossed and reaching for his tea.

"Oh, yes, the fighting," Mark said with a grin. "Did you really break his nose?"

Draco shot Harry a worried look, hoping he hadn't told him too much. "Yes, when we were sixteen. The bloody git was spying on me," he said.

"Hey, you were being suspicious," Harry said, smiling a bit.

Mark laughed, shaking his head. "And you got back at him."

Draco frowned, looking out the window at the lightening sky.

Harry shrugged a bit, looking at Draco. "Not on purpose," he said, not wanting to talk about nearly killing Draco.

"It was a long time ago," Draco said, regarding Mark critically. Could they trust him?

Mark nodded. He was quiet for a moment before another question popped up in his head. "If you're a wizard, can you really have epilepsy?"

Harry paused, looking down into his cup. He knew Mark would remember that eventually. He glanced over at Draco again. "Well ..."

"I don't even know what that is," Draco admitted with a huff. "He has a problem with the side effects of a spell that was cast on him."

"Oh, so that's why you wouldn't let me call an ambulance. Only you can help him?" Mark asked. "Well, I guess that's better than really having it."

Draco glanced at the clock, realising that it wouldn't be long now before such "help" was needed again. "You know you have to keep calling us by the names we use here," he told Mark.

"Of course. Harlan and David. You can trust me," Mark said, smiling at them. "At least I know Harlan can. Or did."

Harry smiled, setting down his cup. "I trust you, Mark."

Draco frowned but nodded. He didn't want to risk detection by trying to Obliviate the man. Maybe Harry was right and they could trust him. He was tired and sore. "Thank you for helping us," he finally said with a sigh.

Mark grinned. "You're welcome." He felt nervous again. He wanted to think about what he had seen, and it seemed like the other two needed time to talk. "And, well, I guess I should be on my way. Do you want me to tell Milo that you won't be back at work for a few days?" he asked, getting up.

David looked at his lover. "I don't know," he said. "I might heal fast enough to return tomorrow."

Mark looked at Harry as well. "That's amazing," he whispered, smiling softly.

Harry looked down, his cheeks flushing. "It was nothing."

Draco snorted. "Wandless healing would have been amazing, even in our world," he whispered.

Harry only blushed harder.

"I'm sure you'll believe it one day. I'll see you ... both tomorrow, hopefully."

Harry looked at him, then at the door as it slowly unlocked and opened for him. "Bring your sketchbook. Maybe you can finish it tomorrow."

Draco watched the other man go, and then fell back onto the bed with a sigh.

Harry closed and locked the door, lying back as well. "Well, that was interesting," he whispered.

"Could you do wandless magic like this before?" Draco asked again now that they were alone.

"No, like I said, I would've had to really concentrate to just open the door. It feels like I broke through this ... wall that was holding me back last night," Harry replied, looking up at the ceiling.

"Amazing," Draco said. "How bad off was I?"

Harry shrugged. "Your ribs and your arm were broken and there were a lot of cuts and bruises," he said quietly, shuddering slightly at the memory.

"Do you know what happened to me?" Draco asked, watching his lover.

"I think you were attacked. Maybe even mugged," Harry said, looking at Draco. "You don't remember?"

Draco searched his pockets. "Tips are gone," he said, nodding. "I remember flashes but ... it's confused with other things."

"If I find out who did this to you," Harry said, his voice firm, "they'll pay for it."

Draco's eyebrows rose at the fierce declaration. It sounded much more like the Harry he had known in school. And, oddly, it excited him.

"I'm surprised Mark didn't ask more questions. I collapsed right in front of him, and as it went on, I couldn't figure out who was doing it ... then I remembered the bond. And I knew I had to find you soon," Harry said. "I'm so glad I did."

Draco rolled onto his side, wincing a little as he did, and watched his lover's face. "I am, too," he whispered.

"You're the one who helped me get past that barrier," Harry said, looking at him. "I just had to get to you."

"Emotional force behind magic," Draco said. Magical theory was one of his favourite topics. "I do worry that the use of your magic will alert local wizarding officials."

"What do we do if it does?" Harry asked, biting his lip. "I didn't mean to get us in trouble."

Draco reached a hand to stroke Harry's hair off his face, gently tracing the scar on his forehead with a fingertip. "We have been talking about finding a better flat," he said, his husky tone not matching the simple words.

Harry shivered at the touch and the sound of his voice, slowly looking up at him. "Do we have enough?"

"If we are careful," Draco whispered, licking his lips at the look in Harry's eyes.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked softly, looking back into Draco's eyes.

Draco smiled, leaning in to kiss his lover, tongue licking Harry's lips softly.

Harry was confused, but he forgot all about that and kissed Draco back, moving his lips against his.

Draco sucked on Harry's lower lip, his hand trailing gently down the side of his lover's face as he did.

Harry reached up to let his fingers slide into Draco's hair, gripping the strands lightly as he deepened the kiss.

"Mmm," Draco hummed in response to his lover's tug, opening his mouth to him.

Harry slipped his tongue into Draco's mouth, kissing him harder for a moment before he pulled away. "Are you feeling better?"

"Better than what?" Draco asked, smiling. "Or do you mean well enough to give you what you need?"

Harry blushed. "I don't want you to strain yourself," he replied.

"No choice," Draco said. "But I would choose to anyway," he whispered.

"Okay, but go slowly," Harry said, cupping Draco's cheek.

"Take your clothes off," Draco said.

Harry shifted up on the bed and slowly undressed, pulling his shirt over his head. No matter how many times they did this, there was still something exciting about undressing for Draco.

Draco watched his lover with eyes hungry for every inch and began to slowly undress himself as well.

Harry pushed his jeans off with his underwear and pushed the clothes off the bed, looking Draco up and down slowly. "You're so

hot."

Draco was moving slower, having managed to get out of his shirt and was working on his trousers now.

"Faster," Harry whispered, biting his lip as he watched. His cock was slowly hardening. "Please."

"Help me," Draco said, unable to move as fast as he would like.

Harry helped Draco pull off his trousers and felt the brush of magic when his skin touched his lover's. "There ..." He blushed again, the feel of the magic still surprising him.

Draco moaned loudly, body trembling and cock twitching. He looked in wonder at his lover.

"Touch me," Harry said, rather than asking, moving to lie back on the bed and slowly open his legs.

Draco rolled to his side again, swallowing thickly as he reached a hand to caress his lover's cock.

Harry moaned from the first touch, his hips moving to thrust into Draco's fist. He didn't know how it was happening, but he could feel his – or their – magic between them. It made him groan and squeeze his eyes shut.

Draco shivered at the new sensation of Harry's magic in the contact, trying to focus on his lover's pleasure.

"Oh, Draco," Harry whimpered, reaching to grip his arm. "More, more ...." He wanted to go slowly, for Draco's sake, but this added bit of magic made him completely hard fast.

Draco's left wrist hurt and he flexed his hand, wondering about the injuries Harry had healed and how serious they really had been. "On your side," he said, lying down too so he could use his right hand and his mouth.

Harry slowly turned on his side, too aroused to feel the soreness of his body. "I don't want to come yet," he whispered.

"No, not yet," Draco agreed. "Need me inside you first. Are you ready for that?"

"Yes, fuck me," Harry said, feeling needy.

Draco nodded eagerly, his cock already so hard it nearly hurt. "Let me spoon you," he said, reaching beside the bed for the tube of lube.

Harry leant up and kissed him softly, before he turned over on his other side, groaning softly. He shifted back and waited for Draco

to touch him.

Draco reached slick fingers down to press inside of Harry, kissing the back of his shoulders as he did.

Harry shuddered again. "Love you, Draco."

"Yes, I love you, Harry," Draco whispered, ignoring all the rules he had made about not using their real names. He missed them. Missed magic, too. He worked his fingers inside his lover, trembling as he did.

"Don't need them ... ready for you, Draco, please," Harry mumbled, thrusting down on the fingers.

Draco pulled out his fingers and used them to position himself. They did this every day but suddenly, it felt different. He couldn't have said why, but it did. "Yes," he said, flexing his hips and sliding inside.

"Yes," Harry hissed softly, his head falling back as Draco thrust inside him. "Mm ... perfect."

"Yes, perfect," Draco echoed, reaching his hand around to caress Harry's cock. "My hero," he whispered.

"Always," Harry replied, thrusting into Draco's hand before pushing back on his cock. "And you're mine."

"Yours," Draco agreed, feeling a tingle up his spine as he said it.

"Always will be," Harry said, reaching to grip Draco's arm gently. "Forever."

"Yes, always," Draco gasped, rocking back and forth, the slide of his cock in and out of his lover's body feeling more intense than he remembered.

Harry moved the best he could with him, his back arching every time Draco managed to hit that spot inside him. "Faster."

Draco worked to comply, panting with effort, pleasure and pain combined.

It wasn't long before Harry was panting as well, his body trembling against Draco's. "Close," he gasped.

"Yes, come for me," Draco gasped, his own body tightening as he felt his orgasm rising.

"Come with me," was all Harry was able to moan before he was coming hard, crying out as he felt possibly one of the most intense orgasms he had ever had. His magic rushed through him and he cried out again, shuddering.

Power spread out in a wave through Draco so that he was almost unable to feel his cock spasming inside Harry, the other man's magic making his entire body react.

"Oh, wow," Harry whispered, still trembling as he felt Draco come inside him. "Draco."

Draco's face was pressed to the back of Harry's neck and he was still shuddering against the other man's body. "Yes," he gasped.

"Love you," Harry whispered, his eyes closing as he slowly relaxed. "So much."

"I love you more than anything," Draco said, nuzzling his lover's neck and his body still twitching.

"Tired," Harry murmured softly after slowly coming down from his high, feeling drained and still sore.

Draco stayed pressed against his lover, his cock slowly softening and slipping out, but he made no move to pull away. Sticky, sore, and tired, but content, he drifted to sleep.

– CHAPTER FOURTEEN –

## *A Domestic Incident*

Harry woke up later that day, lying in Draco's arms for a few minutes before he moved to get up. He used a quick Cleaning Spell on himself before he could stop himself, sighing at the feeling. He went into the bathroom next, and when he was done, he went about cleaning up the flat. There were times when he wanted to just use his magic to do everything, but he forced himself not to, already afraid that the magical officials were going to find out what was going on.

Draco woke feeling much better than he thought possible. None of the expected soreness in his body, and a comfortable feeling of contentment inside. He blinked sleepy grey eyes and looked over to where Harry was tidying the room.

Harry didn't notice Draco had woken up, and he continued to clean up, going to the small kitchen area and washing out the kettle before filling it with more water to boil.

The blond lay watching his lover. He loved to just watch Harry. *Harlan*, he tried to remind himself.

Harry turned to see what else he had to do when he saw that Draco was awake. "Hey," he said, walking back to the futon. "How're you feeling?"

"Perfect," Draco answered honestly, stretching out on the bed.

Harry sat down, smiling brightly. "Good. I was cleaning up." He glanced around. "Were you being serious about looking for a better place?"

Draco found it hard to focus on mundane matters when those sparkling green eyes were turned on him. He blinked and took a breath. "You used a lot of magic last night," he said. "If anyone is looking for that, we might be found out. I am sure the Dark Lord has supporters in this country as well. So it would be prudent to move."

Harry nodded, biting his lip thoughtfully. "I thought you would've hated it if we took you to a hospital with Muggle doctors," he said, smiling a bit at him. "And it would've taken you at least a few

months to recover."

"Yes, it would have," Draco said. Then he smiled wryly. "And yes, I would have hated it. Nor could we afford it."

"So it couldn't be helped, really. Do you want to go searching for places soon?" Harry asked.

"Yes, maybe we should take that extra day off and start that," Draco said, brows furrowed in thought. "And I was thinking of something else."

"What else?" Harry asked curiously, moving up to lie down on the bed again.

Draco was still naked under the covers and shivered slightly as Harry moved closer. He was always turned on by the other man, but something had definitely changed. Harry's magical presence was like a heat that radiated from him. The blond's eyes grew wider, and for a minute he couldn't remember what he had planned to say.

"Draco?" Harry gave him a strange look as he waved a hand in his face. "Hello? What is it?"

Draco blushed, closed his eyes and tried to concentrate. "I was thinking of applying to the culinary school," he said, voice still shaky.

"You're embarrassed about that?" Harry asked, looking amused. "That's a really good idea, Draco."

Draco swallowed thickly, looking at Harry in amazement. "You used my real name," he whispered.

"Oh, yeah ... sorry ... David." Harry smiled, wondering what was wrong with him all of a sudden. "Are you sure you're okay?" he asked, reaching out to touch Draco's forehead with the back of his hand.

Draco moaned at Harry's touch, eyes sliding closed and mouth opening.

"Draco?" Harry asked, beginning to get worried. He pulled his hand back.

"Don't stop," Draco gasped, opening his eyes again.

Harry knew that look. He blinked. Draco was getting aroused from what? Harry touching him like that? "Don't stop what? Touching you?" Harry ran a finger down the side of Draco's face to see his reaction.

Draco trembled, licking his lips. "Oh, fuck," he gasped.

"What's different?" Harry asked curiously, running the finger over

his lips.

Draco licked and sucked on Harry's fingers, gripping the covers. His entire body twitched with the magic that tingled through it.

Harry slowly pulled his fingers back, gently chewing on his lip. "Is it my magic?"

"Yesss," Draco hissed. "It's changed."

"Like how?" Harry purposely leaned back, never having this kind of power before.

Draco blinked, trying to focus again. His arousal was tenting the covers and he was shaking with need now. "Power," he whispered.

"Could I make you come just from touching you?" Harry asked.

Draco moaned, the idea itself intoxicating. He pulled the covers aside to show his lover how he was affecting him.

"Dunno if this is good or bad," Harry whispered, taking in the sight. "I guess I can't touch you in public ...." Harry rested a hand on Draco's bare chest, watching his face.

"It's our connection. You will have to learn to tone it down," Draco managed to gasp.

Harry blushed, stroking the skin. "What does it feel like it?"

"Tingling," Draco managed, and then moaned, writhing under Harry's touch.

"I'm not really trying," Harry whispered, running the hand down to Draco's lower stomach. "What if I tried?"

"Tried?" Draco asked, rational thought not possible with his lover's hand moving over him and his magic pulsing through the touch.

Harry ran his fingers through the hair at the base of Draco's cock as he began to concentrate. "Let's see," he murmured, wrapping his fingers around Draco's cock and letting his magic flow purposely through his hand, stronger now that he was concentrating.

Draco couldn't tell if it was the most pleasure or the most intense pain he had ever felt. He arched off the bed, coming with a violent scream.

Harry pulled back almost immediately, watching Draco come with wide eyes. He hoped he hadn't hurt him. "Draco?"

Draco curled on to his side, moaning and panting.

"Ah, I'm sorry," Harry whispered, moving closer. He swallowed and tried his best to control his magic as he lay down and wrapped an

arm around him.

Draco shuddered, clutching Harry. "S'good," the blond managed, stuttering as he spoke.

"Sounded like I hurt you," Harry whispered, hugging him.

"Yes, no," Draco whispered, hands grasping Harry close and face buried against his chest.

"I have to work on controlling it." Harry murmured, biting his lip softly.

A few minutes later, there was a hard knock on the door, startling Draco. He reached for his wand.

Harry sat up, glancing at the door before getting up. "Put some clothes on, Draco." He reached to pull on a shirt.

Draco was still shaking as he reached for a shirt. He tucked his wand under a pillow.

The knock was louder. "Police, we need you to answer the door immediately," a voice barked this time.

Harry's eyes widened. "Oh no ... uhm, I'm coming," Harry said, trying to take a few deep breaths before walking over to the door.

"Fuck," Draco said, pulling on his shirt and then looking for his trousers.

"Open up, sir," the voice on the other side of the door insisted.

Harry unlocked and pulled open the door, still biting his lip as he looked up at the officers. "What seems to be the problem?"

A man and a woman in uniform were there, with stern faces. "We have had a report of screaming," the man said.

"Uhm ... here?" Harry asked stupidly, trying to quickly make up an excuse.

Draco found his trousers, but realised they were ripped and stained – with blood.

"Yes, sir. Maybe we can come in?" the officer said.

"Sure," Harry murmured, stepping aside to let them come inside.

Draco stuck the trousers under the bed, scowling, and pulled the sheets up to his waist.

The male police officer stepped into the room cautiously, looking around. The woman stood in the doorway. "I am Officer Gonzales and this is Officer Donahue. Your names?" he asked.

"I'm Harlan Pearce and he's David Morgan," Harry said softly, glancing back at Draco quickly.

The blond was frowning. He didn't like strangers in his home. It actually reminded him of the Aurors who ransacked the Manor. He nodded to what Harry said.

Gonzales stepped closer to the bed. "And the screaming?" he asked.

Harry swallowed. "I ... I have nightmares a lot," he said, looking at the floor.

"In the middle of the day?" Donahue asked from the door.

"We work at night," Draco answered.

"I need to see some ID," Gonzales said.

Harry went to find his jeans, turning away from them when he saw the blood. He pulled his wallet out quickly and dropped the jeans, praying they wouldn't see. "Here," Harry said, walking forward with the ID Draco had given him.

Draco reached under the bed for his ID card, which was still in the trousers.

"Stop," the man said, hand on his gun and the blond's head snapped up at the command.

"I am doing what you said," Draco said, voice barely containing his annoyance.

Officer Gonzales nodded and Draco found the card and then pushed the trousers quickly back under the bed. He held it out for the man.

"Is that all?" Harry asked, looking nervous as he waited for what they would say next.

The officer pulled out a small notebook and began writing down their names. "So you claim, Mr Pearce, that you screamed because of a nightmare," he said. "Is that correct?"

Draco felt ridiculous sitting there half-dressed and being questioned by Muggle authorities. He frowned but held his tongue.

"That's correct," Harry said, looking at him and nodding slowly. This whole situation was frightening.

The police officer looked around the room again. "You agree with that?" he asked, looking closely at Draco.

"Yes," the blond nodded, eyes narrowed.

Then Gonzales's eyes landed on the torn and bloody shirt that Draco had been wearing during the attack. He walked over to it and crouched down. "What's this?" he asked.

Harry glanced around to see. Dammit. "It's a shirt," he answered. Draco snorted. "I had a bloody nose," he added.

Both officers frowned at them and Gonzales picked up the shirt, turning it to look at the damage. He looked at the other cop and nodded.

"Mr Pearce, we should talk in the hall," Officer Donahue said.

Harry nodded, glancing at Draco before heading towards the doorway and out. He shivered slightly, the temperature different out there, especially since he only had on shorts and a t-shirt.

Draco's scowl deepened as the female officer closed the door, leaving him alone with the man. "I want to put my trousers on," he hissed.

"I need you to tell me what happened here," Gonzales said. "That's your shirt and your blood, right?"

Draco nodded. "That is what I already told you," he snapped.

"Then would you mind taking off the shirt you are wearing?" the officer said.

"I most certainly would," Draco said, arms crossed over his chest.

"Mr Morgan," Gonzales sighed, "if someone has hurt you, I need you to tell me."

In the hall, Donahue turned to Harry. "So, did you and your friend have a fight?" she asked him.

"No," Harry answered easily, looking at the woman. "We're fine."

"That didn't look like blood from a nosebleed," she said. "And you don't look like a man who was just woken from his sleep."

"I'm not a very heavy sleeper ... and it was a nosebleed. He's never had one before so he didn't know he had to tip his head back to stop the bleeding," Harry said, swallowing and taking a deep breath.

"That's a big coincidence," she said. "Your roommate getting a nosebleed at the same time you have a nightmare."

"It didn't happen at the same time," Harry said, shaking his head.

"Harlan would not hurt me, if that's what you are implying," Draco responded, his tone cold.

"Let me just see that you aren't injured then," the officer insisted.

"I will not strip for you or any other Mug ..." Draco faltered, "man."

Gonzales shook his head, disbelief clear in his expression. "We have a mandate to take action in the case of domestic violence," he explained. "You wouldn't have to press charges. But I would like to have your side of this."

"I want you to leave. Leave Harr-lan and myself alone," Draco insisted.

"You may not be aware of it, Mr Pearce," Donahue was explaining, "but domestic violence is taken very seriously here. Even between two men."

"I know," Harry said, nodding again. "David isn't hurting me. He wouldn't do that ...."

"It was his blood on the shirt, right?" she asked, eyes hard as she looked at Harry.

"Yes, from a nosebleed," Harry replied, trying to keep her gaze.

"And how did he get a nosebleed?" she asked.

"I'm not sure ... it could've been the heat or something," Harry said, shrugging slightly. He had no idea how nosebleeds were started.

"I have to ask you directly, Mr Pearce," she sighed. "Did you strike Mr Morgan?"

"No, I didn't," Harry said honestly, shaking his head quickly.

Gonzales pulled a card out of his pocket. "Mr Morgan, this is my card," he said. "If you change your mind and want to talk to us, or this happens again, call. The laws here are clear. Even someone who lives with you doesn't have the right to hurt you."

Draco took the card, part of his mind thinking that he could have used help a long time ago. "Harlan did not injure me," he insisted. "Now, I must insist you leave."

The officer sighed and went to the door and opened it. He looked at Officer Donahue and she shook her head.

Harry looked at the other officer, thinking that they were finally going to leave. "Is that it?" he asked again.

She huffed but nodded. "Apparently," she said. "Take care and try not to upset your neighbours again," she added.

Harry nodded, looking away from her. "Yeah. I can't really stop the nightmares, though."

The two police officers left. When Harry came back into the flat,

he found Draco pulling on his shorts and muttering under this breath.

"They think I'm hurting you," Harry said softly, closing the door behind.

"Ironic, isn't it?" Draco sneered, pulling a clean pair of jeans out of the drawer.

"I'm not using my magic anymore," Harry said, moving to sit down. He was still in shock at the accusation.

Draco put his hands on his hips and looked down at his lover. "Look at me," he said.

Harry slowly looked at him. "I'll hurt you again and then we'll get into more trouble."

Draco grinned. "You didn't hurt me, exactly," he said, blushing. "It was ... intense."

"You said yes and no ... which meant it hurt, too." Harry looked down.

"Only in a way I really liked," Draco said, raising his eyebrows.

"Oh?" Harry looked up at him again. "Okay, but I still think I shouldn't risk it. The neighbours might call again."

"Today we are going to look for a new place," Draco said firmly. "And you can always cast a Silencing Charm on me," he added with a grin.

"But I like the moans," Harry whispered, blushing as he got up to get dressed.

– CHAPTER FIFTEEN –

## *Norton's Way*

Harry did learn he could dampen or strengthen his magic field. Much to Draco's delight. When they weren't "practising" that or at work, they were hunting for a new flat. They went back to the same agent who had helped last time. In some ways, it was easier. They had phones, an address and jobs to show. But they, especially Draco, were much more particular about both location and the flat itself. They finally found a small one-bedroom in the Noe Valley area. Mark even volunteered to use his car to help them move.

Harry opened the door with a grin once Mark had parked the car. "I do like this place better," Harry announced, looking bright.

"Better be, given what we are paying for it," Draco huffed, and climbed out of the overfull car.

Harry laughed softly, glancing at Mark once he got out of the car. "Thank you so much, Mark," he said. "I owe you."

Draco was wishing they could just Apparate with the stuff from one place to the other. But that kind of magic would definitely alert the agency that handled magic in the city. As it was, they would have to be careful to try to not use magic in the new place if they were to stay hidden.

Harry went to work on carrying the things into their new home, working up a sweat. Twice he thought about using magic to just make them fly into the house, and twice he stopped himself. They couldn't be making such mistakes again.

Draco had to admit; Mark worked hard helping them and never complained. Well, he didn't have to admit it aloud. They didn't own a lot of things, but carrying the futon down and then up stairs wasn't his idea of fun. Nor the chest of drawers. Finally, the last box was brought up and the three of them collapsed onto the futon, trying to catch their breath.

"Bloody hell," Draco complained.

"I can't move my arms," Mark said, panting softly from in

between them. "I don't think I can feel my arms," Harry added, blinking up at the ceiling. He glanced at the two of them before he started laughing, slowly getting louder as he gasped in between.

Draco laughed too, feeling relief at the job done. "I'm hungry. Let's go to the pizza place I saw down the street," he suggested.

"I don't want to drive, so we're walking," Mark said, beginning to sit up. He patted Harry and Draco's thighs, getting off the bed with a groan. "Come on, you two."

Draco startled at the touch from the other man, glancing uncomfortably at Harry. He nodded, getting to his feet.

Harry thought nothing of the touch as he got up as well, leaving the room first and expecting them to follow. "I want pepperoni on mine."

"Of course you do," Draco drawled, knowing his lover's preferences by now. "And I will get the gourmet pesto and chicken."

Harry made a face as they left the house, glancing back at Draco. "Pepperoni tastes better."

"I'm going to have to say that I would like some of both of them," Mark said, grinning.

Draco rolled his eyes but smiled.

They found a corner booth in the pizza place and ordered. Draco sat back, leaning back with a sigh, happy to have the move made. "I want to get a real bed," he said.

"A big, soft one," Harry added, smiling at Draco.

"And the best part is that you won't have those neighbours who called the police," Mark said, grinning at them as Harry blushed.

Draco frowned, realising that meant Harry had told Mark at least part of the story about the police. "We still have neighbours, but the walls seem better made at this one," he said.

"Much better," Harry said, shifting closer to Draco and relaxing against him.

Mark folded his arms on the table, resting his head on them as he smiled softly, admiring them. "You should let me draw the both of you."

Draco knew that Mark had drawn several portraits of Harry. "You want to draw me?" he asked, surprised.

"Yes," Mark replied. "I have a good amount of Harlan, I'll need a

few of you to balance it out. And some of the both of you together."

Draco remembered the only portrait of him ever done. Probably still hanging in Malfoy Manor. It was a family portrait done of his parents and himself when he was ten. He didn't know how he felt about having a Muggle picture of himself made.

"It'll be nice," Harry said, glancing at Draco again. "Mark's a really good artist. You'll see."

"So I have news," Mark said, smirking.

Harry looked at him curiously, a small smile on his face. "Go on then."

"I did what you said," Mark explained, "and I got accepted to the Art Institute."

Harry grinned, leaning over the table to pat him on the shoulder. "That's great, Mark! I told you you would!"

Draco smiled too, and nodded. "Congratulations," he said.

"Yeah, I start in the fall," Mark said.

"I'm really happy for you," Harry said, reaching over to pat his hand.

"And you?" Mark asked. "Have you heard yet?"

Draco shook his head. "No word from CIA yet," he said.

"I'm sure you're going to get in," Harry said firmly, looking at Draco. "You're much too good for them to not accept you."

Draco hoped he was right and that the school didn't check his bogus references to schools in England. He couldn't very well put Hogwarts on the application, so he had picked out something that sounded appropriately close. He smiled at Harry, hand under the table reaching to squeeze his thigh. They talked about how Mark and Draco would balance school and work, gossiped a bit about their co-workers and finally, yawning, walked Mark back to his car.

"Thanks again for your help," Harry said, stepping up to hug Mark. Now that he was able to control the magic around him, he let Mark feel a bit of the warmth, just so he could really know how thankful he was.

Draco frowned, nodding at Mark and then taking Harry's hand to lead him back to their new place.

"When are we going to get that bed?" Harry asked once they stepped inside, heading up to their new room.

"Soon as you want," Draco answered with a smile. "And we'll be

breaking it in immediately after," he added with a waggle of his eyebrows.

"That sounds perfect," Harry said, smiling. Once they stepped inside, Harry turned around and wrapped his arms around Draco's neck, leaning up to kiss him softly. "Thank you, Draco," he whispered, once he leant back. "For all of this."

Draco had tied his hair back and now hitched the hood of the trench coat up over his head. It was a typical early, foggy morning in San Francisco. Odds are it would burn off by the afternoon, but for now, this coat and the fog helped camouflage him well enough.

He made his way down the street past the colourful people, who were hurrying down Haight Street to shops where shopkeepers were just turning cards over from "Closed" to "Open." Harry and Draco rarely got up this early, but Mark had dragged Harry off to some show. It gave Draco the excuse to be alone for which he had been looking. The store was named "World's Lost" and he found it readily enough. The small bell rang as he stepped inside and into a world of chaos. It was one of the ubiquitous second-hand shops in the city, only with more colour than one usually found. The first item to meet his eyes was a neon coloured, nearly life-sized Palm tree. It was a lamp. Beside it was a glass table with what looked like elephant legs for pedestals to hold it up. The shop was positively brimming with the oddest assortment of objects he had ever seen. Which, given his background, was truly strange.

He pretended to browse, picking up a pewter bowl shaped like a dolphin and finding it priced at five hundred dollars. Slowly he made his way to the back of the shop, ignoring the staff and other patrons. Finally, in a dim corner in the second room, he found what had come for. It was nearly eight feet tall and appeared to be an Egyptian sarcophagus, standing against the back wall. He glanced carefully about to make sure no one was looking and then drew his wand. "Open Sesame," he intoned, trying not to snort at the American sense of humour in that, and tapped the centre of the image of a long dead Pharaoh. The lid opened like a door and he stepped into it. As it closed behind him, another door opened in front of him.

He stepped into the other side of the store – the other side of San Francisco. This side of the shop was full to bursting with

similarly odd items, but it was much more reminiscent of Borgin & Burkes in Diagon Alley. The witch behind the counter nodded at him and he nodded back before moving out of the store and into the cobbled street beyond. He blinked and gave himself a minute to scan the magical centre of the city. Norton's Way was as colourful as the Muggle street he had just left. Most of the shops were multiple stories here and had balconies running around the inside of the square. Some of the shops were easily recognisable to him – a book shop named “A Very Different Light,” a wand shop named “Sticks” and an apothecary belonging to “Egg Shen.”

Standing in the middle of the square was an odd statue of a pudgy, bearded man wearing a uniform, a stripped fur hat decorated with a peacock feather and a rosette, and carrying a closed, cane-style umbrella. Pigeons perched on the hat. The plaque below read, “His Imperial Majesty Emperor Norton I, First President of the Magical Association of North America.” Draco had heard of MANA before. It was the governing body of wizards, witches and other magical creatures in this part of the world. The democratic nature of it was confusing to him, especially since it gave equal rights to non-human magical creatures.

Careful to keep his hood up, Draco went to the bookshop and purchased a copy of *Daily Magic*, the San Francisco paper. The shop took Muggle money as easily as Galleons and he noticed that the people here didn't dress much different from those on Haight Street. Of course, people on Haight Street tended to dress in weird and colourful ways accepted in few places outside of San Francisco.

Draco took his paper and sat down on a bench in the square to read it. He knew better than to take the paper home with him. He didn't want Harry to know he had been visiting the magical part of San Francisco. It was dangerous. But Draco felt it was important to know what was happening back in England. Reading between the lines of the Muggle papers just wasn't enough.

He scanned the local news but quickly turned to the International section. MANA had closed its borders to wizards and witches from Great Britain months ago and now there was a big controversy over what to do with refugees from Voldemort's reign. Illegal Portkeys and others seeking to circumvent visas were a big issue now, and there was a crackdown on them. He and Harry had been lucky to

have gotten into the country when they did.

The news was grim. Voldemort's regime was now accused of mass murder of Muggleborns, and other parts of Europe seemed to be coming under the Death Eater influence as well. MANA was still debating whether they should get involved. Draco knew that most of the Wizarding world believed Harry Potter was dead, but he was interested to read that there still existed an underground resistance movement that broadcast on the radio. He finished the paper with a sigh, dropping it into a nearby bin and made his way out of Norton's Way.

– CHAPTER SIXTEEN –

## *Different*

Draco and Harry had taken to going out occasionally with the other employees from work. Sometimes to a private house party, and other times to a bar down the street. Tonight, the bar was very busy. Draco had had a couple drinks and was watching other patrons. He was considering whether or not to order a third drink or head home when the waitress set two drinks down in front of him and Harry. "From the girls over there," she said, pointing to another table where two women sat. They smiled and waved when he looked up.

Harry glanced at the drinks before looking at the girls, smiling back. "That was nice of them," he said, waving a bit before taking a sip. "We should pay them back, right?"

Draco snorted. "The appropriate response, if we are interested, is to go and join them at their table," he said, smiling.

"Oh." Harry looked at them again, his cheeks colouring. "Should we go? Just to say thank you for the drinks and all," he said quickly.

"Only if you find them attractive and would like to consider more than a drink with them," Draco said, smiling.

Harry blushed harder, swallowing the drink in his mouth. "You'd want to? Even though ... we're together?"

Draco considered his lover. "I think you should find out what it feels like to be with a woman," he said. Then he smiled. "And I would like to watch that, or even better, be part of it."

Harry smiled back, biting his lip and looking at the women again. "Let's go over."

Draco grinned, picking up their drinks and gesturing to his lover to lead the way.

Harry walked over, trying to hide how nervous he was feeling about the situation. "Thanks for the drinks," he said once they reached the table, smiling shyly at the women.

"Not a problem," the brunette replied. "Staying?" She glanced at the seats.

Draco smiled and nodded. "That would be delightful," he said, and both women smiled at his accent. "I am David and this is Harlan," he said.

"I'm Jessica and this is Alicia," the brunette said, glancing at the blonde next to her. "Nice to meet you both," Harry said, taking a seat.

"Oh, where are you from?" Alicia asked, blue eyes sparkling.

"England," Harry answered, looking at her with a smile. "Where are you from? Oh, wait you're from here. Unless you aren't ... then you can say. Not that you couldn't before." Harry forced his mouth to close, feeling his face redden again.

Draco chuckled and smiled at Harry. "Yes, England," he said. "Don't mind Harlan, he is just a little nervous."

Alicia reached out and patted Harry's hand. "Me too," she confessed.

"Really? You don't look so nervous. You look quite nice actually," Harry commented, smiling again. Jessica giggled. "You're adorable."

Draco smiled, nodding in agreement. To be honest, he didn't know what one talked about with Muggle women. "So, do you two live near here?" he asked.

"Close enough," Jessica replied, looking at Draco with a raised eyebrow and a smirk. "Did you just invite yourself over?"

Draco's eyebrows rose at the bold question. He looked to Harry, waiting for his response.

"If you don't mind?" Harry asked hopefully. Jessica laughed softly, and nodded, glancing at Alicia. "Oh, we don't mind at all."

Draco smiled and nodded. "After you, ladies," he said, getting to his feet.

Alicia blushed but got up, too.

Harry stood up, leaning in close to whisper into Draco's ear. "We're actually doing this?" Jessica murmured something into Alicia's ear as they walked ahead of Harry and Draco. Jessica glanced back and purposely smirked at Draco, as if she were trying to wordlessly say something.

Draco grinned back at the woman and nodded, to both her and Harry. "Yes, apparently, we are," Draco whispered back.

"Oh, okay." Harry nodded, still trying to shake off being nervous.

Alicia gestured towards a car that looked like a large, round dome or a beetle of some kind. "There's room, or do you have a car around here?" she asked.

"No car," Harry replied, smiling at the look of the car. It looked just like one he would expect a girl to have, too.

Alicia opened the driver's side door and slid the seat forward, gesturing for Draco to get in, while Jessica opened the other side and climbed in the back, leaving the front passenger side for Harry. Alicia smiled at Harry as he got in, too.

Harry glanced back at Draco quickly, smiling before looking at Alicia. "You have a nice car." Jessica shifted closer to Draco, laying a hand on his thigh.

Draco startled but held still, smiling at the woman. It had been years since he had willingly allowed anyone other than Harry to touch him, let alone so intimately. He lifted his arm and laid it across the back of the seat so the woman could move closer if she wanted.

Jessica did so, smiling brightly as she pressed lightly against him. "So, are you two just friends?"

Alicia had pulled the car out of the parking space and was making her way down 18th Street. She smiled and glanced at Harry as she drove.

Draco's eyes widened, not sure of an appropriate answer for the woman. "We live together," he answered cautiously.

"Ah, together," Jessica said, laughing softly. "It's okay, you know." Harry was too busy watching Alicia as she drove. It really had been a long time since he found a woman so attractive. He would blush every time she looked over, glad that she seemed interested as well.

"And you two?" Draco asked, feeling a little more comfortable now.

"Together for a while now," Jessica said fondly, glancing at Alicia with a small smile. "We like to have fun though."

Draco's smile widened and his eyebrows shot up. He brought his arms down to rest across Jessica's shoulder.

Alicia frowned, and she circled the block looking for parking. Then she smiled and said, "Hold on," just as the car lurched backwards into a tiny parking space.

"Aww, I was just getting comfortable," Jessica pouted. "But we'll

have plenty of time for that soon."

Draco's heart had sped up, and he looked at Harry from where he sat, checking to see how he was handling this new experience.

Harry was chewing nervously at his lip, swallowing as he watched Alicia park the car. He hoped that he didn't mess up somehow and this was a good night for all of them.

Alicia turned the car off and reached a hand to pat Harry's arm. "You okay?" she asked.

"I'm fine," Harry answered softly, resting his hand on top of hers. "Just a little nervous is all. But I'll be all right."

Alicia got out and then flipped the seat forward so Draco could get out. She smiled at him as he did and he nodded back. Jessica waited until Harry got out and flipped the passenger seat forward too, climbing out.

Harry stepped close to Alicia, brushing a bit of hair away from her face. "Want to take us inside?" he asked, feeling a bit more like himself.

Alicia turned her face up to him, mouth open a little. "Yes," she said quietly.

Draco watched, standing with his arm around Jessica's waist, and felt a flutter of his heart. It was hard to tell what it meant. He felt both nervous and excited.

Harry smiled, looking into her eyes as he reached to take her hand. "Lead the way," he whispered. "And he thought he was nervous," Jessica murmured softly, watching them. "He's a natural."

"I know," Draco said smugly, Harry's behaviour actually turning him on more than the women.

"You would know," Jessica said, grinning as she leant up to kiss Draco's cheek. "Ally, stop staring and get inside! There's plenty of time for that."

Alicia blushed and led them up the stairs to their flat. Jessica took Draco's arm and they followed.

Harry squeezed Alicia's hand gently as they walked, glancing back at Draco with a smile. He couldn't believe this was happening.

Once inside, Alicia seemed nervous again. "Do you want something to drink?" she asked.

"I've had enough to drink," Harry answered, staying close to her still. Her looks reminded him of Draco. "I've got what I wanted,"

Jessica said, turning to finally kiss Draco.

Draco shivered as the woman pressed against him, her soft body and soft lips an altogether different feeling than kissing Harry. He kept his eyes half open, kissing her gently but watching Harry as he did.

Harry watched them, feeling his body flush with arousal just from the look in Draco's eyes. He looked at Alicia, reaching to tip her head up. "May I?" he asked, his eyes flicking down to her lips then back up to her eyes.

She smiled and nodded, moving closer to him and laying her hands on his chest.

Harry closed the distance and kissed her, his eyes closing at the feeling. It was so much different than kissing Draco.

Draco's arm around Jessica's shoulder slid up to cup the back of her head and his other rested on her hip. When he broke the kiss he smiled and arched an eyebrow. "Bedroom?" he asked softly.

Alicia slid her hands up Harry's chest and around the back of his neck, standing up on her toes a bit to press against him.

Harry wrapped his arms around Alicia's waist and pulled her closer, his head tilting as he deepened the kiss with a soft sound. "Bedroom," Jessica agreed, glancing at Harry and Alicia. "But look at them go."

Draco felt a warm tingling when he touched and kissed Jessica. But the shiver that went down his spine when he watched Harry made his cock fill and his breath catch. "Yes," he whispered, licking his lips.

"That's hot," Jessica said softly, biting her lip gently.

Harry slowly pulled back from Alicia's lips, his breath coming in short pants. "We should ... go somewhere else."

Alicia nodded too, glancing at the other two and blushing. "Bedroom in there," she said.

Jessica led the way into a room with a king size bed and lit little votive candles beside the bed.

"Big bed," Harry said, grinning as he glanced at Draco. "We need one."

Draco gave him a slow nod and then smiled, letting Harry see the desire in his eyes.

Harry couldn't help it. He walked over to Draco and pulled him

into a deep kiss, as if he were thanking him for letting this happen.

Jessica sat down on the bed and pulled Alicia close to kiss her as she watched.

Draco moaned into Harry's kiss; the knowledge that the two women were watching was oddly arousing as well.

Harry pulled back, smiling at Draco. "Ready?" he asked, then glanced back at the women.

Draco swallowed thickly, nodding. "Yes," he whispered.

Alicia's eyes were bright as she arched her chin to her girlfriend's tongue. She held out a hand to the two men.

"Good," he replied softly. Harry took Alicia's hand and stepped over to her, almost unsure of what to do next. He really had never gotten this far. Jessica pulled back and began to undress, kicking her shoes off first before starting on her shirt. "If you haven't noticed, I'm the impatient one."

Draco chuckled, beginning to strip as well. "Usually he is," he said.

Harry blushed from where he stood. "I thought this was kind of different," he murmured, slowly pulling his t-shirt off. He had forgotten about the scars there, too used to undressing in front of Draco.

Draco's fingers froze on the buttons of his own shirt when he saw Alicia looking quizzically at Harry's scars. He was so used to the way they were marked, he had forgotten the way others would see their bodies. He frowned, because not only did he have scars – he had the Dark Mark.

"Need some help?" Jessica asked, reaching to help Draco finish unbuttoning his shirt.

Harry followed Alicia's gaze and blushed softly. Hopefully she wouldn't ask, but he began to make up a few stories in his head anyway.

Draco took a step back from Jessica. "I ..." he began, but trailed off, looking in confusion to Harry.

Harry turned, looking at Draco before walking over to him. "You can leave your shirt on if you want," he said quietly.

Draco looked to the women to see how they took that.

Jessica smiled, sitting in just her bra and panties. "That's fine with us .... It's your body; we're just taking it for a ride."

Draco laughed at the quip and relaxed a bit, unbuttoning the shirt but leaving it on as he reached to unfasten his trousers. His arousal had dampened some at the unexpected problem, but he smiled at Harry and the two beautiful women.

– CHAPTER SEVENTEEN –

## *Impatient*

Harry started on his jeans and pushed them down and off, kicking his shoes off before getting on the bed and moving in to boldly kiss Jessica with a grin. "I had to do that," he murmured, laughing softly before moving to Alicia. She was lying on her back on the bed, smiling and opening her arms to Harry. He leant down to kiss her again, harder than before.

Draco finished removing the last of his clothes, except for the shirt. He looked nervously towards the bed, feeling a little strange wearing the shirt.

"Come on, David," Jessica said, moving back on the bed and laying back. "I picked you for a reason ...."

Draco smiled and climbed onto the bed, kneeling beside her. "Why is that?" he asked.

"You're hot and a little dangerous looking," she replied with a smirk. "And Alicia looked like she wanted Harlan more, anyway. So ...."

Draco looked her over, enjoying her curves. He reached out to gently slide a hand along her waist.

"Mm, you don't have to be so gentle," Jessica whispered, reaching out and running her fingers through the hair at the base of Draco's cock. "Natural blond ... like Ally ...."

Draco gasped at the touch, and his hand slid up to cup the woman's breast as his cock hardened considerably.

"Now you liked that," Jessica said quietly, biting her lip as she wrapped her fingers around Draco's cock, stroking him.

Harry's fingers were in Alicia's hair as they continued to kiss, his obvious arousal making a tent in the shorts he still had on. She hummed against his mouth and reached to stroke his cock through his shorts. Harry moaned into the kiss, thrusting gently into her hand as he nipped at her soft lips.

Draco still knelt beside Jessica, his fingers caressing her breasts as

she stroked him. He panted, eyes half closed and watching Harry with Alicia who was helping him remove his shorts.

Harry pushed the shorts away, gasping at the exposure. He pulled away so he could take them off completely, panting as he looked down at Alicia. "You're so beautiful ...."

Jessica got up on her knees after awhile and leant down to take Draco's cock into her mouth. "Yess," Draco hissed as her lips slid down his erection and he cupped the back of her head, gently so as not to push. He panted, his eyes darting between the woman bent over him and his lover, now lying naked with Alicia.

Harry wasn't sure what to do next and blushed softly. "I'm sorry if I'm bad at this whole thing ..." he whispered, kissing her again as he reached to rest a hand in between Alicia's legs. It was strange that he was finally getting this chance and Harry wasn't doing anything with it yet. It wasn't that he didn't want to, he just wasn't sure. Alicia seemed uncertain too, but smiled over at her girlfriend and then began stroking Harry's cock with her hand, kissing him again.

"Yes, yes," Draco encouraged as Jessica's tongue swirled over the head of his cock, her lips tightened. It was clear she knew what she was doing. He smiled at Harry's words and wondered if he should be helping Harry or if he should let Alicia know she needed to teach him.

Harry kissed Alicia, thrusting into the small fist she had made. She seemed fine with just doing this for now and that was okay with Harry. She wrapped one leg around Harry's then, pressing herself against him as she played with his cock.

Jessica was sucking Draco harder, bobbing her head faster. He pulled gently on her hair to get her to stop, saying her name. Then she pulled back, licking her lips. "Ah yes, can't have you coming yet ..." she teased.

"Lie back," Draco said to Jessica, and smiled wickedly at her. And when she did, he lay down between her legs, long fingers gently spreading her labia while he smiled up at her. He leant in and very gently ran his tongue over her clit.

Jessica gasped, her hand reaching to slide into Draco's hair. "David ...."

Draco almost didn't recognise "his" name at first but took the encouragement, pressing his lips around her bud and running his

tongue in circles. Jessica moaned, her head falling back as her fingers gripped his soft hair gently.

Harry looked back with half closed eyes when he heard Jessica say "David," watching him.

Draco caught Harry's gaze and lifted his eyebrows. He then slid a finger inside the woman. Jessica's long moan turned into a groan as she clenched around the finger.

Harry blinked and looked back down at Alicia, his hand resting on top of her mound curiously. After a moment of hesitation he spread her and cautiously ran his fingers down the middle. Alicia laid a hand on top of Harry's, helping him find the spot to touch and moaning when he did. Her reaction excited Harry and he rubbed the spot, gently at first, as he leant in to kiss her again.

Draco added another finger and continued to lick and suck on Jessica's clit as he moved his fingers in and out of her. She was trembling, her hips rolling as Draco continued.

"Fuck me," Jessica gasped.

Draco gave her clit several more strokes with his tongue before sitting back and wiping his face. He looked to Harry now, reaching a hand out to stroke the man's hip briefly before moving up into the V of Jessica's legs.

Harry felt encouraged both by Alicia's reaction and Draco's touch.

"Harlan?" Alicia gasped. "Me too."

Harry nodded, pulling back and glancing at the other man before positioning himself like Draco did.

Jessica sat up and reached into the drawer of the little table by the bed, pulling out a couple of small packages. She used her teeth to tear one open, handing the other to Alicia. She smiled and reached for his cock again, slipping a small circle of what looked to Draco like plastic over the head and then unrolling it down his shaft. "Don't want to forget protection," she said lightly before laying back and opening her legs wider in invitation.

Draco blinked, not sure what to make of this, but shrugged. He supposed the thin wrapping was meant to keep her from getting pregnant. He tried to ignore it and pushed gently into that warm channel, a shiver going up his spine as he did. Beneath him, Jessica moaned softly, tilting her hips up and wrapping her legs around

Draco's waist.

Alicia took the second condom and covered Harry's cock as well. He'd heard of them before, even if he had never used one. When she was done, she smiled at him and helped guide him into place. He swallowed and took a deep breath before pushing slowly inside her, his breath catching at the feeling.

Alicia moaned and gripped Harry's shoulders. "That's good," she said.

Draco braced a hand on the bed as he leant forward slightly, beginning slow, deep thrusts into Jessica. He brought his other hand between them, using the pad of his thumb to rub her clit as he did. "God," Jessica moaned, thrusting up against Draco's thumb and onto his cock.

Harry thrust the rest of the way inside Alicia, pausing to get used to the warmth. Now he knew why Draco wanted him to do this. It felt good, but different than being fucked. He slid his hands down to grip her sides gently before he began to move, groaning softly.

Draco smiled, glancing at Harry. He watched in fascination as Harry pulled back and thrust again. Draco continued to rock in and out of Jessica, angling his hips to find a spot that made her gasp and smiling when he did. Her legs tightened around him as she got closer, her body shaking as she cried out in pleasure.

Harry heard Jessica and he tightened his grip on Alicia as he began to thrust harder, his eyes closing in concentration.

"More .... Harder," Alicia gasped.

Draco held back as Jessica came, her body convulsing around him. He moved his thumb off her clit, thrusting fast as she continued to thrash under him.

Harry groaned, thrusting as hard as he could. He could feel the bed rocking beneath both his and Draco's thrusts and the thought made feel closer to that edge. "Close," he gasped a bit later, biting his lip. That's when he began to wonder if he could come without Draco telling him to. He knew the spell didn't stop him anymore but he preferred his lover's encouragement.

Draco was getting closer too, and it was more habit than actually remembering that had him gasping, "Come, baby," as he did.

Harry came on the next thrust, his body going still with a cry. He then rode out the orgasm, shuddering as he moved.

Draco's own orgasm was good, but it was Harry's small release of magic that made his body tremble. "Yes," he gasped.

Harry nearly collapsed then, but managed to gently pull out of Alicia and lay down next to her, leaning in to kiss her lips softly. "Wow." Alicia kissed him and then smiled. She reached a hand out to hold Jessica's.

Draco smiled at the gesture, sitting back on his heels and looking down at the other three.

Harry leant up so he could look at Draco, a small smile on his face. He got up and crawled over to Draco, kissing him softly. "Thanks again."

Draco pulled him up against his own body, fingers immediately buried in his lover's hair and mouth closing over his. Fire burned in the kiss in a way that Draco realised was an altogether different feeling than the pleasant taste of the women.

Harry moaned into the kiss, his heart skipping a beat as he wrapped his arms around Draco. As nice as it was to be with a woman for a night, he would go back to Draco for the rest of his life. He was sure of that.

Draco had come only minutes before, but the touch and taste of Harry brought with them a return of his arousal. He kissed and sucked on the man's lips and chin.

"Wow," Alicia said behind Harry as she curled up against Jessica.

"Those two were made for each other," Jessica whispered, wrapping an arm around Alicia and holding her close as they watched.

"I love you," Harry murmured in between the kisses, running his fingers through Draco's hair, "so much."

Draco nodded enthusiastically, hands sliding over his lover's back and down his arse. He glanced to his side. "Do you mind if we ...?" he asked.

"Go ahead," Jessica replied, grinning at him. "Plenty of room."

Harry blushed lightly at the thought of doing it front of the women, but the embarrassment didn't last long when he thought that he just had sex with one of them.

Draco's long fingers were kneading Harry's backside as he sucked on his lover's neck.

Harry's head fell back with another moan, his cock hardening

again with Draco's touches.

Draco reached down and stripped the plastic off his cock and then did the same to Harry's erection, tossing the wraps into a nearby rubbish bin. "Turn around," he told Harry, his voice hoarse with need.

Harry slowly turned around, getting on his hands and knees. He blushed again when he saw the women.

"I still say you're adorable," Jessica murmured. "Even when you're about to get fucked."

"Beautiful," Alicia said, her hands sliding over Jessica's body as she watched the two men.

Draco reached over the side of the bed, picking up his trousers and retrieving the tube of lube from the pocket. He coated his fingers quickly, and without even bothering to recap it, tossed the lube aside and pressed his middle finger into his lover.

Harry moaned, leaning forward before pushing back on the finger, his arse wriggling. When his eyes were closed he could forget that they were being watched.

Draco worked another finger into Harry as he caressed his arse with the other hand. "Yes, baby," he encouraged.

"More," Harry gasped, his fingers gripping the sheets. "Please ...."

"Now I see what you meant by impatient," Jessica commented, kissing Alicia a few times.

Draco chuckled at that, nodding. He worked a third finger in. "Tell me what you want, baby," he urged in a smug voice that said he knew already.

"Want ... want you to fuck me," Harry whimpered, swallowing as he clenched around the fingers inside him.

"Yes, you do," Draco purred, slipping his fingers out and then coating his cock with some of the lube. He moved up and looked down at his lover's body, watching his own cock as he slid it slowly inside of Harry.

Harry groaned, gripping the sheets so tightly that his knuckles were white. He opened his eyes and ended up looking straight into Alicia's. He blushed and looked down, biting his lip again.

Draco found himself moaning at the tightness of his lover's body around his cock. He slowly slid out and back in again with quicker thrusts, smiling at the way Harry pushed back against him, taking

him.

"Harder," Harry gasped softly, resting his forehead on the bed as his back arched, pushing himself back more.

Draco grinned and complied, gripping Harry's hips and thrusting in harder, the bed rocking with it. "Yes, deep inside you," he whispered.

Harry moaned when he felt a hand in his hair, pulling his head up.

Jessica bit her lip at the look of Harry's arousal flushed face, a small moan escaping her. "That's better .... He likes to be fucked," she whispered.

"Yes, he does," Draco gasped; the sound of his body slapping against Harry's was loud and he loved it.

Harry began to cry out with every thrust, his body rocking and arching. "Close!" he yelled, squeezing his eyes shut.

"Oh, yes, baby, come for me!" Draco answered him, fingers gripping his lover's hips as he bucked furiously into him.

Harry came with a shout, the bed shaking with not only Draco's thrusts but Harry's small burst of magic.

"Fuck, yes!" Draco cried out as Harry's body and magic seemed to make his own body explode with heat and spasms of pleasure.

"Fuck," Jessica whispered with a shudder of her own.

Harry collapsed on the bed, not bothering to try and avoid the wet spot.

Draco bent over Harry's back, still pressed inside of his lover as he laid gentle kisses on his back. "Yes," he whispered against his skin.

Harry pressed his cheek against the bed as he panted softly, staring at the mirror across from them.

Draco caught Harry's eyes in the mirror and smiled. "Beautiful," he murmured.

Harry blushed softly, smiling at Draco in the mirror. "I'm sorry about the spot," Harry said a moment later, glancing at the women.

Alicia laughed. "That was amazing," she said, grinning.

"That was better than amazing," Jessica said, smiling brightly. "Forget adorable, you're just as hot as your boyfriend here."

Draco sighed happily, slipping out of his lover's body and lying down beside him. "Yes, he is fantastic," he agreed with them.

Harry rolled over and curled up next to him, tired now. "You are

too," he whispered, his eyes closed.

– CHAPTER EIGHTEEN –

## *Walpurgis Night*

Draco could hold Harry all day, but holding the pose Mark had them in wasn't entirely comfortable. His nose itched and he wrinkled it, still staring into Harry's eyes as they sat facing and with arms around each other.

Harry grinned, wishing he could lean in and kiss his lover's nose. He was surprised that Draco hadn't complained much, not yet at least.

"I wish to move," Draco said finally when he didn't think he could take it anymore.

Mark looked up, startled. "Oh, yeah, I guess I haven't given you guys a break in a while, have I? Sorry, I was just getting caught up in what I'm doing."

Draco huffed and fell back on the floor with a sigh and rubbed his nose

Harry laughed, lying down next to him to relax for a minute. "How's it look?" he asked a moment later, jumping up and going over to Mark, trying to look at the paper.

Mark pulled the page down. "No peeking," he said. "You know how I feel about that!"

Harry pouted, leaning over his shoulder still. "I thought you'd give up one day. Or at least I'd be fast enough."

"Nope," Mark said, and shooed him away. "If anyone could, it would be you, but nope."

"No fair," Harry huffed, moving around and sitting down on the floor again. He turned and crawled over Draco, sitting down on his hips. "Have you got your nose itched properly?"

Draco smirked. "No, I think I need help," he said.

"Has it gotten so bad that you can't even reach your nose?" Harry joked, leaning down to nudge his nose against Draco's.

Draco, of course, used it as an opportunity to grab Harry's hair and bring him down for a kiss.

Harry mmped in surprise against Draco's lips, shifting on top of him as he kissed him back.

Draco's fingers laced deep in his lover's dark hair and he sucked on Harry's lips.

Harry pulled back to take a deep breath, looking into Draco's eyes. "Got that itch ..." he whispered, slowly moving back so he could lie on the floor next to him. He licked his lips and glanced up at Mark.

Draco gasped as Harry climbed off him, thinking now he had another itch he wanted to scratch.

Mark watched them, his gaze a bit hungry as his eyes met Harry's.

Harry glanced down, his hair falling into his face before he slowly looked up again, shaking the hair out of his eyes and pushing it back. "You want to finish it?"

"Umm," Mark said, drawing forgotten for a moment, and then he blushed. "Sure," he said.

Harry smiled softly. "If you're ready to go on ..." he said, glancing at both Draco and Mark.

"Sure I can't just lie here on the floor?" Draco asked. *Harry on top*, his brain added.

Harry laughed softly, glancing at Mark to see his answer. "Shouldn't have crawled on top of him."

Mark shrugged and uncovered his sketch pad again. "Okay, ready when you two are," he said, smile crooked.

"Sit up, Draco," Harry said, moving into position.

Draco huffed but did, then frowned at Harry's use of his real name. "David poses for drawings, Draco does not," he said pointedly.

Harry blushed, nodding slowly. "David," he corrected.

Draco got back into position, giving Harry a quick kiss and then trying to relax his face into the serious expression Mark wanted.

Harry smiled, glancing at Mark before looking at Draco and relaxing his face for the drawing. His arms slid around Draco, his magic beginning to tingle again.

"Careful," Draco whispered without moving his lips.

Harry blinked, not even noticing. He tried to control it, his arms shaking slightly as he took a deep breath.

Draco took deep breaths, relaxing into the position. The most

difficult part was not smiling as he looked into those amazing green eyes. "I love you," he whispered through mostly closed lips again.

"I love you, too," Harry replied, not managing to not move his lips. He smiled, his cheeks colouring.

Harry was watching the telly from where he sat on their small couch, waiting for Draco to finish cooking whatever he was fixing for lunch. He yawned and glanced at the door, remembering that the post was supposed to come around this time. He got up and opened the door, padding down the stairs and pulling the small bulk of post out of the box. Walking back up to their flat, he checked through the envelopes, looking at what they were. That's when he saw one for David Morgan from the Culinary Institute of America. Harry dropped the rest of the post on the table beside the door and ran into the kitchen, already hopping up and down in excitement.

Magic shivered over his skin and Draco turned, sliding crepes onto plates for them. "What?" he asked, amusement in his expression.

"Open it!" Harry said, waving the envelope in Draco's face.

Draco blinked and reached for the envelope. "What is it?"

"Just open it!" Harry replied, still bouncing. "Go on ... it's from the institute ...."

Draco smirked and nodded, hands trembling just a touch as he peeled open the envelope and pulled out the letter, slowly unfolding.

"Faster," Harry whispered, breathing fast as he watched Draco's face to see his reaction.

Draco's face didn't give away the contents, impassive despite his hammering heart as he handed it to Harry.

Harry took it, his eyes scanning the paper quickly. He gasped softly and looked up at Draco again. "You ...." Harry dropped the paper and launched himself at Draco, his arms wrapping around his neck as he attempted to jump onto him. "You got in! You did it, you got in!"

"With a scholarship," Draco said softly, still in shock.

"Do you know what this means?" Harry said happily, leaning back to look at Draco.

"That I will be learning to be a better cook?" the blond asked with a small smile.

"Not that you aren't already now, but yes. You're finally doing what you want," Harry answered, smiling brightly. "Congratulations."

"Being with you is doing what I want," Draco said, reaching to Harry's waist and pulling him close. He bent to tenderly kiss the other man.

"But now you have this as well," Harry whispered against his lips, brushing his fingers over Draco's cheek.

"Yes," Draco said softly, smiling and trembling a bit at the soft caress. "And what do you want, love?"

"I want you to be happy," Harry said softly, smiling.

"I am," Draco said, sounding surprised as he reached to caress Harry's face, fingers sliding along his lover's jaw.

"Then I have what I want," Harry said quietly. "I don't need anything else."

"I don't want you to have to wash dishes," Draco said, sighing.

"I ... I don't know what else to do," Harry admitted softly.

Draco cocked his head. "When you thought you were a Muggle, before Hogwarts, what did you want to do?"

"I was young, I wasn't sure of what I wanted to do," Harry murmured.

"I want to make enough money so that you can do whatever you like," Draco said, beginning to walk Harry backwards towards their bedroom.

"At the restaurant, I feel needed," Harry said softly, walking back with him.

"I need you," Draco said, leading Harry into the bedroom.

"And I need you. And if I have to wash dishes for the rest of my life, so be it," Harry said.

Draco frowned at that. "Not what I want," he said. "I want you to have something that you enjoy doing."

"I have to find something first," Harry said. "And what if this is it?"

"What, being a kept man by your lover wouldn't be good enough for you?" Draco teased, now laying gentle kisses along Harry's jaw.

Harry blushed softly, tilting his head to the side. "Don't worry about me, Draco."

"I like worrying about you," Draco whispered against Harry's ear, licking along the curve of it.

Harry's eyes slowly fell shut, a small shudder going through his body. "Don't worry," he whispered again, sitting down on the bed behind him.

Draco pressed him down, bringing Harry onto his back as he began to suck on the man's neck, his body covering his lover's.

Harry moaned, almost feeling the blood being sucked to the surface of his skin. "This ... this is how you celebrate ...."

"You know it is," Draco whispered against his skin. "Is there anything you would rather do?"

"No, I want this," Harry replied quietly, reaching down to hook his fingers in the old sweatpants that he wore, pushing them down.

Draco smiled, standing up and looking down at the man so eager for him. He unbuttoned the jeans he was wearing, sliding them quickly over his hips and down long legs to kick them aside, and then tossed his shirt aside as well.

Harry kicked away the sweat bottoms and underwear, pulling his shirt over his head. "I hope the food stays warm," he whispered, moving back on the bed.

"You hungry?" Draco asked, raising his eyebrows. His eyes had darkened with desire and he was gently stroking his own arousal as he looked at Harry.

"For you," Harry said quietly, his eyes trailing down Draco's body and stopping on his hand.

"Well, you can have whatever you want," Draco said, voice low and the corners of his mouth pulling up.

"I want you to want me," Harry said quietly, looking up into Draco's eyes. "Now ...."

"I always want you," Draco answered, eyes flickering over his lover's body and then down to his own arousal.

"Show me," Harry answered, feeling his body flush under Draco's gaze.

"Come here," Draco said, stepping closer to the bed.

Harry watched him silently before he decided to crawl over, his eyes shining brightly as he moved.

"Yesss," Draco hissed, watching his lover crawl, eyes feasting on the sight of him.

Harry stopped and sat back on his heels, quickly feeling his body flush even more. "Please, more than just watching ...."

Draco reached for him, pulling Harry's body flush against his own with a moan of delight.

Harry melted in Draco's arms, completely forgetting anything else. "Draco," he whispered.

"Yes, love," Draco answered, kissing him tenderly as his hands slid down the lean muscles of Harry's back.

"I love you," Harry said, running his hands slowly over Draco's skin. "And ... think of this as my way of showing you how happy I really am for you."

"Show me," Draco encouraged, fingers kneading the muscles of Harry's naked back.

Harry leant up and kissed Draco hard, not completely letting go of his control of his magic, but letting Draco get a feel of the power that hummed through his body. He ran his hand around Draco's hip and gripped his erection at the same moment.

Draco's legs trembled, standing beside the bed with his lover's hand caressing his arousal. "Oh, baby," he sighed.

"Come onto the bed with me," Harry whispered softly, stroking him as he moved back a bit.

The blond readily climbed onto the bed.

Harry continued to stroke him as he moved to lie down on the bed, pulling Draco with him.

Draco lay down beside his lover, touching him gently and gasping at Harry's hands on him.

Harry leant in to whisper into Draco's hair. "Fuck me. Hard enough so I'll be able to feel you for days," he demanded quietly, his hand twisting on his lover's cock.

Draco grinned, cock twitching in response, and rolling over atop Harry.

Harry smirked, reaching to brush the hair out of Draco's eyes. "I thought you'd like that."

Draco straddled Harry, his cock pressing against his lover's. "Yes, I do," he whispered. "Spread your legs, baby."

Harry shivered and opened his legs, looking up at Draco. "I like when you call me that ...."

Draco smiled softly at him. "You do," he agreed. "Why?"

"I feel loved," Harry admitted with a blush.

"You are loved," Draco whispered, moving his legs to kneel

between his lover's thighs. "I love you more than anything," he said.

Harry closed his eyes as Draco spoke, the colour spreading throughout his face. "I love being yours," he said, opening his eyes and looking at him.

"A year now," Draco whispered, hands sliding down Harry's sides and over his hips.

Harry's skin broke out in goose pimples, his hips rising and falling slowly. "Has it really been that long?"

"Yes. Walpurgis Night, first of May," Draco said, hands caressing Harry's inner thighs now. "That's when He gave you to me," he said.

Harry didn't even know. He didn't know what to say. "Happy anniversary," he said softly after a moment, his legs spreading wider.

Draco brought his hands together, fingers sliding over Harry's cock and the other reaching for lube. "Yes, our anniversary," he said. "I hate how it started, but I am glad you are mine."

"Yours," Harry moaned, his feelings mixed about their past so he focused on the present.

Draco uncapped the lube, slicking his fingers while lowering his mouth to lick the flat of his tongue up the underside of Harry's cock.

Harry's head fell back as his hand slid over the sheets of their bed, his fingers gripping the cotton. "Yes ..." he whispered, lifting his hips.

Draco licked around the head of his lover's cock, teasing the ridge as he slid a slick finger against his entrance.

"Don't tease," Harry groaned, trying to press down on the finger and thrust up into his mouth.

"I like teasing," Draco said, blowing on the wet crown of Harry's cock. "It's called foreplay," he added with a smirk, as he pressed another finger in with the first.

"Fuck foreplay," Harry gasped, shuddering at both the cool air on his sensitive skin and the next finger.

Draco laughed, sliding his mouth down Harry's cock, sucking as he pressed another finger and twisting to press his prostate.

Harry cried out, his body arching sharply at both bits of pleasure. "God, more!"

Draco sucked, sliding his mouth up and down Harry's shaft and pumping his fingers at the same time.

Harry whimpered and moved with Draco, his eyes squeezed

tightly shut. "Draco," he gasped after a few minutes, pulling at the sheets. "Fuck me!"

Draco hummed around the flesh in his mouth before letting it gently slide out, withdrawing his fingers as well and sitting back up to look at Harry. "So eager and demanding ...." he said, but smiled as he reached to lube his own cock.

Harry's face flushed redder, sucking his lip into his mouth as he watched Draco. "Only for you," he whispered.

"Yes, mine," Draco agreed, reaching to pull Harry's legs up and settle them over his shoulders, gripping his thighs as he pushed inside.

Harry groaned at the position, Draco's cock sliding deeply inside him. "Fuck," he whispered, his head tossed to the side as he got used to the feeling.

"You said hard, right?" Draco asked with a wicked grin as he gasped from the sensation.

"As hard as you can," Harry murmured with a smile, lifting his hips with a small moan.

Draco grinned and then flexed his hips, pulling back before thrusting forward again. He began a combination of rocking and thrusting and was soon pounding into Harry with loud smacking sounds.

Harry's moans increased in volume as Draco fucked him harder, his face scrunched up from the amount of pleasure he was receiving. He hooked his ankles together behind Draco's neck and held on, his hips lifting with each thrust from the intensity.

"Yes, baby, I love fucking you," Draco growled, moving faster as he did. "And you love it, you love me inside you!"

"I ... I love it," was all Harry was able to whimper, his body trembling as Draco sped up.

"Touch yourself," Draco gasped, sweat pouring down his body as he slammed into Harry. "Fucking come for me, baby."

Harry barely managed to grip his cock before he was coming, harder than he had in a long time, a yell of pleasure making Harry's magic lose control.

Draco was coming, but while that was good, it was only part of the sensation as Harry's magic crackled over and around him. He wasn't even aware of his own shout as he threw his head back, cock

buried inside the other man and fingers digging into Harry's thighs.

Harry shuddered and his body arched off the bed. He felt the slight pain of Draco's fingers and he knew there would be bruises, but he'd wear them proudly.

"Yes, yes," Draco gasped, chin against his own chest as he caught his breath and still held Harry. He kissed the man's calves near his face. "Fantastic," he whispered.

"Better than fantastic," Harry mumbled, his legs feeling stiff, but the rest of him feeling satisfied.

Draco finally managed to pull back and gently ease Harry's legs down to the bed, still looking at him with amazement as he crawled up beside him.

Harry stretched his legs and wiggled his hips, smiling at being a bit sore from the good, hard fuck. He turned on his side, facing Draco, and snuggled close. "Congratulations," he whispered again.

"Mmm, yes, I am very lucky," Draco whispered, and then kissed him.

Harry kissed him back softly, reaching to comb his fingers through Draco's sweaty hair.

## *To Give You Everything*

Ally and Jess, as they preferred to be called, turned out to be fun to hang out with both in and out of bed. Sometimes, like this evening, they would go out, to the cinema or something, on a kind of double-date, and then back to the women's big bed to play. This evening they had gone to an American film with a French title, "Moulin Rouge."

Harry had been singing the theme song most of the ride back from the theatre. "Never knew I could feel like this ...."

Now they were laughing as they all stumbled into the flat and into the bedroom, clothes being pulled off, groping and kissing each other.

Harry kissed Ally and then Jess, giggling as he collapsed against Draco. "I'm not sure what the joke is," he murmured, pulling a sock off, "but whatever it is, it's funny!"

Draco laughed too but had managed to get his clothes off, and reached to slide a hand down Jess's back, cupping an arse cheek. "Oh, the fun is just starting," he said, voice dropping as his desire rose.

"Ohh, I had hoped so," Jess said, grinning widely at Draco as he moved back on the bed. Ally shook her head and tossed her panties aside before climbing into the bed and pushing Harry back on it.

Harry bounced on the bed, smiling at Ally. "You're stronger than you look," he said, reaching to pull her on top of him.

Ally straddled him then, grinning. "Hey, I may be short, but that doesn't make me weak," she said, wriggling her arse where she pressed against his cock.

Harry's breath hitched, his hands moving down to grip her hips. "You're like me," he said, brushing his thumbs over her hip bones. Draco beckoned with fingers to Jess and waggled his eyebrows.

"Oh, hell," Jess murmured, slowly crawling over to Draco. "I was going to play hard to get, you know, but I can't with you looking at

me like that."

"I'm hard to get," Draco drawled. "Everyone knows that. They used to call me the Ice Prince."

"You have the looks," Jess said, kneeling in front of Draco and cupping his face. "The hair, the skin. Now if your eyes were icy blue, it would compliment it, but ...." She peered into his eyes, smiling. "They're a soft grey."

Draco glanced at Harry. "I think they were talking about attitude. What do you think, love?"

Ally's small hands rested on Harry's chest and she pinched a nipple between her thumbs. Harry gasped, his chest arching slightly as he glanced back at Draco. "Uh. Yeah, you were a git."

Draco chuckled and reached to pull Jess down to him.

"You two and your British insults," Jess murmured, kissing Draco's lips softly, sliding her hands over his arms but then stopping at the large bandage on the inside of his left forearm. "And what happened? To your arm, I mean. Cut yourself cooking something for your Harlan?"

Draco shrugged. He had put the bandage over the Dark Mark so he could take his clothes off tonight. "Something like that," he said, hands sliding up the woman's sides to cup her breasts.

"Mm, the mysterious one," Jess whispered, her eyes fluttering closed. "Not a problem at all ...." Harry laughed softly from where he lay with Ally, looking back up at her to run his hands up to hesitantly cup one of her breasts. She smiled encouragingly at Harry, fingers still caressing his chest.

Draco dipped his head and sucked on one of Jess's nipples, gently kneading the mounds of flesh of both with his hands, and his thumb caressing the other bud. She moaned loudly, her head falling back with a small shudder. Harry glanced up again at them when he heard the moan, curiously watching Jess's reaction. He glanced back up at Ally, running his thumb a few times over the slowly hardening nub of nipple. "Can I?" He blushed softly.

"Please, Harlan," Ally answered, bringing one hand up to cup the back of his head and pull it to her chest. Harry swallowed as he leant up, swirling his tongue around the nipple before he sucked it into his mouth, closing his eyes. Her fingers gripped Harry's hair. "Yes, like that," she encouraged, rocking her now wet sex against his hardened

cock.

Harry sucked a bit harder, reaching to pinch the other nipple between his fingers. He moaned when Ally began to rub against him, his hips thrusting up slightly.

Draco smiled around Jess's nipple and used a little bit of teeth too. Jess jerked and groaned as Draco continued, reaching to run a hand down his arm. His lips worked both of Jess's nipples to hard red points and then smiled at the panting woman. "What do you want, Jess?" he asked in a seductive voice.

"Oh, don't give me that," Jess mumbled, biting her lip as she lay back in the bed. "Fuck me, you ... git."

"I have an idea," Draco announced, wicked smile on his face.

"So now you do," Jess murmured, pouting as she sat up. "What is it?" Harry pulled away from Ally's nipple with a small pop, glancing back at Draco.

"Jess, lie on your back," Draco said, moving to give her room to do so. "And Ally, you move on top of her, but facing the other way."

Jess raised an eyebrow, but laid back on the bed, smiling at Ally as she got up and crawled over to her.

Draco grabbed a couple condoms and tossed one to Harry. Then he knelt between Jess's spread legs. "Harr- Harlan, on the other side," he said. "Now you two girls do what you do so well to each other while we fuck you," he said.

Harry caught the condom, but didn't understand what Draco was saying until he saw the final position, his cock immediately swelling more. He moved up and knelt in between Ally's legs, smiling a bit down at Jess. Jess smiled before she gently licked the mound in front of her, her eyes closing.

Ally grinned and gave Draco's cock a quick lick before bending to run her tongue down the crevice of her lover's labia. Draco laughed and moved up, unrolling the condom onto his erection. He pressed his cock between those nether lips and slowly pressed forward into the wet heat.

Harry prepared his cock too. When Jess moaned he took that as a signal to press inside of Ally, gasping and jerking slightly at the familiar heat. His hands curled around her hips as he moved.

Draco panted a bit as he was fully seated inside the woman, shivering as the top of Ally's head brushed against his belly. He

looked up to see Harry as he pushed into the blond. He felt her shudder at that.

Harry thrust inside completely, just as he felt Jess's tongue flick against the base of his cock. He shuddered and pulled out slowly, moaning as her tongue trailed along still.

Draco began to fuck Jess while Ally's tongue licked both of them. It was an amazing sensation but the best part, to him, was watching Harry's face as he fucked the girl and Jess licked them.

Harry's eyes were shut tight as he began to really fuck Ally, gasping every time he felt Jess's tongue. Jess managed to lick both Harry and Ally as they moved, her mouth sucking on the sensitive skin as she rolled her own hips with a groan.

"Oh, yes, lick us while we fuck you," Draco encouraged, now timing his thrusts to alternate with Harry's in a rhythm. He smiled wickedly across at Harry.

Harry could almost feel Draco's gaze as he opened his eyes, looking across at Draco through half closed eyes. He smiled, biting his lip and making the smile crooked as his hips continued to snap.

"Yes, baby, fuck her," Draco encouraged Harry, smiling at him as he continued to rock inside Jess's body.

Harry shuddered at the nickname, thrusting harder as he gripped Ally's hips tightly. The bed had begun to rock with their movements and Harry was panting with the effort.

Ally began to twitch and moan, her face pressed to Jess's mound as she came. Jess followed her soon after and Draco moaned at the way her body spasmed around his cock. "Yes, baby, come now," he told Harry, knowing he must be close.

Harry pounded into her a few more times before he came with a cry, shuddering harshly and leaning over Ally, kissing her shoulder. Jess groaned softly at the weight pressing down on her and Harry leant back slowly, murmuring a soft apology.

Draco came with a growl, hands on Jess's spread thighs as he did. He reached down and petted Ally's soft hair and grinned across the bodies of the women at Harry.

Harry slowly pulled out of Ally and grinned sheepishly back, his face flushed pleasantly.

Ally rolled to one side, panting and smiling and then turned around to kiss Jess, both their faces sticky with each other.

Draco easily pulled Harry into his arms and kissed him, pulling the man down to him to hold and pet.

Harry relaxed against Draco, kissing him a few times as he closed his eyes. He kissed Draco softly, feeling the soft, sleepy feeling that came along with most of the orgasms that he worked hard for. "Come what may," he whispered, already beginning to drift off.

Draco chuckled at the reference to the love song in the movie. "Yes, baby, till the end of time," he whispered, kissing those closed eyelids.

Draco was reading the paper and sipping his tea. It had been over a year since their escape from England, and the news from their home country was increasingly grim. Even in the Muggle papers, it was clear that the Dark Lord was still in charge there. Disasters, terrorists' strikes and increasingly restrictive laws even made the American Muggle news. He should probably go back to Norton's Way soon and check the wizarding news. He sighed and set the paper aside.

Harry found Draco and sat down at the table, glancing quickly at the newspaper. He bit his lip and looked up at Draco. "You still want to head over to Mark's place for a bit?" he asked, running a hand through his hair.

Draco looked up, mind still far away, and then realised what Harry had said. He shrugged. "Why not?" he said.

Harry smiled. "He's been hinting at doing a nude portrait of us lately," he started quietly, his cheeks colouring. "Would you want to? With the bandage on, of course."

Draco arched an eyebrow and looked at Harry's blush. The blush made him want to drag his lover back into the bedroom for another shag. He smiled. "You want to strip naked in front of a man who has lusted after you for nearly a year?"

Harry blushed harder, but nodded slowly. "He would like it ... and I think ... we would, too." He hesitated, wondering if Draco would see what he was trying to say.

Draco was intrigued, and aroused by Harry's behaviour. "How is that?" he asked, enjoying the way the dark-haired man squirmed.

"Maybe he wouldn't mind being with us like we're with Ally and Jessica sometimes," Harry said quietly, biting his lip hopefully.

Draco's eyes narrowed. "You want to fuck Mark?" he asked, as

calmly as possible. He felt an odd combination of both arousal and jealousy at the idea.

Harry swallowed, looking down at the table and then back up at Draco. "Don't you?" he asked.

The table hid Draco's erection and he hid his feelings as well. He cocked his head. "I asked what you would do with him," he said, voice still calm and neutral.

"Well, I don't know ... Kissing and stuff? I'm not sure yet," Harry replied, flushing but still looking at Draco.

"Does thinking about this arouse you?" Draco asked, voice dropping lower, still confused by his own feelings on the matter. He was surprised to realise that he felt more aroused than angry when he imagined sharing Harry with Mark.

"Yes," Harry whispered, his voice almost too soft to hear.

"Come here," Draco said, indicating that his lover should stand next to his chair.

Harry stood up and slowly walked over to Draco's chair, taking a deep breath. He was aroused just from thinking about being with Mark and Draco at the same time, the bulge in his jeans more prominent.

"Going to be difficult to ride the bus in that condition, isn't it?" Draco asked, reaching to cup his lover's erection through the fabric, his own heart speeding up with his own arousal.

"I ... I could manage," Harry gasped softly.

"Do you think you could manage to be in a room, lying naked with me and not moving while he draws us?" Draco asked, caressing his lover as he did.

Harry swallowed again, rubbing against Draco's hand. "Maybe. He might not be able to finish the drawing, though ..."

"Why?" Draco asked, turning in his chair so Harry could see his arousal as well.

"I'll want to move too much," Harry replied, glancing down at Draco. "And ... maybe he'll want to join us."

Draco's hand tightened on Harry's cock to a point that was almost painful. "No one enters you but me," he said. "Understand?"

Harry gasped loudly, his body going stiff. "Yes ... yes, I understand," he whispered.

"Good," Draco said, releasing him. "Because you are still mine."

Harry nodded quickly, reaching to cup himself. "Yours," he murmured.

"Open your jeans," Draco said, voice so low it was nearly a growl. He turned so that Harry now stood between his knees.

Harry unzipped and unbuttoned his jeans as quickly as he could, reaching to pull his cock out carefully.

Draco was still in the silk pyjamas he wore around the flat sometimes. The green silk was tented and already showing a wet spot. He pushed Harry's hands away and wrapped his own fingers around his lover's cock.

Harry hissed at the touch, his back arching. "Draco ...."

"You still prefer my real name," Draco said, leaning forward and licking the head of Harry's cock.

"Because it's ..." Harry paused, biting his lip hard as he moaned. "Your name ...."

Draco looked up. "And if we spend the rest of our lives here?" he asked, giving Harry's cock a gentle squeeze.

"I'll still call you Draco during sex," Harry groaned, thrusting into his hand.

Draco shook his head in amusement, secretly delighted. He lowered his mouth over the slick crown of Harry's cock, swirling his tongue over the sensitive flesh.

"Fuck," Harry cursed, reaching to slide his fingers into Draco's soft, blond hair.

Draco sucked and licked Harry's cock, the fingers of his other hand reaching behind him to fondle his arse.

"Oh, please," Harry whimpered, his hips trying to thrust blindly into the wet warmth of his mouth.

Draco pulled back enough to whisper, "Yes, fuck my mouth," before resuming sucking.

Harry hesitantly began to fuck Draco's mouth, his hips snapping as his hands tightened in Draco's hair. "Want to come," he gasped.

"Mmhm," Draco managed around Harry's cock as he did his best to keep his teeth covered, his lips and his throat open to take his lover's thrusts.

Harry came after another few more thrusts, his body jerking as he gently pulled at Draco's hair.

The tugs on his hair seemed to go straight to Draco's cock, and

he was breathing heavily through his nose as he sucked and licked and swallowed his lover's seed.

Harry let go of Draco's hair, slowly pulling his cock out of Draco's mouth before he became too sensitive.

Draco licked his lips and looked up with darkened eyes at his lover.

Without waiting to be asked, Harry got down on his knees and reached to pull down Draco's pyjama pants. He leant down and licked along his erection before pulling him into mouth and sucking.

As aroused as he was, Draco came after only a minute of his lover's mouth around his over-heated flesh. He clutched that dark hair, crying out as he did.

Harry swallowed and continued to suck lightly at his cock before he leant back and licked his lips.

Draco leant forward, capturing those slick lips with his own, so that each could taste their own seed in their lover's mouth.

Harry kissed him back with a small sigh, laying a hand on Draco's thigh. "So, was that a yes?" he asked once he pulled away, smiling at Draco.

Draco cocked his head, considering. "It means I am willing to pose and see what happens," he said cautiously. "But if I say stop, it stops," he added firmly.

"Whatever you say," Harry answered with a grin.

– CHAPTER TWENTY –

## *Hold That*

Harry knocked on Mark's door, finally feeling a little nervous about what they were going to be doing. Mark had been wanting to draw Harry in the nude since he first started drawing him, nearly a year ago.

Mark answered the door with his usual bright smile, happy to see them. He stepped back, gesturing for them to enter. "Can I get you a beer or soda?"

Harry accepted a soda, still not all that fond of beer. "So, Mark ... we've been thinking."

Draco sat on the sofa, sipping a soft drink and debating with himself whether or not this was a good idea. He watched with amusement as Harry started to talk to Mark about his idea.

Mark raised both eyebrows. "Yes?" he said, curious.

"We'll ... pose nude for you," Harry said with a smile, his cheeks only colouring a little as he spoke.

Mark's heart sped up and his gaze immediately snapped to the blond on the couch.

Draco could hardly believe he had agreed to this, but he smiled and nodded to Mark.

"Wow," Mark said. He knew that David and he had somehow become friends, but this was still unexpected.

Harry grinned. "I take it you like the idea," he said.

"You know I do," Mark said, smiling broadly. "Do you have any idea what a drawing of the two of you together will look like?"

"Not really, but I'm sure you do," Harry replied, laughing softly. "Did you want to do it today?"

"Yes," Mark said, scrambling to pull out his sketchpad. "And the light is perfect right now. You can take your clothes off wherever you like," Mark said, grinning. "And let's have you two on the rug again."

Harry glanced at Draco to make sure he was still okay with this.

Draco bent and removed his shoes and socks, then began

unbuttoning his shirt, watching Harry as he did. Mark nearly held his breath as the blond began to undress.

Harry pulled off his shirt first. He laid it to the side as he flushed, exposing the rest of his scars to Mark for the first time.

Draco waited, the shirt unbuttoned but not opened, watching for Mark's reaction to Harry's scars before baring his own.

Mark's eyes widened and he stepped forward. For a moment he almost reached out to touch them. "I knew about the one on your forehead," he said. "How ...?" he trailed off. They had told him about fighting in some kind of war, but he was still surprised to find such lasting evidence of pain.

"Spells," Harry whispered, not mentioning that the line down the middle of his body was from a knife rather than a spell.

Draco stood then and, watching Mark as he did, removed his shirt. He still felt self-conscious baring his marked body to anyone else.

"I can see why you left," Mark whispered, actually a bit frightened when he saw the thick scar that marked Draco as well.

Harry sighed softly, undoing his jeans and pushing them off, kicking his shoes off at the same time. "Not all spells are used to harm people, though."

Mark nodded, but was suddenly distracted by the sight of Harry naked in front of him. He was so beautiful it made his heart clench.

Draco paused but then took a deep breath and removed his own black cotton trousers as well.

Harry sat back on the couch, biting his lip as he looked at Mark. "What did you want us to do on the rug?"

Mark seemed at a loss for words for a moment, the two beautiful naked men making him think less about his art and more about his own body's reaction to them. "Um," he began, licking his lips. "Let's try having you sit holding each other."

Harry shifted off the couch and sat down on the rug, taking a deep breath as he waited for Draco to join him. He wasn't sure how he'd mention that he wanted to do more with Mark, but this was a good start.

Draco smiled softly and slid to the floor beside his lover, reaching to pull him into his arms so Harry had to straddle him. He still wasn't sure he was ready to go beyond posing for the drawing. Yet, he did

enjoy Mark's admiring gaze.

Harry climbed into Draco's lap with another small blush, his chest brushing against Draco's. He glanced back at Mark. "This good?"

Mark swallowed hard and nodded. It took him a minute to remember to pick up his sketchpad and pencils. He sat in a chair, marshalled his concentration and began to draw.

Draco was glad they had sucked each other off before leaving the house, because even so, his cock stirred with Harry's body so close. He bent his head to kiss his lover gently.

Harry leant up into the kiss, trying not to move too much and mess up Mark's drawing. It felt exciting to be doing something like this in front of someone else. Especially someone who was just watching and not participating.

Draco's tongue slid slowly along the inside of Harry's lips, the fingers of one hand moving up into his lover's dark hair and cupping the back of his head.

"Perfect," exclaimed Mark. "Can you hold that?" He lost himself in the process of capturing the sight before him on paper, trying to focus on that rather than his attraction to the other men.

Harry opened his eyes and glanced at Mark through the corner of his eyes, his lips still slowly moving against Draco's.

Draco held his body and hands as Mark said, but his tongue continued to move, thrusting into his lover's mouth. His cock hardened, pressing between their bodies, and he could feel Harry's as well.

Harry pulled away from the kiss with a small intake of breath, turning his head and looking at Mark. "Come here."

"Just a sec," Mark said, furiously sketching, completely intent on the drawing now.

"Give him time," Draco whispered, nipping at Harry's chin. It was both amusing and a little disconcerting to watch Harry try to seduce another man.

Harry smiled, turning back to kiss Draco. "I have no patience. You know that as well as I do ...."

"Well, you wanted the drawing; you will have to sit still for a little longer," Draco advised with a small smile. "Maybe it is best to distract him with actions, not words," he added, leaning in to kiss

Harry again and pulling tighter on his hair.

"Mm," Harry hummed into the kiss, leaning in to press his lips against Draco's harder, his arms moving around Draco's neck.

"Hey, you two are moving ...." Mark trailed off, now staring at the two of them. He swallowed thickly then, pencil in hand forgotten and his arousal returning full force at the sight.

Harry shifted in Draco's lap, ignoring Mark's words as he thrust against Draco.

Draco began to rock them, letting their cocks slide against each other as Mark watched with his mouth open.

Harry pulled back to throw his head back and moan, both for show and from the pleasure he was feeling.

Draco looked up, watching the clear arousal in Mark's face and the tension in the man's body. "He's beautiful, isn't he?" the blond asked with a husky voice.

Mark nodded, unable to speak as he watched them. Were his friends really ... in front of him?

Harry opened his eyes slowly and looked at Mark again. "I'm waiting," he whispered.

"Waiting?" Mark asked, confused and voice shaky.

"I asked you to come here," Harry reminded him.

"Oh," Mark said, hand trembling as he set the sketchbook and pencil aside. He looked nervously at Draco, who nodded. The sight of the two men, naked and aroused, was nearly overwhelming, and Mark's cock twitched.

Harry turned in Draco's lap so that his back was pressed against Draco's chest as he waited for Mark to come closer.

Draco let Harry move, hissing when his lover's arse pressed back against his swollen cock. He wound one arm around Harry's chest, fingers of one hand caressing a nipple as the other one slid down to gently stroke his lover's cock while Mark watched.

Harry moaned softly, thrusting gently up into Draco's hand. "Please ... closer," he said, looking at Mark.

Mark stood before them now, looking down with nearly glazed eyes. His jeans were tight across his own arousal and his hands were clenched at his sides. "How close?" he asked in a hoarse whisper. It felt like a glorious dream.

"Kiss me," Harry replied, looking up at him as he licked his lips.

"I know you want to."

Mark nodded, again glancing nervously at Draco, as he sank to his knees before Harry. Mark's blue eyes focused on Harry again, leaning forward to kiss him. He hadn't tried to kiss Harry since that first slightly drunken night so long ago.

Harry leant into the kiss, slowly kneading Mark's soft lips with his.

Draco watched the two men kiss, a spark of jealousy seeming to compete with an equally hot spark of desire in his heart. His hands on Harry tightened.

Mark brought trembling hands up to cup Harry's face as he deepened the kiss. Harry groaned deeply as he was squeezed, his tongue moving to slide along Mark's. Mark pressed his tongue forward, the kiss growing bolder.

Harry reached to grip Mark's shoulders and pull him closer, whispering against his lips, "Too much clothing ...."

Mark nearly fell into the other two as he was pulled against Harry, catching himself with one hand on the floor and the other grabbing Harry's shoulder. "You mean ...?" he asked, voice unsteady as he looked into Harry's eyes. Was Harry really trying to seduce him, in front of Draco? And the blond was allowing it?

"Please?" Harry begged softly, looking into Mark's eyes.

"Yes. Hell, yes," Mark said. There was no way he could have turned Harry down. He sat back, pulling his t-shirt over his head and tossing it aside.

Draco found Mark more attractive than he realised. The man was as thin as Draco, but not as tall, and with more muscle on him than Draco had guessed.

Harry watched him undress, his cock twitching in Draco's grip. He didn't know how much he wanted this until now.

Draco's fingers held Harry's cock, feeling it pulse, but not moving his hand. His other hand caressed the planes of his lover's chest and gently pulled at each nipple.

Mark was so nervous he couldn't decide how best to get rid of his jeans at first. Finally, he lay back on the floor and wriggled out of them. He was already very aroused, his cock standing out from the brown curls between his legs as he moved back to kneel in between the other two men's outstretched legs.

Harry looked Mark up and down, nearly moaning at the sight of the attractive man. "You've wanted this for a long time, haven't you?" he asked.

Mark nodded, but looked at Draco again. "But I didn't do anything," he told the blond. "He said you don't share." He wondered what had changed, and if Draco was testing him.

Draco cocked his head and looked directly into Mark's eyes, his own gaze showing both his desire and his warning. "I will share some," he said. "As long as you remember he is mine." He might be willing to play with Mark, but he wanted no mistakes about what that meant.

Harry glanced at Draco, kissing his cheek. "Yours." He looked back at Mark. "So what do you say? You think you can handle it?"

Draco smiled wickedly and arched an eyebrow.

"Hell, yes," Mark said, and his cock seemed to nod as well.

Harry laughed softly, reaching out for Mark. "Then what are you waiting for?"

Mark looked at them, licking his lips. "You can touch me," he suggested, eyeing where Draco's hands were still possessively wrapped around Harry.

Harry ran his hand down Mark's chest, purposely running his fingers over his nipples. "Draco, let's get more comfortable with him ...."

"The bed?" Draco asked.

"If Mark has a big enough one," Harry murmured, glancing at Mark with a smile.

"It's only a regular bed," Mark said, "but probably more comfortable than the floor." But he would take the floor, hell even the kitchen table, if that's what they wanted.

"Lead the way," Harry said, moving to get up from Draco's lap.

Mark got to his feet, holding out hands to help Harry up.

Harry took them, pulling himself up and kissing Mark.

With Draco's hands no longer wrapped around Harry, Mark pulled Harry against his own body, gasping at the sensation as he kissed him. Harry tasted like he had thought he would, somehow fresh and clean and very male.

Draco got to his feet and stood watching the pair, struggling still with conflicting arousal and jealousy. One part of him seemed

determined to shove them apart, while yet another wanted to walk up and wrap himself around both men. It was confusing. He had grown to like Mark and, to some degree, trust him. They wouldn't be doing this if he hadn't.

Harry's arms wrapped around Mark's neck as they kissed, sighing at the different feeling. Mark kissed differently than Draco, but Harry liked it. It was also very arousing to know that Draco was watching them closely.

Mark's hands roamed over Harry's back as they kissed, and his cock brushed against Harry's hip. He was lost in the sensation.

Draco frowned, trying to be patient as he waited for the other two to start moving towards the bedroom again.

Harry pulled back with one more kiss, smiling as he nodded towards the hall. "Go on, I'll let you lead the way now." He glanced back at Draco, reaching out for his hand.

Draco nodded, taking Harry's hand firmly and following Mark to the bedroom. He had a thought that this was already going further than he was comfortable with, yet he was curious. Harry had never topped a man and Draco wasn't willing to bottom. At least Mark was someone who knew enough to know not to try to take Harry from him.

Mark quickly moved some clothes and books off the bed, setting them on a nearby chest of drawers, then stood nervously beside the bed. He kept wondering if this could really be happening.

Harry smiled, moving to slowly crawl onto the bed and stop in the middle, turning to look at the two men. "Draco, kiss him, he needs to relax a bit," Harry said, getting comfortable on his knees.

Draco's eyes widened, surprised to hear Harry telling him what to do. He looked quizzically at Mark. When Mark looked back at him, Draco could tell the other man wanted him too, so he stepped forward and slid an arm around Mark's waist, drawing him against his own body. He bent to kiss Mark, gently caressing the brunette's lips with his own.

Mark gasped and Draco licked at his lips. He was unprepared for how good that would feel too, his body shivering in reaction.

Harry smiled brightly as he watched, feeling another spark of arousal at the beautiful sight. He reached to stroke himself slowly, making a soft noise as he moved to lie back on the bed. He kept his

head turned, his eyes on them.

Draco thrust his tongue into Mark's mouth, caressing the inside of his lips and along the other man's tongue. He brought one hand alongside Mark's jaw, controlling the angle as he deepened the kiss.

Mark shuddered, surrendering to Draco's control and finding himself almost dizzy with the heat inside himself.

Feeling Mark giving up control made Draco feel both more comfortable and aroused. He could feel the other man tremble and Mark's cock brushed Draco's hip.

"Okay, enough," Harry gasped after a few minutes, gripping himself as he watched. He was sitting up against Mark's pillow, his legs open. "Please, come join me."

Draco pulled back, waggling his eyebrows for a moment at the stunned-looking Mark. "He's always so impatient," Draco whispered, and then pulled Mark into his own bed.

"It's always so nice of you to tell everyone that," Harry murmured, smiling as he watched them get onto the bed.

"It's true," Draco chuckled as he gestured for Mark to lie down between them.

Mark lay back and looked up at Harry, blue eyes open in awe.

Harry turned to look at Mark, leaning down to kiss him softly. "You're not a virgin, are you, Mark?" Harry asked softly.

Mark blushed then. "No, I've dated guys," he said. This certainly wasn't the timid man he had first met. He suddenly felt shy himself.

"Then why are you so nervous?" Harry asked. "I remember you hitting on me back then ...."

Mark reached up to cup Harry's face with one hand. "I was attracted to you then, but I hadn't grown to care about you, both of you, like I do now," he confessed, glancing at Draco as well. He wondered when he had come to love them.

Draco's eyes widened, but otherwise he didn't react. He was unsure if this changed his feelings about the situation. It certainly surprised Draco to hear Mark include both of them in his declaration of feelings.

"Then show us how much you care," Harry whispered, smiling softly as he leant into the touch.

Mark reached his hand around the back of Harry's neck and pulled him down on top of himself, kissing Harry as he did.

## *More Than Planned*

Harry settled down on top of Mark as they kissed, noticing that everything had taken on a new meaning. This obviously wasn't just sex for Mark, and Harry was fine with that. Mark moaned into Harry's mouth, thrusting up against Harry as he did.

Draco lay beside them, watching and gently playing with himself as he did. It felt very different than watching Harry with Ally. He wasn't jealous of the women. He wondered if that was because they had each other already and were clearly just friends they had sex with. Mark, on the other hand, had always wanted more from Harry. Draco reached his other hand to caress along Harry's back, fingers working their way along his spine and down to the rounded curve of his arse.

Harry thrust against Mark's cock, arching as he felt Draco's fingers trailing down his back. Harry pulled back after a moment to pant against Mark's lips, nudging his nose against Mark's. "You kiss nicely ...."

"You feel great, Harlan," Mark gasped, bucking up against Harry again.

"You, too," Harry moaned, his cheeks flushed as he glanced back to look at Draco.

Draco smiled at Harry, nodding. "Do you want him to suck you, Harlan?" Draco asked, smirking. "I bet he would."

Harry blushed harder, glancing down at Mark. "Would you want to?" he asked quietly, thrusting against him again.

"Yes, I would," Mark answered eagerly.

Harry slowly rolled off of him and laid down on the bed, looking at him. "I'm not going to stop you."

Mark glanced again at Draco, clearly not quite believing the blond would let him. Whatever he saw in Draco's face seemed to encourage him because he climbed between Harry's legs and reached to hold Harry's cock in his hand. "You have no idea how many times I have

thought about doing this," he said, then leant down and sucked the head into his mouth.

Harry groaned softly, reaching to slide his fingers into Mark's curly hair. "So good," he gasped, trying not to thrust up into his mouth just yet.

Mark sucked and licked. He wasn't as skilled as Draco, but he was enthusiastic, moaning around Harry's cock as he did.

Draco also realised that watching Harry with Mark was more exciting to him than with the women. He wasn't sure why yet, but he decided to push it further and see. He moved closer, reaching long fingers out to trail over Harry's belly and up to his chest, pinching a nipple. He leant in and whispered in Harry's ear. "Want to fuck him while I fuck you?"

Harry's eyes opened with another moan, biting his lip gently. Just the thought made him shudder, his fingers tightening in Mark's hair. "Please," he whispered.

"Mark?" Draco asked, and the man slowed up enough to look at him. "Would you like Harry to fuck you?"

The brunette's eyes grew wide again and he released Harry's cock. "Hell, yes," he said, looking down at Harry. "Do you want to?"

Harry nodded, surprised by Mark's enthusiasm. "Only man I've been with is Draco, but ... I want to, Mark."

Mark's blinked in surprise. "Only him?" he asked. "I mean, are you sure?" He asked the last question, looking between the two of them in a way that made it clear he was asking both.

"I'm sure," Harry said, smiling at him. "Please? I only said that to let you know ... I might not be the best you've had ...."

Draco nodded. "I am sure," he said, surprised that it was true.

Mark quickly kissed Draco and then leant over and kissed Harry, too. "How do you want me?" he asked, eager and delighted.

Harry thought about Draco wanting to fuck him at the same time. "Uhm ... on your back," he answered, shifting to give him more room.

Mark moved to lie down between them again, looking up with a smile at Draco.

Harry got up and moved in between Mark's legs, just watching the man for a moment. "Do you have lube?" he asked, running his hands down Mark's sides.

Draco had already taken the lube out of his own pocket, since he had taken to carrying it at all times. He squeezed some into his palm and held it open for Harry.

"Oh, thanks," Harry said, taking some of the lube from Draco's hand. He reached down and gently pressed a finger against Mark's entrance, his other hand wrapping around his cock.

Draco rubbed the lube between his fingers, spreading some on his own cock as he watched Harry and Mark. Thinking about the three of them together had him so aroused that he moaned when he touched himself.

Mark face was rapturous as he looked up at Harry and spread his legs wider. He trembled when Harry touched him again. "Oh, fuck, yes," he babbled.

Harry watched Mark's face as he slid the finger inside him, his reactions making his own cock twitch. "God," he whispered, stroking Mark as he slowly fucked him with the finger before adding a second. He waited for Draco's touch as he worked, wanting to be filled as he fucked Mark.

Draco watched the other men, his own heart speeding up. This was it. He was watching his lover, *his* Harry, fuck another man. "I want to see it," he whispered.

Harry wasn't sure what Draco was talking about as he gently stretched Mark. "How's it feel, Mark?" Harry asked, leaning over him to quickly kiss him.

"Wonderful," Mark gasped. "Don't stop. I want you to fuck me," the man insisted.

Harry had never seen Mark like this, and he never thought he would. But here Mark was, begging for him. "I won't stop," Harry said softly, sliding a third finger inside on the next thrust of his hand.

"More, now," Mark encouraged, hands gripping the covers of the bed.

Draco watched in fascination, still stroking his own leaking cock. Harry was gentle and thorough, and Draco wondered if he had learnt it with him or if it was just the way Harry would be with anyone he cared about.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked, even as he slowly pulled his fingers out and reached for the lube to squeeze more into his hand and stroke himself.

"Yes, very sure," Mark insisted.

Draco reached forward, covering Harry's hand with his own and sliding it over Harry's cock as well.

Harry licked his lips, letting Draco move his hand for a bit before he moved up to position himself, his cock pressed against Mark's entrance. "Tell me again," Harry whispered, not thrusting inside yet.

"Please, Harlan. Fuck me," Mark said, eyes shining with need as he looked up at Harry.

"Call me Harry," he gasped as he began to push inside, his eyes fluttering closed.

"Har-ryyyy!" Mark moaned as Harry slid inside him. Draco gasped, watching his lover's cock penetrate Mark.

Harry whimpered softly as he gripped the sheets on both sides of Mark, slowly pushing inside of him. "So tight ...."

Draco's eyes were wide, listening to Harry take control with Mark. With Draco, it was always Harry who begged. Now Draco watched every inch of his lover's cock disappear inside Mark, licking his lips as he did. It was hot and disturbing and made him shiver. He reached his own hand now, sliding slick fingers down the cleft of Harry's arse.

Harry jerked inside Mark when he felt the fingers, another moan escaping him. "Oh, Merlin," he whispered, brushing his lips over Mark's.

Draco was still watching Harry's cock pushing into Mark as his fingers pressed into Harry.

Harry couldn't help but stay still as he felt Draco's fingers slip inside him. He panted softly, resting his forehead on Mark's shoulder.

"Harry," Mark gasped, "fuck me, please." Mark's hands came up now to touch him, caressing his shoulders and back.

Draco quickly added a second, and then a third, finger inside of Harry, twisting and stretching. His own cock twitched in anticipation.

Harry swallowed, nodding as he jerked again. "He's ... fucking me, too," he whispered, hoping Mark would understand why he couldn't concentrate.

Mark glanced to where Draco was still lying beside them and the blond smiled wickedly up at him. "Yes, I am going to fuck him, too," he told Mark, and then got up and moved back. "Stay inside him and open your legs for me, baby," he told Harry.

Harry opened his legs as wide as he could while still inside Mark, taking a few deep breaths. He could feel his cock pulse inside Mark as Draco moved.

Draco knelt between their legs without removing his fingers inside Harry. Once there, he slid his fingers out and positioned his cock. "Now we fuck," he said, thrusting forward quickly.

Harry cried out, his eyes squeezed shut, the force of Draco's thrust pushing Harry deeper into Mark. The two feelings together were unbelievable.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" Draco growled, holding Harry's hips. "Fucking you both!" He pulled back and then thrust forward again, loving the knowledge that each thrust pushed Harry deeper into Mark.

Mark moaned, fingers digging into Harry's shoulders.

Harry wanted to move, he wanted to fuck Mark, but every time Draco thrust inside him he touched that spot, sending a spark of pleasure through to his cock as it was pushed inside Mark. It was bordering on too much.

Draco began to pull Harry's hips back a little each time he withdrew and then used their weight to thrust forward so that Harry was fucked and fucking Mark with Draco's thrusts. Mark lay gasping and moaning under Harry, apparently quite enjoying the experience.

Harry leant in to kiss Mark's lips and everywhere else that he could reach. "You feel good," he moaned into his ear, beginning to pull at the sheets.

"Yes, fuck yes, Harry," Mark answered, kissing him back and arching into every one of Draco's thrusts so that Harry was pressed between the two men each time.

"I can't," Harry yelled suddenly, trembling harshly in between them. "Too much ... fuck ...."

Draco froze and then pulled quickly from his lover's body, wrapping his arms around him. "Harry, what's wrong?" he asked, worried that he had pushed him too far.

"No, don't stop," Harry said quickly, breathing hard. "It's just ... with you inside me and me inside him ...." He shuddered, swallowing. "I can't last much longer ...."

Draco was trembling with both desire held in check and the fear that he had hurt Harry. "You sure?" he asked.

Harry could tell he had scared him. "I'm fine," he whispered.

"Keep going ...."

Draco nodded, repositioning himself and pushing back inside Harry with a moan.

Mark had been blinking in confusion at the interruption but his eyes fluttered closed again as he felt the renewed thrusts. "Close," he gasped.

"Me too," Harry groaned, rocking into Mark and then back onto Draco's cock. "This is the best ...."

"Yes, oh, fuck yes," Draco agreed as he sank into the rhythm again, flexing his hips for each thrust and feeling the shock up his spine. Several thrusts later, Mark's mouth opened in a long moan as he came, and Draco leant into Harry, whispering against his ear. "Come for me, baby," he managed before moaning and slamming hard into his lover, filling him.

Harry came hard on the last thrust, crying out as he jerked inside Mark. "Ohh, God," he whimpered again, his face pressed against Mark's chest as he panted.

Draco managed to hold himself up, hands on the bed on either side, cock still buried inside Harry as he panted, sweat dripping on Harry's back. "Fantastic," he gasped.

Harry nodded slowly, pressing a small kiss to Mark's chest. While Draco had managed to hold himself, Harry hadn't. He was lying on top of Mark as he caught his breath. "Sorry if I'm too heavy," he mumbled.

"Feels wonderful," Mark whispered, eyes still closed and hands still clutching Harry. Draco kissed Harry's back and then, after a few deep breaths, pulled out and lay down beside the other two men.

Harry slipped out of Mark, but didn't move off of him, not sure he could. He turned his head and looked at Draco, smiling sleepily. "We should do that again."

Draco chuckled. "Need time to rest first," he quipped.

Harry blushed, rubbing his cheek against Mark's chest fondly. "I know that ...."

Mark smiled dreamily up at Harry and then at Draco. "More than just this one time?" he asked hopefully.

"That sounds nice," Harry murmured with a smile, relaxing.

Draco rolled onto his side and reached a hand to stroke Harry's sweaty hair from his face, smiling at both men.

"I could sleep like this," Harry commented, shifting a little on top of Mark. "Do we have work tomorrow?"

"I'm supposed to work tonight," Mark said, sounding disappointed.

"Oh, right." Harry pouted, considering not going for one day, but deciding against it. "You could always come home with us later. If that's okay with Draco."

Draco frowned, not yet sure how he felt about that. He needed time to think about this experience before he decided what it meant to him.

Mark saw the frown. "It's okay, I don't want to get in the way," he said.

"We'll see you at work anyway," Harry said once he saw Draco's frown. He didn't want to upset him after everything they just did.

"Roll into the middle," Draco said.

Harry was comfortable and warm, but he rolled over in between them, pressing a kiss to Draco's cheek.

Draco smiled down at him. "So you liked that I take it?" he asked.

"I loved it," Harry said with a grin.

"I thought for a minute that it was too much like ... well, like before," Draco said, still worried.

"No," Harry murmured, remembering what he was talking about. He shivered and closed his eyes. "It wasn't like that."

"Good," Draco said, stroking his face. He had done this to give Harry the chance to top. He didn't want the experience marred by their past.

Mark watched, his face serious. "Bad things happened to you two before you left there," he said. "I can see it in your eyes sometimes."

Harry opened his eyes and nodded slowly. "Very bad things," he whispered. "But I'm happy here. I'm glad we left."

Draco looked past Harry, his eyes meeting Mark's. His grey eyes were intense and his expression serious. "I said I would do whatever it takes to protect you," he said to Harry as he did.

Mark nodded, understanding the warning. "So we have a couple hours until I need to leave for work. Do you want to finish that drawing?"

"All right," Harry agreed, looking between the two of them. He felt even safer than usual. "I promise I'll stay still this time."

"That I will believe when I see it," Draco smirked.

## *A Perfect Place*

Draco waited for Harry and Mark to finish up in the kitchen, sitting in the restaurant dining room and finishing his receipts for the night. They had plans for Mark to come back to their place after work. It felt odd to Draco, inviting someone into their own bed. He liked Mark more and more but it made him worry.

"I wish I knew how to drive," Harry said to Mark as they walked out of the kitchen, waving goodbye to a few of their coworkers. "But then again, we'd have to buy a car. Aren't they expensive?"

Mark nodded. "Actually finding parking, paying license and insurance and all that is the hard part. It's almost too expensive to have one in the city," the brunette explained. "I like going down to Santa Cruz and to the mountains. So I keep a car."

"Mountains?" Harry asked curiously, once they sat down with Draco at the table. He smiled at the blond man, happy to see him again.

Draco reached a hand out beside him, taking Harry's hand.

"Yeah, the Sierras. I think you would like skiing," Mark said.

"Skiing, really?" Harry smiled, glancing at Draco. "That seems more like something David would like."

Draco arched his eyebrows, having never heard of skiing.

"Oh, it's great! When you are going downhill fast it feels like you are flying!" Mark said, eye alight with enthusiasm.

Harry glanced back at Mark quickly, his own eyebrows rose. "Flying?" He felt his heart clench at just the memory of flying. Where he was just free to do as he wished. "That does sound like fun."

"We should go up sometime!" Mark added, grinning.

Draco raised both eyebrows and leant forward, dropping his voice. "What do you use to fly?" he asked.

Mark laughed. "Well, it's not really flying. You get skis and then you sort of slide down the mountain. It's fast and a bit dangerous but a hell of a lot of fun!"

"I want to try it," Harry said quietly, grinning at them both. "And if we had a broom, I'd show you the best way to really fly," he said, his voice so low that only they could hear him.

"Harlan," Draco said low and angrily.

Harry blushed, slowly getting up with Draco. Sometimes he just got too excited and didn't think before speaking.

"We should go," Draco said, standing up. "You still coming home with us?" he asked Mark.

Mark looked nervously at Draco, trying to read the blond's mood. "Sure, if I'm still welcome," he answered.

"You're still welcome," Harry said quietly, smiling at the man.

Draco nodded, half aroused at the look on Harry's face, and yet still a bit jealous as well.

They followed Mark out to his car and he drove them to their flat. It took a while to find parking this late, but they finally made their way up the stairs and into the flat. Draco sighed against the door the minute he locked it. It always felt like a kind of sanctuary to be home.

Harry set his things down and was about to collapse on the couch when he remembered. "Would you like anything to drink, Mark?" he asked.

Mark had been there before, of course, but was uncomfortably aware that things were different now that he was their lover. He looked at the two beautiful men and suddenly didn't know what to say.

Draco smirked and stepped up beside the shorter man, reaching to tip his head back and look into his blue eyes. "Aroused already, Mark?" he asked, a purr in his voice.

Mark gulped and would have nodded if his chin wasn't held. He closed his eyes.

Draco leant in and kissed him, lips softly brushing Mark's. He enjoyed the way the man responded to his touch.

Harry watched them, smiling softly as he leant against the couch. He was glad Draco was now comfortable enough with Mark to just kiss him like that. "Starting already?" he asked.

Mark was trembling and Draco continued to hold his chin so the man was held in place as he kissed him. He licked Mark's lips and the man opened them willingly so that Draco slid his tongue in now.

Mark moaned.

Harry watched for a few more minutes before he began to feel left out. "Hey, don't forget me," he said, beginning to walk over.

Draco gently drew back, not releasing Mark but holding a hand out to Harry, drawing the three together.

"Want to go to the bedroom?" Harry asked softly, leaning up to kiss Mark and then Draco.

Draco smiled wickedly and nodded, gesturing for both men to go ahead of him.

Mark blinked and nodded too, taking Harry's hand and walking with him to the bedroom. Like Ally and Jess, Draco and Harry had a king-sized bed now. Draco had insisted on a four poster frame.

Harry kicked off his shoes and began to undress, jumping onto the bed first in only his shorts. "I love this bed," he sighed, laying back on it as he waited for the other two.

Draco smiled but turned to Mark. "So what shall we do to you tonight, Mark?" he asked the man in a low, seductive voice.

"I was thinking," Mark said, glancing at Harry on the bed. "You could fuck me ... while I fuck Harry."

"No," Draco said softly but firmly. "No one fucks Harry but me." Then he considered what he would be willing to allow. "How about I fuck you while Harry sucks your cock?"

Mark nodded, smiling. He had figured Draco wouldn't let him, but it was worth the try. "That's fine with me. What about you, Harry?"

Harry was sitting up again and he smiled as well. "Sounds nice."

"How do you want it, Mark?" Draco purred, reaching a hand down to cup the man's still clothed erection.

"I'd like to ride you," Mark replied after a moment of thinking, smirking as he began to undress in front of the blond.

Draco began to strip as well, carefully removing the nicer clothes he wore for work. He had his shirt off and was unfastening his trousers when he noticed Mark staring at his arm. Draco had forgotten the bandage.

Harry had noticed as well, biting his lip and looking at Mark to see his reaction.

"I saw it that night when you were hurt," Mark said softly, slowly stepping out of his underwear. He glanced up at Draco. "You don't

have to keep it covered. It's okay. I don't care."

Draco frowned, a spike of fear making him look angry. "You cannot draw this or mention it to anyone," he said harshly. "Swear it."

Mark swallowed, trying not to lean away from him as Draco got that look in his eyes. "I know and I swear."

"Good, because our lives depend on that, Mark," Draco responded, his grey eyes searching Mark's blue ones. The blond lay his trousers aside, now nude before the other two. "Come here," he said to Mark.

"I understand," Mark said, looking up into Draco's eyes and letting him see that he was serious.

Harry sighed softly in relief, glad that Mark didn't ask for more details.

Draco felt reassured that Mark understood the warning, then bent again, bringing his mouth down over Mark's with a forceful kiss.

Mark moaned softly, leaning up into the kiss as his arms wrapped around Draco.

"Hey, this is a pretty big bed. Meant for more than just one person ...." Harry said with a smile, watching them.

Draco kissed Mark thoroughly and then pulled back, small smile on his lips. "See, impatient, that one," he whispered.

"He just wants attention," Mark murmured in reply, licking his lips. He was so aroused already that he felt near dizzy with it. No one had ever made him feel the way these two did.

"Yes, and he usually gets it," Draco replied, releasing Mark and lying down on the bed. His own cock was standing erect from his body and he smiled up at Mark. "You were going to ride me," he said huskily as a hand reached for Harry, sliding over a thigh.

"Lube?" Mark asked as he got onto the bed, leaning in to kiss Harry softly.

"Beside the bed," Draco said, as his hand slid up Harry's thigh and ran fingers up his lover's cock.

Harry moaned softly, his eyes closing as he felt Mark's lips and then Draco's hand.

Mark smiled at them before he crawled over to the side of the bed, picking up the small tube he saw on the table.

Draco was stroking both his own and Harry's cock now, as he

watched both his lovers.

"Prepare me?" Mark whispered, moving to lie down on the bed next to them and hold the lubricant out for Draco to take.

Draco smirked up at Harry. "You want to?" he asked.

Harry opened his eyes and bit his lip before reaching for the lube, and getting up to move in between Mark's legs with a smile.

Mark smiled down at Harry and opened his legs wider.

Harry laughed as he squeezed some of it on his fingers and reached to rub it over Mark's entrance before sliding his middle finger inside.

Draco put a hand out for some of the lube to coat his own cock. He was watching Mark and Harry with eyes shining with desire. They were so beautiful together.

As he slowly began to fuck Mark with the finger, Harry picked up the lube and placed it in Draco's hand, smiling at him before looking back at what he was doing. "You're so tight," Harry whispered softly, watching his finger disappear into the small opening. He slipped a second finger inside alongside the first, nearly moaning as Mark was stretched.

"Oh," Mark gasped, opening his legs wider as slowly he began to fuck himself on Harry's fingers.

"Yes, that's it," Draco encouraged, spreading lube on his own cock and stroking himself in time with Harry's fingers inside Mark.

Encouraged by both Mark's moans and Draco's words, Harry leant down and began to lick around his fingers as they moved, attempting to slide his tongue in alongside the fingers.

Mark cried out in pleasure and reached to grip Harry's hair, pushing his head down slightly.

Draco propped himself up on an elbow, watching. He licked his lips as he watched. "Fuck, yes," he said.

Harry knew how this felt, and he smiled as he licked, pushing his fingers in far enough to press down against the sensitive nub he felt. At the same moment he dragged his lower teeth over the skin.

Mark's cock twitched against his stomach, almost begging for attention. "Draco, please," Mark gasped.

Draco rolled on his side, reaching a slick finger to slide over Mark's shaft. He wrapped them around Mark's cock and began to stroke, bending over the man to kiss him at the same time.

Mark groaned into Draco's mouth as he felt a third finger slip inside him, his hips rising up off the bed.

"You should probably fuck him before he comes," Harry warned, smiling as he finally pulled back, his fingers still gently moving inside Mark.

Draco looked down at Mark. "You want to come like this or with my cock inside you?" he asked.

"Your cock," Mark managed to gasp, Harry's fingers brushing that spot again.

Draco chuckled deeply. "Better pull those lovely fingers out, Harry," he said.

Harry smiled, crooking his fingers one last time before slowly pulling them out.

Mark lay there gasping, licking his dry lips. He felt the loss, his arse clenching in anticipation of taking Draco's cock. He was still amazed that he was about to fuck the blond he had once thought of as a cold man.

"Still going to ride me or shall I fuck you like this?" Draco asked, fingers still gently stroking Mark's cock.

Mark swallowed before he slowly sat up, moaning. "I still want to ride you," he murmured. "You can stay sitting up."

Draco grinned and moved up to lean back against the headboard. Delighted with the plan, his own cock twitching in anticipation.

Mark leant over to pull Harry into a deep kiss before moving back and straddling Draco, his back facing Draco's chest. He reached back to grip Draco's cock and position himself before he slowly began to press down, groaning.

Harry sat back and watched, almost in awe of the sight.

Draco grabbed hold of Mark's hips as the man sank down on him. "Oh, fuck, yes," the blond gasped.

Mark panted as he finally sank down completely, his back pressed against Draco's chest.

Harry licked his lips at the sight before he slowly crawled forward, licking a line up Mark's cock.

Draco was looking over Mark's shoulder and down his body, watching Harry's tongue on the other man. "Yes, suck him, baby," Draco encouraged.

Harry sucked Mark's cock into his mouth, swirling his tongue

around the crown, delighted as Mark whimpered.

Mark began to rock into Harry's mouth and back on Draco's cock, his eyes closed.

Draco helped Mark ride him, clutching his hips and thrusting up into him. "Yes, fuck me, Mark," he gasped.

Harry sucked harder, managing to move with Mark as Draco thrust inside him.

"Fuck," Mark whispered, reaching to grip Harry's hair again. "So good ...."

"Yes, fantastic," Draco echoed, thrusting faster as he watched the intoxicating sight. "Suck that pretty cock, baby,"

Mark's grip on Harry's hair tightened as they continued to move in unison, his body shaking. It felt so good, so right to be with them. "Close," he gasped, thrusting harder up into Harry's mouth and back down onto Draco's cock.

"Come, then," Draco encouraged.

Mark nearly screamed as he came a minute later, pulling at Harry's hair and clenching around Draco's cock.

Harry continued to lick as he swallowed, thrusting his own heavy erection lightly against the bed.

Draco deliberately held back, not coming yet, though it was an effort. "Yes, that's good," he said, petting Mark. After a minute he said, "Now trade places."

Harry pulled back so that Mark could shakily get up and lay down on the bed, still panting.

Harry slowly pulled himself up and moved up into the spot where Mark was, except facing Draco. He kissed him deeply, reaching to run his fingers through Draco's hair. "Fuck me," he growled against his mouth, too turned on to even wait for Draco to properly prepare him.

Draco was still slick from fucking Mark and he reached for more lube as well, coating his cock and then helping Harry position himself. "Yes, baby, ride me," he said.

Harry squeezed his eyes shut as he pressed himself down on Draco's cock, the slight burn making Harry grip Draco's shoulder tightly as he moved.

Mark watched them through half closed eyes, smiling softly at the beautiful sight. He adored them and felt amazed that they wanted

him.

"Oh, baby, yes," Draco said. "I belong inside you." He held on to Harry's hips as the man settled on him.

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's neck as he began to rock, his cock pressed against Draco's stomach. "Love you," he moaned, sliding up and then back down his lover's shaft.

Draco wrapped one hand around Harry's cock and the other gripped his hip. "Yes, I love you," he answered, gasping.

Harry rode him hard and fast, and after only a few minutes, was getting close. He dug his fingers into Draco's skin. "Harder," he whispered.

"Yes," Draco said, thrusting up as Harry rocked into him. "Oh, baby, yes, come!"

Harry came with a soft moan, jerking on top of Draco as he tensed up.

Mark watched this all, his eyes opening a little wider as he saw Harry come. He was struck again by how beautiful both of them were.

Draco came too, growling as he thrust up into Harry and held himself there.

Harry trembled against Draco, slowly relaxing as he fought to catch his breath.

"That was hot," Mark whispered from beside them.

Draco smiled contentedly, looking between the two men. "Yes, it was," he said.

Harry blushed from where he sat, very content and relaxed on top of Draco. He glanced back at Mark. "You and Draco were amazing, too."

Draco reached a hand down to touch Mark, patting him affectionately.

"You guys wore me out," Mark murmured, closing his eyes as he leant up into the touch.

"Now you see how I felt last time," Harry said, laughing.

They all lay down together, curled up, and slept. Draco was the last to fall asleep, smiling affectionately at both men. He would never have imagined being so comfortable with another man like this, especially a Muggle. Life was full of possibilities now, he thought. "Suddenly the world seems such a perfect place," he whispered,

quoting Harry's favourite song and smiling.

## *No Excuse*

Harry woke up to the strange feeling of having more than two arms around him. It took him a moment to remember that Draco wasn't the only person with him in the bed. He grinned and opened his eyes, shifting in their arms. It was honestly the best feeling.

Draco's long arms were thrown around Harry, his hands resting on Mark. He nuzzled the back of Harry's neck, pressing up against him.

Harry wriggled playfully back against Draco before leaning in to kiss Mark's sleeping lips.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, nipping at Harry's neck. His morning erection was filling fast and he began rubbing it against his lover's wriggling arse.

"Good morning," Harry said quietly, his eyes on Mark's face as he opened his legs a little. Mark was still asleep, his arms still flung over Harry's body.

Draco was murmuring against his back, licking and kissing as his cock slid in the cleft of Harry's arse. "Love you, need you," he whispered sleepily.

"Fuck me," Harry replied softly, still watching to see if Mark would wake up. It wasn't that it would be a problem if he did, but it almost felt as though it were a challenge to be quiet enough to not wake him up. And Harry loved challenges.

Harry was still slick from being fucked the night before and Draco slid his cock against his entrance and pushed in easily, moaning as he did.

Harry hummed, his eyes closing as he felt Draco slip inside. "Shh ... let's see how long we can do it before he wakes up," Harry whispered.

Draco's hand slid off Mark and grasped Harry's hip. He rocked into his lover; the pleasure of it was his favourite way to wake up.

Mark's eyelids fluttered when Draco moved his hand, but he

didn't open them, much to Harry's relief and amusement.

Harry reached down to grip his own cock as Draco continued to fuck him, small squeaks and moans forcing their way out every now and then.

Draco growled low in his throat, biting down on Harry's shoulder as he got closer.

Harry couldn't help it as he cried out, the bite making him shudder and twitch in his hand.

Mark slowly blinked open his eyes, apparently not noticing what was happening in front of him at first.

Draco licked the bite mark. "Yes, touch yourself," he growled, thrusting harder.

Harry stroked himself, his eyes closing slowly. "Close," he moaned, opening his legs wider. Harry nearly jumped when he felt another hand grip his leg and hold it up for him.

Draco was looking over Harry's shoulder and he smiled, his eyes meeting Mark's blue eyes. "Good morning," he managed, thrusting faster into Harry.

"Morning," Mark said with a smirk, his eyes slowly trailing back down to Harry's face. "I love that face he makes ...." He bent Harry's leg, pushing it up more.

Draco was fucking him hard and Harry knew it would only be a bit longer before he came.

"Yes, so beautiful," Draco agreed. "Oh, yes, come for me, baby," he growled against Harry's ear as he thrust in hard. Draco came, moaning and sucking on Harry's shoulder.

Harry cried out a second later and came, shuddering hard as he stroked himself through it.

Mark watched, biting his lip softly. "So hot ... and how do you do that ... make him come on demand like that?"

Draco shivered – the reminder of the magic that bound them both a source of pleasure and pain. He closed his eyes, kissing the side of Harry's face. "Mine, right baby?" he whispered.

"Yours," Harry replied softly, his eyes still closed as he relaxed against the bed.

Draco wasn't actually sure why Harry did come when he told him to. He had countermanded the requirement to follow orders unless he called them an order but Harry still seemed to want that

command. It could be something in their magical connection but it might just be that Harry was used to it. He looked over at Mark and smiled. "Magic," he whispered.

Mark huffed, not knowing if that was an answer or not. He slowly let Harry's leg down, stroking a hand over his hip. "That was a nice way to wake up."

Draco slipped back out of his lover, still petting his hip and kissing his shoulder. "Every day," Draco smiled, kissing him again.

"Every day I'm loving you more and more," Harry quoted the song, grinning at Draco.

"I have to say you are one lucky man," Mark commented, shifting closer to them and throwing his arm over their bodies again. "The both of you." He felt he could see their love now and he felt both privileged and envious. No one had ever loved him the way these two loved each other.

Harry blushed and opened his eyes. "Mark ...."

Draco leant over Harry and kissed Mark quickly, then rolled out of bed and headed to the loo. "Tea?" he called over his shoulder.

"Again with the tea," Mark laughed, rolling over and sitting up. "Is that all you two drink?"

"Tea's fine," Harry called out, laughing at Mark's comment. "In the mornings and whenever we feel like it. You'll get used to it, the more time you spend with us."

Mark very much hoped that would be a lot more time. He never felt as good as he did when he was with them. He looked up, watching Draco's lithe body as he moved. Draco's confident movements always reminded him of a cat.

"I think we have some coffee too," Draco said as he came back into the room and reached for his robe. "Shall I make omelettes for everyone?" he asked. He was feeling fantastic this morning.

"Yes, thank you," Harry said brightly, sitting up against the pillows.

"And coffee for me, then," Mark said, grinning.

Draco rolled his eyes in amusement and headed out to the kitchen to cook breakfast.

Harry stuck his tongue out at Mark as he rolled over and got closer to him. "Tea is much better."

Mark wrapped his arms around Harry and pulled him against his

own body. He nuzzled his chin. Damn, but he smelled and tasted good.

"So how do you like it so far?" Harry asked, snuggling Mark and closing his eyes.

Mark was still aroused from watching the other two men and he rubbed himself against Harry's thigh. "I think you know the answer to that," he whispered.

Harry opened his eyes and looked at Mark, leaning in to kiss him softly. "I should take care of that problem you have, right?"

"No problem, but if you want to ..." Mark trailed off.

"I like sucking you off," Harry said, and then kissed him again, harder than before. "Making you lose control," he added before another hard kiss. Then Harry pulled back with one last nip to Mark's lips.

"I like losing it with you," Mark said, lying back for Harry.

Harry smiled, leaning in to kiss down Mark's flat stomach before licking around his erection. He took his time, licking up and down the length slowly.

They could hear Draco chopping something on the cutting board and the sounds of him moving about in the kitchen beyond the open door.

Mark relaxed, his fingers carding through Harry's hair as he surrendered to the pleasure of the man licking him.

Harry finally sucked him inside a few minutes later, bobbing his head a few times to pick up a rhythm.

"Any objection to onions and garlic in your omelette, Mark?" Draco called from the other room.

Mark shuddered, gasping as he arched up into Harry's mouth. "Yes!" he called, "I mean, no."

Draco appeared in the doorway, holding a bowl of eggs and a whisk. "Couldn't wait for breakfast, Harry?" he asked, his tone teasing.

Harry flushed and pulled back, turning to look at Draco. "He was hard from watching us together. So I thought it would only be fair," he explained.

Draco smirked, leaning in the doorway. "Go on," he said, watching. He wondered if he should feel jealous, but strangely he didn't. It was quite a sight, though.

Mark's cock twitched when he looked up at Draco watching them. It was somehow even hotter to see the look on the blond's face.

Harry nodded, turning around and leaning down to take Mark's cock into his mouth again, sucking a bit harder than before.

Mark watched Draco as his hands clenched in Harry's hair. Another minute and he arched, coming inside the man's mouth while the blond licked his lips.

Harry swallowed a few times, sucking Mark lightly before pulling back with a smile. He crawled up and kissed Mark before glancing back at Draco.

Draco took a deep breath and seemed to remember the bowl in his hands just as the whistle from the kettle screamed behind him. He glanced over his shoulder and smirked at the other two before heading back into the kitchen to make two teas and a coffee.

Harry giggled softly, turning to look at Mark. "We left him speechless. That's hard to do, you know."

Mark nodded. "That I can believe," he said, smiling and still caressing Harry. "He is taking this a lot better than I would have thought. A year ago, it seemed like he would kill anyone who even looked at you."

"He probably would've. And I think he still would with any other bloke. But you, you're different. He trusts you. I trust you," Harry said, smiling softly.

"Why me?" Mark asked, genuinely surprised and awed. It was such a fantasy come true that he felt like at any moment he would wake up to find it was a dream.

"I think ... you were the first friend I had here. Even though you hit on me when we first met ... we always had that. And then after we started going out after work, I guess that was the first stages of Draco beginning to let me go. And it happened to be with you." Harry smiled. "Then what happened with the magic ... it just ... all added up."

Mark nodded. "Well, I'm glad I'm the lucky one," he grinned, kissing Harry again.

"Me too," Harry murmured against his lips, gently caressing Mark's cheek and smiling softly at him.

"Tea and coffee are ready!" Draco called from the kitchen.

"Breakfast is almost done."

"Come on," Harry said with a grin, moving to slip out of the bed. "I could use some tea now." He pulled on what he thought were Draco's boxers and headed out to the kitchen.

Draco smiled at the two men as they made their way out wearing nothing but shorts. He leant in and kissed Harry, gently pulling on the waistband of the borrowed shorts and letting it snap.

Harry jumped, smiling brightly at Draco. "Yes, I know they're yours ...."

"That's okay, you're mine, too," Draco said, pinching Harry's arse.

Harry laughed, wriggling away from Draco's pinch. "Everything's yours!"

Mark laughed and picked up the coffee. He both delighted in the other men and felt a pang of envy. What would it be like to have someone be "yours"?

"Take your tea and sit down," Draco said. "The omelettes will be ready in a few minutes."

"Yes, of course," Harry said, taking the tea and sitting down at the table. He sipped at the hot liquid and sighed, slumping in the chair.

Draco slipped the omelettes out of the pans and onto the plates. He then set them in front of Harry and Mark, before getting his own and sitting down with them. It was all so domestic and comfortable. He was surprised that he felt this way around Mark.

"Thank you, Draco," Harry said, picking up his fork. He cut off a piece and tasted it, smiling at Draco. "You're really getting so much better at this ...." It amused Harry that Draco used to hate to eat and now liked to cook.

Draco snorted at the faint praise but began eating.

"Actually, this is really good," Mark said. "So you didn't cook in England?"

Harry looked at Mark as he chewed the bit of food in his mouth. "He did something very similar to it," Harry said once he swallowed.

"I was wealthy and had ... servants to do the cooking. I made potions," the blond explained.

"Wealthy? Now, with your attitude, that I can believe," Mark said, smiling.

"He just has that look, right?" Harry said, smirking. "But he's always been good at making potions. Really good at it. That's why he's so good at cooking."

"I like the precision of it and the way multiple ingredients combine to make something entirely different," Draco explained. "It has an order to it."

"He even saved my life," Harry whispered without thinking, gazing adoringly at Draco.

Draco frowned and glanced up at Harry. "Mark, what you saw on my arm," he began, "if you ever see that mark again, get away quickly. It's the mark of the monster that wants to kill Harry."

"Why do you have it then?" Mark asked. He knew it was something Draco didn't like to talk about but his curiosity won out.

"I think he was forced," Harry said quietly, picking up his cup of tea. "But listen to him, Mark. Get away as fast you can."

Draco winced. "I took the mark because it was expected of me, Harry," he said. "That's not the same thing as forced. Others resisted. I did not." He didn't like it when Harry made it sound like he had been a victim.

Harry nodded over his cup. "But you didn't want to." Given Draco's parents, he didn't really think the other man had much of a choice in the matter.

"Don't make excuses for me," Draco said harshly, his temper flaring. He stood up and left the room.

Harry bit his lip, and watched Draco go. "I'm sorry, Mark. It's a ... sore topic."

"So he worked for the other side in this war you've talked about?" Mark whispered.

"Yeah," Harry said quietly. "We were on different sides of the war."

"Did he change his mind? You said you went to school together, but you weren't involved then," Mark prompted.

"We were always on different sides. Rivals in everything. The house that he was in ... most of his classmates were expected to go and take the mark." Harry paused.

"So he joined one side and you joined the other? What happened to change that?" Mark asked.

"My side lost. We met again at the end of the war," Harry

whispered.

Mark laid his hand over Harry's, squeezing. "I don't mean to bring up bad stuff. I just want to understand," he tried to explain. He did feel bad for upsetting them but he still wanted to understand the history the other two shared.

"I know ... I'd want to as well," Harry replied, looking at him. "And there are a lot of things we're leaving out ... but I'd rather if we told you it all, that Draco and I did it together." Harry thought that eventually, if they stayed with Mark, they would have to really explain things more to him.

Draco had gone into the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed, staring at the ugly skull and snake on his arm. He hated it passionately. It hadn't hurt since they left England. Which he hoped meant they were too far away for Voldemort to reach. He feared the day when someone might see and know what it meant. He wished fervently that he never saw another one again.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR –

## *Stay With Me*

Harry sat down next to Alicia on the couch, a grin on his face. Everything was perfect. He had sent Draco out to get groceries, purposely making a longer list than necessary so he'd take a much longer time than normal. Mark even went along with him, so he could call when they were on their way back.

The living room of their home was decorated in green and silver, a large banner set up above them that said 'Happy Birthday, David' in glittering letters. He had invited all of their co-workers and even Alicia and Jessica, who were happy to come early and help set up for the party. Richard had made a large cake and there was food from the restaurant. All he needed was Mark's phone call.

Sure enough, a few minutes after thinking about it, his mobile rang and he picked it up, looking around quickly at everyone in the room. "They're coming. Everybody hide!" Harry ducked behind the couch, next to Jessica who was obviously trying to hold back her giggling. Someone turned off the light and now all they had to do was wait.

"Sometimes getting the less expensive kind is just as good as getting the pricey stuff, David," Mark was arguing as they came up the stairs.

"I can taste the difference," Draco countered, opening the door and stepping into the flat, holding a bag of groceries. Mark had another.

Nobody had turned on the light, so with Harry's own urge and a small spark of magic, the light switch flipped up and everyone jumped up yelling surprise.

"Happy Birthday!" Harry said the loudest, watching for Draco's reaction.

Draco automatically stepped back, reaching for the wand inside his jacket and nearly dropping the bag of groceries. He caught himself with his hand on the handle of the wand.

Harry winced when he noticed what Draco had almost done. He hadn't meant to scare him. "It's your party, David," he explained.

"Git," Draco muttered, and tried to relax. He gave a weak smile to all of the people crowding forward. Mark stepped up and took the grocery bag, carrying both to the kitchen.

"I love you, too," Harry laughed and hugged him, just as everyone began walking over to say hello to Draco himself.

The fear passed; Draco accepted a drink and sat back in the armchair, talking with their guests. He was uncomfortable having this many people in their private space and still tense from the moment of shock. Yet, as he watched how happy it made Harry – how the man's face lit up with excitement – Draco began to relax and enjoy it.

Cake, alight with candles, was brought out amidst much off-key singing. Draco blew out twenty-two candles, making a wish as prompted. Technically, he was only twenty-one now, but his ID card showed differently. His wish was easy – that he be able to keep Harry safe. It had now been a year since their escape. He hoped they would be able to stay hidden but still feared it was only a matter of time before they were found.

Harry was bouncy that night, making sure to talk to everyone at the party. He finally made his way back over to Draco, leaning over and kissing his cheek. "Your presents are over there," he said, pointing at a table that was stacked with a lot of wrapped boxes. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

Draco smiled up at him. "Kiss me," he answered with a smirk.

Harry gladly leant around and kissed Draco deeply. It was his birthday; he deserved the best.

"Now I am," Draco whispered.

With more prompting, Draco thanked his friends as they handed him present after present. Many of them were cooking related such as new tools for his kitchen and specialized cookbooks. Ali and Jess gave him an amazingly beautiful grey silk shirt that shimmered.

Harry had saved his present for after the party was over, wanting to give it to Draco in private. For now he was just content with the look of happiness on Draco's face. He was so glad that he was able to give him all of this. "That's a lot of cookbooks," Harry commented, reaching to look through one of them.

Draco laughed, thinking it sounded like something Harry would

have said about Potions books too. He pulled him into his lap and kissed him while their friends applauded.

Harry flushed as they kissed, feeling perfectly happy at the moment. He pulled back and looked into Draco's eyes, reaching to brush a bit of the hair away from his face. "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you," the blond whispered back.

The party continued very late until the only ones left were the two of them and Mark, who was helping clean up. "Well, that was nice," Harry said happily, dipping his finger in the icing of the leftover cake.

"Better save the icing," Draco said. "I have plans for that."

"What for?" Harry asked around his finger.

Mark laughed and Draco rolled his eyes. "Let's leave cleanup for tomorrow," the blond said.

Harry stole a bit more of the frosting. "I still have to give you my present, too," he said, smiling.

"Something besides your lovely arse?" Draco asked.

Harry blushed, pulling his finger out of his mouth. "Well, that and another present, of course."

Draco looked over at Harry. "Well, I am waiting," he said.

Harry quickly went into their bedroom and pulled the small wrapped box out of its hiding place. Inside there was a silver promise ring with a green gem in the middle. He had even had it engraved on the inside to say their favourite line of the movie they watched with Jessica and Alicia. It had taken him a while to save up the money, but he knew it was worth it.

"Here," he said quietly, walking back out and holding the box out for Draco to unwrap.

Draco opened the small box, looking curiously at Harry. He was surprised by the ring. "It's beautiful, baby," he whispered.

"You like it then," Harry said, smiling happily. He glanced at Mark, grinning at him. He had shown it to him first, to see if Draco would like it.

"Yes, I do, and I really love you," Draco said, reaching arms for Harry.

Harry stepped into Draco's arms, wrapping his own around Draco. "They call it a promise ring."

"Really? What are you promising, my love?" Draco asked, looking

down into his eyes.

"To always love you ... forever," Harry said softly. "Look on the inside."

"There's an inside?" Draco said, taking the ring off to look closer.

Harry nodded, leaning in to look himself. "Tell me if you remember where the line is from."

"I will love you 'til my dying day," Draco read. "It's from that silly film we saw, *Moulin Rouge*." He smiled at Harry.

Harry grinned and nodded again. "Yes, you know I liked that song," he said.

"You are a romantic," Draco said, half accusation and pride in his voice.

"I can't help that," Harry said, laughing softly.

"Mark, are you going to stay and help us celebrate?" the blond asked, looking over at their lover.

Mark walked over to them. He picked up a large, flat box on his way there and held it out for Draco to take. "Happy birthday." He leant in to kiss him softly.

Draco pulled Mark to him for a better kiss and then released him with a smile.

"Go on and open it," Mark said as he pulled back, looking excited.

Draco set the box on the coffee table and then opened it, grinning when he saw a frame containing a beautifully drawn and coloured sketch of Harry and himself. It was from that first day posing nude. "Fantastic," Draco said. "This goes above our bed."

"Perfect place," Mark said. "Now, I will leave you two. I'll come over tomorrow night?" he asked.

"It's my birthday, and I would like you to stay," Draco said.

Mark's cheeks coloured, but he nodded, looking between Harry and Draco. "Honestly?"

"I'd love for you to stay, too," Harry said.

Draco grinned. "Come on," he said, getting up and locking the front door before heading toward the bedroom.

Mark followed quickly, looking honoured. "I didn't think you'd want me to stay tonight."

"Why wouldn't I want two hot men pleasuring me on my birthday?" Draco asked, wagging his eyebrows at the two of them as

he began to strip.

Harry laughed as he began to undress, moving to kiss Mark when he was done. "You've been with us almost every night for the past few weeks," he murmured. "Why not tonight?"

"Oh, I thought ..." Mark paused, smiling softly at Harry. "Never mind." After being with the other men, it was hard to go home alone now. He kissed Harry again before moving to get on the bed.

Draco stood grinning down at his two lovers, watching them kiss, his own cock filling quickly at the sight. More than that, his heart felt full too. It was an odd sensation to be happy seeing Harry kiss another man. "Make room for me," he teased. "After all, it's my birthday."

"Of course, of course," Harry said, shifting on the bed so that Draco could lie in between them. "The birthday boy gets whatever he wants. And what do you want first?"

Draco crawled into the space between them. He lay on his back, looking up at them and grinning. "I want both your mouths and hands on me."

Harry looked over at Mark, who glanced down at Draco's cock before looking back at Harry. Harry smiled and nodded, then leant over to kiss Draco, just as Mark moved down his body and started to lick a line down towards his cock.

"Mmm," Draco hummed into Harry's mouth. Each of his hands found the back of a lover's head, one in dark black and the other in brown curls. Draco kissed passionately. Meanwhile, he trembled at the feel of Mark's mouth on his abdomen and his cock jumped as if to beg for attention.

Harry slid his tongue along Draco's, his hand moving over Draco's chest to pinch his nipples.

Mark seemed to take pity after a few minutes of licking everywhere but Draco's cock. He finally sucked him inside his mouth, his lips tight around the hard flesh as he licked.

Draco moaned and his hands tightened. He would have been shouting encouragements but his mouth was happily occupied with Harry's.

Mark began to bob his head as Harry pulled back to smile at Draco, leaning in to nip at his lips. "Lucky one, you are," he murmured, nipping and licking along Draco's jaw.

"Yes, very lucky," the blond gasped. "Oh, Mark, yes, that's good," he added when the man used his tongue more.

"Do you want to come like this?" Harry asked, biting into the skin above Draco's collarbone.

"No, not yet," Draco said, the question prompting him to tug on Mark's hair. "Come kiss me with that lovely mouth," he said.

Mark pulled back and moved up, his lips shiny and slightly swollen. "Gladly," he whispered, kissing Draco's chin before leaning up to press his lips against Draco's.

Draco thrust his tongue into Mark's mouth, his kiss fierce and possessive as he also pulled Harry's hair so that his face was close as well. Soon they were all three kissing, messily and open and very good.

Harry had never kissed two people at once, and while it was strange, he loved it, even a little bit more than a normal two person kiss. But it seemed he forgot how to breathe during kissing as he stopped to pant, feeling the others' mouths and tongues against his mouth. It made Harry shudder in delight.

Draco and Mark both began kissing Harry's face, working over his cheeks, chin, and back to his ears, while Draco held him by the hair. Draco whispered in Harry's ear. "Want me to fuck your arse while Mark fucks your mouth?" he asked, licking Harry's ear and blowing on it.

Harry shuddered again and nodded, his eyes closed. "Yes," he gasped. "Fuck me ... both of you."

Draco's eyes met Mark's, and he grinned at him. "On your hands and knees then, Harry," Draco said.

Harry slowly rolled over onto his stomach, pushing himself up on his hands and knees. He licked his lips as he waited for someone to touch him.

"Beautiful," Draco sighed, eyes devouring the sight and pleased to see Harry was hard already. He gestured towards Harry's head. "Harry is going to suck you, Mark," he said.

"That sounds great," Mark replied, moving up and around as he looked down at Harry with a smile. "So hot like this."

Harry blushed under their gazes, looking up at Mark once. "Come closer."

Draco picked up the lube and then knelt between Harry's legs.

He set the tube nearby as he turned all his attention on his lover's arse, stroking his fingers over his thighs and arse-cheeks. "Yes, suck him, baby," he whispered. He looked up, smiling at Mark and watching him bring his cock to Harry's mouth.

Harry did just as Draco told him, leaning in and sucking Mark's cock into his mouth even as he pushed back for Draco.

Mark moaned softly, reaching to grip Harry's hair as he rocked his hips. He loved the positions Draco came up with.

Draco spread Harry's arse-cheeks, his own body trembling at the sight of his lover's puckered opening and the sounds of him sucking Mark's cock. "Yes, baby, suck that pretty cock," he said, voice hoarse with his own arousal. He reached for the lube then, slicking himself before pressing fingers into that tight opening. "We are both going to fuck you together, Harry. Aren't we, Mark?" He grinned at Mark.

Harry sucked harder, moaning around Mark's cock when he felt Draco's fingers slipping inside him.

"Yeah, we're both going to fuck you together, Harry," Mark groaned, his hips rocking again, but not thrusting. He watched the gorgeous blond through eyes half closed in pleasure.

Draco slid his fingers out and positioned himself. "Oh, baby, you look so good like this," he said and then thrust forward, groaning as he felt himself enveloped in Harry's body. "Gods, yes," he gasped. "I love fucking you!"

Harry paused to breathe in deeply through his nose, his body trembling as Draco pushed inside him.

Mark held his hips still, waiting and watching Harry to make sure he was ready.

"Every thrust from me will drive his mouth onto your cock," Draco said to Mark, panting slightly with the effort of holding still, fingers clutching Harry's hips. "Ready, baby?"

Mark nodded in approval, still watching Harry. Harry slowly nodded after a moment, his lips curling over his teeth more tightly so he didn't accidentally brush Mark with his teeth. His fingers curled in the sheets.

Draco began to rock then, pulling back and thrusting into Harry, slowly at first while the three of them got used to the rhythm of it. "Oh, yes, baby, so hot, watching you take my cock and his," Draco gasped.

Harry made a soft sound from around Mark's cock, slowly running his tongue around the flesh. "Fuck him, Draco," Mark gasped, licking his lips as he looked up at him.

Draco was always a bit startled when he heard his real name now, especially from Mark. He nodded, thrusting hard and watching Harry's body tremble as they both slid into him again and again. "Yes, baby, oh, yes," he continued. "We are both going to fill you with our seed. Filled at both ends and you'll love it. You'll love it so much you will come when we do."

Harry couldn't do more than just rock with Draco's thrusts, Mark's cock slipping deeper inside his mouth. He breathed in harshly through his nose still, his eyes closed tight.

"Close, Mark?" Draco asked, holding himself back now.

Mark nodded stiffly, his snapping hips a bit out of control as his hand tightened in Harry's hair.

"Yes, come in Harry's mouth," Draco encouraged, his own thrusts harder now too. "Fuck, yes, Harry," he yelled and then he came with a shout, fingers clutching Harry.

Mark thrust hard one last time, his cock slipping down Harry's throat for a moment as he came hard, shuddering and gasping, his hands pulling at Harry's hair.

Harry whimpered as Mark came, his cock slowly slipping back out of his throat as he came, the rest of his come filling his mouth. At the same moment he felt the rush of warmth inside him.

"Come for me," Draco gasped, his own hips twitching as his orgasm continued to shudder through his body.

Harry came the moment the words left Draco's mouth, his back arching as he pulled away from Mark's cock to cry out.

Draco bent forward, an arm sliding around Harry's waist to hold the man through the orgasm. The blond's face was pressed to Harry's back. "Yes, baby, yes," he whispered.

Mark slowly fell back on the bed, still panting from his own orgasm as he watched the other two.

"God," Harry whispered, his cheek pressed against the soft sheets.

Draco shifted, sliding to the side but still holding Harry's body against his own, kissing his damp skin over and over again. "Yes, baby, you are amazing," he whispered.

Harry was trembling softly as he felt Mark's body move close and press against him, keeping him in a warm cocoon of their bodies.

Draco stretched his arm across Harry, his hand resting gently on Mark's arm. "Perfect birthday," he said sleepily.

## *When Stars Collide*

Harry and Draco sat in the back of Mark's beat-up Toyota, holding on while the man weaved in and out of San Francisco traffic, talking to them. "So this is an art show in celebration of Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgendered Pride Month," Mark was explaining. "I have a couple of panels with a dozen pieces."

Harry was holding onto Draco as Mark spoke, looking out of the window at the quickly passing scenery. He was getting used to the way Mark drove, thankfully. "I'm glad you got into the show," Harry said with a smile. "And thanks for bringing us."

Draco knew that Mark was very public about being gay. But he still didn't really understand why there was a parade, art show and all the other events around the theme. Draco held Harry's, and sometimes even Mark's, hand in public. But he didn't know why anyone else needed to know who he had sex with. He liked both men and women. Did that really need a title, let alone a parade?

"So all the artists in the show are either queer or have queer themes in their work," Mark continued. "Hundreds of people applied but only twenty were accepted." He braked suddenly and backed into a parking space, barely fitting the car into the small space.

"Lucky," Harry commented, looking around at the area. There were colourful flags that Harry had seen a few times before, but didn't know the meaning of them. He leant forward in his seat and waited until Mark had parked the car. "What do those flags mean?" he asked, pointing at one.

"Talented, not lucky," Draco cut in.

Mark grinned back at them. "Oh, the rainbow flags? They represent diversity. And have been adopted as one of the symbols of being queer."

"They're nice," Harry said softly, glancing at Draco with a smile. "And yes, talented is much better to say than lucky." Harry waited a moment before he took a deep breath and moved to get out of the

car. He had never been so open about something like this, never really had the chance to either. The only men he had ever wanted were Draco and Mark, so he knew that he was attracted to men, but there was also Cho, Ginny, and then Jess and Ally. So did that make him bisexual or gay? Harry wasn't too sure.

They made their way up the street, with Mark chattering about the show. Inside there was quite a gathering of people. Draco was impressed with some of the art. He still found the static nature of Muggle photos and art a little strange. There were lots of different styles and mediums including sculptures and photographs, as well as drawings and paintings. Draco had difficulty understanding what the abstract pieces had to do with sexuality. Finally, they came to Mark's art.

Harry stopped once they reached Mark's art, his eyes widening as they immediately stopped on a familiar drawing. "Is that ... is that us?" Harry asked softly, glancing at Mark with wide eyes. He felt excited, nervous, and embarrassed at the same time, wondering if anyone would notice them.

It was one of the first poses they did with Mark. The piece was labelled with the title "By Your Side." The two of them sat facing and looking into each other's eyes. Mark had captured the intensity of their desire and affection in a way that made Draco's body tighten in response. Just looking at this made him want to kiss Harry right there.

"It is ...." Harry confirmed softly, stepping up closer to get a good look. He recognised when Mark drew it and he felt his cheeks flush a little from the memory. "Mark," he said, turning around and looking up at the other man. "Thank you ...."

Mark was grinning and a bit flushed as well. "One of my best days, as well as my best drawings," he said.

Draco was grateful Mark had given them the one of them nude instead of displaying it here. He found himself reaching up, nearly touching the beautiful drawing of his lover's face, captured in such detail.

"I love your drawings," Harry said softly, walking up closer to Mark so that he could pull him into a hug.

Mark wrapped his arms around Harry and kissed him briefly on the lips.

Several people had gathered around and were pointing at Harry and Draco and back to the drawing. Draco flushed, uncomfortable with the attention.

Harry didn't notice the people until he pulled a little away from Mark, his face colouring almost as soon as he figured out why they were crowding around. He should've been used to this kind of attention, especially after being The Boy Who Lived for most of his life.

"Let's see the rest of the show," Mark suggested, gesturing with a hand for Draco to lead on.

They walked through it together, enjoying the art and each other's company. Draco tried to relax but found himself disturbed by the attention they had received earlier. They had survived this long by not drawing attention to themselves. And that drawing – well, anyone who had ever known them would recognise them immediately. He just hoped that no one like that ever came through a gay American art show.

Mark had given Draco a ride to the Culinary Arts Institute where he had registered for classes. Draco was excited that both of them were starting classes in a couple of months. He smiled at the curly-haired brunette. "We will both be students soon," he said, tousling Mark's hair before they got into the Toyota.

Mark laughed, getting into the driver's side and starting the car up. "I don't think I've ever seen you look so happy before," he commented, pulling out of the parking space. He was often struck by how different the blond looked now. Had Draco changed or just his view of him?

Draco rolled his eyes but kept smiling. "I am happy," he said. "I don't know if I ever expected to be. And you are part of why I am." He reached and squeezed Mark's shoulder. It was more physical than he usually got outside.

"Me too," Mark replied, smiling brightly at him once they reached a stoplight. "You don't know how happy I am that you and Harlan came here. I don't know what I'd be doing with myself right now."

"So, let's stop at the market and pick up some things and I'll cook dinner for the three of us," Draco said. "Harlan will be back later and we can surprise him."

Mark nodded, speeding up as he took a faster route to the market. They were there in minutes and luckily he was able to just find a parking space. They got the groceries and made their way to the flat.

Draco fumbled for a minute with the keys and then opened the door. Mark saw the bright light that engulfed the man before the blond crumpled to the floor and found himself facing two figures in black robes with wands drawn. Another blast of light hit him before he even had time to shout.

Mark woke up with a low groan, his face pressed against something solid, cold and damp. He immediately moved to get up, blinking quickly to try and take in the scene. All he could remember was Draco falling and then a group of people in cloaks and then ... then he had fallen too. Where was he? He looked around. It looked like a dungeon in an old movie. Although Mark himself was unbound, he found Draco was shackled to the wall and still unconscious.

"David?" Mark asked, scrambling to get up and run over to his lover. "Draco!" He felt like he was having a really bad nightmare and wished he could wake up.

The blond groaned, opening his eyes. "Mark?" Draco asked. He broke out in a cold sweat and his stomach dropped. He closed his eyes again for a minute, trying to get control of himself.

"Where the hell are we?!" Mark asked frantically, reaching to try and help Draco out of the chains somehow.

"They are magically locked," Draco said. "And we are in more trouble than you can imagine." The blond closed his eyes with a sigh. He knew they were in Voldemort's dungeon in England. What he didn't understand was why the Death Eaters would have brought Mark here as well.

Mark continued to tug at the chains, feeling more distressed when he heard Draco's words. "Magic? Where are we? Why?"

Draco looked at him, grey eyes full of the hopelessness of their situation. "What has happened while I was out? Did they get ... Harlan?"

"I just woke up." At the mention of Harry, Mark looked around the dungeon again. "I haven't seen him. Do you think they have him? Would they have him somewhere else?"

"We can't tell them anything. Do you understand, Mark? We have been taken by the Death Eaters, the ones who want to destroy him," Draco said urgently.

"I won't say anything, I promise," Mark replied quickly, his heart beating fast. "These are the ones who want to ...." He couldn't finish his sentence, feeling like his throat was closing up.

"Yes, they will kill him," Draco said, voice calmer than he felt. "Mark, I'm sorry. I never wanted you to get hurt. We shouldn't have brought you into this ...."

"They can't kill him. He doesn't deserve that," Mark said, shaking his head. He knew he was panicking, and he tried to get control of himself. "And I don't blame you."

Draco wanted to warn Mark, but there was nothing he could say that would prepare him for what was going to happen. Before he could decide what else to say, they heard the sound of the door being unlocked and then it swung open. Two black robed and masked figures came in with wands drawn.

Mark spun around, backing up against the wall once he saw the Death Eaters. He didn't know what to do or say, so he ended up nervously glancing between Draco and the men in the cloaks.

"Malfoy," one of them sneered. "We have missed you. So nice to see you after so long."

Draco winced, recognising the voice. "Can't say I missed you, Vincent."

Mark frowned. He had never asked Draco's or Harry's real surnames but he guessed Malfoy was Draco's.

"Never thought I would see you in Muggle clothes," Crabbe said, shaking his head. "Draco Malfoy living like a filthy Muggle. Do you fuck them, too?"

Draco huffed. "I don't suppose you will just kill me and get this over with," he said with a sigh. Actually, he knew their only hope lay in drawing this out as long as possible. The Enslavement Spell meant that Harry would know they were in trouble. It also meant that if Draco died, so did Harry.

The other figure, Goyle, laughed. "No fun that way," he said.

Mark glanced down at the clothes they were wearing, seeing nothing at all wrong with them. What else would they wear? He glanced up sharply when he heard Draco say something about being

killed. He looked at him and shook his head quickly.

Crabbe cast a spell and the shackles detached from the wall, but remained around Draco's wrists and ankles. "Don't suppose you or your pet will tell us where Potter is?" he asked.

Draco's heart sped up. That meant they hadn't captured Harry yet. "Wouldn't even if I knew," he answered honestly.

Mark guessed that Potter was Harry, and he was relieved as well. At least Harry was still safe. "Neither would I," he said.

"We were hoping you would say that," Crabbe said, and gestured. They were led up the stone corridor and upstairs to the main hall of Voldemort's mansion. Predictably, there were already quite a number of Death Eaters waiting.

Mark swallowed nervously as they walked, feeling as though this were a death march or something similar. He kept looking at Draco for something to calm him down, but as soon as they stepped into the hall filled with even more of the robed people, his heart sped up again.

The familiar stone "altar" slab was in place and Draco steeled his face to show nothing, despite the way his stomach churned.

Voldemort sat on his throne and a year had made no difference in the way he looked. "Kneel, Malfoy," one of the others ordered, but Draco remained standing.

Mark couldn't help but make a face when he saw that ... thing sitting on high. Was that creature the person Harry and Draco were running away from? Based just on looks, Mark could see why. He looked like a mixture of a snake and a man, but even more hideous.

When neither Draco nor Mark knelt, Voldemort raised his wand and cast *Crucio* on Mark.

Mark didn't know what hit him. He cried out as he felt an unbelievable pain shoot through his body, making him fall to his knees. It felt like his very bones were on fire and there was nothing he could do but jerk and scream.

Draco was shocked when Voldemort attacked Mark instead of himself. He clenched his jaw, but knew he had no choice but to drop to his knees immediately. He grovelled before the Dark Lord, but the monster let Mark scream for a little longer before he ended the spell.

"Now you remember your place, Malfoy," the creature hissed.

Mark lay gasping and trembling on the floor, too scared to even

look up yet. He didn't know exactly what had happened, but knew this was an area of magic he never wanted to experience again.

"Malfoy, where is Potter?" Voldemort asked.

Draco kept his head down but shook it. "I do not know," he said.

"You are a blood-traitor and you will beg us to die before we are done," the monster said. "If you help us find him, we will allow you a quick death."

Mark swallowed and slowly looked up, still shaking. He was still scared – scared of how he would die and scared for Draco. But he did not want Harry to have to face this monster. If it meant dying before he told where he was, then so be it.

"I know you well enough to realise that you will punish me regardless of what I do," Draco said, his voice hard and cold.

Two Death Eaters moved up then, grabbing Draco by the arms and dragging him backwards towards the bench. They held him up, while two others began ripping the clothing from his body. He tried not to struggle, but his heart was pumping and he was shaking badly as they stripped him.

Mark managed to get up on his hands and knees and he watched wide-eyed as they stripped Draco. "Stop," he said before he could stop himself, warily glancing at the people around him.

They ignored Mark, laughing. Then they stepped apart, holding Draco so that everyone could see him displayed. There were a lot of obscene comments made then, as Death Eaters made suggestions of what they would like to do to Draco.

The comments made Mark shudder, hoping they wouldn't really do some of the things they were saying they would. "Draco," he whispered, wanting to help, but scared of what would happen if he tried.

Macnair pushed his hood back, grinning as he walked forward to stand in front of Draco. "Your turn, Draco," he said. "On your knees."

"No," Draco said, looking him in the eyes. "I won't submit."

Macnair grinned wider. "Then maybe your Muggle pet will."

Mark couldn't help but shudder at the thought of some of those things happening to him or Draco. He bit his lip hard.

"No, he isn't part of this," Draco said. He knew it was a mistake to let them know he cared about Mark, but he couldn't allow them to

hurt Mark because of him.

Macnair laughed and began to unbutton his robes. "On your knees, Draco," he sneered.

"Wait, no," Mark said, louder than before. He couldn't just stand by and watch.

"Shut up, Mark," Draco snapped. He swallowed hard, breathing deep before doing what Macnair wanted. Draco sank to his knees. He opened wide, sucking the man's cock into his mouth and closing his eyes.

Mark went silent and looked away. He could hear the groans and it made him feel sick.

Draco tried to put his mind far away from what he was doing. Macnair grabbed Draco's hair and began thrusting into his mouth, cock hitting the back of the blond's throat and choking him.

Mark screwed his eyes shut, bile rising in his throat and feeling guilty that he had no idea how to stop this. He could hear Draco's choked gasps and he fought with his stomach to keep everything down.

Macnair came in his mouth and Draco choked again, eventually pulling back and nearly vomiting as he coughed it up. The others laughed and then one stepped in front of him. "My turn," Crabbe said. Draco realised then that they meant to humiliate him and he tried to resign himself to it.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX –

## *Destiny Calls*

It was Harry's turn to wash their clothes again, an easy task that took a few hours at most. Mark had taken Draco to the Culinary Arts Institute, to register for classes, so Harry was alone. Normally he was okay with this, but something felt off today. He had no idea why or what it was and no matter how hard he thought about it, nothing came to mind. He sighed, and brushed it off telling himself it was nothing important.

Harry moved back to sit down in one of the hard plastic chairs and pulled out his mobile and dialled Draco's number. He wanted to hear how the registration had gone, but more importantly, he wanted to hear his voice. The phone rang and rang, eventually going to Draco's voicemail. Harry frowned and hung up, biting his lip nervously. He tried to tell himself Draco was just busy, or that he had left the phone at home like he did sometimes.

A woman came into the laundromat. The first thing Harry noticed was that she wasn't carrying any laundry. The second, was that she was looking directly at him. Harry didn't pay her any close attention until she actually walked up to him. He looked up, one eyebrow raised in question. She looked to be in her late twenties, pretty with blue eyes and brown hair. She was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt with a local radio station logo on it.

She held out her hand. "Harlan Pearce, I am Mary Davis," she said.

Harry cautiously stared at her hand before taking it. "How do you know me?" he asked, definitely not remembering having ever seen the woman before.

She held onto his hand as she bent forward and dropped her voice. "Mr Potter, I am here to help you. I need you to come with me right away."

Harry's eyes narrowed as he pulled his hand away. She knew his real name, and that could only mean they were finally found. "I'm not

going anywhere," he said in reply, looking around her for a way out.

She glanced around, looking worried. "I am with M.A.N.A. and I am here to get you to safety. They have found you."

"Mana?" Harry still wasn't sure of the woman, but he stood up, forgetting about the clothes he still had in the dryers. "Why should I believe you? How do I know this isn't all a trap?"

"I will explain when we are away from here. You can't go back to your apartment, the ones looking for you have already been there," she whispered, tugging on his hand. "If I were one of them, I wouldn't be explaining this. I would have already attacked you."

Harry's eyes widened then, beginning to believe her. "Where's Draco?" he asked, remembering that nagging feeling he had earlier.

She frowned. "They intercepted your companion at your apartment," she said, voice more urgent. "Really, Mr Potter, we must leave now. They could find you here any minute."

Harry gritted his teeth and nodded. "We have to find him," he said urgently, his heart beating faster as he thought of where Draco could be.

Davis led him to a car that was waiting at the kerb. An older man was sitting behind the wheel, and she opened the back door and gestured for Harry to get in.

"Explain to me exactly what is going on," Harry said as he got into the car, eyeing the man behind the wheel. "And where you're taking me. Now."

She climbed in after him and the man behind the wheel pulled the car into traffic, heading away from Harry's neighbourhood. "Like I said before my name is Mary Davis, Mr Potter," she explained, "and that," she pointed to the driver, "is Ambrose Shelton. I am an agent with M.A.N.A., the Magical Association of North America. It's the governing organisation for magical folk in this part of the world. Ambrose is from your country and is part of the resistance to the current magical government there."

"Are you taking me to where Draco is?" Harry asked, unable to think of anything else just yet.

Shelton snorted and Davis frowned. "Your companion has already been taken by the Death Eaters," she explained.

"You told me that, but you still haven't told me where you are taking me!" Harry said, looking both frustrated and afraid. "We're

wasting time if we aren't going to where he is now."

"I can't do that," she said as they pulled up beside a warehouse. "Let's get inside and I will tell you what I can."

"I don't see why not," Harry huffed, quickly shifting over and getting out of the car, slamming the door. He walked up to the warehouse, scowling. He wanted answers now. Harry felt his magic flare and took a deep breath to keep it under control.

Shelton frowned at Harry but Davis just shook her head. She looked around quickly to make sure she wasn't being watched and then withdrew a wand, casting a silent spell on the locked door. It swung open and she gestured for Harry and Shelton to get inside.

Harry swiftly walked inside not even bothering to glance around at the place. "Will you tell me what I want to know now?"

Davis turned and both manually and magically sealed the door behind them.

Shelton was opening another door, which led into what was an old office. There was a motley assortment of chairs. "In here," the big man said.

Harry walked inside with an exasperated sigh, taking one of the seats. He looked expectantly up at the other two. There shouldn't have been anything else holding them back now.

Shelton closed the door and leant against it, while Davis took a seat next to Harry. "The Death Eaters have found where you have been living," she said. "Apparently, someone reported seeing a drawing of you and Mr Malfoy at an art show."

Harry ran a hand through his hair, slowly beginning to understand. "There was only one drawing ...."

"And your scar was in it. Not to mention that the two of you are pretty distinctive looking," Davis answered. Shelton huffed. She shot him a look but turned back to Harry. "They know your names here and have already moved on your apartment."

"So they know everything," Harry stated. All of this work, an entire year of quiet normalcy and now it was all over.

The other two exchanged unhappy looks again. "And they have already taken Malfoy and that Muggle friend of yours," Shelton said.

Harry's eyes widened. Not just Draco, but Mark too. "Then what am I doing here? I need to ... I need to get them!" He moved to get up, frantic.

Ambrose shook his head. "Are you going to kill the Dark Lord or just run in there and get yourself killed?" he drawled in an English accent.

Harry fell back in the chair, thinking that over himself. "Kill him, finally," he replied.

"Then I will help," Shelton said. "They took Malfoy and the Muggle to England. It's a trap, of course, so if you want our help, we have to have a plan."

"We'll be wasting time thinking about a plan. If it's a trap, then the only way for me to even save Draco and Mark is to go there and face him," Harry said firmly looking at both of them.

"The *boy* doesn't even have a wand," Shelton sneered, addressing the woman instead of Harry.

Harry glanced at him sharply, feeling his magic crackle through the air. "Don't need one," he said.

Davis's eyes widened. Shelton's scowl deepened. "I broke my cover to bring you in and save your arse, so you better be worth it," he growled at Harry.

"Shelton," Mary scolded.

"This coward ran and left everyone in England to deal with that madman while he set up housekeeping with one of the enemy," Ambrose answered her.

"You don't even know the entire story," Harry snapped, shaking his head. But when he said it like that, Harry did feel guilty. Like there was so much he should've been doing in England, but he was here.

"My family and a lot of other families are dead," Shelton continued, "so if I risk my neck to take you back there, you'd better have a way to end this."

"I'm sorry," Harry said softly, looking down at his lap. It was his fault, it was. He was supposed to kill Voldemort but he had run away instead. He took a deep breath and then lifted his chin, looking at Shelton. "And I will end it."

Davis nodded. "We have Portkeys arranged that can take you back to England," she explained. "Ambrose was working undercover with the Death Eaters here in America. He can take you directly to You-Know-Who."

Harry was about to reply when suddenly he couldn't breathe. He

choked on his words and reached up to claw at his throat, just as the feeling disappeared. He gasped for air, only to be choked again by an invisible obstruction.

Both Davis and Shelton drew their wands and looked about. "What is it?" Mary asked.

Harry coughed once he was able to breathe again, bending over in his seat. "Someone's ..." Every time he tried to get the words out he would choke again, his face turning red from the exertion. "... hurting Draco!" he finally managed to gasp.

"What can we do?" Davis asked.

Harry coughed again, shaking his head as tears sprang to his eyes. He knew what they were doing to Draco and it hurt to know that he was here and Draco was all the way in England having to endure this. And what about Mark? "Take me to him ...." He coughed again, the tears slipping out of his eyes.

"And how will you kill him?" Shelton insisted, stepping closer and looking down at Harry.

Harry continued to rub at his throat. "The Killing Curse," he gasped, wincing as he closed his eyes.

Shelton seemed to study Harry for a minute. "I will take you," he said. "But you fail and I die too. Do you understand what I am risking here?"

"Just take me there, please," Harry whispered, as if his voice had gone hoarse like Draco's must've been right about now.

Draco lost count of the number of times they used his mouth. Come and blood trickled down his chin and he could feel his lips were swollen. After the last one, he had ended up vomiting on the floor.

"Oh, Malfoy, we are just getting started," someone sneered. Draco was on his hands and knees, trying to get control of his stomach again when someone grabbed his hair and dragged him to his feet.

Mark was visibly shaking as he was forced to listen to Draco being violated repeatedly, flinching with every single one of his lover's groans. He still couldn't look up – couldn't watch – so he kept his face pressed into his knees, wishing this was all some kind of twisted dream.

Macnair dragged Draco over to the stone slab and forced him

facedown and bent over one end of it. Draco tried to struggle but several others stepped forward and snapped the shackles in place. In his mind, he tried to remind himself that the longer he stayed alive, the better chance Harry had. Yet, part of him was screaming that he would rather be dead than this.

Mark made the mistake of looking up then, gasping as his eyes went wide at what he saw. "Draco," he called to his lover, feeling his lips tremble.

"Aww, the poor Muggle feels left out," one of the Death Eaters sneered.

Mark felt hands on him, dragging him to stand up and ripping his clothes off as well. "Don't fucking touch me!" Mark yelled. He tried to fight them, continuing to scream at them as they stripped him.

Draco closed his eyes, unable to help and unwilling to watch. Behind him a voice growled, "I always wanted to do this." Realising what was happening, Draco began to struggle as well, screaming "No" over and over again even as Macnair pinned him against the altar and then shoved roughly inside him.

They dragged Mark over to the slab as well and chained him to the other side, so he was facing Draco. Mark stumbled and tried to dig his heels into the ground, but it didn't help at all. The stone of the slab was icy cold under his overheated skin, another full body shudder going through him when he heard and saw Draco being raped. He was probably next.

Draco writhed under the assault, thrown back into memory as much as the present. He was screaming incoherently and unaware of Mark in front of him. Someone was laughing and for a minute he was confused, thinking it was his father.

Mark felt a searing pain across his back and looked over his shoulder to see the Whip Spell land a second blow. He could only writhe in place and cry out, tears immediately spilling out of his eyes as he began to sob loudly. It was horrible, though whatever they did before had been worse.

The other man's screams seemed to reach a part of Draco and he opened his eyes, looking up at Mark. "Hold on," he whispered hoarsely as Macnair shoved into him again and he shuddered in pain and revulsion. *Stay alive for Harry, he will come for us.* Draco found he had to believe that.

Mark could only sob, shaking his head before pressing his cheek against the stone.

Macnair groaned, coming then. He laughed and stepped back, only to be replaced by another one. Draco found he could just reach Mark's hand, bound near his own. He gripped his lover's hand as another man began raping him and the whip fell across Mark's back again.

Mark weakly squeezed Draco's hand, arching out of instinct now as he felt the whip again. He knew his back was cut open and raw.

"We can't do it in one jump," Shelton was explaining, "so I have a second Portkey for when we reach the East Coast that will take us to England. From there, I take you as my prisoner into His Mansion."

"Like ... like you found me?" Harry asked swallowing against his now sore throat.

"Yes," Ambrose said and pushed the sleeve of his left arm up, showing Harry the Dark Mark there.

Harry didn't need to look, only nodding since most of his thoughts were on Draco and why he needed to get to him.

"So what will you do?" Ambrose asked. "Even the two of us can't kill them all."

"I'll just go for Voldemort," Harry said, nodding to himself. "I'll kill him first ... or maybe I should kill whoever is hurting Draco ...." Harry was wincing again, his hands balling up.

"You can kill without a wand? You are sure?" Shelton sounded sceptical.

Harry reached out to grip the chair behind him as he bent over more, crying out as he now felt Draco's rape. More tears welled up in his eyes. "I have ... never tried it ... but I know I can ... that it will work ...."

"What is wrong with you?" Shelton snapped, clearly having doubts.

"They're ... they're hurting him," Harry said, covering his face. He knew the longer he waited the more time they wasted, so he had to concentrate, but it was difficult.

"Hurting who? How can you tell?" Davis asked.

"Any pain ... Draco feels ... I feel," Harry tried to explain, shuddering as he took a deep breath.

"Your boyfriend?" Davis asked, looking confused.

"Lucius Malfoy's son, a Death Eater, he disappeared with Potter," Shelton said. "Potter was bound to him by an Enslavement Spell. Which means if they kill him, you die too, doesn't it?"

"Yes, can we leave now?" Harry managed to say, struggling to stand up.

"If you can stand," Shelton answered and then picked up an old shoe and handed it to Harry. Shelton held on to one end with his left hand and raised his wand in his right.

Harry gripped it tightly, still jerking whenever he felt Draco's pain.

"Mary," Shelton said, smiling for the first time since Harry had met the two. "Thanks. And you know who to send messages to, have them meet us as soon as they can. We will need the help." Then he held his wand up and activated the Portkey. Harry felt that horrible tug as he was pulled across the continent.

Harry gripped the shoe for dear life when he was tugged, knowing this would bring him closer to finding Draco and Mark, and finally killing Voldemort.

## *Traitor's Reward*

Mark passed out from the pain and they used spells to revive him. Draco wished he could pass out too, even if it meant only temporary relief. While Mark lay panting and bleeding, attention was turned back to Draco. Someone was using a kind of cutting spell on his back now. Draco found himself wondering if it was the same one Harry had used in the bathroom in their sixth year. His vision swam; he was cold and he knew he was losing a lot of blood.

Mark could hardly see, his vision blurry with tears. His hand had managed to stay in Draco's throughout their torture, trying to squeeze it reassuringly. He was beginning to realise they were just going to suffer this until they died.

"Bring him here," Voldemort said, and someone removed the shackles on Draco with a spell. He held Mark's hand tight for a minute, looking into the tear-filled blue eyes of his lover. "I'm sorry, Mark," he whispered again, "we should never have involved you." And then they were dragging him away, his hand pulled from Mark's.

It felt like that last squeeze was something like a goodbye to Mark, and he wasn't ready to say goodbye. Not yet. "Draco," he said, his voice hoarse as he struggled to move after him even though he knew it was useless. He was dizzy, and he found himself wishing he had told the other men how much he cared about them because now he would never get the chance.

They half dragged, half carried Draco to Voldemort and threw him at the monster's feet. "So low you have sunk, Malfoy," he hissed. "First, you fall for your half-blood slave and now a filthy Muggle. How disappointed your parents would be."

"You have no right to talk about them, especially my mother," Draco snapped, his words slurring some because his mouth was swollen.

Voldemort laughed. "Yes, her death was certainly ... entertaining," he said. "Oh, but you know that, you stood beside me and watched."

Mark pressed his cheek against the stone again, and closed his eyes, tears sliding down. He didn't want to see anything else. Hearing the pain in Draco's voice was horrible enough.

Draco had given up all pretence of control. He shuddered, looking up with hatred in his eyes. There were only two reasons he didn't launch himself at the monster. One was behind him and, he hoped, the other would find a way to get them out of this.

"So, Malfoy, you know the punishment for blood-traitors?" Voldemort asked, voice eager. There was laughter around the room.

Draco did know. They had done it to Fred Weasley. Castration. He clenched his jaw, breathing through his nose and refusing to answer. It wasn't just the terror he felt at the idea. It was that Harry was linked to him. Not only would Harry feel it, but even if they lived and a day passed without him fucking Harry, the pain would drive his lover crazy. The blond swallowed his pride. "Please," he begged, "not that." The laughter was louder. This was what they wanted. They wanted the haughty Malfoy on his knees, begging. "Anything else."

Mark lifted his head up as he heard Draco's words. He didn't know what the punishment was for these ... blood-traitors, but if it was worse than what endured so far, he was terrified. He shifted on top of the slab, keeping his gaze on Draco and not the monster in front of him.

"Bring the Muggle," Voldemort snapped, and men moved in to unchain and drag Mark to the steps.

"He is not part of this. He doesn't know anything," Draco said, desperate to spare Mark any more pain.

"I don't care what he knows," Voldemort answered.

Mark had no choice but to let them drag him; he had no strength left to fight them. His back was stinging with every movement. He guessed this was it; this was the end for him.

Draco glanced at Mark, where they dropped him in front of the blond. His heart was pounding, waiting to see what they would do to Mark.

Nagini slithered out from behind the throne, her tongue flickering over the blood on Mark's back.

Mark's eyes widened when he saw the large snake, and his heart beat faster than before. He was almost sure his death would be caused from this. He winced and flinched away when he felt its

tongue.

"Look at me, you Muggle trash," Voldemort commanded.

Mark's eyes snapped wide in fear, but he couldn't look up at the monster, eyes sliding away quickly to look over its shoulder.

"We were just discussing Malfoy's punishment," Voldemort said as if he were talking about what to have for tea. "The punishment for blood-traitors is castration. We cut the cock and balls from the traitor and feed them to my pet here. What do you think of that plan?"

Mark shuddered, looking over at Draco quickly. He shook his head, not wanting Draco to ever go through that kind of trauma, on top of everything else that had happened to him. "No, please don't," he gasped.

"No? You would deny Nagini her meal? Do you have something to replace it with? After all, we must have our pound of flesh," Voldemort continued in his faux reasonable voice.

Mark swallowed, looking down at the ground. He just wanted it to be over, but that wasn't an option at all. And yet, he couldn't let anything else happen to Draco as long as he had a choice. He swallowed again, his lips trembling as he replied. "Mine," he whispered, so low he could hardly hear himself say it. Then he forced himself to look up at the creature on the throne. "Cut me instead of him," he said strongly.

Harry and Shelton arrived in a dingy room full of junk that the man said was somewhere in Pittsburgh. Ambrose traded the shoe for a broken umbrella that was set against the wall. "The next crossing will be worse," he said as he panted, trying to catch his breath.

Harry was looking even worse than he had before they left, his skin clammy and pale. He glanced up at Ambrose suddenly. "Why are you doing this? Helping me, I mean." Was he really helping him or was he just leading him to the trap, Harry wondered.

Shelton looked around and found a couple of chairs, setting one next to Harry before lowering himself into the other one. He was a big man and barely fit in the old, wooden chair. It creaked as he settled in. He waited for Harry to sit.

Harry didn't want to sit, feeling too sore. He shook his head. "Go on."

"Rest or you won't make the rest of it," Shelton insisted.

Harry swallowed and slowly sat down in the chair, wincing a little. Again, he felt like they were wasting too much time.

Ambrose Shelton stared at him for a moment. "I am pure-blood," he started. "I was raised to believe that mattered. So when the Dark Lord returned, I joined. I thought he would make our world better. But when he seized power, I came to realise he was insane. Completely mad. I was there that night, you know."

"What night?" Harry asked quietly, swallowing against the lump in his throat.

"When they gave you to Malfoy," he answered, glancing away for a minute. "I never did like him. I figured he had used his money to buy his way to the top while the rest of us had to do the dirty work. I was really surprised when the Dark Lord gave you to him instead of killing you."

Harry looked up at him. "So you know of the bond. Why I know they're hurting him? Why I need to get to him now?"

"Yes, the Enslavement Spell," Ambrose said. "I turned traitor because of him, you know."

"Why?" Harry asked, his eyebrows furrowing.

"Like I said, I always took him for a coward," Ambrose continued. "But if he could stand up to the Dark Lord, risking everything for you, then why not me? I hated everything about the so-called new order. I hated the lechery, the decadence and the cruelty. This wasn't rebuilding our culture. This was debasing it."

"So you're on my side now?" As Harry waited for his reply he suddenly felt a pain in his back so sharp that the air was knocked out of him.

Ambrose caught Harry before he fell out of the chair. He didn't ask what was wrong. "I am on the side of ending this madness," he said. "If you can do that, then I am on your side."

Harry gasped, arching as he felt what he knew was a whip again. "Then ... then take me to him ...."

"Promise me that it will be different if you win; swear it," Ambrose said, still holding Harry by the arms.

"I swear," Harry replied softly, looking up at the older man. "Now please, help me ...."

Ambrose pulled the smaller man up, wrapping an arm around Harry's back and holding him tightly against his own body. Then he

reached for the umbrella. "Hold onto it and me," he said.

Harry held on as tightly as he could, closing his eyes and waiting to feel his feet leave the ground.

The large man pulled his wand and activated the Portkey. They were pulled from the room and felt the cold wind as they hurtled across the ocean towards England.

"No!" Draco yelled before he could stop himself. "He's Muggle, his blood isn't what's called for!"

There was a lot of laughter and muttering then. Voldemort held up a hand and the Death Eaters quieted. "Malfoy is, unfortunately, correct here," he said. "Your blood isn't good enough for my pet. So I will make you an offer. We will give you a knife. You may cut a pound of flesh from anywhere on Malfoy's body and feed it to Nagini. Do that and we leave him intact."

Mark began to shake violently when he thought of cutting his lover like that. "I ... I can't ...."

Macnair laughed and drew a blade while several Death Eaters grabbed Draco's arms, hauling him to his feet and holding him. Draco tried not to tremble as the man pressed the blade between his legs. "Mark," he gasped, "do it. Do it for Harry."

"Wait ... wait!" Mark called out, struggling to get up. "I'll ... I'll do it. Just don't hurt him."

Draco's breathing was ragged and he felt the sharp edge of the blade against his flesh. Macnair and the others laughed at the display of fear from both men.

Voldemort nodded to Macnair and the big man pulled the blade back. "Chain him to the altar again," Voldemort said.

Draco was shaking as they dragged him back over. He had always been a thin man, and he was trying to imagine what part of his body he was willing to lose that weighed a pound. Because if Voldemort said a pound, he meant it. Anything less would be for nothing.

Mark watched, physically beginning to shake again and his stomach rolling, as he thought about what he was being forced to do. The worst part was he didn't even know where to cut so he wouldn't kill Draco.

They lay Draco face-up on the blood-covered altar as they chained him in place. He hissed in pain as the wounds on his back

pressed against the marble.

Mark didn't move from where he stood, beginning to slowly shake his head again. He wasn't sure if he could do this. Draco, and Harry, needed him to find a way.

"Now, Muggle, or we will do it our way," Macnair said and handed him a different knife from the one he still held. It looked like a kitchen knife.

Mark took it, wanting to drop it and run away, but instead he began to slowly and stiffly walk over to where Draco was. "I'm sorry," he whispered, unable to look into the blond's eyes.

"Mark, look at me," Draco whispered.

Mark's lips trembled again as he looked up at him, his blue eyes watery.

Draco tried to put the trust in his grey eyes. "Believe me, I would rather have this. The trick here will be to take enough without killing me. That means taking the outer flesh. Try my thighs. Do you understand?"

"I don't want to do it," Mark responded, but he nodded once to show he did understand. "Why are they doing so much to you?"

"I was one of them," Draco said.

"But I offered ... I don't want you to get hurt anymore, Draco," Mark said quietly.

"Everyone hates a traitor," Draco tried to explain. "They have to make an example of me or risk others."

Mark still shook his head, the knife shaking in his hand.

"Do it," Draco insisted, spreading his legs and tensing up in anticipation of the pain.

Mark slowly looked down at Draco's leg, biting his lip as he reached toward the thigh. He tried to control his shaking as he began to slowly cut along the skin, almost closing his eyes as blood began to well up. He would have nightmares about this – if he lived.

Draco clenched both teeth and fists trying to hold still as the blade bit into his skin. Even his toes curled in response to the sharp pain.

Mark moved as quickly as he could, beginning to feel sick as he watched the blood spill and run down that pale skin. He stopped and took a deep breath, which only made him smell the blood more, before he continued, cutting a large oval shape. He had to clench his

teeth to keep his stomach under control.

Draco was panting now, teeth clenched so hard he felt they might break. He didn't want to cry out, knowing it would frighten Mark. One of the Death Eaters stepped up and held out a silver plate for Mark to put the flesh onto.

By the time Mark had finished the oval, he was crying again. He glanced at the plate and he could only guess what he had to do next. These people were sick. He carefully pulled at Draco's skin, not wanting to cause him anymore pain than he already had. He dropped the chunk of flesh onto the plate and let out another sob.

Macnair had moved up and was standing across from Mark. "You'll have to skin his whole body to get a pound if you don't take more of the flesh than that," he observed, grinning.

"No, please ... that's enough, please take it," Mark begged, his fingers sticky with Draco's blood. "Please ...."

"I said a pound, you foolish Muggle," Voldemort sneered.

Mark shook his head, trembling violently as he turned back to look at the bleeding wound on Draco's thigh. He reached out and began cutting again.

Draco was shaking now, despite his efforts not to. "Faster," he hissed, afraid his will would break soon.

Mark tried to move faster, dropping bits of the flesh on the plate as he sliced it off. At one point he had to dig his fingers in to get more, and he gagged again but managed to keep it down.

The Death Eater beside him cast a spell on the plate. "Only six ounces so far," he said.

Mark gritted his teeth, moving around Draco and beginning to cut into his other thigh. "I'm sorry," he said again, moving faster than before, the knife sliding in a bit deeper as made the oval again. He pulled at the piece he got and hoped it was enough, his stomach clenching as he walked back around to lay it on the plate again.

Blood flowed down the sides of both of Draco's thighs. He squirmed at the pain, only making the wounds on his back hurt more as well.

"Thirteen ounces," the man announced after a second spell.

Mark walked back around and had to do what he did with the other leg, slicing off more bits of flesh and laying them on the plate. He didn't think he could ever forgive himself for doing this.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT –

## *Until My Dying Day*

As the Portkey pulled him away, Harry could feel a searing pain in his left thigh and he almost lost his grip on Ambrose. He could only let out a muffled groan, his face pressed against the man's chest.

Ambrose's grip on Harry tightened painfully. "Hang on," he yelled above the sound of the wind.

Harry sniffled, his arms tightening as well, his left thigh throbbing horribly. When he thought it was over, there was another stabbing pain, this time in his right thigh. He cried out, glad Ambrose was holding him so tightly.

After being buffeted for what felt like hours, they landed in a heap on the ground in a wooded area. Ambrose took the brunt of the fall, rolling so that Harry landed on top of him.

Harry was crying silently as they fell, immediately trying to get up even though he was shaking hard. They were cutting apart Draco, *his Draco*, and Harry wasn't there to stop it. He was beginning to shake in anger, his magic crackling again as he managed to ignore the pain.

"Hey, save that for the fight," Ambrose said, wincing at the prickle of power. The woods were dark. He sat up then, bringing Harry with him. "They will be at his Mansion," he said. "Do you remember it?"

Harry nodded stiffly, remembering the Mansion perfectly well. "Yes, I can go there."

"No, I have to take you in there," Ambrose said, helping Harry to his feet. "I can get you past the wards to where the Dark Lord is. You can't take them all, Potter. You will need my help."

"I can, but I might blow up the place," Harry huffed, brushing off his clothes.

"You can do that?" Ambrose asked.

Harry gritted his teeth, glancing at him sharply. The air between them crackled again and there was a sudden gust of wind that blew Harry's hair around his face. He looked livid.

"Apparently," Ambrose said with wonder in his voice. "So do we go now or wait for our backup? I am to send the signal to the resistance when we go in."

"We go now," Harry said firmly, feeling the ache in his body begin to lessen. He didn't like that at all.

Ambrose stepped away from Harry and raised his wand, pointing into the dark. "*Expecto Patronum!*" he cast, and light flowed from his wand, forming into the shape of a squirrel. "Tell them we are going in," he said, and the creature dashed off into the night.

Harry waited impatiently.

Ambrose turned back. He took hold of Harry's arms. "Remember, I captured you. You are my prisoner," he said. "Otherwise they will kill me and bind you before we can even get near Him."

Harry frowned but nodded, slowly covering up his defiance with a look of submission.

Ambrose Apparated with Harry to the gates of Voldemort's Mansion. A masked and robed guard stood there. "Shelton," the man said, "what do you have there?"

"Potter," Ambrose answered.

Harry wasn't looking up, making sure that his hair was covering his face completely. He pretended to try and weakly pull away from Ambrose.

Ambrose's fingers dug into Harry's arm. The Death Eater guard immediately waved his wand and opened the gates. The cold wall of despair that hit them both when they stepped on the grounds was very familiar to Harry.

Dementors swirled around them in the darkness and Ambrose was shaking too by the time they got to the door. Harry swallowed and fought the urge to conjure his Patronus, unconsciously pressing himself against Ambrose more. They were met by another guard, who, thankfully, quickly let them in.

This really was much too like the other times he was brought here. But this time he was going in there set on killing the monster.

"Fifteen ounces," the Death Eater pronounced, and Macnair laughed. Draco was moaning now, in spite of his efforts to be still. Both thighs had large chunks hacked out of them, the muscle glistening as

the holes filled with blood.

Mark's fingers were shaking and dripping with his lover's blood, his tears not stopping. He dropped another piece onto the plate, swallowing hard.

"Seventeen," the Death Eater with the plate said, laughing with the others.

Mark stepped away when he heard him speak, nearly stumbling in his haste to get away. He couldn't stand to look into Draco's face now, not after what he just did.

Draco finally allowed himself a loud moan, his body shuddering with the release of holding himself through the ordeal.

"Muggle," Voldemort sneered, "I told you to feed it to my Nagini."

Mark turned back and slowly reached for the plate, looking down at the floor.

The snake had slithered forward and now began to wrap itself around Mark's legs, its face rising up toward him. Mark shuddered and closed his eyes for a moment, taking a few deep breaths. When he opened them again he picked up a piece of the flesh and hesitantly held it out for the snake, too scared to look directly at it. The coils of the snake wound higher and tighter on Mark's body, reaching his buttocks and the first of his whip wounds now. The creature opened its mouth under his hand.

Draco lay chained and shaking on the altar. "Drop it in, Mark," he gasped, "or she'll take your hand."

Mark tossed the flesh into the snake's mouth. When he heard Draco, he quickly reached to drop the rest in its mouth as well. Nagini gulped the flesh, opening for the rest. On the third and final scoop of dripping meat, she lunged forward, mouth closing over Mark's hand and fangs sinking into his arm.

Draco began screaming in rage.

Mark cried out in surprise, instinctively tugging at his arm, which only caused him more pain. He fell to the ground, gasping through his sobs.

Ambrose and Harry were inside the foyer when they heard the screaming. The big man's hand tightened on Harry's arm, holding him in place.

Harry looked up quickly, planning on running inside just when Ambrose's arm tightened. "I have to ...."

Ambrose shook his head but dragged Harry forward, wand pointed at the man's throat. The doors were opened for them and they stepped inside the room. It took a minute for everyone to see them as the attention was focussed on the bloody spectacle in front of them.

Mark was still whimpering, his arm beginning to go numb and his breathing laboured as the coils of the snake around him grew tighter.

Harry gasped, his eyes going impossibly wide when he saw Draco, and then Mark. He tried to take a step forward but Ambrose held him tight as Voldemort and the others finally looked up.

"Potter," Voldemort hissed.

Draco tried to look from where he lay. He felt both horror and relief in that moment. He was chained and helpless. Yet, at the same time, he felt that if anyone could stop this, Harry could.

Mark blinked away the tears and forced himself to look up. When he saw Harry, he almost began screaming for him to get back out again.

Harry began to shake with anger, glaring hard at Voldemort. If only looks could kill.

Voldemort gestured and Ambrose walked forward, dragging Harry with him. "Shelton," the Dark Lord said, "you have brought us the runaway. How did you find him?"

"I tracked down some of the Muggle places they frequented," Ambrose answered.

"Potter, we have already been entertaining Malfoy and your Muggle pet," Voldemort said, gesturing to where Nagini still coiled around Mark, fangs in his flesh.

"Let them go," Harry said through gritted teeth. "It's me you want, right?"

"Malfoy is a traitor and will die like one," Voldemort sneered. "The Muggle is just sport. And yes, it is finally your turn to die, Harry."

"I'd like to see you try," Harry growled, trying to pull away from Ambrose again.

At a nod from Voldemort, Ambrose released Harry and stepped back, still holding his wand pointed at the "prisoner".

"You are wandless and a prisoner," Voldemort replied. "The best you could hope for would be to beg for mercy on behalf of Malfoy and the Muggle. That might earn them quick deaths."

"Not a chance, Tom, not a chance," Harry said, rolling his shoulders as he felt his magic begin to build up. He was going to have to try and focus all of his power on just Voldemort, so that no one he loved got hurt.

"How dare you!" someone behind him yelled. Voldemort lifted his wand, casting "*Crucio*" on Harry.

Harry fell to his knees with a small groan, feeling the fire race through him, but after just a moment he managed to shake it off, breathing harshly. He slowly lifted his head and smirked up at Voldemort.

Voldemort's eyes widened and, for the first time, Harry saw fear in them.

Harry stood up quickly, using Voldemort's moment of surprise to hold out his arm and yell his first spell, "*Expelliarmus!*"

There were shouts as Voldemort's wand flew out of his hand and to Harry's. Ambrose turned and fired at the first Death Eater to raise a wand toward Harry. Macnair fell under the Killing Curse.

Draco watched in awe and wonder as Harry attacked Voldemort. The blond began struggling, trying to get out of the shackles.

Harry caught the wand with a grin, immediately pointing it at Voldemort. "How's it feel, Tom? Roles reversed?" Harry asked, his eyes trained on him. He heard the chains rattling behind him, and he reached back with his other hand, flicking his wrist. The torches in the room flickered as the chains fell away from Draco.

Draco ground his teeth together in pain as he forced himself to roll off the altar, scrambling for Macnair's wand before anyone else could get to it.

Ambrose had backed to one side, wand trained on the other Death Eaters in the room, who, for their part, seemed stunned.

"What? No final words?" Harry asked, taking a step closer. He knew he shouldn't have said it, but he couldn't resist now that victory was finally in his grasp.

Mark was looking around, his eyes wide in surprise. Harry had just come in and taken over. He smiled weakly, even as he felt his consciousness begin to slip away. He couldn't fall over with the snake

wrapped so tightly around his legs. He passed out still held in its coils.

Voldemort lifted his hand, pointing his fingers at Harry and shouted, "*Avada Kedavra!*"

Harry barely had time to react before the green light hit him in the chest, throwing him back on the floor. He skidded on the ground and then went still, his eyes closed.

Draco screamed as the curse hit Harry, the wand forgotten for the moment as he tried to crawl to Harry, having to drag his legs leaving a bloody trail behind him.

Voldemort was laughing. Ambrose was shaking, his wand lowered when he realised they had lost. "Foolish boy," Voldemort sneered. "Potter is finally dead, and any left who tried to help him will pay for his mistakes."

Draco reached Harry and took him into his arms, sobbing. The blond wasn't even listening. All he was thinking about was Harry. He was wishing the Enslavement Spell worked both ways and would have killed him with Harry.

"Your turn, Malfoy," Voldemort said, still laughing.

Draco buried his face in Harry's hair, weeping. "Until my dying day," he whispered in his lover's ear.

Harry slowly stirred as if waking from a nap, hearing Draco's words and Voldemort's laughter in the background. His hand tightened around the wand, but he didn't make any other movements. Not yet.

Draco felt Harry's breath against his ear and stilled as, not lifting his face, he whispered, "Harry?"

"Come what may," Harry whispered in reply, his lips barely moving.

Draco sobbed again, in relief this time, but tightened his hand on the wand.

Harry still waited, took a deep breath, gripping Voldemort's wand again as he slowly opened his eyes. He looked up at Draco and said, "Move, now."

Draco rolled out of the way and toward the snake. He saw the thing open its mouth, pulling its fangs loose. Draco had been around Voldemort long enough to recognise the creature was planning to swallow Mark. Draco crawled across the floor, having to pull his legs

again. He didn't dare cast a spell that might injure Mark. That's when he spotted the knife Mark had dropped and reached for it. Draco grabbed the knife from the floor and plunged it into the head of the snake with such force that it went all the way through, the point sticking through the chin of the creature. Nagini thrashed, releasing Mark but knocking Draco aside as she did. Voldemort howled.

Harry sat up, his arm raised, pointing the wand directly at Voldemort. He felt his own power rise, the torches in the room flaring with it, as he screamed, "*Avada Kedavra!*"

Voldemort lit in green and then the screaming stopped as the thing that had been Tom Riddle crumpled to the floor.

Harry watched him fall, Voldemort's wand slowly slipping from his fingers. He had done it, finally.

Draco collapsed on the floor, face turned toward Harry but his vision going black.

Behind them the door burst open and several people came in with wands drawn. Death Eaters turned, drawing wands too.

Without even having to think about it, Harry hexed any Death Eater who even came a little close to him as he stared at Voldemort's dead body. When the doors opened he looked up and immediately he noticed Tonks' bright pink hair and ... was that Percy's red hair?

One of the Death Eaters yelled "traitor" and fired a Reductor Curse at Ambrose, who flew into the wall. Percy took that one down and, when the hood fell back, it turned out to be Goyle. After that, it wasn't much of a battle anymore. Most the Death Eaters gave up without a fight as a dozen resistance members rounded them up.

– CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE –

## *No Surrender*

Harry looked towards Draco, crawling over and taking his hand. He glanced around and spotted Mark's unconscious body and then floated the man over to land gently next to them. Harry took one of Mark's bloody hands and closed his eyes, feeling all of the tension that had been building up finally leave him.

Draco was struggling to remain conscious and failing. He squeezed Harry's hand and then let out a breath, eyes closing.

Tonks knelt beside Harry. "Harry, is that really you?" she asked.

Harry smiled up at Tonks and nodded, squeezing Draco's hand. "It's me. I finally did it. Took me a while, sorry."

"Harry," she said, voice catching as she threw her arms around him, hugging him. "We thought you were dead," she sobbed.

Harry patted her back weakly, suddenly feeling extremely tired. It was as if he could finally feel what had happened after the adrenaline had stopped pumping. "Draco ... Mark ... they're hurt."

"Who? Draco Malfoy?" she asked, pulling back to look at him and then down at the two men covered in blood.

"Don't let them die, please," Harry murmured, looking up at Tonks.

Tonks looked confused but bent to check the men, frowning as she did. She called to a couple of the others. She pulled on Harry's hand. "These two are Healers, Harry," she explained. "Come with me while they see to the injured."

Harry slowly got up and moved to follow after Tonks, but he felt sluggish, like everything around him was moving in slow motion. He barely managed to walk two steps before he felt too weak to walk any farther, the world spinning as he lost consciousness.

When Harry woke up he was in another room, out of the hall. Draco and Mark weren't in sight. He sat up in the chair he was placed in, blinking a few more times. Harry recognised it as the library he had gone into so long ago when they first came to this place.

"Harry, are you awake?" Tonks asked, getting up and walking over when she noticed Harry moving.

Harry was having trouble focusing. He was remembering Draco had sat in this very chair. Harry looked down at the floor. And he had knelt right there. "No," Harry answered quietly, looking over at the door to the library. He felt confused, like he was in dream. Was Tonks really here? Was it really over?

Tonks pushed Harry's hair away from his face, cupping his cheeks with both hands and looking him in the eyes. "It's really you, and you really did it," she said in wonder. "Harry, until we got the message from MANA, we believed you were dead."

Harry slowly looked back into Tonks' eyes. "There aren't many of the Order left," he said quietly, feeling guilty.

"No," she said softly, kissing his forehead. "Not too many of the original members, no. But resistance has been strong to his regime, and we have had a lot of new recruits."

"I'm sorry, Tonks," Harry said. "For taking so long, for making you believe I was dead."

She stroked his hair again. "I should never have believed it unless I saw your body," she said, grimacing.

"I never did believe it," Percy said from the door.

Harry looked over at Percy, wincing softly when his red hair reminded him of the rest of his family. "Thank you, Percy," he said, closing his eyes as Tonks petted him.

Percy walked into the room, standing beside the chair. "They made sure we saw the bodies of the other Order members," he said. "Put them on display, even. I knew if they had killed you, they would have made sure everyone saw it too."

Harry winced again. "I wasn't dead."

"Yes, and now it is over," Percy said. "My brothers would be proud of you, mum and dad too."

Harry's eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry," he choked out.

Tonks hugged him to her, rocking him. "It's okay, Harry," she soothed. "You're safe now; you did it."

"But I couldn't save them, I couldn't," Harry whispered, shuddering against her chest.

Tonks held him while he cried, soothing him, and Percy stood quietly beside them. He handed Harry a handkerchief.

Harry thankfully took the handkerchief from Percy and used it to wipe away the tears quickly. "I'm sorry," he mumbled again, looking down. "I want to see Draco and Mark now. Are they with the Healers?"

Tonks and Percy exchanged glances. "Are you talking about Draco Malfoy, Harry?" he asked.

"Yes," Harry said, as if it was completely obvious. And it was.

Percy looked confused. "He's a Death Eater," he said, anger in his voice.

"Do you know why they were hurting him like that in there?" Harry asked calmly, looking up at Percy.

"No, I don't understand anything their kind does," Percy nearly spat.

"They were hurting him because he was a traitor. Because he went against them for me. To be with me," Harry explained, trying to force his voice to stay as calm.

Tonks frowned. "Malfoy defied Voldemort for you?" she asked.

Harry nodded slowly. "I'd be ... I wouldn't be here if it weren't for him. And even if I was alive, I would've probably gone crazy," he whispered.

Percy looked at Tonks and she nodded. "Go check on them," she said, and he left. She turned back to Harry. "Who is the other man?"

"Our ... boyfriend," Harry said after a moment, glancing at Tonks to see her reaction.

Her eyes widened. "He's with you, then," she confirmed, giving him a shy smile. Percy came to the door again and signalled her. "I'll be right back," she told Harry, and went to talk with Percy, whispering with him.

Harry watched them cautiously, wondering what they could be talking about. He got up from the chair and walked towards the door.

Tonks turned to him. "They have moved them," she explained. "Your boyfriend is stable and in St Mungo's," she said.

"The both of them?" Harry asked. "I need to go there now."

"I'll take you, Harry," Tonks said, reaching for his hand.

Harry let her take his hand, squeezing it lightly in thanks. "Thank you, Tonks."

She led him past the hall and outside. "I am going to take you on a Side-Along, Harry," she explained.

"Okay," Harry said, understanding her. He was trying to stay up so he wouldn't miss anything, but as the minutes went by the more tired he became. He really just wanted to snuggle up in between Mark and Draco and sleep for a long time.

Tonks took him to St Mungo's where they were met by a couple other members of the Order he didn't know. One member showed them the way to a private room, and Tonks gestured for him to go in while she talked urgently but quietly with the other man. She looked upset about something. He shook his head and went into the hospital room, figuring whatever it was could wait until after he saw Draco and Mark.

Inside the room was one bed and a Healer was standing over it. In the bed, Harry recognised the curly hair of Mark.

"Mark," Harry whispered, ignoring the Healer as he walked up to the bed and reached to slide his fingers into Mark's hair.

The Healer looked up at Harry. "He's in and out right now," the man said. "We have given him a number of potions to stabilize him, but he lost a lot of blood and ... and some of the wounds are magical. That type of spell damage won't heal as fast as others."

Mark's upper body and right arm were bandaged. The young man's eyes fluttered open. "Harry?" he whispered.

Harry nodded to show that he heard the Healer, but now that he could see Mark's blue eyes, he managed to ignore the Healer. "Hey," he said softly, leaning down to kiss him. "I'm so sorry, Mark."

"Not your fault," Mark whispered, voice hoarse. "Where's Draco?"

"I'm not sure yet." Harry looked up at the Healer who was still there. "Where is Draco Malfoy? And is it possible for him to be moved into this room?"

The Healer shook his head. "I haven't seen him," he said.

Harry frowned, running a hand through Mark's hair one more time before leaning down to kiss him. "I'm going to go find him. You get some rest."

"Harry?" Mark asked. "They made me do it. I couldn't just let them kill him. I ...." The brunette shuddered, tears filling his eyes now.

Harry wasn't sure what Mark was talking about, but whatever it was, it hurt him to see the tears in his eyes. "It's okay, Mark ... it's

okay. I don't blame you for anything."

Tears ran down Mark's cheeks. "Find him," he said. "Please make sure he is all right."

Harry wiped the tears away the best he could. "I'll bring him in here, I promise. Don't cry."

"We need you to stay calm," the Healer told Mark.

"Please? Stay calm for me and Draco," Harry whispered, wiping away the tears again.

"I'll try," Mark said, gasping a bit. "Find him."

Harry kissed him on the forehead before he left the room, not knowing where to go next. But he did spot Tonks not too far away. "Where's Draco?" he asked as he walked up to her.

She nodded to the man she was talking to and he walked away. Tonks turned to face Harry, looking anxious. "That's what I'm trying to find out," she said.

Harry's frown deepened. "How could you not know? Tonks, I need him."

She looked unhappy. "It's all very confusing right now, Harry," she said. "Voldemort's followers are on the run and there really isn't anyone in charge at the Ministry right now."

Harry began to panic, looking up and down the hallways. "He has to be here. He has to be. Tonks, what if ...?" Harry swallowed, beginning to breathe harder.

Tonks took his hands and led him to some chairs in the hall. "I've got people looking for him," she said. "I need you here, safe, while we find him."

Harry began to pull his hands away, heart hammering in panic. "No! I need to find him!"

"Some of the others took the Death Eater prisoners ... away," she said, stumbling on the last part. "You have to understand how bad things got, Harry. People want revenge."

Harry went completely still. He hadn't felt any kind of pain, so that could've been a good sign, but at the same time .... "No. Why did you take me out of the hall? No, Tonks, no!"

"I didn't know," she said, looking miserable. "Believe me, I really didn't know they would take him."

Harry felt his eyes well up before he could stop them. "I just got to him, and now I've lost him again?" Harry covered his face, turning

away from Tonks. And to add to that, he didn't know exactly how many hours he had left until he would really need Draco before the spell hurt him again.

A man came running up to them then, a bit winded. "Tonks," he gasped, "I know where ...."

Harry turned around quickly, looking up at the man hopefully. "Where?" he asked, assuming he was talking about Draco.

The man looked nervously between the two of them. Tonks got to her feet. "Harry, you should stay here."

"Will you stop treating me like I'm going to break? I'm not staying here," Harry said stubbornly.

"That's not it," she said, looking very uncomfortable, not meeting his eyes now.

"What is it then?" Harry asked, finally noticing how uneasy she looked. "What?"

"When they were in charge," she said, glancing at the other man, "we couldn't exactly take prisoners to Azkaban. Harry, we had to deal with them ourselves."

"So, what did you do?" Harry asked, knowing that whatever the answer was, he wasn't going to like it. "Is that where Draco is?"

Tonks closed her eyes, wincing. "It was bad, Harry," she tried to explain. "We didn't have a choice. We didn't have the people to take care of prisoners."

Harry swallowed, running a hand through his hair. He was beginning to feel lightheaded. "Did you help him? He was bleeding ...."

The man interrupted. "Tonks, we had better go now," he said. "And maybe he could talk them into ... well, you know."

He hated that they were talking in codes rather than just saying what was happening. "Just tell me he's okay, Tonks."

"Come on, Harry," she said, holding out her hand. "Let's go find him."

Harry took her hand; his own was cold and clammy compared to her warmer skin. "Yes, now, please."

The three of them walked to the Apparition point and she took him with her on a Side-Along again. They were in the woods once more, only it was daylight now. Three men were standing a bit apart from them and turned with wands drawn when they heard the sound

of them arriving.

Harry looked around the area, heavily leaning against Tonks. The woods? "He's ... he's out here?"

"Stay here, Harry, you don't want to see this," she whispered.

"Why'd ya bring him?" one of the men challenged.

"What's going on?" Harry asked, beginning to look distressed again. "Why won't you just tell me?"

"Did you do it already?" Tonks asked, sounding horrified.

"Yeah," one of the other men said, gesturing behind him. "We haven't covered them yet."

Harry looked off into the distance where the man had gestured, slowly beginning to tug away from Tonks.

"Don't look, Harry," Tonks begged but didn't move to stop him. The men stepped aside as he walked up and saw a large hole dug in the ground. The pit was filled with about a dozen black robed bodies. Draco was easy to spot among them with his blond hair and his naked, bloody flesh.

Harry fell to his knees in front of the pit, feeling his stomach drop so suddenly that he had to cover his mouth so he wouldn't get sick. "Get him out of there," he said, his eyes only focused on Draco's body. "Now!"

Tonks was standing beside him now and she raised her wand, using *Mobilicorpus* to lift Draco's body from the pit and set it down beside Harry.

"Draco?" Harry asked, his lips trembling as he leant over to look down into his face. "Draco, wake up, please ...." He reached to gently shake him, not wanting to hurt him, but needing to see him open his eyes.

Draco's skin was cold. Tonks got down beside him as well. "What did you use on him?" she asked the men.

"That one was already dying, so we just threw him in," one of the men answered.

Tonks scowled and reached for Draco's neck, feeling for a pulse.

"You can't die," Harry whispered, shaking his head as he leant over Draco. "I love you, you can't." Harry was shaking again, tears running down his face. He looked up at Tonks. Harry desperately hoped the fact that he was still alive meant Draco was too. Wasn't he supposed to die if Draco did? He wondered if the reason he couldn't

feel anything was because the spell was somehow gone or because Draco was merely unconscious.

"I can't feel anything, Harry," she said. "Let's get him back to St Mungo's and see if they can do anything."

"He's a Death Eater," one of the men complained.

Harry ignored them, reaching over to brush Draco's hair away. "Come on. I know he's still alive! We can't just sit here," he said angrily. He slid his arms underneath Draco's body, shivering at how cold he was. "I need you," he whispered, closing his eyes as he Apparated back to St Mungo's.

– CHAPTER THIRTY –

## *I Never Knew*

Harry arrived back in the entrance of the hospital and Tonks arrived a moment later beside him. Draco was still covered in blood, gaping wounds on his legs and whip marks on his back. Healers rushed forward immediately, taking Draco from Harry's arms.

Harry watched them, still sitting on the ground where he'd landed. He didn't know what to think or what to do. Even if the spell somehow let him live, Harry wouldn't know what to do without Draco.

They put Draco on a pallet and, using a spell, began to move him into one of the Crisis Rooms. Tonks helped Harry to his feet, looking worriedly after him. Another St Mungo's employee walked up to the two of them. "Are either of you family?" she asked.

Harry raised his hand, still not saying a word.

"How are you related?" the woman with the clipboard asked.

"Married," Harry lied, not even stopping to think if that were possible.

The woman frowned and looked at suspiciously Harry.

"Wizarding law doesn't recognise gay marriage, Harry," Tonks explained, then looked at the woman. "I'm his cousin and I think that makes me his closest living relative."

Harry looked down, wrapping his arms around himself. Why didn't Tonks just step up and say that in the first place?

"We want to know what is happening to Draco Malfoy," Tonks said, her voice strong and clear. She took Harry's hand in hers.

"We need some basic information about the patient first," the woman insisted. "Full name?"

"Draco Soren Malfoy," Tonks answered, and Harry was surprised to realise he had never asked Draco his middle name. Tonks did her best to answer questions such as Draco's date of birth, and so on.

Harry was barely listening as Tonks spoke, looking distant as he stared down at the floor. All he could think about was Draco fighting

for his life. He looked up after a minute of this and interrupted the woman's next question. "Can I see him now?"

The woman shot Harry a disapproving glance. "He is being seen by the Healers," she said in a clipped tone and then turned back to Tonks, asking for Draco's parents' names.

Harry's eyes narrowed, anger beginning to bubble up inside. "No, I want to see him now," he said again, his voice rising. He pulled his hand out of Tonks' and moved to step in front of the woman.

Her eyes widened. Tonks looked surprised as well.

"I mean now," Harry growled, and even though he was shorter than the woman, he leant forward and glared at her.

Tonks shook her head. "Harry, just go find him," she said, pointing in the direction they had taken Draco.

Harry nodded stiffly and turned, walking in that direction and down the hall.

He found him in the second Crisis Room. They had him suspended in air with a *Mobilicorpus* Spell while they examined him. One Healer was working on the spell damage on his back while another was cursing softly as he examined the leg wounds.

"They looked like large animal bites," the man was saying, "but someone actually hacked his legs up with a knife."

Harry's face fell again as he slowly walked inside the room, looking up at Draco. "Is he ...." He couldn't finish his sentence, feeling like his throat was closing up.

The woman Healer looked up at Harry, startled. "Who are you?"

"Is he going to be okay?" Harry choked out, wrapping his arms around himself.

The man scowled, looking up at Harry. The woman sighed. "Are you family?" she asked kindly.

"Just tell me if he's going to be okay! Please!" Harry yelled, unable to look away from Draco.

"We are trying to help him," she said. "He is alive but he is very ... badly damaged."

Harry swallowed, nodding a few times. "Help him," he insisted, stepping back so that he wasn't in their way anymore.

"I am Elizabeth," the Healer said in a gentle voice. "What is your name?"

"Harry," he replied quietly, slowly looking away from Draco and

looking at the Healer.

"Michael is helping your ...." she trailed off, waiting for Harry to finish the sentence.

"Boyfriend," Harry said, said softly, not knowing how else to explain how much Draco meant to him. "Are you sure he'll be okay? I could ... I could help."

"What is your boyfriend's name, Harry?" Elizabeth asked in that same gentle voice.

"Draco," Harry replied, leaning against the wall behind them. This woman was a lot easier to talk to than the first one, and he was glad for that.

"Harry," she said, "your boyfriend was attacked. Do you know what they did to him?"

Harry looked over at Draco again, biting his lip and slowly nodding.

"Then you know he has been torn inside as well and has lost a lot of blood," she said, moving back over to Draco.

Michael looked up at Harry then back to Elizabeth. "I don't know if we can regrow some of this, there is a lot of tissue missing," he admitted.

Harry swallowed against the lump in his throat. "I said I could help him." He pushed himself off the wall and walked forward, stepping directly in front of Draco. Was his magic only for killing? The prophecy was done. Did that mean all he was here for was to kill? Harry realised he wanted to be a person who could make things better, not destroy things. He'd healed Draco before, and now when his lover needed him, he wanted to do this more than anything he had done before.

Michael frowned up at him. "Are you a Healer?"

Harry ignored him, flexing his hand before reaching over and placing it on Draco's bare leg. The skin was cold and sticky with blood. Harry squeezed his eyes and focused completely on what it felt like to touch that skin before. As Harry focussed on the image of Draco's leg whole, warm and unmarked, he felt his magic answer him, felt Draco's leg begin to regrow.

"Merlin!" Michael said, pulling back startled.

Harry didn't open his eyes or acknowledge the man, but his body had begun to shake with the feel of the magic he was using. He

reached up with his other arm and placed it underneath Draco, gently pressing against his back.

Both Healers backed away in surprise as Harry and Draco both began to glow, Draco's body floating up from the table.

Harry felt then that he couldn't have pulled his hands away even if he wanted to. They felt like they were stuck to Draco's skin. He did open his eyes a little, almost immediately closing them when he saw the bright blue light that was enveloping them.

Draco felt lost in a world of pain and darkness, unable to find his way out. Then there was a light and he automatically reached for it, finding it begin to fill him with pleasure instead of pain. And it ... tasted ... like Harry. He gasped, taking deep lungfuls of air.

Harry heard that gasp and felt the surge of energy in his lover's body. He let his magic flow into Draco, feeling it reach deep inside to fix anything that was hurting or not working right. Draco's body seemed to soak it up and then, after what felt like a long time, Harry's magic began to flicker and then dim. He continued to hold onto his lover even as he began to get dizzy. Draco's body lowered slowly to the table below and Harry half collapsed over him. Both Healers stood in stunned shock.

"Harry?" Draco managed to gasp, his voice rough and his throat dry. He lifted a trembling hand to touch his lover's hair.

Harry didn't move, his cheek pressed against Draco's now warm skin. He shuddered in relief when he felt his lover's hand.

Draco's shaking fingers petted Harry's hair. He was aware that he was lying naked on a medical table in what appeared to be a hospital room. He blinked, trying to make his eyes focus. "Baby, are you hurt?" he asked, the first thing that came to mind.

Harry managed to finally detach his hand from Draco's leg, the one underneath him slowly pulling out and hanging by his side. He was exhausted and lightheaded, but he did open his eyes a little for Draco.

Emerald eyes looked up at him and Draco couldn't help but smile. "I love you," he whispered.

Elizabeth seemed to come out of shock then and walked up slowly to stand beside the bed. "Are you two ...?" she began but still didn't seem to know what to say as she looked down at them.

"The wounds on his legs are gone," Michael said from where he

stood by the wall.

Harry ignored them, what little attention he had left focused only on Draco. "Love you, too," Harry breathed out softly, his eyes closing again as he completely collapsed, his legs giving way.

When Harry next woke, he was in a bed, covers tucked around him and he could hear voices speaking softly in the room. He blinked open his eyes, trying to focus and look around the room.

"He's awake," Draco said and stepped beside the bed.

Harry tried to push himself up in the bed.

"Take it easy," Draco said, helping him sit up. They were in the recovery room with Mark and a second bed had been added. Mark was propped up in the other one.

"You're both okay," Harry sighed happily, looking over at Mark and smiling again.

Draco sat down on the edge of the bed, reaching to cup Harry's chin with his hand. "Thanks to you," he said. He was dressed in slacks and a shirt Tonks had gotten for him.

Harry leant into the touch, looking into Draco's eyes. "Anything for you. You're feeling good, then?"

Mark moved to get off the bed and walk over to Harry's, his upper body still wrapped up and his right arm in a sling.

Draco slid his other arm around Mark, pulling him down to sit in his lap on Harry's bed. "I have some scars from the magical damage, but otherwise I'm completely healed. They tell me you did that as well."

Harry's cheeks coloured softly as he nodded. "They didn't think they would be able to really help you. I couldn't just stand there and watch that. I had to do something."

Mark comfortably curled up slightly in Draco's lap, his head resting against the blond's chest. "You're amazing, Harry. Just ... amazing," he whispered.

Draco kissed the top of Mark's curly head and smiled at Harry. "I told him how you saved us," Draco said. "Mark doesn't remember much after the snake got to him."

"I thought I was going to die," Mark whispered, closing his eyes. "But then I thought I deserved it ... after what I did ...."

Harry watched him, slowly frowning. "You didn't deserve

anything they did to you, Mark."

Draco held Mark tighter, pressing his face to the smaller man's head and kissing him again. "You did what you had to do," he whispered. "If you hadn't, all three of us would have died."

"But I cut you," Mark insisted. "It was horrible having to listen to you ... and I couldn't stop ...."

Harry still wasn't sure of what he was talking about, but then he remembered the deep wounds on Draco's legs. The Healers had said they weren't from an animal, but from someone cutting the flesh with a knife.

Draco looked over at Harry. "Do you remember what they did to Fred?" he asked. "They were going to do the same to me. He stopped them."

Harry winced, easily remembering. "You saved him, Mark. You saved both of us," he said honestly, looking at him gratefully.

Mark shuddered, slowly opening his eyes and looking at Harry. "I never want to do something like that ever, ever again."

Draco glanced at the clock on the wall and then looked into Harry's eyes. "It's been nearly twenty-four hours now," he said softly.

"Feels much longer than just that," Mark said, not understanding the meaning of it.

"Has it been?" Harry asked quietly. He glanced at the closed door to the room and then looked back at Draco.

Draco smiled softly. "Let me seal the door," he said, and gently eased Mark from his lap to sit on the bed. He held up his wand. "Tonks found it for me," he said before walking over and casting both Locking and Silencing Charms on the door.

Mark curiously watched Draco, moving up to snuggle next to Harry. "What's he doing?"

"Locking and silencing the room. So no one can come in or hear us," Harry explained, looking at Mark. "I really am sorry, Mark." He reached over and gently touched his damaged arm, stroking it with his thumb.

"I'm just glad to be alive. With the both of you," Mark said softly.

Draco walked back, smiling at his two lovers as he began to undress. "We will have to be gentle with Mark," he said.

"Sex?" Mark asked, raising an eyebrow as he sat up again. "Why now? Not that I'm complaining ...."

"Remember when Harlan got sick and we said I have to do something for him every day?" Draco asked, dropping his shirt on the other bed and then unfastening his trousers.

Mark nodded, glancing back at Harry. "Yeah." And then his eyes widened. "Sex is what helps you?" he asked.

Harry blushed and smiled, looking up at Draco. "You could say that ... yeah."

"There is a spell that binds us together," Draco explained, now standing nude and half-aroused in front of them. "It requires I fuck Harry every day or he will be in pain. Also, if I had died, so would he."

Mark's eyes went wide in surprise. "You should ... probably do it soon, then." He turned to Harry, reaching to help him pull off the hospital gown with one hand. "Harry, I'm so glad you saved him. If you had both died ..."

Harry reached out and gently cupped Mark's cheek, leaning in to kiss him softly. "Enough of that. It's over. We're all fine."

"Do you feel up to joining us?" Draco asked Mark, smiling at him and reaching to caress his curls.

Harry pulled his gown off the rest of the way, already naked under the sheets.

"Yeah, if you want me to," Mark said, smiling up at Draco.

"Yes, I want you," Draco answered, realising then on how many levels he meant that.

– CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE –

## *Inside Your Kiss*

Draco moved to the foot of the bed and climbed in, moving so he was between Harry's legs and looking down at the other two. "Kiss each other," he whispered, sliding his hands up Harry's legs.

Harry grinned at Draco before he slowly pushed the sheet away, leaning in to pull Mark into another deep kiss.

Draco was amazed again at the depth of feelings he had for the two men in front of him. When had he fallen in love with Mark as well? He slid his hands over their skin, caressing and stroking until he reached their cocks. He wrapped the fingers of each hand around a cock and began gently pulling on them.

Harry and Mark both moaned into the kiss, feeling completely relaxed and happy again. Harry moved to lie back on the bed, Mark leaning over him as they continued to kiss.

The blond pumped both his lover's cocks, watching them with his mouth half open. "Scoot closer," he directed and when they had, brought their cocks closer as well. He leant in and began to lick the heads of both as he continued to stroke the shafts.

Harry nipped at Mark's lips, his arms wrapping around his neck, but not pulling him down, knowing that his wounds were probably still healing underneath the bandages.

Mark groaned and tried to thrust up into Draco's mouth, feeling his cock brush up against Harry's. It always felt amazing to touch and be touched by them, and he found himself relieved that it was still true, that the horrors hadn't taken that away.

Draco sucked and licked for a minute more and then sat back on his heels again. "Harry, if you feel up to it, put Mark on the bottom," he said.

"I'm up for it," Harry whispered against Mark's lips. "Obviously ...." He smirked, moving to sit up.

Mark laughed softly, managing to shift on the bed and lay back. "I miss your ... our bed."

Draco blinked in surprise but smiled. "Fuck him, Harry," Draco said, "while I fuck you."

Harry shuddered at the thought. They had only done this a few times before, but every time Harry had really intense orgasms. "Yeah, that's what I need ... the both of you."

"Mark?" Draco asked. "You want this?"

Mark read more into that than simply a question about fucking. After everything they had been through, he realised Draco was offering him a way to reconnect with them, a place in their healing. He lay back, opening his legs. "Of course I do."

Draco helped Harry manoeuvre in the small bed so he was between Mark's legs with Draco behind him. "Prepare him, baby," he said as he cast a lube spell and reached to slide his fingers along the cleft of Harry's arse.

Harry moved up a little and moved his hand down in between Mark's legs, quietly whispering the lubricant spell himself. He ran the tip around Mark's entrance before slowly sliding it inside, leaning down to kiss Mark's hips.

Mark moaned softly, lifting his hips up for Harry.

"Yes, Gods," Draco whispered as he pressed his own long finger into Harry. "Together."

Harry's eyes slipped shut as he pushed back down on Draco's finger, his own beginning to thrust in and out of Mark's body.

"Together," Mark whimpered.

Draco's erection bobbed as he worked his fingers inside of Harry and watched as Harry did the same to Mark. "Yes, going to fuck you both," he said, reaching his other hand down to caress Harry's balls.

After a few minutes Harry was able to slide three fingers inside of Mark, his body trembling. "I'm ready," he moaned, purposely whispering the lube spell again inside of Mark.

"So am I," Mark added, wishing he could arch his back.

Draco withdrew his fingers, waiting for Harry to enter Mark first. "Yes," he said.

Harry got up on his knees, positioning himself and looking into Mark's blue eyes. "Ready?"

"I said I was," Mark said breathlessly, his legs open wide for Harry.

"Just making sure," Harry said with a smile, slowly pressing inside

him.

Draco leant over just enough to watch Harry's cock sliding into Mark, his own cock twitching in response. "Oh, yes, so fucking hot," he said.

Harry bent forward, kissing Mark as he slid completely inside him, his fingers tightening in the sheets.

"I love you," Mark whispered against his lips, using his good hand to reach up and run his fingers through Harry's hair.

Harry's eyes opened and he blinked down at Mark, slowly smiling at him. "I love you, too, Mark."

Draco trembled, watching them. There was a spark of his old jealousy still in him but he loved them so much it couldn't take away the joy he felt at seeing them together. He swallowed tightly and moved up, positioning himself to enter Harry, rubbing the head against his opening. "Do you want this? Want me?" he asked, knowing he really needed to hear it.

Harry nodded quickly, spreading his legs wider so Draco could thrust inside. "Yes, please, I want you," he moaned, already knowing this was a moment he would never forget.

Mark looked over Harry's shoulder, meeting Draco's eyes. "And I love you, too."

Draco's eyes widened in response. Eyes intent on Mark's, he felt he could see and feel the truth of it. Mark loved him too. "I love you too, Mark," he said quietly. Then he smiled, nodding as he pushed his cock into the tight heat of Harry's body. "Yes, I love you both," he gasped.

Harry cried out, feeling as though it had been such a long time since the last time they'd been like this. It felt so right. "You both feel so good!"

"Yes, baby, good inside you," Draco moaned, and then he began rocking back and then forward into Harry, pushing his lover into Mark as he did.

Mark groaned along with Harry at the feeling, sliding his arm up and around Harry's neck. He leant up and kissed him the best he could, lifting his legs and nudging Draco with his heels, urging him to go faster.

Draco braced himself with his hands on the bed rail and began to flex his hips, fucking his lovers faster. He thrust hard each time,

loving knowing that he could fuck them both this way. "Yes, my loves," he gasped.

When it came to being in the middle, Harry never learnt how to concentrate on fucking Mark while being fucked by Draco. He just couldn't. He tried his best, managing a few thrusts, but once Draco started to move faster and harder, Harry could only moan and whimper, letting the blond take control.

The hospital bed squeaked and rocked as Draco thrust, loving the sounds from Mark and Harry. "Yes, oh, yes," he cried out. "Come for me, my darlings."

Harry weakly thrust one more time before he was coming hard, tensing up and moaning loudly. At the same moment, Mark was coming, clenching around tightly, as if he never wanted him to move again.

Draco released himself too, filling his lover with his seed and reaching around to touch Mark at the same time, wanting to feel both men. He cried out, joy and relief and pleasure mingled in the sound.

Harry kissed Mark everywhere he could reach, feeling satisfied and unbelievably happy. He never thought he'd have someone to love like this, much less two people.

Draco's arm shook as he tried to hold himself up. Finally, he pushed back on to his heels again. "Definitely need our bigger bed," he said. It was a measure of how much they had gone through that he finally thought of the fact that they didn't have to go back to California. His sat in stunned silence for a minute.

Harry slowly lifted and pulled out of Mark, moving to roll over next to him. Mark turned and snuggled the best he could, his injured arm getting in the way. Harry looked up at Draco, noticing the look on his face. "You're thinking ...."

Draco sat back with his hands on his hips now and laughed, shaking his head.

"What's so funny?" Harry asked with a small smile.

Draco gasped and managed, "What's my name?"

"Draco Malfoy," Harry said, just as Mark said, "David Morgan." Mark laughed softly and blushed, looking over at Draco and wondering what the point was.

"Yes, Harry," Draco said, "Harry Potter. Say my name, Mark!"

"Draco Malfoy," Mark repeated, still blushing.

"Yes, and does Draco Malfoy's lover need to wash dishes to pay the bills, Harry?" he asked, still grinning.

Harry looked confused at first and then his face lit up as he slowly sat up. "No," he said, glancing at Mark to see if he had gotten it. Mark still looked confused.

"No, he doesn't," Draco answered. "Because unlike David Morgan, Draco Malfoy is very bloody wealthy!"

Harry slowly grinned, moving to crawl over and sit next to Draco. "So is Harry Potter." Harry looked over at Mark. "You'll never have to work again, Mark."

"I won't?" Mark asked, sitting up and moving over to them. "You're both rich?"

"Harry is heir to the Black estates and I own a Manor in England and a Villa in France," Draco beamed at Mark. "You want to study art? Pick any place in the world. We can afford it!"

Mark perked up, looking in between Harry and Draco. "Honestly? That's ... that's ... wow. I don't even know what to say ...."

Draco pulled first Harry to him, kissing him thoroughly and then climbed up beside Mark and did the same to him. "Say our names again, Mark Reigner," he said. "Say you'll stay with us."

"I'll stay," Mark said almost as soon as the words left Draco's mouth. "I'll stay with you both. Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy. I'll stay ...." He smiled brightly, lifting his arms to hug them, but stopping when he remembered his arm. He glanced down at it, his smile faltering slightly. He wasn't sure if he'd ever be able to draw again.

"Harry?" Draco asked. "You healed worse on me. Can you ... can you do it for him?" Draco hadn't been conscious when Harry had healed him. He looked curiously at his lover.

Harry had been wanting to do the same for Mark ever since he saw his arm in the sling. He was still feeling a little weak from the amount of magic he had used on Malfoy, but he still wanted to try for Mark.

"Hold your arm out for me?" he asked, moving close to Mark and reaching out for it.

Mark looked a bit cautious, but he pulled the sling away and laid his bandaged arm in Harry's hands, wincing slightly.

Harry laid his hand on top of Mark's and closed his eyes,

concentrating the best he could again. He pictured the man's arm, strong and sure as he drew.

Draco was still holding Mark in his arms and watch curiously as Harry's hand on his lover began to glow.

Harry's arms shook, his breathing quickening.

Mark was watching Harry with wide eyes, never having seen Harry like this. Glowing.

The glow spread to Mark's arm and Draco felt the tingle of power, gasping a bit at the sensation.

But soon, much sooner than when Harry had done the same with Draco, the light had begun to flicker as Harry sagged again.

"Harl ... Harry," Mark whispered worriedly.

Draco sat up again, pulled Harry against him, cradling him against his own body. "You okay?" he asked.

Harry's hands slipped away from Mark's arm as he was pulled into Draco's chest. "I'm fine," he murmured quietly, clearly drained. "Check his arm ...."

Mark looked down at his arm for the first time, actually not feeling any pain. He flexed his fingers, gasping softly.

"You can move it?" Draco asked, arm still around Harry. "Take off the bandages."

Mark went to work at peeling off the bandages while Harry sagged against Draco, his eyes closing.

Mark finally managed to remove all the bandages. The cuts were healed, only pink scars left behind on his skin. The best part was that he had hope again about drawing. "Oh, Harry ...."

"Rest now, baby," Draco soothed, petting Harry's hair and easing him down on the bed. "We will be right here when you wake up."

"I keep sleeping," Harry mumbled as he was set down, opening his eyes a bit.

"You earned it, my love," Draco said, helping Mark out of the bed, and pulling the covers up on Harry.

## *A Perfect Grace*

Draco stood on the balcony overlooking the Seine River, smiling as the sun set over Paris. He glanced behind himself to where a pot was being stirred magically. He moved back into the townhouse and flicked his wand to douse the flame under the sauce. Dinner was ready. Now if only his lovers would be on time. He was both excited and a little nervous as he waited for them.

Harry walked inside of their house, immediately smelling another one of Draco's delightful meals on the stove. "Draco? Mark?" he called out, slipping his shoes off.

"In here," Draco called from the dining area, setting the delicate bone china plates on the table and using his wand to light the candles in the centre. "Mark's late," he added.

"What's new about that?" Harry said with a smile, making his way into the room. "How was your day?" he asked once he saw his lover. Harry took a moment to admire Draco in the candlelight.

Draco smiled and turned to Harry, reaching a hand to him. "I learnt an interesting spell today that can be used to keep a sauce from scalding." Draco was studying with the wizarding branch of Le Cordon Bleu's Culinary Academy.

"We started practising on patients today," Harry said proudly, stepping close and taking Draco's hand.

Draco pulled Harry against him and bent to capture his mouth, one hand cupping the back of his lover's head. He kissed him slowly and thoroughly. He could almost forget food at the marvellous taste of that kiss.

"Oh my, am I interrupting anything?" came Mark's carefree voice from the doorway. The sight of his two lovers in each other's arms was so beautiful he felt torn between joining them and pulling out his sketchpad to try and capture it.

Draco pulled back, smiling down at Harry and then over at Mark. It never ceased to amaze him how good he felt when the three of

them were together. "Harry was just telling us how they let him lay hands on real patients today," he said in a teasing tone.

"Oh?" Mark walked into the room, setting his sketchbook down on a side table before stepping closer to them, his arms sliding around both of them. "What lucky patients they must've been."

Harry blushed softly, leaning up to kiss Mark. "And how was your day, love?"

"Draw any more naked people to show us?" Draco asked, waggling his eyebrows and then leaning in to kiss Mark after Harry.

"Of course," Mark said with a smirk. "The French are very ... open about these kinds of things, I've noticed. Not a problem at all. But I have my two favourite models here, anyway." He sniffed the air, a curious expression on his face. His stomach rumbled in response to the aromas.

"Let's have dinner," Draco suggested, gesturing to the set table. "After dinner you can show us your drawings ... in the bedroom."

"Sounds like a good plan," Mark said with a smile, taking Harry's hand and pulling him towards the table to sit down.

Harry took the seat next to Mark and was immediately pulled against his side, Mark's arm sliding around his waist as his forehead was kissed. Mark could always seem to tell when Harry was feeling a little tired after school. The concentration and magic Harry used could be draining.

Draco served their meal and then sat back, smiling at his lovers. "Today is our anniversary," he announced, amused by their looks of surprise.

Harry glanced up at Draco curiously, just about to take a bite of his meal. "Anniversary?"

Mark was suddenly feeling guilty for not realising something like that. "Yeah ...?"

"It has been a year since we first posed for you together ... nude," Draco smirked, reaching for the champagne he had set aside.

Mark blushed, slowly nodding as he remembered. "The first time we ... together," he said softly, reaching to take Harry's hand.

"I remember," Harry said, smiling affectionately at Mark and then Draco. It was the drawing that had brought them to bed together and still hung over their bed now.

Draco grinned and poured three glasses for them, passing them

to his lovers before lifting his own. "To love, no matter how it begins," he said.

Harry lifted his glass, glancing at Mark, and then together they leant in to tap their glasses together. "To love," they said. The glasses clinked and they all sipped. Harry settled back in the chair, Mark's other arm still wrapped around his waist. "I ... I never thought I'd have so much love," he said softly, setting the glass down.

Draco looked thoughtful. "Before you kissed me, I never thought to have any kind of love," he admitted.

Harry smiled, shaking his head. "It might not have happened the best way, but I'm glad it did anyway."

Mark thought of how lonely he had felt before he met them and how full and happy his life felt now. "Worth everything," he added.

Draco smiled and they ate their meal, talking about their days at school and upcoming plans for a trip over their summer holidays. Finally, Draco stood up from the table and arched an eyebrow. "I want this to be the first time for something else," he said and held out his hands to them, both nervous and excited again.

"Oh, first times are always exciting," Mark said with a grin, taking Draco's hand.

Draco led them into the bedroom, drawing them down to sit on the bed with him. "So, I wanted to talk about something," he said, hesitating. His heart was beating frantically. He had practised in his mind what to say but even so, it was difficult to put into words.

Harry sat down on the bed, resting his head on Draco's shoulder. "Talk?" he asked.

Mark sat on Draco's other side, still holding his hand. It was rare to see Draco actually look nervous. In fact, it was probably only after knowing the man for two years that he could even tell.

"That night, in the Mansion," Draco whispered. "What Macnair and the others ... did to m-me," he stammered. "It wasn't the first time."

Mark frowned for the first time that night, squeezing Draco's hand. He still had nightmares about that night sometimes. Was Draco saying he had been raped before that awful night?

"Wasn't the first time?" Harry asked softly. "Someone ... someone had done that before to you?" He had suspected, but Draco never seemed willing to talk about it.

"Raped me? Yes," Draco said, looking down at where Mark held his hand. "I've never actually had anyone ... inside me ... when it wasn't ... forced."

Harry swallowed, looking down at his lap. It was hard to hear about, but he knew he should let Draco talk. And Harry felt bad because he never actually asked before if Draco would've wanted him to top.

"I'm so sorry," Mark whispered, biting his lip gently. He wasn't sure how else he was supposed to react to that.

Draco squeezed Mark's hand and then looked up into Harry's bright green eyes. "Will you?" he whispered, heart hammering in his chest.

Harry bit his lip. Draco was asking him to top? Harry nodded slowly. "Yes, I will. Anything for you, remember?"

"Be my first," Draco said softly, reaching his hand that wasn't holding Mark's to cup Harry's cheek. He couldn't imagine anyone but Harry that he could trust this with.

"Of course," Harry said softly, leaning into the touch. He thought about the way Draco had "redone" his first time, trying to make up for the rape that had preceded it. He wanted to do that for Draco.

Mark stayed quiet, knowing this was a moment just for the two of them.

Draco kissed Harry, trembling slightly. Then he turned and looked at Mark. "I want you to hold me during," he said.

Mark nodded, glad to be able to do something for Draco as well. "Yes," he said, running his thumb over the blond's hand.

"I have thought a lot about this. The ... other times, I was facedown. So I want to be on my back and see both your faces," Draco explained, shivering a bit. "Make love to me?"

"I'll make love to you. Make you forget everyone else," Harry said softly, reaching up to unbutton Draco's shirt. Mark helped, kissing Draco's cheek before starting on his trousers.

Draco shivered, surrendering to their loving touches as they undressed him and lay him back in the bed.

"You'll tell me if you want me to stop," Harry said, slipping off of the bed with Mark, undressing with the other man too.

Draco lay back in their extra large bed with its down pillows and watched the two beautiful men he loved strip for him. It was amazing

and his heart was beating fast, his cock already hardening.

Mark climbed onto the bed once he was done, moving up to sit against the headboard. "Lie back on me," he said softly to Draco, reaching for him. He felt awed to be included in something so important – to be so trusted by the man he had once believed to be so cold.

Harry found the very well used tube of lubricant in the side table drawer and then got onto the bed as well, waiting for Draco to move back and get comfortable.

Draco trembled as he did as Mark told him, laying his head on his lover's shoulder and tipping his head back to kiss him. Mark holding him like this felt protective.

Mark leant down to kiss Draco softly, one hand fanning over Draco's chest, stroking the soft skin, tracing his scars. Mark, like Draco, had scars on his back as well. It was a kind of oddly special bond between them. He remembered how shocked he had been the first time he had seen Harry and Draco's scars. Now they all wore them as reminders of what they had survived. That they had survived, and moved on.

Harry watched them and waited ... waited until he saw Draco relax completely. Only then did he move up in between his lover's spread legs, leaning down to kiss both of Draco's hip bones. Harry felt like he was worshipping Draco, wanting him to see and feel how devoted he was.

Mark could feel Draco's fluttering heartbeat, and he continued to stroke his fingers over his chest, leaning down to kiss where he could reach. "Shh, it's okay," he whispered.

Harry kept kissing along Draco's hips until he reached his cock, pulling it into his mouth and beginning to suck. He reached around for the lube and opened it at the same time, squeezing some onto his fingers. Draco had done this for him so many times and now he wanted to make this as good for the man as possible.

Draco moaned at the feeling of Harry's warm mouth around his cock. He loved that. Loved everything about Harry. And Mark was holding him, touching him. He loved and trusted these two men. Yet, his body still trembled as he saw Harry reach for the lube.

Harry looked up as he bobbed his head, looking up into Mark's eyes at the exact same time. They shared an understanding of Draco

now. An understanding of how Draco always tried to seem unafraid and in control, but was really just as vulnerable, if not more so, than anyone.

Mark nodded slightly and looked back down at Draco, brushing the hair away from his face. "We love you," he said quietly, kissing him again. "We would never, ever hurt you."

As Mark spoke, Harry brushed a finger over the skin right underneath Draco's balls, waiting for a reaction before moving on.

Draco lifted his face to kiss Mark, using it to distract himself and spreading his legs to encourage Harry at the same time.

Harry took that as a good reaction and sucked a bit harder, his finger moving down to trace around Draco's entrance. He pulled his mouth off of Draco's cock after a moment, moving down and focusing on his fingers.

Mark kissed Draco back, trying to let both his desire and his willingness to be there for his lovers show in his touch as his hands slid back and forth over Draco's chest, pinching his nipples every now and then.

Draco's breath caught, nipples hardening under Mark's practised touch. He reached a hand up to grab Mark's curls, pulling as he arched up against Harry's finger. He felt a potent mixture of arousal and fear.

Harry quietly watched, biting his lip before he leant in and began to lick at the puckered skin of Draco's opening, ignoring the taste of the lubricant. He could taste Draco underneath it all and it made him shudder with pleasure.

Mark kissed Draco harder, pinching the hardened nipples and gently pulling, enjoying the other man's gasps and moans.

Draco moaned into Mark's mouth, reaching his other hand down to touch Harry's hair and spreading his own legs as wide as he could. Their combined touches were definitely more arousing than frightening now.

Harry smiled when he saw Draco's legs open wider, his own hands moving to his lover's arse, helping to spread him. He pressed his face again between those cheeks and began to suck on the skin, his teeth grazing him a few times.

Mark pulled back to look at what Harry was doing, biting his lip hard. It was so hot to watch this.

"Yes, yes, Harry," Draco gasped, cock twitching in anticipation as Harry lips and tongue made him shiver with pleasure.

Once Harry heard those words he moved one of his fingers up and began to gently press against the centre, the tip of his finger slowly slipping inside. "This is your real first time," he whispered.

Draco moaned, relaxed and slick enough that the finger felt good. "Yes, baby," he whispered.

Harry continued to slide the finger inside, swallowing at how hot and slick Draco felt. Once he was completely inside he stopped and looked up at Draco, his other hand resting on his stomach. "Are you okay?"

Draco nodded, looking down at Harry. The sight was amazing. "Yes, more," he encouraged.

Harry smiled softly up at him, the finger slowly pulling out before pushing back in. He began a small in and out rhythm, making sure to watch Draco's face. "You're doing so well," he whispered, leaning down to kiss the tip of his cock.

"Yes, more, use your mouth," Draco encouraged, unable to keep from directing even now.

Mark smiled, amazed Draco had made it this far without giving orders. He understood how much trust that took for Draco to be able to do this.

Harry happily obeyed, sliding his mouth down over Draco's cock as he slowly crooked his finger and pressed down harder, knowing from his own experience, and that with Mark, how to use that sensitive area to heighten his lover's pleasure.

"Oh, yessss!" Draco hissed, arching up to take more of Harry's finger and mouth.

Harry reached to curve his hand around Draco's hip, holding him down gently as he sucked him harder, the finger rubbing against that bundle of nerves inside Draco.

"Found the spot, hm?" Mark asked softly, running a hand through Draco's hair again. He knew how good Harry was with his hands and Mark's own body responded sympathetically.

"Oh, yes," Draco agreed, "more, my loves!" *His loves*, he thought. He trusted them beyond anyone else.

Harry smiled the best he could around Draco's cock as he gently began to press a second finger inside alongside the first, sucking hard

to distract him.

Draco was moaning and panting. "Don't want to come yet," he gasped. "Please, Harry, now."

Harry only pulled his mouth back, the second finger sliding inside easily. "Are you sure?" he asked, scissoring his fingers a few times. He was a bit nervous now that the moment had come.

"Yes, I am," Draco managed, voice nearly cracking and his body trembling. He wanted this but it still scared him.

Harry was still cautious, but he carefully pulled his fingers out and reached for the lube, squeezing more into his hand as he got up on his knees. "Hold his hand," he said to Mark, slowly rubbing the lubricant over himself.

Mark reached for Draco's hand, squeezing it gently.

"Just let me see your eyes when you do it," Draco said, holding Mark's hand and watching Harry.

"It might hurt a little," Harry said quietly, moving up in between Draco's legs and pressing against his entrance. To finally be doing this after two years with him, Harry didn't know what to feel or say. Of course he felt completely trusted, more than before, because he knew this was a significant moment for both Draco, and himself.

Draco's body was shaking but he didn't think it was fear now. He had no fear of Harry. "Baby, I want you inside me," Draco answered, looking at him with the love and adoration he felt.

Harry moved up and over Draco, leaning down to press a small kiss to his lips. "I love you," he said, and then he was pushing inside, his fingers tightening in the sheets as the pleasure overwhelmed him.

Draco kept his eyes on Harry's and he tried to breathe, to relax as he felt his lover's cock breach him. The other times he had been entered were extremely painful and this was nothing like that. He had been fucking Harry for two years and he knew Harry enjoyed it. And this ... this felt good, but strange. His body spasmed around his lover and he gripped Mark's hand in his and Harry's hair with the other. "More," he whispered.

Harry had to hold still once he was completely inside of Draco, his own body trembling hard when he felt Draco spasm. It was different than being inside of anyone else, different than it had been with Mark, much different. He wondered if it was their magical connection that intensified the experience or their depth of

experience with, and love for, each other.

Mark was watching everything, comfortable with giving them the time they needed to do this. He was aroused, of course, but understood this was all about Draco and was happy with giving him that attention.

Draco was pressed between the two bodies of his lovers, filled with Harry's cock and looking up into his eyes. Filled both physically and emotionally, he thought. "Baby, please fuck me," he whispered to Harry.

Harry leant down to press his lips against Draco as he slowly pulled out of him, a long moan escaping him. "Fucking you, loving you," he murmured, his hips rotating as he spoke.

"Yes, baby, yes," Draco agreed, his heart beating fast as his own cock twitched with every movement. "You feel amazing inside me."

Harry slowly began a steady rhythm, his hips rolling. He kept kissing Draco as he moved, leaning up to look at Mark for a moment. Mark leant down and managed to press his lips against Harry's, reaching to cup his cheek.

Draco lay under Harry, could feel Mark's arousal against his back and Harry's cock pumping in and out of him while his lovers kissed. It felt perfect.

Mark gently pulled himself away from the kiss, his hand moving up and sliding into Harry's long hair, just as the other one slid into Draco's. "Fuck him, love," he said, looking into Harry's eyes.

Harry reached to grip Draco's hips, his eyes closing as he thrust harder and faster, gasping at the feeling.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," Draco began to chant, feeling the power inside him building with each thrust. "Baby, fill me, please," he moaned.

Harry was thrusting as hard as he could, the bed shaking with their movements. "I'm close," he managed to gasp, just as Mark's hand tightened in his hair.

Draco reached a hand between their bodies, pulling on his own already slick cock. "Yes, Harry, come inside me," he cried out as his own orgasm made him shake and arch into Harry.

Draco's words alone could've made Harry come, and he did, crying out loudly as he tensed up. Before he even knew what was happening, there was a pair of warm lips kissing him hard, the hand

in his hair pulling tightly.

Draco wrapped an arm about Harry's waist and pulled him tight against his own body so he was pressed between his two lovers. "Yes, inside me," he repeated, body twitching. He lifted his face, watching his lovers kiss and nuzzling at their chins.

Harry pulled back from the kiss with a small happy sigh and then leant down to kiss Draco. "Was that okay?" he asked Draco after a moment.

Draco had wrapped his legs around Harry's hips at some point and he squeezed them now, smirking. "Fantastic," he said, kissing him again. He couldn't really explain how it felt, even to himself. He had finally let himself enjoy this part of sex and it felt like a kind of new beginning for him.

Mark laughed softly and Harry smiled into the kiss, slowly collapsing on top of Draco. "Good, because it was perfect for me," Harry said honestly.

Draco smiled, feeling completely relaxed. He grinned up at Mark, letting him see in his eyes how good he felt. "There is something hard pressed into my back," he teased.

Mark smirked, and shifted purposely against him. "Oh, is there?" he asked, feigning surprise, eyes lit with a mischievous spark.

Draco shifted so he rubbed against Mark's cock.

Mark moaned softly, beginning to continuously rub against Draco's back, his head thrown back.

Harry shifted himself and gently pulled out of Draco, moving up and curling up slightly on top of him.

Draco was distracted by Mark and only shivered a bit as Harry withdrew from his body. "Yes, Mark," Draco whispered, gripping the man's hair and rocking with him.

Mark leant down to kiss Draco hard, his thighs tightening around him as he thrust harder.

Draco's head was tipped back, kissing Mark as the man rutted against him and Harry pressed to his front.

Harry didn't move, his cheek pressed against Draco's chest as he felt their bodies rocking under him. He could swear he felt their pleasure as well.

Mark's orgasm came so suddenly that he didn't have time to say much, his body tensing up as he moaned loudly into Draco's mouth.

Draco felt a kind of joy and contentment in his lovers' pleasure that he would have never thought possible years before. He kissed Mark through his orgasm and then drew back to smile at him and then down at Harry.

Harry smiled up at the both of them, reaching up to brush his fingers over Draco's cheek. "I ... don't know what to say," he whispered, looking in between the two of them. It was more like he didn't know how to describe what he was feeling.

Draco smirked. "I think we're crushing Mark," he replied.

"Oh, I'm fine," Mark said with a smile, but Harry moved off of Draco and curled up next to them, wanting their combined warmth against him.

"Hey," Draco mock complained, "who says you get to be in the middle?" He sat up and looked back over his shoulder at the two.

Harry giggled, rolling his eyes at Draco. "Don't ruin the moment," he teased.

"Am I?" he asked, arching an eyebrow and looking to Mark. Draco was positively sticky – with come and lube inside him, on his own belly and his back. He laughed at the thought of what he must look like at that moment.

"Not really," Mark replied contentedly. "Harry, do one of your cleaning things," he said, laying back on the bed and waiting for the small tingle that always came with the spell.

Harry made a kind of odd wave with his hand and the mess disappeared from both Mark and Draco.

Draco laughed again in delight. He loved it when Harry did wandless magic. He crawled up Mark's body and then snuggled up against the opposite side from Harry, one hand reaching to stroke Harry's hair as he did.

"Mm," Harry hummed softly, snuggling as close as he could on Mark's other side. "I love you both," he mumbled, resting his head on Mark's shoulder.

Draco smiled, resting for a bit before asking with a grin, "So, Mark, who will you fuck first, Harry or me?"

Mark tapped his chin thoughtfully, looking at Harry and then Draco a few times. "Oh, this is hard," he said slowly, grinning. To be honest, he had long ago resigned himself to never topping Draco and was even now a little intimidated by the idea. He figured he would

eventually but was in no hurry.

Draco chuckled. "You prat," he said, pinching the man. "Well, I personally can think of lots of new positions to try," he added.

"Like you in the middle," Harry said, smiling at him. "Or Mark in the middle. Let you two enjoy that for once."

"Yes," Draco grinned, already imagining new experiences that were possible now. "Spending the rest of our life coming up with new ways to please each other."

"The rest of our lives ... together," Mark murmured, turning and kissing both of the men on their cheeks. He had such a sense of wonder and belonging at those words.

Draco sighed happily, watching Harry's face across from him. This was not a life Draco would ever have imagined for himself before that final confrontation with Voldemort. His life now was much better than he had ever believed possible. He reached for Harry's hand, their fingers entwined and resting on Mark's chest.

Harry squeezed Draco's hand and watched Draco, his eyes soft and full of the love he felt for him. "Suddenly the world seems such a perfect place," he began to sing softly. "Come what may ...."

"Come what may," Mark echoed, immediately remembering the song Harry and Draco sang together sometimes. They both looked at Draco for him to finish the song.

"I will love you till the end of time," Draco finished, his own eyes shining as he looked into Harry's green eyes.

– NOTES –

# *An Author's Understanding of Stars*

*by Slashpervert*

This pair of stories, *Shooting Star* and *Fallen Star* written by myself and *Aveeno\_baby*, was one of the most interesting, graphically violent, and surprisingly moving of the works I have written. It has certainly been the most controversial. Which, I suppose, is not surprising given the way it started. Taking a page from *Ravenna\_C\_Tan*, here are my author's notes. These are a kind of behind the scenes look at the stories and my thoughts/ideas about them. They don't speak for my co-author who may see things very differently.

In June of 2007, a controversy arose on livejournal.com when several fan journals were deleted by the site administrators for their content. Fans were understandably upset with this blatant censorship. I don't intend to rehash the discussion which resulted, but it was in that climate of outrage that this fiction was written. I feel strongly about the dangers of censorship of information on the internet and of the freedom of content in fiction.

*Aveeno\_baby* and I were already working on several other fics and had never participated in any of the fiction fests or challenges. Then I saw a challenge for the *Inappropriate Content - The Strikethrough '07 Ficathon* at lj comm *forbiddenfic*. We sent a message to the moderator and were given the prompts: "Stains - Scars - Chains" and "serious Harry wuppage." We decided to challenge ourselves and our readers by writing a completely non-consensual scene with Draco as the perpetrator of the violence.

I usually write a "tragic but romantic" Draco who adores Harry. I

had to go back to canon and think of what circumstances would lead Draco from the last glimpse of him on the tower (this was pre-release of DH) to a position where he would be allowed the “honour” by Voldemort of doing this to Harry. To do that I had to envision a Draco who had “overcome” his failure to please the Dark Lord and gone on to be a member of Voldemort’s inner circle. In many ways, this is the most canon of my Dracos (post HPB, pre-DH).

It has the label “Darkfic” because of extremely violent and graphic content. Yet, at the heart there is something incredibly optimistic about this story. It is a story of recovery and redemption. Its overall message is that no matter what has been done to you or, even worse in some ways, by you, that it is still possible to recover, to find a life worth living. It’s an almost Christian message – forgiveness, healing and redemption. It is hardly a dark message but one I found a surprising number of people unable to accept.

Chapter one, *A Shooting Star*, is essentially the one-shot we wrote for the ficathon. The title is drawn from the first line of the story where Harry, on his way to what he believes is his death, sees a shooting star and makes a wish for the comforts he has lost.

Although we had done what we set out to do with the one-shot, one of the reasons we ended up with the two novels is that we just couldn’t stand to leave it there. We wanted to know what would happen next. We had no idea where it would go when we began. That is why I end up writing novels instead of one-shots. I always want to know what happens next and how we find out is by writing it.

As is our usual policy, we divided up the characters as we wrote. My co-author writes Harry and I write Draco. (Which is one of the reasons I can give you more insight into Draco than Harry here.) One of the things we did this time was have me write all the “villains” – which, in *Shooting Star*, meant pretty much everyone besides Harry. The idea here is that my co-author’s reactions as Harry would be authentic rendering complete surprise. She never knew what I would do next to her character. Since we were trying to make it a stretch, there were no limits to how violent it could get and we even debated Harry or both Harry and Draco getting caught and dying. Eventually, we decided that their escape was more powerful than their deaths.

Draco and Harry are nineteen (almost twenty) when the story begins on May 1st, 2000. What quickly emerged were two of the most “broken” versions of Harry and Draco. Harry was dispirited to the point of having given up. He had witnessed the deaths of Ron and Hermione. Just about everyone else he knew and cared for was dead and he was captured. He had lost his magic, though he didn't know why. Then, when he thinks he is about to die, he is, instead, raped and enslaved. He really loses his way here. He has lost and he IS lost.

Draco's situation is revealed slowly. We learn in a bit here and another bit there that he has also lost everyone he cares about – both of his parents, Snape, Pansy, and most of his friends. The only friends he has left are those who are also Death Eaters. He had continued as Snape's apprentice in potions and when Snape dies (we don't know how), he takes on the role as Potions Master for Voldemort. We learn that part of the reason he cultivates the role is that it protects him from front line fighting and keeps him safely in his lab most of the time. Over time we learn that it isn't just death he is hiding from. He is hiding from the life expected of a Death Eater in Voldemort's regime.

(One ironic bit is that we wrote Voldemort taking control of the Ministry and eventually all of the Wizarding world in Great Britain. DH had not been released and we were actually shocked when JKR did that as well. This could almost be read as what would have happened in DH if Harry had been captured rather than went on the run.)

Once at the Manor, we learn that Draco has an obsessive-compulsive disorder. He has managed to retain what is left of his sanity by creating an extremely ordered life. Unless interrupted by Voldemort, and now Harry, he follows the exact same pattern every day, including when and what he eats – which apparently is the minimum he can exist on. The psychology behind this is that his life has been so controlled by others that this is the way he creates a “safe space” for himself. His lab is the place no one else is allowed (not even the house-elves) and it is a strain and then later a sense of intimacy for him to allow Harry into that gleaming organised room that is his sanctuary.

Over the larger arch of the story, what emerges with Draco is a

profile of someone who was extremely badly abused (probably from a young age) and traumatised and has completely buried any aspect of vulnerability in himself. He lives in horror of Voldemort and his followers, but has to work for them or die. He hates violence and has had to not only watch but participate in it. As he watches Fred die, we are given glimpses of the boy on the tower who couldn't kill Dumbledore. This older Draco has learnt to hide it but still hates it.

We learn that he is personally responsible for saving Harry's life – that if Draco hadn't requested Harry be given to him as his slave, our hero would have been tortured to death that very night. During the rapes in the study, we learn that he is reenacting his own rapes there and it makes him sick when he realises it. Yet, he is as locked into the Enslavement Spell as Harry is and even when they are away from Voldemort, admits he does not know how to remove the spell without killing Harry.

So what do we know about Draco here? We know the paddle in the drawer of Lucius's desk was used on him. We know he was raped over both the desk and the chair in there. We know that when he was at Hogwarts, Lucius would beat him as punishment any time Hermione got better grades or Harry defeated Draco at Quidditch – or let his father's ideals down in any way. We know he was forced to watch Narcissa's death at the hands of Voldemort's people. Initially he blames Harry for these things – which is actually a normal response for a young victim of such abuse who cannot blame the father he depends upon.

*Shooting Star* is nearly a classic study in what is called Stockholm Syndrome. Ironically, while some readers have pointed out that Harry's love for Draco in this story is an example of that, they may not realise that Draco is also under the same type of psychological response. He is a perfect example of the abused child who comes to identify with and model his abuser. We can see canon Draco now in a new light. With Narcissa as the loving but powerless parent and Lucius as the controlling violent parent, it is the position of power that the young Draco emulates. This is classic psychology theory in action. The helpless child learns to want to be the one with power, not the one that suffers.

I can see Lucius trying to teach his son who had “too much” of the “softness” of his mother to harden himself. Lucius probably

justified his abuse and rape of his own son as a “discipline” that was preparing him to be a Death Eater. One of the things I try to remember when I write is that every character, no matter how minor, believes they are the hero of their own story. Lucius wanted his only son to be strong enough to survive. I do not justify the behaviour but it makes sense.

Harry's reactions to Draco are also very clearly Stockholm Syndrome. In a situation with multiple abusers – not just Draco but Voldemort and the other Death Eaters – Harry develops feelings for the one person who shows him any comfort, the person he literally needs to survive. This is actually a very adaptive response to such horror. It is not “premeditated” on Harry's part. He is a young man who has lost everything. He says pretty clearly that he wants some comfort, some pleasure, before he dies. He needs Draco on multiple levels. It is enforced by the spell at first but it is later reinforced by what they go through to survive.

In the last chapter of *Fallen Star*, Draco confesses that he had never bottomed before except while being raped. So when we look back on those first “tender” sexual moments between Harry and Draco in *Shooting Star*, one can read it realising that this was the first consensual sex that either young man had ever had. It changes both of them in profound ways. It is no surprise then that Draco finds Harry's desire for him intoxicating. Later, Draco repeatedly makes it clear that it is Harry's “consent” that turns him on and the aspect of their relationship that troubles him the most is the fact that the Enslavement Spell makes that consent dubious at best. Throughout *Fallen Star*, much of Draco's anxiety and jealousy is prompted by reminders of that and his belief that Harry would not really want him without the spell.

These are young men who have survived abusive childhoods and have lost everyone they care about. It is not surprising that they both turn to each other for the love they no longer have in their lives. Even knowing that allowing himself to care about Harry will get him killed, Draco can't resist his own need to love and be loved by someone. We see the first hint of what Draco risks in helping Harry in his warning to Harry that he “will get them both killed” in Chapter one. Early on, Draco can't understand why he had taken Potter and put himself in more contact with Voldemort by doing so. He knows

it is dangerous but can't seem to help himself.

When Harry turns rape into sex, offering affection to soothe Draco's anger, something begins to shift. When this happens we see something emerge in Draco that he had clearly locked away inside himself for so long. If he modelled Lucius before, in love, we see him modelling Narcissa now. Publicly, he tries to remain the image of the "Ice Prince" that Lucius molded him to be. Privately, he is the indulgent lover that echoes the mother who tried to counter Lucius with indulgence (eventually even indulging Harry's sexual curiosity with women and then with Mark).

Although it is never said directly in the story, it is implied that Narcissa paid the price of Draco's failure to kill Dumbledore. He was forced to stand and watch as his mother was tortured and killed for "his failure." I can imagine Narcissa begging Voldemort for her son's life. Can you imagine barely seventeen-year-old Draco having to watch or suffer the same fate? Can we even understand the damage this would do to him? The guilt he must feel?

Draco himself is not even sure why he asks for Harry except that he repeatedly says that he just couldn't stand by and watch Harry be killed. When we put this in perspective of both Narcissa's death and all the other people he has been forced to watch die, this gives us a window into why he took the actions that he did. Harry is strangely enough a link to an older time – to the young Draco who met Harry in the robe shop before he started Hogwarts and before the Dark Lord returned. Harry is also a symbol of survival – the Boy Who Lived – and Draco can't just let that die. This isn't strategy; he doesn't believe Harry will defeat Voldemort. It is an unconscious desperation for hope.

Their plan to escape reminds me of the film *Lady Jane* in which the two lovers plan to "flee" to a world not controlled by corrupt politics. In that story, they don't succeed. In this, we, the audience, have an idea that it can't last, that the Prophecy will eventually catch up with them. Draco is desperate to make this work, even if a part of him knows it is improbable. We see it in the way he watches the news and constantly worries about strangers or anything else that might expose them.

Yet, it is during this time in San Francisco that Draco begins to think about who he would choose to be. The pure-blood aristocratic

son of a Death Eater has never had this choice before. It takes time, but as he begins to relax in this new life, he is recreating himself. The fact that Draco doesn't allow himself to admit to Harry he loves him until he is "David" is a telling clue. "Draco" was chained to his past and unable to make choices. "David" is a Muggle who can make his own choices, including in love.

(Side note: Morgan means "morning" – a new beginning. David Morgan is the name of one of my first loves. We broke up over his controlling and jealous behaviour. I love the way fiction can give us "do-overs," even when we don't realise we are doing it at the time.)

I think it is telling that even in San Francisco, Harry remains in a kind of timeless sense of "now," and doesn't find a new direction other than as Draco's lover. With the Prophecy in place, he never finds a new path in the Muggle world. For him, this is a time of rest and recovery. He tells us he lost his magic when Ron and Hermione died. We can suppose from this that Harry's power is, as Dumbledore suggested, linked to his will and to love. When those he loved died, he lost the will to live and his magic with it. Both seem to recover during this time of rest, destined to reemerge when that love is threatened.

Both stories have essentially three "acts" or sections. In *Shooting Star* they fall into: Act I – Harry becomes Draco's slave and they try to figure out what that means to them. Act II – They fall in love with each other and then have to figure out what that means and try to survive. Act III – They decide to escape and do so.

In *Fallen Star* they are: Act I – Harlan and David establish themselves in San Francisco. Harry and Draco are trying to escape their pasts both literally and psychologically by trying to be Harlan and David. Act II – The attack on Draco reawakens lost parts of Harry's personality as well as his magic. Act III – Their past catches up with them and they must face it to move on.

Mark comes into the story as one of the first people they meet in their new lives. Oddly enough, we, the writers, did not know he would become an important character in the story when he first appeared. (We both took turns writing him.) He doesn't emerge as more than a challenge to Draco's jealousy until chapter eleven of *Fallen Star*. It is an indication that we didn't know he would be important in that it wasn't until we were writing Act II that we went

back and gave Mark a last name. {Mark's first name was chosen by *Aveeno\_baby* and his last name was chosen by our beta *Roomilwaz*.}

When he saves and heals Draco, Harry's magic not only returns but does so at a level far beyond what he had ever experienced before. If love is, as Dumbledore said, Harry's power, his bond with Draco makes this possible. My view is that not only is it the "power of love" but, in a strange way, the direct magical connection of the Enslavement Spell between them which creates an exceptional situation for Harry to be able to draw upon the "empathy" of the link to fuel and focus wandless magic.

It becomes important that Mark was not only Harry's first friend in the new life, but is a witness to the rebirth of Harry's magic and learns who they really are. He is also able to see for the first time the depth of love that Draco and Harry have for each other. Instead of that making him turn away from them, all of these things make Mark feel more drawn to these two men. Although still intimidated by Draco, Mark begins to understand the blond's devotion to Harry and realises Draco's fears of losing him are not unfounded.

(Here, we authors used a kind of fiction "sleight of hand" to move him from minor character to the third primary character in the story. Point of view. In Act II, we introduce Mark's perspective. Until chapter eleven, we only had Draco and Harry as point of view characters. One of the ways one creates empathy for a character in fiction is by letting the reader know what the person is feeling. I think the effectiveness of this strategy was demonstrated in fan reactions to chapters. Up until this point, most of them disliked Mark and saw him as a threat to Harry and Draco. A couple chapters after they began reading how Mark felt about things, most of them began to like him even if it confused them as to why. By the end of the serializing of the story, fans were begging us to let him live.)

Meanwhile, the re-emergence of Harry's more canon personality gives the reader and Draco more confidence in his choices even as Harry's choices become more unconventional. Harry shows interest in the two women flirting with them and Draco responds not with jealousy but by experimentation.

There are some important aspects to their comfort with Ally and Jess: 1) The women are clearly a couple and not looking to break up Harry and Draco. They show a respect for the primary bond of the

men and their own bond as a couple. 2) Even when they are having sex with the women, both Harry and Draco's attention still remains on each other – even reaching out to touch each other during. 3) For Draco, his sense of control is left intact as all three of the others seem happy to let him direct the action. 4) Draco immediately “reclaims” Harry after the sex with the women, as if to reassure them both that they are still primary. As a first encounter with non-monogamy, this one went well. It gives them the confidence they need to explore without the threat of losing what they have.

(For those who might not realise it, I am polyamorous and live in a long term bi-triad with two other people. I obviously draw heavily from my own experiences on how it feels and what works for such things. I have seen both the worst and best of such relationships over the years. This one is meant to model when it does work.)

For both Harry and Draco, whose previous experiences with sex outside of their own relationship were all negative, this opens up a new kind of healing. They are so comfortable with the experience that they continue in a “friendship with benefits” with the two women who even attend Draco's birthday party after they have already become a triad with Mark. And the relationship with Ally and Jess is what paves the way for Harry to propose that he and Draco have sex with Mark.

Mark's attraction to Harry was immediate and, as early as that first night drinking, it was clear that Harry was attracted to Mark but held back out of loyalty to Draco. Mark's attraction to Draco was much more gradual and included that kind of tension that comes from being drawn to someone recognisably dangerous. Even before he knows they are wizards, Mark could sense how dangerous Draco can be. Later, he is as drawn to the chemistry between the other two as much, if not more than, he is to them individually. He draws pictures of them together in a way that captures that intensity. When he is finally included into that, how could he resist? Mark understands that he will only be included on Draco's terms because Draco needs control to relax. He knows him well enough by now not to challenge it. His reward is Draco's increasing level of comfort and trust.

Here, another element of the story is introduced. It is Ally and Jess who take our boys to the movies where Harry becomes

enamoured of the love songs from the movie *Moulin Rouge*. “Come What May” is chosen as a kind of “theme song” for this story. Harry finds meaning in the lyrics which echo his feelings of wonder and hope about his relationship with Draco and how it captures the sense of not only surviving anything but building a life of love. Many of the phrases from this song were already in the story before the song came into play.

(As readers you are probably aware there are important lines used in the dialogue that are drawn from the song. It is Draco’s declaration “until my dying day” that prompts Harry’s “come what may,” signalling he is still alive. And the song lyrics are also the last lines of the story. I also used phrases from the lyrics in many of the chapter titles. Chapter 19 – To Give You Everything and Chapter 22 – A Perfect Place, are examples. In Act III, Chapter 25, the shift back to the conflict with Voldemort is entitled “When Stars Collide,” which draws not only from the title of the two stories, but from the song lyric “And stars may collide.” Chapter 28, the near deaths of our characters and Voldemort’s death is entitled “Until My Dying Day.” Chapter 30 – I Never Knew , Chapter 31 – Inside Your Kiss, and Chapter 32 – A Perfect Grace, all draw from the song as well.)

Our heroes had relaxed enough in their new lives that Draco doesn’t keep his “constant vigilance” against being caught. The Death Eaters may have initially tracked Harry and Draco to the U.S.A. but then lost track of them. One can imagine they may have gotten suspicious when the return of Harry’s magic may have been reported as an unidentified burst of wild magic to the local authorities. If Voldemort already had spies looking for them in the states, this may have helped them pinpoint the city. We know that Shelton was working there undercover with a Death Eater cell, but secretly reporting to M.A.N.A. through Davis.

(Someday I may return to write more about Norton’s Way and M.A.N.A. Fellow San Francisco Bay Area folk who have read this section of the story are always delighted by the number of very local references. For example, the resale shop that is the entrance to Norton’s Way is drawn in detail from a real place, including the neon palm tree lights, though the actual store is on Valencia not Haight Street. Haight Street, of course, is a famous landmark known for being colourful. Emperor Norton is an actual historical figure. “A

Very Different Light” is a reference to the queer bookstore in the Castro district that is named “A Different Light.” Egg Shen was the name of the Chinese wizard in the cult film set in San Francisco, *Big Trouble in Little China*. And Shakespeare’s Garden where Draco takes Harry on a picnic in Golden Gate Park is real.)

So Act III of Book Two opens with the GLBT (Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual and Transgendered) art show for Pride month (a real event). Not realising how recognisable Harry and Draco would be, nor the fact that Death Eaters have been watching San Francisco, Mark includes a drawing of his lovers in his entries to the show. This is the clue that Voldemort’s people needed to find them and it is only through the intervention of Shelton and Davis that Harry is not taken immediately.

In this painful section of the story, we see a reversal of roles for Draco and Harry. It was Harry who was tortured and Draco who rescued him in Book One. Now, through Draco’s faith in the reborn Harry, he is able to suffer knowing Harry will come for them and finally defeat the Dark Lord. The tortures are gruesome, showing how angry Voldemort and the Death Eaters were by Draco’s betrayal. Historically, powerful regimes have always punished traitors with much severe cruelty as a way of discouraging anyone else from defying them. Draco, having been one of Voldemort’s highest people, has to be taken down as low as they can take him or Voldemort himself loses esteem in all their eyes. It must have been quite a blow to his power when Draco and Harry escaped in the first place. Now he uses the punishment of Draco to also lure Harry to him, not realising that Harry has grown in power since last they met.

It is not the broken man led in chains that confronts Voldemort at last. This Harry is confident, powerful and angry. He has not come just to fulfill a Prophecy he never wanted or to take revenge for his lost family and friends. He has come to rescue the men he loves. His motivation – the source of his power – is love. In canon, his mother’s love saved his life. Here, his love of Draco and Mark saves all their lives. In canon, Harry’s wild magic regrows his hair and blows up his aunt. Here, his wild magic is channelled into focussed wandless magic. In canon, he could throw off the Imperius Curse; now he throws off both the *Cruciatus* and the Killing Curse.

What happens in that moment echoes what we see in DH, but

with some major differences. This is not a boy who walks to his death because his mentor has told him (manipulated) he has to do it. He is not there to sacrifice himself but to reclaim his life from a madman. He doesn't call the creature in front of him "Lord Voldemort" but "Tom." He brings the monster back down to the level of the twisted young man named Tom Riddle. I cried when my co-author wrote this part, feeling such pride in Harry that I was awestruck. He had come so far from the defeated boy chained to a post in the beginning of the story. He was a man ready to take charge of his own future now.

Meanwhile, Draco, thinking he had witnessed Harry's death, is ready to die with him rather than lose him. And when Harry lets him know he is alive, Draco doesn't question or hesitate to move when Harry tells him. He trusts Harry implicitly, turning his back on Voldemort and moving to save Mark from Nagini. The irony here is that Draco does not know about the Horcruxes. Harry never told him that part of the story. We, the reader, know that Harry had destroyed all of them but the snake and Voldemort. Draco's instinct here is to save Mark, having watched Voldemort feed people to his pet before. He only wants to stop the snake from eating his lover. He doesn't even know he is destroying part of Voldemort.

Harry and Draco both do their parts here as heroes. Mark is our third lover in this story and, in his own way, he too is courageous. He is understandably confused and terrified during their imprisonment and torture. Yet, he repeatedly resists the Death Eaters and tries to help Draco. Mark is a "normal guy" in this story, a young gay man who draws and works as a cook's assistant in a restaurant. He happens to fall in love with our heroes. And, to his utter horror, the only way he can help here is to use a kitchen knife to hack up a lover's body. (It is ironic, of course, that he is a man who is used to chopping vegetables with such a knife.) I don't know if most of us would have the courage he shows in this, nor afterwards be able to face the people whose pasts brought him into this.

(The "pound of flesh" is, of course, a Shakespearean reference to a "debt" in *The Merchant of Venice*. As a Shakespeare lover, there are multiple references to his work in most of my fictions. In this case, though, it is also a tribute to *Logan's Run*, a novel by William F. Nolan and George Clayton Johnson, in which, at one point, the hero is

forced to cut flesh from his female lover.)

The other "minor" hero of this part of the story is Ambrose Shelton who dies. Ambrose was a surprise for me in this story and, though necessary to the plot, I mourned his death. He was a man whose ideals led him to join Voldemort but then when he realised the mistake, did his best to correct it and atone for it. His story hasn't been commented upon much by the fans but I consider it one of the most telling. He fought and died, not like Draco did for the love of a person, but for an ideal of what he felt the Wizarding world should be like.

Harry finally defeats Voldemort, fulfils the Prophecy and has rescued his lovers. Draco and Mark pass out from their injuries and Harry is exhausted. He sees relief come in, not only in the form of the resistance, but embodied in two familiar faces of friends he had thought dead – Nymphadora Tonks and Percy Weasley. He surrenders to their care and falls unconscious only to wake up later and find that a terrible mistake has been made.

In this part we learn that not only does the resistance not really understand what part Draco played in this story, seeing him still as the Death Eater, but that those who continued to fight the losing battle against Voldemort's regime have become hardened to the point that they not only use Unforgivables, but execute prisoners. We see here the toll this war took not only in lost lives but in the hearts of those who believed that Harry was dead. Percy tells us the bodies of Order members tortured and killed by Voldemort's followers were left on public display. What must it have been like to have seen Fred that way? Remus? The rest of the Weasleys? Tonks, Percy and those who have continued to fight have been greatly changed by the horrors they have witnessed and suffered.

So Harry must keep struggling, tired as he must be, to find his lovers and save Draco again. Here he even runs into trouble with the fact that he isn't related by birth or recognised by marriage. (Marriage rights, or the lack of them, are a running theme in many of my fictions.) Tonks is Draco's only living relative.

(We also learn that in this story Draco's middle name is "Soren" which is Danish from the Latin for "the stern one" or "apart" and is related to the name Severus. My use of it references how Draco stepped into Severus Snape's role here both as Potions Master and in

how severe he became. Canon doesn't give a middle name for Draco, so I give different versions of him different middle names. Each story mentions his middle name at some point.)

When he manages all of that only to find that Draco is dying, having lost too much blood and suffered too much physical damage, this moment in the story echoes the earlier rescue of Draco after the mugging. Can he do it again? Harry draws upon the memory of that success to do the impossible and make Draco whole again. We get a sense from Draco's behaviour afterward that something much more profound than just tissue regeneration has happened here. Harry wakes up to a Draco who is more whole in spirit than we have ever seen him before. Is that something Harry's magical connection with him wrought or is it that Voldemort is finally dead and they have survived. Maybe both.

After he is healed, Draco is finally free to express not only his love for Harry, but his love for Mark as well. They are made whole in a way that none of them were before. Mark, who was a normal but lonely man before they met, now finds himself included in that amazing relationship. Draco and Harry have their old identities back, the wealth that comes with that and the chance to make entirely new choices about what they will do with their lives.

One unresolved question in this story is whether or not the Enslavement Spell is still in effect. The three men make love with the belief that it is. Certainly, there is still some type of magical connection between Harry and Draco that they can still feel. I, personally, think the Enslavement Spell has been transformed by Harry's magic. He uses the empathetic link to heal Draco despite little training in healing. Yet, he also uses the magic to heal Mark. At this point, I do not think the pain would resurface if they miss their twenty-four hour deadline. Nor do I think that Harry would die if Draco did. I believe the magical strength that allowed Harry to throw off the Unforgivables would also allow him to resist those aspects of the original spell.

(The inclusion of the Enslavement Spell in this story was, from the beginning, a critique of stories written where binding spells are used to bring characters together but where the implications are never really considered. I do believe even the seemingly benign versions of these spells to be coercion. Here we make it clear it is a

form of rape. I think, even at their best, these spells would be dubious consent since they remove free consent from at least one if not both parties.)

The last scene in this fiction is nearly a year after the death of Tom Riddle and the end of the Prophecy. Our remade trio have moved to Paris and started new lives. Draco has combined his love of cooking and potions. Mark continues his art. Harry has discovered the Healer in himself. And yet, there is still a major barrier; one last serious aspect of the past that Draco has not yet confessed and moved past. He has never told Harry or Mark why he doesn't bottom – that rape had been his only experience of being entered before. It is his absolute love and trust in them that allows him to finally make the decision to let his lovers help him heal this, too. Here, thinking back on all Harry (and we readers) have learnt about Draco, we see now the last piece of the puzzle fall into place. Harry understands and responds as both lover and Healer. It is with a promise of new possibilities that they end the story – sexual metaphors about different positions make the inference that it will reshape their lives into new positions with much more flexibility.

(I have to acknowledge here that the complexity and detail in this story is not just a product of myself and my co-author, *Aveeno\_baby*. We have a number of amazing people who beta -- editing and/or proofreading -- for us. In particular, *Roonilwaz* was an editor through both books, not only catching spelling, British speech and canon mistakes, but also giving us invaluable feedback on character, plot and other aspects of the story. In the later part of *Fallen Star*, *Roonilwaz* had some real life difficulties and LBAum stepped in to help us as well. LBAum's insights complemented *Roonilwaz* well and together they helped us make a stronger, more believable and moving ending than it would have otherwise been.)

Will there be a sequel to this story? I don't know. Even months after the first drafts of this are complete, I still have dreams with Draco/Harry/Mark in them. So far they have all been sex scenes and pleasant scenes of their lives together. We won't write a sequel unless there is actually a plot -- unless the characters have more to tell us about their lives. In some ways, a sequel is usually a sad thing for the characters because it means they aren't leading peaceful lives. I want them to be happy but if there is more to tell, we will write it.

I am glad so many readers have been drawn into and followed this story. As you can probably see from this analysis, I believe the message of this story is one of the most important I have written. It has also been my most controversial. It has been banned on one Harry Potter fan fiction archive site and has generated a number of angry emails from people offended by a variety of aspects of the story including its graphic depiction of violence and sexual abuse. I found it disturbing that the inclusion of consensual non-monogamy generated just as much anger.

A couple of people in emails/reviews have said I would never depict the things I had written here if I knew what it was like to experience real violence and/or sexual assault. I found their assumption a bit shocking and, unfortunately, they are wrong. It is from my own feelings and experiences of violence and sexual abuse that this story originates. Psychology studies have shown that one of the effective ways of healing from such traumas is by “retelling” our stories to others. Fiction is one way to do that. By creating a story with violence even more profound than my own direct experiences and allowing for healing and redemption of these characters, I find hope.

One of the complaints is that this story does not depict a “healthy” relationship. It isn’t meant to be a model of how to be in a relationship. It is a story about the transformation and redemption of an abusive relationship, which you can't have unless you start with an abusive relationship. It is a story of people who survive things no one should ever have to experience -- yet, records from all over the world show us, some people do experience similar horrors. Yet, the miracle is that some of us manage to survive, rebuild our lives, and make them better than we thought they could be.

This story is dedicated to all those who never thought to feel their "heart sing" again -- those who have suffered violence and still managed to find the capacity to love.

## About the Authors

*Slashpervert* has been reading and writing fan fiction long enough to remember why they call it “slash” – back when it was still published in “fanzines,” printed via mimeograph or copy machines, and sold at science fiction conventions. In “real life,” *Slashpervert* is a journalist and social scientist, who has written and published hundreds of articles and a handful of non-fiction books. *Slashpervert* also writes original novels under the name D.M. Atkins.

*Aveeno\_baby* has always had a passion for writing, ever since a young age. She kept a journal that she would write stories in all the time. When Harry Potter came out, she quickly latched onto the series, buying each book and reading each of them two or three times. She got into the online role playing scene in 2005. Now she's a college student, majoring in, of all things, science. She continues to write everyday, finding that she can't go a day without it. *Aveeno\_baby* also writes original novels under the name Chris Taylor.

*Slashpervert* and *Aveeno\_baby* began writing together in the fall of 2006 when they met through an online Harry Potter role playing game. They adapted the RPG format to use as a style of co-writing in which each writes the perspective of one of the main characters. (For example, in fan fiction, *Slashpervert* writes Draco and *Aveeno\_baby* writes Harry.) They write together nearly every day and have written a dozen novels together, including fan fiction and original fiction.

## Novels by *Slashpervert* and *Aveeno\_baby*

***Blind Beauty*** – A work of Harry Potter fan fiction. Darkfic where Harry Potter wakes up naked, tied to a bed, captured and blinded by Death Eaters. He is surprised to find an ally in the form of his guard - Draco Malfoy. Together they come up with a plan to destroy Voldemort. But the personal cost is high and they then have to learn to cope with physical and emotional wounds that may never heal.

***Beauty's Beast*** – Sequel to *Blind Beauty*. Post-war life has challenges for Harry and Draco. As their friends begin to marry and have families, Harry and Draco are finding their own dreams thwarted by prejudice. Draco is still part-werewolf and wandless. Harry wants a family.

***Shooting Star*** – Post-war Darkfic, where Voldemort has won. Harry is a sex slave to the Dark Lord's Potions Master.

***Fallen Star*** – Sequel to *Shooting Star*. Harry and Draco have fled to San Francisco to live as Muggles, Harlan and David. Can they really make lives together and without magic, even after everything that has happened to them?

***Undesirable*** – Draco Malfoy studied in France after the war and became a Healer. He returns to find Harry Potter is a mental patient. Malfoy is the only one who seems to be able to reach the war-traumatized hero. Will he risk his career to help Harry?

***Unexpected*** – Sequel to *Undesirable*. Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy have lived together for four years in their country house surrounded by a magical menagerie of unwanted animals Harry rescues. Yet, Harry wants more. He dreams of a family that includes children.

For more fan fiction by *Slashpervert* see:  
[www.slashpervert.org](http://www.slashpervert.org)

For original fiction see:  
[www.dmatkins.net](http://www.dmatkins.net)