

Shooting Star



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Summary, Notes & Copyright

Summary: The war is over and Voldemort has won. Harry is publicly tortured and given as a gift to one of the Dark Lord's servants. But things are more complicated than it seems. What secrets does Harry's captor harbour? What happens when the desire to punish is replaced with the need to protect? Will they both survive? How?

Warnings: Language, M/M Sex, Explicit Violent Sex, Forced Anal, Forced Oral, Bondage, Dom/Sub, SM, Rape, Humiliation, Exhibitionism, Pain, Violence, Blood, Torture, and other canon Character Deaths mentioned, one depicted. (Characters in this fiction are over 18.)

Notes: Written before the release of DH, so AU after HBP. Thanks to *Corvusdea* for help with Latin for spells.

Betas: Our gratitude for the editing and proof-reading help of *Roonilwaz*, *Nomeci*, *LBaum*, *Indie*, and *Raimien*.

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– CHAPTER ONE –

A Shooting Star

A shooting star. He squeezed his eyes shut and wished, wished this could all be over and he'd wake up to Mrs Weasley waking him up for breakfast. Or even Hermione shaking him awake or Ron playing some kind of prank on him.

The chain pulling him along the dirt path was tugged sharply and Harry nearly fell, stumbling a bit before he barely caught himself. The cuffs around his ankles and wrists were too tight, but he wasn't about to complain. He would've before, but after one too many Cruciatius Curses, Harry found there was no point.

Voldemort had won the war, and that was that. Hermione, Ron and the rest of the Weasley family were all dead now. The Order had been found and its members killed one by one; everyone else was forced into hiding, Voldemort's minions on a rampage of evil. Harry had barely escaped that raid before he too was found, and tortured, before the leader himself said he was too important to be killed just yet. That he would make a much more valuable prize.

And so, Harry was pulled along the path, his body sore and tired. But not broken. Not ever.

They led him into one of the old stone circles that dotted the landscape of England. A large number of robed figures ringed the inside of the circle. Torches lit the proceedings. Someone had embedded a pole into the ground at the centre and he was marched up to it. They attached his chains to bolts at the top of the wooden pole. Harry's wrists were bound above his head to the post and his ankles shackled with about a two foot length of chain between them.

Harry wouldn't give them the satisfaction of looking at any of them. He stared straight ahead, past their cloaks and out at the sky, hoping to see another star.

Lord Voldemort was seated in a kind of wooden throne to one side. Someone cast a spell and the sound of a deep, slow drum beat filled the night. One of the robed figures detached itself from the

circle and came to kneel in front of Voldemort, who gestured toward Harry.

Harry felt a sharp pain in his scar, and it made him squeeze his eyes shut, his head turning away from Voldemort. He took a deep breath and gritted his teeth, not wanting to show it. He wasn't planning on living too long anyway.

The robed figure stood and approached Harry, a wicked looking knife in one white hand.

It was the glint of the knife that made Harry finally look. A gasp started and died in his throat, his body tensing up. So this was how he would die. He glared at the mask of the Death Eater, wanting no more than to pull the knife away from the Death Eater and then use it on the Death Eater, then Voldemort, then himself.

Robed and masked, the figure stood before Harry and reached for his throat with the other hand.

Harry tried to cringe away but the masked man was too fast. The hand reached, but instead of taking hold of his throat, grasped the front of his t-shirt, pulling it tight.

"Don't touch me," Harry hissed through gritted teeth.

The figure used the knife to slice down the front of the shirt and then finished by ripping it open and away so that Harry's chest was exposed to the firelight.

Harry's heart felt like it was trying to beat its way out of his chest. "I said don't touch me," he repeated, beginning to struggle. "Stop," Harry gasped, "stop"

Long white fingers reached again, grabbing Harry by his overgrown dark hair with one hand and pressing the knife to his throat with the other.

In that moment, Harry wondered what it would feel like to die. Would it be painful, but quick? Or would it be like a slow torture until his heart finally stopped beating?

Would he even die now? Harry didn't know. A part of him still hoped he would live and that it would heal and scar up, like the litter of scars Harry had all over him from the various spells during the final battle. He could live with scars.

But then the other part of him wanted to die, wanted to feel the cool metal of the knife move across his neck, quickly killing him. It seemed he didn't have a choice in the matter, however. The figure

shifted the knife so that the point, not the blade's edge, pressed into Harry's flesh, and then, still holding him firmly, drew it slowly down his flesh. Red welled in its wake.

Harry bit his lip hard so he wouldn't make a noise, but he felt the burn of the knife and then the warmth of his own blood. He shuddered. The point continued down, making a jagged line down the centre of Harry's torso until it came to the waist of his jeans. The drum beat continued to pound in a rhythm like a heart beat, though slower than Harry's at this point. Then the figure brought the knife up and stabbed forward, plunging it into the pole behind Harry.

Harry jumped at the sound, swallowing thickly. It took him a moment to notice that he was still alive, only a long cut down the middle of his body. He wasn't sure if it would scar, or even if he would be alive long enough for it to.

Blood dribbled down Harry's chest, soaking into his jeans. The hand in his hair released him roughly, pulling him back as he did, so Harry was off balance. Then the long fingers of both hands were unbuttoning his jeans.

"No, stop it," Harry mumbled, trying fruitlessly to struggle. He refused to give in or die without a fight.

Once the top button was undone, the white hands tugged, yanking so hard the zipper broke and then pushed and pulled Harry's jeans and shorts down to his ankles where they tangled around the shackles. Harry stood exposed before the assembled Death Eaters, blood now dripping into the hair at his groin.

Even after everything, Harry felt his face redden, in both anger and embarrassment. Why couldn't they just kill him and be done with it?

The figure's white hand reached again for Harry's hair, holding tightly while the other went to his throat, sliding down over the new wound, coating the pale hand in dark blood.

Harry gasped, trying to jerk away from the hand, feeling completely tense. It hurt and it made his heart beat faster.

The hand tightened painfully in Harry's hair, while the other one continued down his chest, his belly and then slid blood covered fingers over Harry's cock.

Harry's eyes opened at the touch. He jerked his hips as hard as he could, his body protesting. He would not let this happen.

Slick fingers caressed his flesh – gently, teasingly. The hand in his hair twisted, keeping Harry's face toward his tormentor.

Harry shook his head as he felt himself begin to harden. His body betrayed him.

Those long fingers expertly worked his flesh, squeezing and stroking. The masked figure was focused entirely on Harry, looking directly at him, body close so that robes brushed against Harry's skin.

Harry felt himself tremble, the unwanted pleasure moving throughout his entire body. He knew it wouldn't take much more for him to come, but he didn't want to.

There was a deep chuckle as Harry's cock hardened and twitched. It was the first sound from his tormentor. The hand kept stroking Harry, twisting on and squeezing his flesh.

"Stop," Harry whispered so only he could hear him, "don't want this"

"But my Master does," the voice drawled. Then after a pretty strong squeeze, "And so do I." That deep chuckle again as the hand released Harry's cock, only to slip downward, fondling his balls.

Harry jerked again and he tried to hold back, tried as hard as he could, but he began to come before he could stop it, crying out.

"Too soon, Potter," the voice hissed, sliding his hand up to coat it in Harry's come as well.

Harry trembled, angry tears welling up in his eyes. "It's done, now leave me alone," Harry murmured, shaking his head.

"Oh, your pleasure may be done," the voice purred, "but I am not yet satisfied."

"Then kill me," Harry said, looking up to glare at him.

"That would not bring me nor my Master enough pleasure," the voice sneered. "You have caused quite a lot of trouble and need to be punished first."

"Why don't you go fuck your Master since you're so bloody loyal to him!" Harry yelled.

His tormentor chuckled again, slick fingers sliding over Harry's cock again. Harry heard words "*Voluptas Cruciatu*" whispered in Latin and then felt his cock stir again.

Harry gasped, his eyes squeezing shut at the sensation. "What did you do?"

"Magic, Potter," the voice sneered, hand sliding back down

Harry's erection, making sure Harry felt how sensitive he was now.

Harry whimpered. He was hard again, and it hurt; it was so all too sensitive.

His tormentor released Harry then, stepping back and laughing. "Turn around," he commanded.

"No," he murmured weakly, not even sure he could if he wanted to.

The figure advanced again and roughly shoved Harry until he was facing the pole. The shackles and pants kept Harry's legs spread, leaving his backside on display. He didn't want to think of what was going to happen next.

Harry heard the words *Candens Flagellum*, then a loud crack behind him and something sharp and stinging snapped across his back. He jumped and cried out in surprise, his eyes going wide. When he looked back over his shoulder, his tormentor was holding a wand and there was a long glowing white strand dangling from it. He flicked it and the strand struck Harry again, pain as white-hot as the strand.

Harry cried out again, turning away and closing his eyes against the tears that threatened to fall from his eyes. He tried to brace himself for the next hit, but he couldn't tell when it would be. The hot white lash fell repeatedly over Harry's back, buttocks and thighs until his body felt like it was on fire. Throughout it all, his magically aroused cock remained hard and even seemed to pulse in response to the pain.

Harry was shaking uncontrollably, tensing with every strike. They were coming so quickly Harry didn't get the chance to relax before he was hit again. His lips were trembling, but he wouldn't cry. He wouldn't.

After what felt like forever, there was a sudden pause as the blows no longer fell. The drum beat had picked up, pacing the blows and still kept up its staccato as Harry panted. He groaned softly, resting his forehead against the post as he fought to catch his breath.

The figure stepped up to Harry again, running a hand down the tortured flesh of Harry's back and buttocks. A gesture that might have been comforting in other circumstances was made painful as it inflamed the strips of damaged skin. Harry cried out as he tensed again, the touch sending sparks of pain throughout his body.

Then the hand withdrew and Harry felt fabric brush against the

back of his legs as the robed figure stepped up close. He heard the man chanting a spell then, "*Ego servum meae voluntati ligo ...*"

Harry mumbled a few unintelligible things under his breath. He felt hands graze his sore backside and then those hands were spreading the flesh of his arse open, exposing him. Harry moaned weakly, not able to understand what was being done to him. He felt the hands and the pain, but he didn't understand.

Then there was the feel of flesh sliding along the crevice of Harry's arse. That made Harry open his eyes again, quickly looking over his shoulder.

That chuckle again as the head of the man's cock slid down until it pressed against Harry's hole. The man didn't enter him yet but waited there, fingers tightly holding Harry in place as he did.

"Don't do this," Harry cried out, trying to push him back and away. Anything but this.

"Why not?" that cold voice replied, still waiting.

"I'd rather die," he whispered, biting his lip again.

"That's for later, Potter," the voice promised. "When I have had enough of you."

Harry wished he could concentrate enough to use some kind of wandless magic, but in this state, he was too weak.

"I enjoy your struggles, Potter," the man sneered, rubbing the pre-come slick head of his cock in a circle against Harry's opening. "I am going to fuck you now and, if you are lucky, as many times as I can," he growled.

"No!" Harry yelled, panicking and pulling on the chains.

The "no" seemed to encourage his tormentor and the man pushed into Harry then, not fast, but relentlessly slow and steady. Harry cried out as he clenched, trying to push him back out as another more intense pain started. "Hurts," he whimpered, shaking his head.

The man held Harry's hips tightly, pushing in until Harry could feel the clothed body of the other man against his sore flesh. Apparently, the only thing uncovered was the man's hands and now his cock.

Harry didn't notice he was crying until he tasted the salt of his tears. His entire body felt like it was on fire, though it was an entirely different kind of fire he felt in his cock. The spell was doing

something to him, forcing him to feel pleasure even while he was in pain. Every spike of pain seemed to make his erection throb harder.

The man was pressed against Harry's back now, and Harry could feel the other man's breath on his neck. "You are mine now, Potter," he whispered harshly, "after this ceremony you will belong to me, to do with as I please for as long as I please my Master." Then he flexed his hips, thrusting into Harry.

"I'll never be yours," Harry managed to groan, trying to block everything out.

The man began to thrust in time with the drum, each tearing pain sending jolts of pleasure to Harry's cock as his tormentor moaned in pleasure.

Harry tried to stay quiet, but the combination of pain and pleasure had him moaning, too.

"Yes, I know you want to scream," the man raping him taunted. "Do you even know if it is pleasure or pain that you are feeling?" The thrusts sped up now, the drum beat matching him.

"I won't," Harry said quietly, biting his lip hard to prove his point.

The man was gasping in Harry's ear now, pounding his flesh into Harry. "This isn't over until you scream, until you come so hard you can't help but cry out," the man explained.

Harry moaned loudly thinking about it finally being over if he just let go.

"You *want* me to keep fucking you like this," the man said, laughing. "You are such a slut, Potter. You like knowing a hundred people are watching you take it up the arse."

"Shut up!" Harry yelled.

"Yes, you always did flaunt yourself, didn't you?" the man sneered still, panting as he spoke. "And now you have an audience who are going to watch you come as I fuck you."

"I won't," Harry insisted, even as he felt his body begin to tremble as he was brought closer to that edge.

The man was panting loudly now, thrusting faster and harder, the beat of the drums faster, too. "Yes, Potter, yes," he gasped. "Fucking mine now!"

"Not yours, never yours," Harry whimpered. But then he was screaming as his orgasm finally ripped through him, making him arch

sharply.

Harry's tormentor cried out with him, growling as he filled him with his seed, pumping his hips until they were both spent and panting. There was a final sound of the drum just as they came so that both their cries echoed in the still night.

Harry rested his forehead against the rough wood of the pole, not believing what just happened. His throat felt raw and his eyes burned with tears.

The other man's hands slid up Harry's body, one encircling his waist and the other gripping that thick dark hair again, pulling so Harry's head was bent backwards. He spoke directly into Harry's ear. "The ritual was complete when you came with me inside you," he said. "The *Potestas Domini* Spell binds you to me as my slave, for as long as you live."

"I don't believe you," Harry whispered.

"I can literally command you now," the man drawled. "I own you, body and soul. If you don't do what I say or if I don't fuck you every day, the pain you will feel will be like the Cruciatus Curse." The man licked Harry's ear then.

Harry cringed, still not believing him. "I'll never obey you, ever. No matter. I'd rather be in pain."

The man chuckled again. He pulled back, his cock slipping from Harry's body, blood and come trickling down Harry's legs. The man spent a moment tucking himself back into his robes.

Harry sagged against the pole, his eyes closing. He was exhausted and his body throbbed in pain.

"Harry Potter," the man said, voice pitched to carry around the circle. "Stand and face your new master."

Harry ignored him, refusing to obey. But as he stood there, a sharp pain sliced through his body, ripping another cry from him. It went on, like a thousand knives were stabbing him over and over.

There was laughter around the circle now. "Do as I command and the pain will stop," his tormentor said.

Harry was openly sobbing as he forced himself to turn around, the pain beginning to dim when he did.

The Death Eater facing him stood with his hands on his hips, watching him through the mask. He withdrew his wand from his robe and flicked it, casting a spell and the chains fell from Harry's

wrists and ankles.

Harry reached up to rub at his face, ashamed of his crying. Blood from his wrists ran down Harry's arms. His entire body felt sticky with blood, sweat, tears and come.

"Potter, kneel before your master," the man commanded.

Even through the haze of pain Harry could see the glint of the knife that was still embedded in the pole. He grabbed at it and pulled as hard as he could, turning around to lunge. His trousers were still around his ankles and he stumbled.

The man had not expected that. He moved to catch Harry falling, not seeing the knife. Harry managed to slice through the robe and into soft flesh before the man cried out in pain. Harry felt the same pain lance his chest at the same time. Harry cried out, too, the pain making him lose his concentration. They fell backwards and Harry pulled at the knife, crying out again as it came free.

There was a gush of blood and the man's hand rose automatically to the wound trying to stop the flow. "Bloody hell, Potter," he complained, rolling off him.

Harry's hand pressed against his chest, squeezing his eyes shut at the feeling of the knife. But there was no blood.

The man was trying to sit up, but was clearly in pain. There was muttering among the assembled Death Eaters. "Help me up, you git, or we are both dead," the man hissed at Harry.

Harry got up after a moment, already in too much pain to risk rebelling again. He reached for the man's hand and tried to pull him up, groaning as his muscles protested.

With Harry's help, the man managed to get to his feet. One hand still holding his wound, he raised his wand. "Kneel, Potter," he snapped.

Harry got down on his knees, but didn't look up at him. His chest still throbbed, but he said nothing.

The man mumbled a spell then, apparently a Healing Spell because the wound glowed for a second and then Harry's chest stopped hurting as well. "Look at me," he insisted.

Harry forced himself to look up. The man backhanded him so hard Harry's face stung, and he fell to one side. Tears sprang to his eyes, but he ignored them, reaching up to touch his cheek.

"It would not be wise to challenge me again," the man said coldly,

looking about the circle.

Harry looked up at him again, wiping away the bit of blood from his lip. "It's funny how you can't even do anything without the approval of your master ... " Harry said, his voice rough and raw.

"How can you still be such a naive prat?" the man whispered. "Say nothing to anger Him," he commanded.

Harry opened his mouth to say more, but bit his lip to stop himself, damning the bond he had been forced into.

"Potter, pull your trousers up," the man snapped. "Then crawl after me, stay on your knees and don't speak until spoken to."

Harry thankfully pulled his shorts and jeans up, ignoring the pain as the clothes brushed against the welts on his arse.

The man waited, fingers tapping impatiently for Harry to reclothe and drop back to his knees.

When he was done, Harry slowly got back down on his knees, wincing a bit.

The man nodded and turned toward Lord Voldemort, bowing slightly from the waist. His Master acknowledged him, waving him forward with a bony hand. Then the Death Eater walked slowly to his master, trailed by Harry.

Harry didn't want to follow, but with the risk, he had no choice. As they got closer to him, Harry's scar began to prickle again, making him stop so he could press a hand against his forehead.

Lord Voldemort seemed to find this amusing, laughing. Harry's tormentor knelt too, just out of arms length of the seated Dark Lord.

Harry was rubbing at the scar, feeling as though it was trying to split open. The worst part was that he hated showing this weakness to everyone.

"Well, Malfoy, you have done well," Voldemort hissed. "Do you like your reward?"

Harry glanced up sharply at that, his eyes narrowing at the man next to him. He thought Lucius Malfoy was killed during the war, but apparently he wasn't, and now he was going for revenge. Harry gritted his teeth and forced himself not to do anything yet.

The Dark Lord laughed, a slithering sound. "So, Harry, you are now a bound slave. Give Malfoy what he wants and we let you live a little longer," he said.

"I'd rather die," he murmured, glaring at Malfoy.

Voldemort laughed. "Ah, but you lost, Harry. You have lost everything. To the victors go the spoils. Malfoy asked for you and I am inclined to reward him, for now."

"Thank you, my lord," Malfoy said. "May I take him away now?"

Harry didn't say anything, his hands clenching into fists. He did lose, but that didn't mean he was just going to sit back and let this happen.

"I suppose you can entertain us more with him again at a later time," Voldemort hissed. "You are dismissed."

Malfoy stood then, laid a hand on Harry's shoulder, gripping him with long fingers and Apparated, taking the other man with him to the entrance hall of Malfoy Manor.

Harry looked around where they landed, his eyes narrowing again.

"Stand and strip," Malfoy snapped.

"You already saw me naked," Harry scowled, but got up anyway and began removing his clothes.

"And you will remain unclothed as long as it pleases me," Malfoy snapped.

"What about what I want?" Harry asked.

"What you want no longer matters, Potter," Malfoy drawled. "You lost and you are my slave to do with as I please."

"I'm only doing this because I'd rather not be in pain," Harry mumbled, stepping out his clothes. His body was still throbbing with the various cuts and welts, and he was exhausted.

"And I am doing this because I enjoy your pain," Malfoy replied coldly. He looked into a mirror on the wall, seeming to study that mask. "Do you know who I am?" he asked quietly.

"Malfoy," he murmured.

"Brilliant as ever," the man retorted.

"That is who you are, right?" Harry snapped, glancing back at him.

"That's my surname," Malfoy said, turning away from the mirror and looking down at Harry again.

"Lucius," Harry said, looking up at him.

The man hissed at that. "Your friends killed Lucius Malfoy," he said coldly.

Harry thought so. But then the only other Malfoy ... his eyes

widened as he looked at him. "No ... you're not"

The man reached up and waved away the Mask Spell and let the hood fall back, revealing his hair and face.

Harry gritted his teeth at the sight of Draco Malfoy. "Draco Malfoy?! I thought No, let me go." He moved to get up, to get away, not wanting to be owned by Draco Malfoy, of all people. Lucius was an easier thought to handle, but his son? No.

Draco's eyes narrowed in anger. "You would rather my father?" he growled.

"I wouldn't rather any of you," Harry yelled, managing to get to his feet, only to fall back down as the pain spiked through him.

"You are an imbecile, Potter," Draco snapped. "Don't you get it? No one gives a fuck what you want anymore. You are not the Chosen One! You were defeated!"

"That's not true!" he moaned, trying to sit up again.

"Your friends are dead, all of them!" Draco shouted, fingers curled into fists.

"Shut up ..." Harry mumbled.

"I told you, Potter," Draco sneered, "you will never again tell me what to do. On your knees, now!"

"But I didn't," he whispered, slowly getting down on his knees.

Draco began stripping out of his robes, letting them fall to pool on the tile floor. His pale body was more muscular than it had been at school, the years having filled him out more. But the scars left by Harry in sixth year were still there, along with a new angry red one from earlier that evening.

Harry only glanced up at him for a moment, before he moved back a bit.

"Look at me," Draco insisted.

Harry looked up at him. "I didn't ... really," he murmured.

"You told me to shut up, fool," Draco snapped. "Look at what you did to me. You've never seen your handiwork before, have you?"

Harry looked at the scars on Draco's chest. "I didn't know the spell would do that!"

"And is that supposed to make it better?" Draco sneered. "You are so reckless you cast a spell when you didn't even know what it would do?"

"It said use on your enemies," Harry said quietly. "I didn't know

there would be so much blood ..."

"Typical," Draco snapped. "You think you can do anything with impunity. Well, now you are going to pay the price for what you did to me and my family." Draco scowled, anger shining in his eyes. "My parents are both dead and now you will pay."

"I didn't kill them," Harry said.

"You will pay. I won't debate this with you," Draco snapped, reaching to grab Harry's hair again and dragging him forward.

Harry tried to move with him, trying to relieve the pain in his scalp as he was pulled.

"Suck me," Draco ordered, pulling Harry's face in front of his half-hard cock.

Harry shook his head, even as he felt the pain of disobeying making him tremble. He didn't even know how to suck a cock. He'd never done it. Or much else, for that matter.

Draco's hand twisted in Harry's hair.

Harry cried out softly, and leaned forward, opening his mouth and closing his lips around Draco's cock. He sighed as the pain lessened, but the task still had to be done.

"Yes, suck me," Draco said again, watching Harry through eyes darkened with anger and lust.

Harry tried to ignore the taste of the blood mixed with something else, and focused on sucking him. It was all he could do not to gag.

Draco growled, using Harry's hair as a handle and thrusting into his mouth.

Harry did his best to keep up with him, breathing harshly through his nose. He wanted to cough every time he felt the other man's cock touch the back of his throat, but he couldn't and he wasn't going to try and push him away.

Draco thrust, growling as he did. "Yes, Potter, suck it," he gasped, tone harsh as he came with another growl.

Harry started coughing then, trying to pull back so he could breathe properly.

Draco held his cock inside Harry's mouth until he was spent and then shoved the man away.

Harry fell to the side, coughing up the other man's come and spitting it on the floor.

"I should make you lick that up," Draco sneered.

Harry didn't answer, breathing hard and trying to force himself not to throw up.

Draco snapped his fingers and a house-elf appeared. The creature fell to its hands and knees immediately. "Master," he said. "These clothes are to be incinerated," he said to the elf.

Harry looked down at his hands; they were filthy with dried blood and dirt. The rest of his body felt the same way, sticky and soiled, but apparently, there wasn't anything he could do about it.

"So the rules are that you will be naked and kneeling at my feet unless I say otherwise," Draco said. "I will use you as I like when I like. Please me and you will be allowed to bathe and eat. I would prefer to leave you filled and covered in my seed. But, I suppose you would smell bad if I didn't let you clean up, not to mention staining the carpet."

Harry closed his eyes then, a tear running down his cheek.

– CHAPTER TWO –

Oral Training

Draco scowled. This situation was bound to disrupt his life. He decided he would just have to do his best not to let it. “Follow me,” he snapped and strode to the staircase, climbing.

Harry considered resisting but as Malfoy moved away from him, he started to feel an intense pain throughout his body. He scrambled after him, crawling as fast he could up the marble stairs.

Harry was panting and his knees red and sore by the time he made it to the top of the staircase. Malfoy paused at the entrance of a room as if checking to see that Harry had followed and then went through it. The rug stung his tender knees and hands as Harry crawled again, finding the blond had walked into a richly appointed bedroom. A large dark wood four-poster bed dominated the room. It was hung with dark green draperies. The rest of the room was equally opulent with ornate and obviously antique furniture. Plush chairs sat before a fireplace and a writing desk was off to one side. Malfoy was stripping his robes and laying them over a chair near the bed. His pale white skin stood out against the dark background of the room. He seemed to be ignoring Harry and once he was naked, he walked to another door and went into the adjoining bathroom.

Harry had drawn his knees up resting them as he watched Malfoy and tried to catch his own breath. Unfortunately, when Malfoy moved again, the pain returned and he scrambled to follow him.

The bathroom gleamed with white marble, silver veins running through the rock. Gold fixtures contrasted with stone. There were two sinks set in a long slab and a large sunken bathtub, with a raised marble area around it. It was filled with water, steam rising and the scent of vanilla in the air.

Draco walked over to it and stepped into the bath, sinking down into the warm water with a sigh.

Harry sat nearby and watched, slowly pulling his knees up to his chest and rubbing the sore flesh.

Draco leaned back, letting everything but his face sink into the bath, soaking his now long, white blond hair. He did his best to let it wash away everything including thoughts of the Dark Lord and his new ... prisoner. Draco sat up and reached for his hair potions, working shampoo into his hair with a pleasurable sigh.

Harry was almost sure Malfoy was doing this just to upset him. He scowled, resting his chin against his knees. He had to remember not to lose his temper though.

Draco rinsed his hair, and then used a Conditioning Potion. Afterwards he worked soap into a lather and washed his body thoroughly.

Malfoy seemed oblivious to Harry's presence and he wondered what would happen if he just got up and stepped into the tub with Malfoy. He inched closer, smelling the soap with a sigh.

Draco cleaned himself and then lay back and closed his eyes, his back resting against the sloped end of the tub.

Harry reached the edge of the tub quietly, and reached in to dip his fingers in the water.

"Potter, take your filthy hands away from my bath," Draco drawled.

Harry scowled and sighed, pulling his hands away. He used the bit of water he got to rub at the mess of his hands.

Draco sat up and looked at Harry, shaking his head. "You really are a mess," he remarked in a bored tone. "Can you feel my seed in you, in your mouth and your arse?"

Harry wasn't sure, but he nodded anyway, hoping that was the right answer.

"I am tempted to leave you like this; messy with my spunk and your own blood," Draco said, standing up, the water running down his long lean body. "Would you like that?" he asked, stepping out and casting a Drying Charm on himself.

"No," Harry answered, glancing up at him. "Can I take a bath?" Harry asked hopefully.

Draco put his hands on his hips, head cocked and looking disdainfully at Harry. "Yes, you can use the bath," he sneered.

Harry got up and stepped into the tub, sighing softly.

"You can use the soap as well," Draco said and stepped in front of the mirror, combing out his hair.

Harry slowly sat down in the water, hissing softly as it touched the welts and cuts on his body. He reached for the soap.

Draco finished combing his hair and cast a Drying Charm for that as well. He pulled a dark green silk dressing gown off a gold hook by the door and put it on. He then leaned back against the edge of the sink with his arms crossed against his chest, watching Harry.

Harry carefully rubbed the soap over his skin, watching the suds turn reddish-brown.

Draco wrinkled his nose at the mess and sighed impatiently. "Hurry," he snapped.

"Why?" Harry snapped back, scowling.

"For that, no food until morning. Get out of the bath!"

"I didn't do anything. And I wasn't finished yet," Harry muttered.

Draco waited. Harry sighed as he dropped the soap and moved to get out of the tub slowly.

Draco cast Cleaning and Drying charms on Potter, finishing the process and walking out of the bathroom.

Harry followed after him, still feeling weird despite the Cleaning Charm. "Can I still get food?" he asked.

"No," Draco answered, padding into the large, ornately decorated bedroom.

"Why not?" Harry asked.

Draco hung the robe up on a hook on one bed post and climbed into the large comfortable looking bed. "Lie down beside the bed," Draco told him. "If you behave yourself, you can eat in the morning."

Harry sighed, walking over to the bed and slowly laying down. The minute his skin touched the sheets, pain lanced through him and he gasped, curling up a bit. He didn't know what he did wrong, but the pain got more intense.

"Potter!" Draco snapped, "I told you to lie on the floor."

Harry got up as quickly as he could and sat down on the floor before laying down, taking deep breaths. The pain subsided slowly.

Draco huffed and lay back down again, pulling the covers up and curling on his side.

Harry was still breathing hard, expecting something else to happen. When he didn't hear anything, he turned on his side, trying to get comfortable on the floor. Nothing helped, and he kept moving.

Eventually Harry found the least painful position he could, and he stayed still, his eyes closing in exhaustion. When he lost against Voldemort, he was expecting to be killed on the spot, not taken and made into some kind of slave to his enemy. He hated it. He hated everything, but he couldn't figure out what to do yet. All he had to do was listen, basically, and he'd live long enough to figure something out. As he drifted off to sleep, Harry decided that's what he would try to do from then on.

It was raining, and there was thunder. Harry was running through the mud of the battlefield. They'd lost, the Order members were being killed one by one and they were probably looking for him at that very moment. But he could see Hermione and Ron in the distance, through the rain. He screamed for them, screamed for Hermione to turn around before there was a flash of green light and she fell. Ron ran after her and he was next and Harry was still running for them, but it seemed the harder he ran, the farther they were.

"Potter, wake up!" Draco yelled, shaking Harry by the shoulders.

Harry woke up slowly, tears running down his face as he looked up. But it wasn't who he wanted it to be.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Draco demanded, his own heart beating fast in fear from being woken up to screaming.

"Nothing. I had a nightmare," Harry murmured, sniffing.

"Bloody hell," Draco complained, standing up from where he had crouched beside Harry. "Shut up and don't make me put a Silencing Charm on you." Draco huffed and climbed back into bed, sighing.

Harry turned on his side, away from Draco. "Just leave me alone," he whispered, beginning to cry silently. The pain of disobeying Draco hit then and he gasped, curling into a ball. "I'm sorry," Harry gasped from the floor, wanting to relieve the pain somehow.

Draco lay staring up into the canopy, listening to Potter cry. It made him angry. How dare he? Finally, unable to stand it, he rolled to the edge of the bed and sat up. He reached down and grabbed Potter's hair. "Up, now," he snapped.

Harry was pulled to his knees, forcing himself not to reach up and try to make Malfoy let go of his hair. At least the pain of the spell seemed to lessen when he obeyed.

"Since you have woken me up, you can entertain me," Draco sneered, spreading his legs and pulling Harry forward between them.

Harry shook his head as he was pulled forward, not wanting to "entertain" him again.

"Suck me," Draco ordered, cock not yet hard but wanting to punish Harry.

"I didn't mean to wake you up," Harry whispered.

Draco pulled Harry's hair tighter, bringing Potter's mouth to his cock.

Harry opened his mouth, taking the soft flesh between his lips.

"Yes, suck me, Potter," Draco growled, watching Harry's mouth on him and feeling himself harden.

Harry began to suck him as hard as he could, wanting to finish this quickly.

"Slow down and use your tongue," Draco ordered.

Harry slowed down and used his tongue to rub around the flesh, feeling slightly disgusted with himself.

"Yes, that's it," Draco encouraged, hand still entwined in the thick black hair but no longer pulling hard.

Harry kept it up, his eyes closed. He sighed in relief as the hand in his hair no longer pulled and hurt.

"Yes, finally a good use for that tongue of yours," Draco gasped.

Harry started to bob his head, still wanting for this to be over as fast as possible. He ignored whatever Draco was saying, in favour of just focusing on the task.

"This time you will swallow my seed," Draco warned him, panting as he got closer.

Harry wasn't too sure about doing that, but he knew if he didn't, there would be more pain in the near future.

Draco trembled, hand tightening in Potter's hair and then he was coming, crying out as he did.

Harry didn't swallow it yet. He just focused on making sure he didn't choke, holding it in his mouth. When he felt that Draco was done, he tried to swallow, hoping it would stay down.

Draco trembled with his release. He should have had Potter before this. Who knew he would feel so good?

Harry tried to pull his head back a moment later, wanting to be let go.

"Swallow it," Draco growled.

Harry swallowed what was left in his mouth.

Draco sighed, releasing Potter's hair. "Go back to sleep," he told him and lay back on the bed.

Harry quietly lay back down on the floor, not sure he if could go back to sleep. He always had nightmares since that night, and it wasn't as if he could stop them.

Draco crawled back under the covers feeling sated and content. After a minute, he thought of something. "Potter?" he asked.

"Yes?" Harry answered, not even moving.

"Do you always have them?" he asked.

"Yes ..." Harry whispered, biting his lip.

Draco almost told him he had nightmares, too. He didn't understand the sudden urge to comfort Potter. "Anything stop them?" he asked.

"No," Harry murmured, turning on the floor.

"You can sleep on the foot of the bed if you like," Draco said and then rolled over, turning his back.

Harry sat up, wondering if he should take the offer. The bed probably was a lot more comfortable than the floor, though. He got up and crawled onto the bed, laying down and curling up at the foot of it. "Thank you," he said after a moment of silence.

Draco felt strangely happy but dismissed it as post-orgasm mood. He closed his eyes and forced himself to relax, drifting back to sleep.

Harry stared silently at Malfoy's body under the covers, wondering how he could be so cruel one moment and then do something so nice the next. He sighed and closed his eyes, falling asleep faster than he thought possible.

Harry woke up slowly the next morning. He stretched out a bit with a moan, and then sat up, looking at Malfoy. He knew better than to try to escape, so he just watched him sleep, wondering at how peaceful the blond looked in his sleep.

Draco stretched, yawning as he woke up. He blinked his eyes and then the memory of the night before came back to him. He frowned, and looked quickly toward the foot of the bed where he found Potter watching him.

"I thought you'd never wake up," Harry murmured quietly,

watching him curiously.

Draco regarded Potter. The Dark Lord had given Potter to him as both reward to Draco and punishment to Potter. Now Draco had to figure out how to make the most of that. He sat up and snapped his fingers and a house-elf appeared bearing a breakfast tray and set it in front of the blond.

"You said I could eat this morning," Harry reminded him softly, looking at the tray then at him.

"You will eat what I don't finish," Draco said, placing a napkin in his lap and beginning to eat, sipping the tea.

Harry knew there had to be a catch. He sighed, laying back down and watching him eat quietly.

Potter was lucky that Draco never ate much at breakfast and the house-elves consistently overlooked that fact. He actually tried to eat as much as he could, not wanting to feel like he was going easy on his old rival. Finally, he slid the tray toward Potter.

Harry pulled it close and quickly ate what was leftover, not even bothering to pause, just in case Malfoy decided to pull the tray away.

Draco looked away, not caring for the way Potter ate. He lay back in his bed. He would normally indulge in his morning wank, but realised there were better ways to get off now. So he waited.

Harry finished, eating every last scrap. He sighed, pushing the tray away and wishing there were more.

Draco Summoned his wand and sent the tray back to the kitchen. "Come here," he said to Potter.

Harry watched him warily as he moved up to where the blond was lying.

Draco pulled his blankets down and leaned back with his hands behind his head, arching an eyebrow. "You should know what to do by now," he said.

Harry was about to ask what when he noticed the erection. He blushed and shook his head, but moved down anyway, quietly wrapping his lips around the head and sucking gently. He never thought there would be a day that he'd want to do this, even if it was just because he'd rather not be hurt.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, relaxing as that warm wet heat engulfed his cock. "Yes," he encouraged.

Harry used his tongue like Draco told him to before and moved

it around Malfoy's cock, sucking harder as he bobbed his head.

This, Draco thought, he could get used to – a morning blow job. He half closed his eyes as he arched his hips up towards Potter's mouth.

Harry pulled off and licked him from root to tip before sucking him back into his mouth, embarrassed to think that he was getting used to this, and getting inventive.

"Yes, more tongue," Draco said, hands coming down to clutch the bedding underneath him.

Harry gave him more tongue, closing his eyes.

"Yes, yes, yes," Draco chanted.

Harry thought of stopping, just to see what would happen, but he went on, accidentally brushing the head with his teeth.

Draco hissed. "Careful," he admonished.

Harry glanced up at him as he curled his lip over his teeth more, hoping it wouldn't happen again.

Draco's breath had sped up and he was thrusting with his hips as he felt his orgasm building.

After one particularly hard thrust Harry felt Malfoy's cock hit the back of his throat, making him cough slightly and reach out to hold down Malfoy's hips.

"Suck me, swallow me," Draco chanted, and then he was coming.

Harry swallowed as much as he could, the rest leaking out the sides of his mouth and causing his body to jerk as he felt the familiar pain again. He pulled back, quickly trying to lick up the rest before the pain worsened.

Draco moaned and gasped as Harry licked his sensitive flesh.

When he got all of it, Harry pulled back again, but the pain was still spiking through him, making him fall onto his side.

After a couple seconds Draco looked over at Potter. "What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Hurts," he whispered, not knowing why. He had swallowed all of it. At least he thought so.

Draco sat up, frowning at him. "I change the order," he said. "You have to try your best to swallow it all."

Harry sighed thankfully as the pain diminished, leaving him panting.

"Interesting," Draco said, watching him curiously. "Apparently

the spell is quite literal."

Harry looked back at him, feeling like he could use another night's sleep just from that.

Draco shook his head and rolled out of bed, reaching for clothes a house-elf had laid out for him during the night. He dressed carefully, still a perfectionist even if most days his work never took him from the Manor.

Harry watched him dress, wondering if he'd see a pair of trousers for himself ever again.

Draco finished dressing and then began walking toward the door to his room. He knew the orders he had given would force Harry to follow him.

Harry slipped off the bed and crawled after Malfoy, shame still making his cheeks burn.

– CHAPTER THREE –

His Father's Place

Draco made his way downstairs to the study. It had been his father's study and Draco had hardly changed it in the two years since Lucius's death. The room was dominated by a dark, rich hardwood desk. The desk chair and the other furniture in the room were upholstered in dark green leather. Lucius's cane rested in one corner. Draco took his place in the chair behind the desk.

Harry sat down on the floor next to the chair, hating that he wasn't allowed to walk and see everything around him.

Draco reached for the first of a pile of letters waiting for him. He picked up a dagger-shaped letter opener and began opening and reading his mail.

Harry pulled his knees up to his chest and sat glaring at Malfoy. Was he expected to just sit there and be quiet?

Draco tried to ignore Potter, despite the way he kept shifting noisily on the floor, and focused on his work.

"What am I supposed to do?" Harry asked a while later, frowning.

"You are supposed to sit quietly," Draco sighed, glancing down at Potter.

"I'm not a dog, Malfoy."

"You are my dog now," Draco snapped.

"I don't think so," Harry muttered, sulking.

Draco scowled, standing up abruptly so that his chair slid back. He whirled on Harry, drawing his wand as he did. "Get on your hands and knees, now!"

Harry stared at Malfoy for a moment before shifting forward, getting onto his hands and knees. Malfoy was so easily angered.

Draco glared at the man on the floor, a dozen images of torments flitting through his mind. Just the sight of Harry on his knees like this aroused him. He began unfastening his trousers.

Harry didn't look back at him, silently berating himself for

mouth off. The worst part was that he wasn't sure what Malfoy was going to do next.

"Look at me," Draco commanded coldly, stroking his cock as he looked down at Harry.

Harry slowly looked up, leaning away a bit and shivering at the sight.

Draco bent and opened the bottom drawer of Lucius's desk. His own desk, he corrected himself. He reached in and pulled out a worn but sturdy hardwood paddle.

Harry watched him quietly, eyeing the paddle. He hoped it wasn't for what he thought.

Draco had never wielded the paddle before, but he knew how much it hurt. He swung it back in his right hand and brought it down with a heavy smack on Potter's arse.

Harry jumped, crying out at the sudden pain. It stung, and Harry wanted to crawl away, but he knew he couldn't without even more pain.

Draco watched with fascination as Harry's white arse turned pink. He smiled wickedly and hit him again.

Harry tensed before the next one, squeezing his eyes shut and groaning quietly.

Draco's cock twitched at the feel and sound of the blow. "I had to endure this paddle too many times because of you," he sneered and struck Harry again with a couple more loud blows.

Harry rested his forehead on the floor, figuring out it only hurt more if he tensed up, so he tried to relax. But that didn't work because he would just tense up again every time he heard Malfoy speak.

After the fifth blow, Draco stood panting and aroused, his cock dripping. He stepped behind Harry then, reaching a hand down to trail his nails over bright red flesh.

Harry moaned and tried to twist away from those fingers, his skin too sensitive.

Draco chuckled, setting aside the paddle and using both hands to scratch Harry's sore flesh.

Harry's hands moved to grip anything on the hardwood floor, but found nothing. Harry clenched his hands into fists as he cried out yet again.

The cries of Harry in pain made Draco moan in pleasure. He was tempted to fuck Harry right then. The man's posture with his arse in the air was quite hot. Draco cast a lube charm on himself, then continued to pinch that red flesh with one hand as he began to stroke his own cock with the other.

Harry wiped away a few unwanted tears as more threatened to spill. He kept jerking away from Malfoy's fingers, his arse feeling like it was on fire.

"Spread your knees apart," Draco snapped.

Harry looked back at Malfoy as he spread his knees, glancing at his lubricated cock. "No," Harry whispered, biting his lip. Sucking Malfoy was bad enough, but he was still sore from the first time.

Draco looked at that swollen, red, puckered hole and grinned. "Yesss," he hissed. He reached for Harry's hair then and yanked hard, pulling him up. "Stand."

Harry winced as he stood, still protesting.

Draco dragged him the few feet over to the desk and roughly shoved Harry face down, bent over it.

Harry turned his head, breathing hard as he began to panic. "No, please! It hurts!"

"Good, I hope it hurts," Draco answered. "I hope it's agony. Spread your legs again." He kept one hand in Harry's hair, cruelly twisting it as he held him down. The other he used to position his cock.

"Don't," Harry whispered, having no choice but to spread his legs again.

"Beg me," Draco said, rubbing the head of his cock against that swollen opening.

"Please don't," Harry said quietly, squeezing his eyes shut at the sting caused just from the cock rubbing up against his abused hole.

Draco chuckled even more wickedly. "No, beg me to fuck you."

Harry gritted his teeth, but then moaned at the fresh wave of pain from not saying anything. "Fuck m-me," Harry stuttered quietly.

"Beg," Draco emphasised, hand twisting more in that thick hair.

Harry winced again. "Please ... fuck me."

"More," Draco insisted.

"Please, I w-want you to ... please fuck me," Harry murmured, just wanting to get it over with now.

Draco shoved then, not slowly or smoothly, but as a rough intrusion into Harry's sore body.

Harry cried out, beginning to sob before Draco was even fully inside of him. "It hurts!" he yelled.

Draco was thrilled to hear it and he pushed until his cock was completely embedded deep inside Harry's twitching body, the warm reddened flesh of Harry's arse flush against that of his own hips.

"Please," Harry whimpered, pressing his face against the wood of the desk, already wet with his tears.

"Cry, beg, or scream – it doesn't matter," Draco taunted. "You're mine now, Potter." He pressed his free hand into the small of Harry's back as he pulled back, feeling Harry's flesh along his cock.

"No, never," Harry gasped. He would never admit to being owned by Malfoy, no matter what the situation was.

Draco just laughed. The sound had a hysterical edge to it. He plunged forward again, beginning to pound into Harry's flesh, shoving him into the desk.

Harry screamed with every thrust. It was almost as if it helped him get through the agony and humiliation of being violated this way.

Draco knew from personal experience Potter's hips would be bruised where they repeatedly hit the edge of the desk. The memory made him angrier and he rammed harder, fucking the other man violently until he came, screaming wordlessly and collapsing atop Potter.

Harry didn't move, breathing in short pants as his body trembled. It was worse than the first time, and Harry never thought he'd think that. Ever.

Draco lay pressed against Harry's back, panting into that dark hair. After a few minutes, he pushed himself back and off of him. As his cock slid out, come and more blood trickled down Harry's legs. Draco startled, looking down and seeing blood on his own cock. An image flashed into his mind – an image of someone else's cock with Draco's blood on it. To his own shock, he became immediately ill, dropping to his knees and vomiting on the floor beside the desk.

Harry flinched at the sound before he slowly moved to get up. His legs didn't seem to want to cooperate and he fell to the floor, on his side, curling up. He could smell vomit and he wondered what was wrong with Malfoy.

Draco was on his hands and knees still, panting and trying to control himself. When he was able, he Summoned his wand and cast a Cleaning Charm on the mess. Then he looked at Potter. Without thinking, he also cast a Cleaning Charm on the man.

Harry flinched again at the spell, his body still throbbing along with his rapid heartbeat.

Draco forced himself to get up, staggering a bit when he stood. He cast another Cleaning Charm, on himself this time, before tucking his cock back into his own clothing. Then he forced himself to walk, rather than stagger, over to a wooden cupboard where he stored a supply of potions. He chose one, closed the cupboard and walked back to where Harry still lay on the floor. He held it out. "Drink this," he said.

Harry eyed the potion before he took it, leaning up a bit so he could drink it. At that point he didn't care if Malfoy was poisoning him or not.

Draco took the empty vial and re-corked it, laying it on the desk and then sitting down heavily in the chair.

Harry lay back down on the floor, quietly watching Malfoy through his fringe. He still wondered what had happened.

Draco sat staring at Potter, his face as impassive as the mask he wore at Death Eater gatherings. When hadn't that been true? He had worn a mask of one type or another his entire life.

After a while Harry found he wasn't feeling worse due to the potion, but better. It must've been a Healing Potion. He still felt slightly sore, but not to the point where he couldn't move. "Why the Healing Potion? Why rape me and then be nice to me?"

"I'm not being nice," Draco snapped, eyes narrowed. "You are my property. I take care of what's mine."

"You just decide that or something, did you?" Harry asked with a scowl, turning away from him.

Draco huffed, pulling his chair back up to the desk. He frowned at the mess of scattered papers and spilt ink. He took out his wand and began cleaning up, then sorting.

Harry stayed quiet, glad Malfoy didn't get up and beat him again for talking back. His stomach grumbled in the quiet and he turned over again, looking at him. "I'm hungry."

Draco looked up at the antique clock on the wall and realised it

was after his usual afternoon break. He stood up, straightening his clothes and then heading for the door.

Harry got up and followed him slowly, thinking something really must've changed Malfoy's attitude. If he said that before, he was sure it would've earned him a slap.

Draco made his way down the hall to the dining room. It was huge, meant for large gatherings. His place was already set at one end and he sat down. Food appeared immediately. He forced himself to eat.

Harry knelt on the floor next to him after he looked around the large room. He watched Malfoy eat, shaking his head with a sigh. "If you're not hungry, why force yourself?" Harry muttered.

Draco scowled, more determined than ever to make himself eat. He controlled himself. No one else. That was his goal in life. Mastery of self.

Harry scowled a bit, then sighed. "Don't eat it all," he whispered, his stomach grumbling again.

Draco managed to eat until he had enough to sustain him for the moment. Then he set the still more than half full plate on the floor and sat back in his chair.

Harry ate roast beef and cheese, glancing curiously up at Malfoy every now and then. "What's wrong with you?"

Draco's eyes narrowed. "Whatever are you talking about?"

"Whatever's wrong with you?" Harry repeated around a mouthful of meat. He finished the food then pushed the plate away. "You haven't hit me again, that's one thing."

"Should I?" Draco sneered.

"No, you shouldn't, but earlier you were more than happy to."

"I did hit you, and nearly tore your hair out by the roots and then I" Draco trailed off, scowling again and looking away.

"Then you raped me," Harry finished quietly. He blinked, surprised he could admit it already.

"You're mine," Draco bristled. "I have the right to do as I please with you."

"And then you vomited," Harry went on, as if Malfoy hadn't spoken. "Because of what you did?"

"We are not talking about this," Draco said, standing abruptly and heading out of the room quickly.

Harry wanted to leave him alone, but there was the other command there, one that forced him to follow Malfoy anyway. "Just admit it," Harry said, scrambling to keep up with him.

"That I raped you?" Draco hissed, turning and glaring down at him. "Yes, I did. And if you are very lucky, I will do it every fucking day."

"No, admit you have a problem," Harry said, glaring right back at him.

"You are my problem," Draco snapped. "You have been my problem for as long as I can fucking remember!"

"So why the hell do you keep me then?" Harry retorted. "Why not kill me and be done with it?"

That tore it. Draco backhanded him, sending him spinning to the floor.

Harry grunted, pressing his hand against his cheek as he looked over his shoulder. "What? Not sick yet?" He knew he was digging himself into a hole, but he loved finally being able to taunt Malfoy again.

"Shut up, Potter!" Draco yelled, hands clenched into fists and face turning red.

"Or else what?" Harry asked. Pain blossomed as he defied the order.

Draco stood with his hands on his hips, scowling and waiting for the spell to do its work.

Harry fell back on the floor as the pain grew more intense, cries escaping him as he writhed on marble.

"Every time you disobey me it will get worse," Draco reminded him, watching him.

Harry shook his head, tears falling from his eyes again. "Sorry," he gasped, wanting it to stop. It didn't help, only made it worse, and he started to scream.

Draco waited, letting the pain build for another minute and then he spoke. "I release the last command."

Harry slowly stilled, turning on his side as he coughed a bit, his throat feeling raw. He supposed he had asked for that.

"You seem to think this is some kind of school rivalry again," Draco drawled. "You lost, Potter. Get used to it."

"You're just jealous," Harry whispered as he panted, swallowing.

"Jealous of being a slave? Hardly," Draco said with a sigh, then turned and walked off again.

Harry crawled after him, falling a few times as his muscles were still shaky.

Draco made his way to another part of the Manor. He usually spent afternoons in his Potions Lab. Here the world was neat and ordered. He kept the place spotless. He was in complete control.

Harry sighed gratefully when he finally stopped inside what looked like a lab. "Of course," he murmured, moving to lie down.

"Sit in the corner," Draco said pointing to one side. "I don't want to trip over you while I work."

"Work on what?" Harry asked, moving to the corner of the room and laying down.

"Potions," Draco snapped, beginning to set out ingredients. He propped up a well-worn book in a book stand, turning it to a place he had marked.

"Thanks for stating the obvious," Harry said sarcastically, curling up as he closed his eyes.

Draco huffed and began working, ignoring Potter.

Harry managed to fall asleep within a few minutes, hoping he wouldn't dream.

– CHAPTER FOUR –

Too Late

Draco worked uninterrupted for the next few hours, managing to get a substantial number of items on his list completed. When Severus Snape was killed, by the Dark Lord himself, Draco had become Voldemort's Potions Master. It kept him off the front line and he was good at it.

Harry slept quietly before he began to dream again. At first, it was the same dream, and he was on the battlefield. Except it was different, and everywhere around him changed, the Death Eaters forming a circle around him like that night of the ceremony. Harry screamed when he felt Malfoy's hands on him, hitting him, and Malfoy forcing himself inside of Harry. And then suddenly he was bent over the desk and he screamed louder, twisting and turning to get away.

Draco cursed, dropping a tray of potions when Potter started screaming.

Harry jerked and pressed himself against the wall when he heard the crash, whimpering in his sleep. "Stop, please," he cried out.

"Fucking wake up, Potter," Draco shouted.

Harry only cried harder, trying to get away from his voice. "Don't"

Draco ignored the mess on the floor and strode over to Potter, bending down, grabbing him by the shoulders and shaking him.

Harry began to scream again as he felt pain, making him writhe in his sleep. "Stop," he cried out.

"Wake up, Potter, it's a dream," Draco repeated, unable to figure out how to get him to stop.

Harry opened his eyes with a gasp, staring at Draco as if he were still dreaming. "Don't," he whimpered, trying to pull away.

"Don't what?" Draco scowled, still holding him by the arms, his grip hard enough to bruise.

Harry opened his mouth to reply, but stopped, still staring at him.

If this was real, he would never ask that. "Nothing"

"You just ruined half of the work I accomplished today," Draco said, shoving Potter away and getting to his feet.

Harry looked at the mess of the room, noticing the glass and coloured liquid pooled around it. "How?"

"You had another of your episodes," Draco sneered, drawing his wand and cleaning the mess. "Do you have any idea what will happen to me if I fall behind in my work? Fucking self-centred git."

"It's not like I meant to," Harry snapped, flushing in embarrassment. Is that what they were? Episodes?

"Well, it's not as if the Dark Lord will give a damn whether or not you meant to!"

"Then just blame it on me like you do with everything else!"

Draco's temper flared again and he shook with rage, stalking over to where Potter still sat on the floor. "You are an idiot!" he yelled. "Do you know what happens to you if he gets angry with me?"

"No, but I'm sure you're going to tell me!"

"Imagine that crowd you saw last night," Draco said, pausing and then added, "Now imagine yourself fair game to the lot of them."

Harry paused then. The whole crowd "But I'm supposed to belong to you."

"Yes, count your blessings," the blond snarled.

"You're just trying to scare me. That won't happen," Harry whispered, a shiver of fear going down his spine.

Draco snorted. "It almost did." He turned back to make notes in his lab log about the broken potions.

"It did?" Harry asked.

Draco rolled his eyes. "It was me or them," he said. "I called in a favour." He couldn't believe he just admitted that to Potter.

"I guess ... I guess I'm glad you did then," Harry said, lifting his face to look at the blond. Had Malfoy really saved him from a worse fate?

Draco huffed and finished his notes. "I will need to complete twice as many tomorrow," he mused quietly.

Harry felt bad now. "I could help."

Draco snorted at that. "From what I remember, you might get us both killed."

"I've gotten better, Malfoy."

"You cheated."

"Did not."

Draco walked to the bookcase filled with potions books and pulled out a familiar volume. He held up Snape's old potion book so Harry could see. "Severus told me."

Harry glanced at the book. "I needed that potion."

"You cheated," Draco said. "Almost Slytherin of you that. Too bad you didn't remember those tactics later."

"I've gotten better without cheating, though," Harry insisted.

"I'll consider it," Draco said grudgingly. "Work day is over, though," he said and replaced the book and other tools he had gotten out.

Harry nodded then sighed. "Can I go to the loo?"

Draco nodded. "Well, come on," he said, leaving the room.

Harry would've liked to go alone, but he followed.

Draco pointed to a door. "In there, and in the future you have permission to go without me as long as you always ask first and return to me immediately after. And, so you don't make a mess, you may stand when you are in there and alone," he said. "I will be in the sitting room. It's that room there," he said pointing.

"Right," Harry said, already heading to the other door.

Draco made his way to his sitting room and sat down in his favourite chair beside the fire. An elf brought his favourite brandy. He sat sipping it and thinking about the day.

Harry went inside and used the bathroom, standing up and looking at himself in the mirror for the first time in a while. There was a bruise on his cheek from the slap and, when he checked, he saw bruises on his hips from the desk earlier that day. He sighed, splashing water on his face. He wished he could put on clothing. He relieved himself and left a few minutes later, once again crawling his way to the sitting room.

He found Malfoy sitting in a large, dark brown leather chair by the fireplace. There was a rug on the floor underneath it.

Harry sat down on the bit of rug, slowly getting comfortable.

Draco picked up the book he had been reading and tried to focus on it, letting the quiet crackle of the fire soothe his nerves.

Harry lay down, watching the fire, too. He forced himself to stay awake, not wanting to bother Malfoy with another nightmare.

Draco was content to read for a while, sipping his drink and enjoying the peace. Others would probably wonder about his quiet lifestyle, but that was their problem. Since the experiences of the last couple of years, he had come to appreciate being left alone.

Harry turned over and looked at Malfoy, the fire boring him. He never thought that he'd be lying down in front of a fire with Malfoy of all people. "Why aren't you married?"

Draco startled, almost having forgotten Potter was there. "You ask a lot of questions," he said. "And, I choose not to be."

"Don't you need to have an heir?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Draco said.

"So, are you going to have to have one?"

"You sound like my parents."

"I'm just bored," Harry murmured.

"My parents had a plan for me. They are dead," Draco sighed. "It might not be politically prudent to admit, but the Malfoy line will most likely end with me."

"Same with Potter," Harry said with a shrug.

Draco almost made a nasty comment but curiosity got the better of him. "If you had won, what then?" he asked.

"I don't know. I might've gotten married, for all I know."

"You and that Weasley girl?" Draco asked.

"Maybe." Harry's heart clenched slightly at the memory of Ginny.

"I was supposed to marry Parkinson," Draco said quietly. "She died in that big raid last summer."

"Ginny died, too. Didn't even finish Hogwarts," Harry replied softly.

"You loved her?" Draco asked, book now closed in his lap.

"I ... I guess I did."

Draco nodded, staring into the flames.

"I didn't want her to get hurt so I broke up with her," Harry went on quietly. "That didn't help."

"No, it wouldn't have," Draco said, thinking about the friends of his who were dead now. At least half those who started in Slytherin his year were dead.

"This all wasn't supposed to happen"

"There is no 'supposed to,'" Draco said. "There is only what is and what you can make happen. Anything else is a waste of effort."

"I wanted to win," Harry mumbled, closing his eyes.

"Then you should have done whatever it took instead of trying to play by the rules," Draco said, none of his usual sneer in the statement.

"I did, really ... I don't know what happened," Harry whispered.

Draco set the book aside and got to his feet. He frowned at Potter. "Whatever happened to your glasses? I thought you couldn't see without them?"

"I took an Eye Repair Potion a while ago," Harry murmured after a moment of hesitation. "Hermione insisted"

"Expensive potion," Draco said.

"She managed," Harry replied quietly, staring hard into the flames of the fire. He missed her.

Draco stood watching him for a moment. "Come on, I'm going to my room," he said.

Harry looked up at him before he slowly uncurled, getting to his knees again.

Draco actually waited for Potter to get up this time and then walked from the room, heading to his own bedroom. Once there he went directly into the bathroom where his bath was waiting as usual.

Harry crawled tiredly after him, following Malfoy into the bathroom, wondering if this time he'd be allowed to take a proper bath.

Draco stripped his clothing, dropping them into a basket set there for that purpose, and climbed into the hot water, sinking in with a sigh.

"Can I come in?"

"In my bath? Of course not," Draco huffed. "But if you behave yourself, you can wash after me."

"Why not in your bath?" Harry asked.

"Because we are not lovers, Potter," the blond snapped. "You are my slave. Don't forget that."

"You only take baths with lovers?" Harry asked. He never had a lover like that before.

"I have never taken a bath with anyone," Draco replied. "Do you normally bathe with others?"

"No," Harry said, and then muttered under his breath, "Can't even have a warm bath"

"First, your comfort is not my concern," Draco drawled. "Second, it has a Warming Charm built into the tub."

"It felt colder last night."

"Your imagination, I am sure," Draco snapped. "Now, if you would stop pestering me, I am trying to relax."

"What am I supposed to do in the meantime?"

Draco had lain back in the water, eyes closed. "You are supposed to sit and wait."

"Back to the dog thing again," Harry murmured, sighing.

"Yes, exactly," Draco snapped.

"But I'm not." Harry lay down in front of the tub.

Draco ignored the complaint, concentrating on washing himself instead. After he was thoroughly cleaned, he lay back letting the warmth ease his tension. This was the second part of the day in which Draco usually satisfied his own needs. He found, in spite of everything, he couldn't bring himself to do that with Potter right there.

Harry really didn't like being treated like some animal. He couldn't believe he was just supposed to sit and wait for Malfoy to be done before he could take his own bath. It was ridiculous. Harry was a human being and it shouldn't matter if he was bound to Malfoy as a slave or not. If he actually said that, Harry'd be in a world of pain. He sighed.

Finally, Draco got up, water cascading down his body. He stretched and then stepped out of the bath, taking his wand and casting the Drying Charms.

Harry got up and slipped into the tub before Malfoy could say anything, sighing and reaching for the soap.

Draco huffed. "Next time ask permission first," he said, then turned to finish his grooming.

"I ask for everything else," Harry murmured, rubbing the soap over his skin.

"Potter, I am tired," Draco complained, "don't make me have to punish you."

Harry smirked a bit, glancing at him. "You think *you're* tired."

"You spent most of the afternoon sleeping," Draco said with a huff. "I worked and then you ruined most of that!"

"Both of which were partly your fault," Harry said, dipping his

hands in the water.

"I swear you don't want to finish the damn bath!" Draco snapped, angry. "Out, now!"

"You said you were too tired," Harry murmured with a scowl, but got up and out of the tub.

"And I also said I would punish you if you didn't behave properly," he snapped, stalking into the bedroom.

"But I was," Harry replied, going after him.

"You never learn, do you?" Draco sneered, face flushed with anger. "You treat this like a game!"

"Sometimes that's better"

"I'll show you better," Draco snapped. "Stand next to the bedpost and raise your hands!"

"Is it too late to say I'm sorry?" Harry asked, crawling over to the post, before standing and cautiously raising his hands.

Draco cast *Incarcerous* and magical bindings slid around Harry's wrists, tying him to the post.

Harry swallowed, beginning to pull at the ropes. It was too much like that first night and he didn't want to admit it, but it scared him.

Draco was naked, angry and inexplicably aroused, too. He hated that Potter always got to him like this. He should never have asked for him. But now that he had, he had better make it worth it.

Harry looked everywhere but at Draco, noticing how he had gotten himself into this for the second time that day.

Draco stepped up to where the man was bound, looking him up and down. Potter was not as tall as Draco, but he still had the muscle tone of the Quidditch player. Draco allowed himself to really look at him this time.

Harry could feel his skin flush, wishing Draco would just do whatever he wanted then leave him alone.

Draco was aroused but he didn't want a repeat of the afternoon. He tried to consider the best way to punish Potter. The man seemed to crave attention, even punishment. Draco smiled wickedly then. He Summoned a leather chair from across the room and sat down, leaning back and spreading his legs. "Potter, watch me until I tell you otherwise," he ordered.

Harry slowly opened his eyes and looked at Malfoy, wondering what the man was planning on doing.

Draco cast *Unguentatus* to slick himself and began to stroke his cock, hooking one leg over the arm of the chair so he was on display. His eyes were half-closed as he began to think about what it felt like when Harry sucked him off that morning.

Harry felt his skin flush at the look of Malfoy. He couldn't believe that Malfoy was forcing him to watch this, like he actually wanted to see. Harry didn't want to see, he wanted to look away, but he knew he couldn't without pain.

Draco found himself really enjoying the look of discomfort on Harry's face. At that moment, the man seemed like he would have preferred sucking Draco again. The blond grinned, really working himself now – fingers moving his foreskin up and down and squeezing the head. He used his other hand to twist his own nipples.

Harry tried closing his eyes for a moment, gasping softly as he was forced to open them again. He thought he would rather have done anything other than watch Malfoy, including suffer the curse's pain. And as his discomfort and embarrassment mounted, Harry was no longer sure watching Malfoy was the least painful option. But for some reason, Harry kept his eyes open.

Draco took his time, making sure to give himself the most glorious slow wank he had done in ages.

"Please stop," Harry said quietly, biting his lip. "Just stop"

"I am not doing anything to you, Potter," Draco replied, really enjoying the begging.

"I don't want to see this," Harry murmured, shaking his head.

Draco watched Potter squirm and was amused to see that the other man's cock was half hard now. That just made it more fun since he knew it would embarrass Potter. Draco let himself moan, really getting into it now.

Harry bit his lip when he noticed that he was getting aroused. He didn't know why, and he didn't want to, but he was. He bit his lip harder as his erection bobbed in the air. He couldn't touch himself, and he was almost sure Malfoy wouldn't.

Draco had meant to punish Harry but this was even better than he planned. He stopped for a minute, getting out of the chair and walking up to stand in front of the other man.

Harry was still forced to look up at Malfoy when the blond came over to him, his own face impossibly red. Harry tried to only look at

Malfoy's face or upper body, but he found himself glancing down and trembling at the sight of the other man's cock so close to him.

Draco was still stroking his own cock, the tip only inches above Potter's as he looked into the other man's eyes.

Harry tried to move back, but there was nowhere for him to go. "Stop," he whispered, shaking his head

"No," Draco said, smiling as he pumped his hand faster.

Harry unconsciously thrust out with his hips, not knowing what he wanted. He really had never felt so confused.

Draco felt the other man's cock brush against the head of his cock and he could no longer hold back. He came, his hot seed spurting out and covering Potter's cock and belly.

Harry moaned quietly, watching Malfoy's face instead of looking down, but he felt the hot liquid splash his body.

Draco staggered back then, collapsing into the chair and panting.

Harry watched him sit with wide eyes, his own cock still hard and wet with Malfoy's seed. Watching Malfoy come had made him painfully aroused and it really looked like nothing was going to be done about it.

Draco finally caught his breath, watching the other man squirm, cock jutting from his body. He was tempted to touch it but it wouldn't be much of a punishment then, would it? "Seems you liked that," he drawled.

"I didn't," Harry whispered quietly, still denying it, forgetting the evidence right in front of him.

Draco snorted, reached for his wand again and cast a Cleaning Charm on himself.

"What're you going to do?" Harry asked, watching him.

"I am going to sleep," Draco said, standing up and making his way over to the bed.

"What about me?" Harry asked, his eyes following him.

"What about you, Potter?" Draco asked as if the man weren't tied to his bed in a very aroused state.

"Aren't you going to let me down?" Harry asked, trying not to panic. He hated being tied up, but the thought of it happening overnight terrified him.

"You need to learn when to keep your mouth shut," Draco said by way of explanation, climbing in under the covers of his own bed.

"No, don't leave me here!" Harry said, beginning to struggle again.

"Don't make me put you in a Body-Bind, too," Draco threatened.

"I just don't want to be left like this, please," Harry said, panicking as he pulled at the ropes.

"And I don't like your attitude," Draco snapped.

"Take me down ... please!" Harry yelled.

Draco debated whether or not to place the man in the Body-Bind, cast a Silencing Charm or let him down. "And if I do?" he asked.

"I don't know! Just please"

"Will you rein in that mouth of yours, or at least put it to better use?" Draco asked with a smirk.

"I'll try," Harry whispered.

Draco sat up, looking at him. "You no longer have to watch me, that command is released. I am going to untie you but I have a new order for you," he said. "Potter, you cannot come unless I give permission."

Harry glanced down at the erection he still had, biting his lip gently. "Let me down now then."

"You are still giving me orders," Draco huffed, lying back down again.

"I didn't mean to!" Harry yelled.

Draco huffed and cast the Release Spell, as much because he knew Potter would yell all night if he didn't as any other reason.

Harry stumbled as he was let down, nearly falling a few times as he took a few deep breaths to calm himself.

Draco set his wand down and curled up under the covers. "You can sleep at the foot of the bed again, if you want," he said, closing his eyes.

Harry stared at the bed before he climbed on it, curling up at the foot of it. His erection brushed the sheets and he hissed softly, doing his best to ignore it as he closed his eyes for sleep.

Draco sighed contentedly and drifted off to sleep.

Harry tried to sleep the best he could, but every time he moved to get comfortable, he would feel the sheets rub against his erection. He didn't know how many hours later it was when he finally fell asleep.

– CHAPTER FIVE –

Begging

Draco stretched and opened his eyes, confused for a minute when he realised something was on his feet. He looked down to find Potter curled around and half lying on them. He yanked his feet up, dislodging the man from his resting place.

Harry blinked open his eyes, sleepily trying to figure out what happened.

"I said you could lie on the bed, not me," Draco complained, sitting up.

"Didn't notice," Harry mumbled, lying back down with a yawn.

Draco lay back against the pillows and slid the blankets aside revealing his morning erection. "You know what to do," he said in a bored voice.

"I'm tired," Harry whispered softly, moving anyway to slowly crawl up the bed.

"And I'm hard," Draco drawled. "Whatever gave you the impression I care how you feel?"

"You gave me a Healing Potion," Harry replied, lying down next to Malfoy. He was eye level with his erection, but he was so exhausted. He swallowed and leaned up and over, sucking the blond's cock into his mouth.

"It was a rhetorical question, Potter," Draco snapped and then sighed when he felt Harry's mouth on him.

Harry sucked him slowly, beginning to bob his head after a moment. He closed his eyes as he moved, struggling to stay awake.

Draco growled in frustration at the pathetic attempt. He reached down and took hold of Harry's hair, thrusting up into his mouth.

Harry nearly choked at the sudden thrust, and he tried to pull back, stopping when Malfoy's hand tightened. Harry sucked him harder, working harder to get the other man off.

"That's better," Draco sneered. "Wake up and do it right."

Harry swirled his tongue, bobbing his head again.

"Yes, suck me, Potter," Draco gasped, realising that saying that, knowing it was Potter, was very arousing in itself.

Harry looked up at him as he worked, wondering if he was getting better at it.

Draco looked down and saw those green eyes looking at him – and trembled in pleasure as it sent him over the edge. "Potter!" he gasped as he came.

Harry swallowed and held Malfoy's cock in his mouth until he was spent, swallowing his come as quickly as he could.

Draco shuddered, releasing Harry's hair.

Harry leaned back and lay down on the bed again, sighing softly.

Draco sat up and snapped his fingers. A house-elf appeared with a breakfast tray and the blond sat sipping his tea while contemplating the day's plans.

Harry watched him idly, not even bothering to sit up and ask for food yet.

"I will have to cut short my time in the Study today and focus on the Potions Lab," he mused aloud. It was interesting having someone around after so much time spent alone.

"I could still help," Harry offered quietly, closing his eyes.

"You can't even sit up," Draco sneered but considered the offer.

"I'm just tired, Malfoy," Harry murmured, opening his eyes again and looking at Draco.

Draco ate his breakfast. At least Harry seemed less prone to mouthing off this morning. He hadn't realised how much work Potter would be when he asked for him. Finally he pushed his plate, still half-full, toward Potter and climbed out of bed to dress.

Harry sat up a bit and quietly ate the rest of the food. "Why do you always leave so much?"

"Oh, the food?" Draco asked. "The house-elves always make too much," he said dismissively.

"Oh." Harry didn't think so, but he finished the food quickly and pushed the plate away, sitting up properly.

Draco huffed, and having finished dressing, turned to head out of his room.

Harry sighed, slipping out of the bed and following him. "You have such a short temper."

Draco ignored the comment and walked to his study, taking up

his seat in the big leather chair and opening the morning mail. Owls brought the mail, but he refused to be interrupted to read the post until he was ready, so he ordered the house-elves to intercept arrivals and leave them on his desk.

Harry sat down near the chair, but not any closer than he had to, eyeing the desk. He decided to keep quiet in this room.

Draco worked as quickly as he could through the mail, sending off a couple replies and then making his notes.

Harry watched him for a while, before he lay down again. He honestly didn't know how he was supposed to sit and wait for Malfoy. It was tedious, and as much as Malfoy would keep saying that Harry was a dog, it didn't mean that he would immediately begin acting like one.

Draco finished his paperwork, sorted the letters into the appropriate folders, noted them in his correspondence log, and then sat back to stretch.

Harry was planning on taking a nap when he began to feel different. He felt that same insistent pain return and it got worse with every second. He didn't know what he had done wrong for the spell to need to punish him, so he didn't know how to fix it. He cried out and squeezed his eyes shut, jerking with the pain.

Draco looked at the clock on the desk and sighed. "Oh, yes, the spell," he said with a tone of annoyance. He turned his chair and leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, looking down at Harry.

Harry had begun to toss and turn on the floor, crying out and groaning with each wave of pain.

"Do you know why you are in pain?" Draco asked coldly.

Harry looked at him with tears in eyes and shook his head quickly before he bit his lip. "No. Stop it!"

"I am not causing this, the *Potestas Domini* Spell done in the ritual is," Draco explained. "The slavery spell requires I fuck you every day or this will happen. And if I'm not mistaken," Draco glanced at the wall-mounted clock, "it's been just over twenty-four hours."

Harry moaned, closing his eyes. He jerked again, a bit of blood welling up where he bit his lip. "Do it!"

"Not until you beg me for it," Draco snapped.

"Please fuck me!" Harry cried out, shaking. He just needed it to stop.

"More, convince me," Draco replied, still not moving from his chair.

"Please, please I need you to." He paused, gasping. "I want you."

Draco's cock stirred at that. Harry on the floor begging him to fuck him was exciting. He looked at the desk and shook his head. Then stood up and walked over to one of the over-stuffed leather chairs. He unfastened his own trousers and slid them down with his silk shorts to his own ankles. He leaned one arm on the back of the chair, looking back at Potter. "If you want it, crawl over here," he said.

Harry looked at him and shakily got up on his hands and knees, his body still shaking from the pain. He crawled over as quickly as he could, which wasn't very fast.

Draco smiled, enjoying the show of Harry crawling to him. His own cock was hard now and he stroked himself slowly.

Harry sat down on the floor in front of him, looking up at Malfoy with pleading eyes. "Please"

"Stand up, bend over the arm of the chair and spread your legs," Draco instructed.

Harry swallowed and moved to do what Malfoy commanded. He bent over the arm and slowly opened his legs, remembering the last time with a shudder.

Draco cast the *Unguentatus* Spell, slicking his own cock. He stepped behind Harry and between his spread legs, admiring the firm arse turned up for him. He reached and spread those cheeks, looking at him.

Harry wanted to tell him to go on with it, to just get it done, but he kept quiet, his face flushing. He was still sore even though he had been given a potion, and Harry wasn't looking forward to it. But he would do it, just as long as it stopped the pain.

Draco pushed a lube slicked finger into that hole, twisting as he did.

Harry jerked, glancing over his shoulder. Malfoy never did that before. It was slick and much smaller than his cock.

Draco didn't know why he was preparing the other man, and knew with the spell he couldn't take long, but he slid another finger in making sure to stretch the tight ring and coat the channel with the lube.

Harry tried to relax around the fingers, biting his lip. Although it didn't hurt, he could still feel the pain in the other parts of his body. "Hurry," he whispered.

Draco's cock twitched at that one word and he withdrew his fingers and then positioned himself at Harry's entrance, before reaching to hold the man's hips. He pushed in slowly this time, feeling the give as he breached the other man.

As he pushed in Harry could feel the pain begin to abate and he sighed softly. He didn't know why Malfoy was being so careful today, but Harry wasn't about to complain.

The padded arm of the chair was soft, not like the edge of the desk. Draco knew that from experience, as well. "You can hold on to the other arm of the chair," he suggested before pressing forward, sighing at the feeling as Harry's tight heat enclosed his cock.

Harry reached out and held on to the other arm of the chair, holding back his own sigh as Malfoy pushed all the way inside. For the first time it felt okay, and not like he was going to be split in half.

Draco trembled at the pleasure he felt. He didn't know why this felt better than the other times, but it did. He pulled back and then slowly pressed inward again, moaning softly as he did.

Harry found himself pushing back onto Malfoy, a small noise escaping him. He blushed hard and frowned, not wanting to like it, but it was obvious he did.

Draco concentrated on the slow withdrawal and then equally slow act of pressing forward. He loved the way the other man's body seemed to be trying to hold him in, squeezing his cock. The blond wasn't even aware of the small moans he was making.

"Faster," Harry whispered after a while, telling himself that he wanted it to go by quicker, even though he really just wanted more.

Draco was startled when he heard the word, and even Potter telling him what to do didn't dampen his desire. He slid in quicker this time, finding he could push deeper as well. His fingers on the other man's hips tightened and he began to rock into him with each thrust.

As Malfoy quickened his thrusts, Harry could feel his own cock pressing against the soft leather of the chair. He was fast becoming hard himself as he began to move with Malfoy. He could tell that he was leaving a wet spot. Harry still couldn't believe that he was

enjoying this.

Draco moaned louder as he flexed his hips, getting closer to coming with each thrust.

Harry began moaning when the man's cock touched one place inside him that sparked pleasure throughout him. He nearly came then, but stopped himself, remembering that he wasn't allowed to come until he was told. "Close," he murmured, gripping the arm of the chair tightly.

The word startled Draco and he stopped in mid-thrust. "What?" he asked, confused. He hadn't expected Potter would experience pleasure from this.

"Can I come?" Harry asked quietly.

That startled Draco, too. It made him realise he had fucked the other man to stop Potter's suffering. Why was he doing this? Wasn't suffering what he wanted for Potter? He growled, beginning to thrust again and then as he got close he answered, "Yes."

Harry came on the third thrust, groaning and his body trembling as Malfoy continued to thrust inside him.

"Yes," Draco hissed again. The other man's body clenching around his own pushed him that last bit and he came with a loud groan.

Harry panted softly, not knowing how that went from rape to enjoyable sex by the end. Or maybe it was still rape, he just liked it. Harry bit his lip, confused.

Draco was panting, still buried inside the other man and shuddering. He looked down at Potter's back and had to fight the urge to reach up and stroke him. Instead, he forced himself to pull out and then cast *Lavare* Charms to clean them both.

Instead of sinking down to the floor, Harry turned around, glancing up at Draco with curious eyes.

Draco avoided looking at Potter, reaching to pull up his trousers and refasten them. It was probably ironic that he felt more ashamed of his tender feelings toward Potter now than he had of brutally raping the man the two days before.

Harry got down on his knees, still looking up at him. It felt awkward to do this right after having sex with someone, but he didn't want to ruin whatever moment he had with Malfoy by getting punished again.

Draco did his best to straighten his clothes and then walked back over to the desk and picked up his notebook. "We take lunch early today," he announced. "We have a lot of potions work to do this afternoon."

"We?" Harry asked, following him as he spoke.

"You did volunteer to assist me," Draco said, as if it were obvious he'd accept Harry's offer, and led the way to the dining room. When he sat down in the chair, his plate of food appeared. He stared at it for a moment, unsure if he was actually hungry.

"Why don't you try to eat more of it?" Harry murmured without thinking.

Draco huffed, picked up his fork and started eating. He wasn't hungry but he tried to eat at least half of it. Since when had only half become his goal? Had he planned on leaving food for Potter now? It rankled him that he was doing things FOR Potter now instead of just TO him.

Harry glanced up at the plate. "Not bad," he said, smirking a bit at him.

Draco snorted and handed him the plate, sipping his tea and trying to think about potions.

Harry ate the rest and set the plate back on the table. He felt better. Much better actually. "Now we do the potions?"

"Yes," Draco answered, rising from the table.

Draco made his way to the Potions Lab, Harry following him. Once there, he opened his notebook to the list of potions he was supposed to make.

"What do I do?" Harry asked, sitting down next to him as Malfoy looked through the notebook.

"First, you have permission to stand while you are in here. You won't be much use to me on the floor," he said. "Second, can you read those labels?" He gestured toward carefully labelled and organised potion ingredients filling an entire wall of shelves.

Harry got up and walked over to the shelves, looking at a few of the labels. "I can read them. And I should be allowed to wear clothes in here, too."

"I don't recommend pushing your luck," Draco snapped and then began calling out ingredients for Harry to bring him.

"But what if something splashes on me?" Harry asked as he

looked over the shelves for the ingredients. He found them and gave them to Malfoy, finally feeling more useful than ever.

"You don't have a wand, so you can't actually brew the potions," Draco said. "You are just assisting."

Harry paused when he thought about his wand. It was still the first wand he got from Ollivanders, never changed or anything. He sighed softly, glancing at Malfoy's wand.

"Don't touch my wand, Potter," Draco commanded, just in case. "Now start chopping that one," Draco said pointing to one of the bottles.

"I wasn't going to," Harry muttered, frowning as he poured the contents of the bottle on a small marble cutting board. He began to cut it up into pieces, glancing back at Malfoy. "Will I ever get a wand again?"

"No," Draco said, measuring ingredients into one of several cauldrons set up in the lab.

"Why not?" Harry asked, scowling at him.

"You are supposed to be helping me, not distracting me," Draco growled. "And because you will be dead."

"I'll be dead if I get a wand?" Harry asked, carrying the chopped-up ingredients over to him.

Draco scowled. "Potter, you are a slave who will be killed when the Dark Lord wishes. Are you really such an imbecile that you can't see that?"

Harry set the ingredients down. "So I could be dead tomorrow?"

"Yes," Draco hissed, setting aside the ingredients and turning on Harry. "I know I have been completely clear about that. What? After everything, you think He will let you live?"

"I thought" He shook his head, looking away from him. "Nothing. Go on with the potion."

"What did you think, Potter?" Draco said, hands on hips as he faced him.

"Nothing, I thought nothing." He walked back to where he had been working, opening another bottle.

"Tell me," Draco insisted, making it a command now.

"I thought I'd live here for as long as you do," Harry mumbled quietly.

"I have no idea how long He will allow me to keep you," Draco

said and sighed, turning back to the bench. "His plan had been to have you publicly ripped to pieces. I persuaded Him to let me have you. But if I don't get these potions done, I won't live long either."

"Then just do the potions," Harry said, turning back to his station with a sigh.

Draco shook his head and tried to do just that and they proceeded to work for a couple hours with only instructions from Draco and the occasional question about the potions from Harry.

They were bottling a large batch of Blood-Replenishing Potion when Draco found himself wondering as well how long the Dark Lord would wait.

"Are there anymore you need to make?" Harry asked, looking at the various stains on his hands from chopping up things for Malfoy.

"There are always more," Draco said with a sigh. "But this large batch of Blood-Replenishing, as well as the vials of Veritaserum, should get me caught up for now." Draco set the bottled potions on the shelf for finished work and stepped to the sink to wash his hands.

Harry followed, wondering if Draco would let him wash his hands as well.

"Wash up," Draco told him. "I don't want to smell that stuff the rest of the evening."

Harry thankfully washed his hands off, smiling as the stains were scrubbed away. "Now what?" Harry asked, glancing at him.

Draco had begun to cast Cleaning Charms. "Put all the ingredients back," he said. "The bottles should be put back exactly where they were. It is alphabetical and labelled so you should be able to follow it."

Harry did as he was told, taking a bit longer to make sure that they were all in the right places. "Done." He turned around, looking at him. "Now what?" he asked again.

Draco had finished the rest of the cleaning up. "Unless my Master commands otherwise," Draco sighed, "my routine rarely varies." He walked from the lab toward the dining room.

Rape of Innocence

Harry frowned and scrambled to follow Malfoy. "Do you ever go outside to do things that you want to do?" he asked.

"What would I want to do outside?" Draco asked, and took his seat at the table, food appearing as soon as he did.

"I don't know ... something fun?" Harry asked. "Everything is just 'Master this' and 'Master that.' What about your life?"

Draco scowled at him. "This is my life," he snapped.

"No offence, Malfoy, but you have a boring life," Harry commented.

"I do not enjoy what passes for entertainment among my peers," Draco drawled, picking at his food.

"Eat it," Harry murmured. "What, raping innocent people? I thought you liked that."

Anger flared in Draco so fast and so strong he didn't know what hit him. He stood abruptly, the chair falling back with a bang, and swept the dishes from the table, a plate shattering on the floor. He whirled and faced Harry, his face red.

Harry glanced at the food on the floor, his dinner, and sighed, leaning away from Malfoy. Talking before thinking was a definite problem.

Draco advanced on the man on the floor, taking hold of his hair and yanking Harry up on his knees.

Harry winced and held back a groan, looking up at Malfoy as he slowly began to get scared. Whenever Malfoy looked like this, there was no mercy.

"Is that what you think of me?" Draco hissed and then, before Harry could answer, Apparated them to the bedroom. "Well, I wouldn't want to disappoint you." He dragged Harry to the bed and shoved him face first into it.

"I didn't mean it!" Harry cried out, managing to get up and crawl away a bit, but he knew he had nowhere to run.

"Yes, you did," Draco snarled, crawling after him and grabbing Harry's foot, dragging him back.

"No, no!" Harry tried to pull his foot out of Malfoy's grasp, beginning to panic. "I was joking!"

"You think the 'rape of innocents,' as you called it, is a joke?" Draco asked, pulling Harry back and putting a knee into the base of the man's back to pin him to the bed. He Summoned his wand and did a spell to uncloth himself.

"No, but I didn't mean it!" Harry yelled, struggling to get away.

Draco was angry and aroused, cock standing stiff. He cast an *Incarcerous* and Potter was suddenly bound spread-eagle to the bed.

"No!" Harry yelled, pulling at the ropes only to see that they were tight. "Please, I'm sorry! Please don't!"

"Don't what?" Draco growled, kneeling between the other man's legs.

"It hurts when you do it like this," Harry whispered, biting his lip.

"Yes, isn't it supposed to?" Draco sneered. "I am evil. Remember? Slytherin, Death Eater and rapist of innocents." He rubbed his cock along the cleft of Harry's arse.

"You're not ... you're not evil," Harry said, feeling tears well up in his eyes. "Please stop"

"I raped you in a Death Eater ritual," Draco ground out. "Made you my sex slave. Of course, I am evil." He angled his cock down, pressed against Harry's opening but not yet pushing in.

"But you ... you helped me," Harry said, biting his lip harder when he felt him press down. Malfoy wasn't even going to use lube.

"One good deed does not cancel out a lifetime of misdeeds," Draco said, not even understanding why he was arguing with Potter. He should shove in and listen to the other man scream. He was a Death Eater and he was supposed to punish Harry, to enjoy hurting him. It was what he had asked for, wasn't it? He was trembling now.

"But you still did ... you didn't have to," Harry said.

"You know nothing about what I have to do," Draco growled, shaking violently now as he pressed inward. The head of his cock was still slick with oil from before and he didn't shove hard, but it would probably still hurt.

Harry clenched in pain, trying to push him back out. "Please stop, I'm sorry"

Draco froze, his blood running cold suddenly as his anger drained away. His mind flashed on himself, writhing on the floor. "Please, Father, I'm sorry," he heard his own voice begging. He looked down at the pleading man underneath him as if seeing him for the first time and pulled back, scrambling from the bed and heading for the bathroom.

Harry took a few deep breaths as Draco left, not immediately realising what happened. He had to follow him, but he couldn't because of the ropes. He sighed and waited for the pain he knew would come.

Draco made it to the sink, splashing cold water on his face and breathing deep – trying not to vomit again.

The pain hit Harry within the next moment and he screamed from the intensity of it. It seemed worse because he couldn't move like he wanted to.

Draco was panting and trying to get control of his emotions. His body was trying to force his food up and his eyes were stinging with threatened tears. His head snapped up when he heard the screaming. Fuck. He had forgotten the order for Harry to stay close. He turned and stumbled back into the room.

Harry's screams slowly turned into groans as Draco walked closer, his body shaking as the pain slowly left him.

Draco removed the Rope Spell and crawled onto the bed.

The minute the ropes released him, Harry curled into a ball, rocking and crying.

Without thinking, Draco wrapped his arms around the shaking man, cradling him. "I forgot," he said quietly.

Harry curled up in the blond's arms, still breathing hard as he tried to calm down. He still wasn't sure of what happened, but he was shocked that Malfoy actually stopped. Why had he stopped? Was it Harry's begging? Did the other man actually care about what he felt? What did it mean?

Tears that had threatened before now fell from Draco's eyes, soaking into Harry's dark hair as the man pressed himself against Draco's chest.

Harry could feel the stutter in Malfoy's chest and he slowly looked up at him, startled to see tears. "Why are you crying?" Harry asked softly.

"I don't bloody well know," Draco said, voice half-angry, half-pained and he shut his eyes, still holding Potter.

"I didn't mean to make you upset," Harry said, reaching to touch his cheek.

"You don't make me do anything," Draco snapped. Except get angry and fall apart he thought privately.

Harry sighed, watching Malfoy quietly. It was something else that troubled him and Harry had no idea what to think. It wasn't as if Malfoy would talk to him anyway. So that's how Harry found himself leaning in close, his lips pressing against the blond's.

Draco's eyes were closed when he felt that first brush of lips against his. His eyes snapped open as Harry pressed his lips over Draco's. He gasped, his mouth opening a little in surprise.

Harry pulled back and looked at his face before he kissed Malfoy again, not fully knowing why he was doing this.

Draco was so stunned he continued to stare at Potter, mouth slightly open and tears still wet on his face.

Harry slipped his tongue inside Draco's open mouth, pressing himself against him even more. It felt nice to just kiss someone after so long.

Draco trembled; Potter's mouth on his felt amazing. Unconsciously, he relaxed into the kiss, hands clutching Harry's body to him with a small moan.

Harry tilted his head as he moved his lips and tongue against Draco's, trying to coax him into kissing him back.

Slowly, Draco began to respond, eyes closing again and tongue sliding against Harry's.

Harry deepened the kiss, pressing his lips harder against Draco's. He pressed his hands against Draco's bare chest, feeling his heartbeat.

Draco's heart was racing and he slid a hand up to the back of Harry's head, sucking on the other man's tongue in his mouth.

Harry moaned quietly in response, breathing hard through his nose. He could taste the salt from Draco's tears and something else that must've been strictly him. Harry liked it.

Draco's free hand slid over the other man's naked back, feeling the skin, bone and muscle. He was sucking and licking at the other man's lips now and trembling with new arousal.

Harry shivered at the touch, his body arching with another moan.

He never thought he would willingly get aroused like this, but here he was in Draco's arms.

Draco was lost in the taste and sensation, no longer thinking about the meaning of his actions. He nipped and kissed along the other man's jaw, pulling Harry so he was now astride Draco.

Harry hissed when their cocks touched, his head falling back as he reached to grip Draco's shoulders.

Draco's mouth closed on Harry's neck, sucking at that flesh as he began rocking them together.

Harry groaned, biting his lip as they moved, his entire body feeling like it was on fire.

The friction of their cocks trapped between their two bodies and rubbing against each other was amazing. Draco sucked harder and rocked faster, one hand in Harry's hair gripping hard and the other wrapped around the man's waist, holding him tight.

Harry was sure Draco was going to leave a mark on his neck, but as Harry felt himself get closer with each touch, he found he didn't care.

Draco released Harry's neck, licked at the dark red mark and then licked his way up the man's neck to his mouth again. He opened his eyes this time, looking at Harry as he brought his lips over the man's.

Harry moaned into the kiss, his eyes opening a bit as his hips jerked against Draco's. "Close," he whispered against his lips, hoping the other man would let him come.

Draco drove his tongue into Harry's mouth and rocked faster knowing he would come soon, too.

Harry had begun to tremble and he had to pull back again, looking at him. "Can I come?" he asked softly.

Draco had forgotten the command. He managed to gasp, "Yes!" before throwing his head back and coming.

Harry came a moment later with a cry, his back arching again. He collapsed against Draco, breathing hard.

Draco was panting and shuddering, literally overwhelmed. This was not the way it was supposed to go. Harry was supposed to be a plaything, a slave. Draco was supposed to be using him.

Harry turned his head, his cheek resting on Draco's chest. He honestly had no idea what he just did, but he couldn't go back and change it now.

Instead of his breathing calming down, Draco was still panting. He was trembling violently and he had no idea what to do now. He should shove Potter away. This was a huge mistake. He couldn't allow himself to care about anyone, let alone Potter.

Harry leaned back when he felt him trembling. "Calm down," he said softly, reaching to touch his shoulder.

Draco knew he was losing control of the situation. The one thing he still strived for in his life was control. He shoved Potter from his lap and scrambled back off the bed.

When he was pushed from Draco's lap Harry was already feeling the pain of telling him what to do. It got stronger within a second and Harry cried out, beginning to writhe on the bed.

"Oh, fucksake, now what?" Draco asked, unaware in his own distress of what Potter had done.

Harry whimpered and jerked, turning over again and again. "I'm sorry," he whispered, biting his lip as he shook.

Draco shook with fear. He should let Potter scream. He was supposed to make him suffer. But he couldn't stand it. "I countermand whichever order you just broke," he said quickly.

Harry stilled, still breathing hard as his body shook with the aftershocks. He glanced at Draco, watching him quietly.

Draco saw that the pain had released Potter. The blond turned and began to pace, still shaking. There had to be a way to save the situation. Falling for Potter was not an option.

Harry continued to watch him, feeling physically and emotionally drained. There was so much going on and Harry didn't know how to handle it. He was sure that was going through Draco's head as well.

Draco stopped, taking several deep breaths before walking over to stand looking down at Potter. "You will get us both killed," he said flatly.

"How?" Harry asked quietly, not moving.

"Your behaviour," Draco said, hands on his hips. "You may not care if you live or die, but I do. If you are not cowering in submissive fear of me the next time they check, we are both going to wind up tied to that post."

"It's not like this changes everything, right?" Harry asked.

"You keep telling me what to do and doing things I have ordered you not to do," Draco snapped. "If I don't punish you severely

enough to stop you, He will kill me. How bloody hard is that to understand?"

"I understand. I'm just trying to get used to this. Will you have to punish me in front of him?" Harry asked, biting his lip.

"Yes," Draco said, looking away now, unable to bear the look in the man's face.

"I'll listen. And maybe it's good that you punish me here," Harry said quietly.

Draco looked back, considering what the man said. "So I reinstate all orders given," he said, "with the provision that if you are tied up or otherwise restrained, you do not have to follow me."

"All right ..." Harry said. "I'll only get punished if I disobey, right? Along with the pain"

Draco narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean if I don't listen, you have every right to punish me," Harry murmured.

"I have the right to do whatever I please with you no matter what the reason," Draco drawled.

"Oh, yeah," Harry said, nodding.

"But if you do as I wish, I am less likely to physically hurt you," Draco added.

Harry nodded. "I get it." He definitely wouldn't mind less pain.

Draco cast *Lavare* to clean both of them, still watching Harry cautiously. "You have enjoyed it twice," he said flatly.

"Does that mean I'm gay?" Harry asked softly, looking thoughtful.

Draco snorted and rolled his eyes, sitting down on the edge of the bed, bringing one knee up on the bed and resting his back against one bedpost. "You had never been with a man before?" he asked.

"No," Harry answered honestly, glancing at him.

Draco nodded, taking in the information. "Women?" he asked.

"There was Ginny, but we didn't do much with the war and all," Harry murmured.

Draco's face was impassive as he thought about that. "You never climaxed with another person?" he asked.

"No. Well, now I have," Harry replied, glancing at him.

"When you'd wank, who would you be thinking about?" Draco asked.

"I don't remember ... nice things, I guess. Whatever I saw and liked"

"What people?" Draco insisted.

"Girls ... once I thought about a bloke ... it was strange, but it didn't seem to matter," Harry said.

"Which bloke?" Draco asked, curious now.

Harry blushed. "Do I have to answer that? I don't think I remember"

"You remember and you have to," Draco said.

"Bill Weasley," Harry admitted finally, flushing at the memory of him.

Draco nodded again. "Definitely a bloke, and a good looking one," he said. "And girls?"

"Ginny, Cho" He paused. "And maybe Fleur sometimes ... but I stopped since she got married to Bill."

"You came because I was touching your cock," Draco said with a sigh. "It doesn't mean you are attracted to me."

"Then why did I want to kiss you?" Harry asked.

Draco snorted. "Yes, why did you do that?" he asked.

"Because ... I don't know ... I just wanted to. I got this feeling and I did it." Harry shrugged a bit, looking at him.

Draco shook his head, realising his evening was pretty much gone now. There was no point in going back downstairs now. "We didn't eat dinner," he said. "I suppose you are hungry."

"It's okay," Harry said, still lying down and watching him. "We can eat tomorrow."

Draco got up and pulled the covers back, getting under them. "Go to sleep then," he said, getting comfortable.

Harry moved to the foot of the bed and curled up like he usually did, closing his eyes with a sigh. "Goodnight," he whispered.

– CHAPTER SEVEN –

Summoned

Draco woke to find Potter had once again draped himself over his legs. He sighed and looked down, watching the other man's face. This time he carefully sat up instead of yanking his legs out. "Potter?" he said.

Harry woke up with a yawn, taking a moment to notice that he was lying on Draco's legs. "Sorry," he whispered, moving back to the foot of the bed sleepily.

Draco rolled his eyes and pulled his blankets aside, displaying himself and arching an eyebrow.

Harry blinked the sleep out of his eyes, looking at him for a long moment. He was about to ask what when he remembered what he was supposed to do in the morning. He quietly moved up and wrapped his fingers around Draco's erection before he pulled him into his mouth, sucking lightly at first.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, lying back. "Yes, use your tongue," he encouraged.

Harry did as he said, rubbing his tongue around the soft skin.

"Yes," Draco hissed, reaching his hand to entwine in Potter's hair.

Harry managed to bob his head, even as he used his tongue. He stroked him where his mouth couldn't reach, not wanting to admit yet that he was starting to enjoy doing this for Malfoy in the morning.

Draco resisted thrusting into Harry's mouth, trying to lie back and let Harry do it.

Harry slowly began to suck harder, glancing up at Draco.

"Yes, yes," Draco chanted, hips rising in spite of his attempt to hold still.

Harry didn't mind, as long as Draco didn't thrust too roughly. Harry sucked as much as he could in his mouth and hummed, still watching Draco's face. It made him feel a strange kind of power to be able to do this to the other man.

Draco's upper lip curled as he groaned, gripping Harry's hair and coming into the man's mouth.

Harry swallowed as much as he could, still licking at Draco's sensitive cock.

Draco moaned softly, enjoying the sensation that bordered on too much.

Harry leaned back and away after a moment, sitting up and wiping his mouth.

"You are getting better at that," Draco said, looking up at him.

Harry smiled slightly, shifting back so he could sit near the foot of the bed again. Harry noticed then that he was a bit aroused. He blushed a bit.

Draco noticed too, but didn't comment. He snapped his fingers and breakfast was brought. He ate half and then slid the tray to Harry.

Harry ate the food quietly, pushing the tray away when he was done. "Same thing today?" Harry asked softly, glancing at him.

"Yes. And you should be glad of it. A variation in my routine will not be in your favour."

Draco stretched and was about to get out of bed when the house-elf appeared, unbidden. Bent low and shaking slightly, the creature stood before the two nude men.

Harry was the first to notice it was clutching something. "He's got a letter in his hands."

Draco craned his neck and saw the black envelope with silver lettering snaking across the front. He snapped to attention. There was only one form of correspondence that warranted this kind of interruption.

"Give that to me," said Draco. The house-elf extended his arm and, as soon as Draco seized the letter, vanished instantly with a loud crack.

Harry couldn't help but muse aloud. "That was right strange. Why'd the house-elf do that?"

Draco was scanning the short letter as he answered. "First of all, you'd better learn to pack it in, and quickly. The letter is from my Master, and I'm expected at His mansion this afternoon. Which means you're expected there, too. As my slave," he emphasised as he looked up at Harry. "So if you'd like to live to see tomorrow, I

suggest you learn to shut the hell up. Secondly, despite having a brain roughly a third the size of yours, the house-elf did that because he is trained better than you are. Unless it would endanger me, he doesn't speak unless spoken to, or enter my presence unless called."

Harry hadn't heard the insult to his intelligence because he'd lost the ability to concentrate on anything except the icy fear shooting through his body at the mention of visiting Voldemort. "Why do we have to go?" Harry managed.

"I have to deliver the potions we made yesterday," Draco said with a sigh, glancing down at the Dark Mark on his left arm.

"To him?" Harry asked, his heart beginning to beat fast at the thought of having to face Voldemort again.

"To His mansion, so yes," he said. "I don't trust anyone else to take them. I would be punished if they weren't delivered." The blond shuddered at the idea.

"And I have to go with you," Harry murmured, his shoulders slumping.

"I would leave you here, but the same problem applies," Draco said. "I am responsible for you."

"I won't get you in trouble, I can't," Harry promised, glancing up at Draco.

Draco sighed and got out of bed. "We didn't bathe last night either," he said. He snapped fingers and told a house-elf to draw a bath.

Harry got out of the bed with Draco. "Do I get to wear clothes? In case it's cold or anything" Walking around here naked was one thing, but leaving the house naked was another.

"No, He would be displeased with that," Draco said. "Unless you count a collar as clothing."

"A collar won't keep me warm," Harry said quietly, sighing.

"Your comfort is not something the Dark Lord wants attended to," Draco drawled, heading toward the bathroom. "Come," he said.

Harry could've guessed that himself. He followed Draco into the bathroom, sitting down by the tub.

The tub was ready and Draco sank gratefully into the water, sighing as he leaned back.

Harry watched Draco, deciding not to ask if he could join like he asked every time they took baths, but wishing he were invited.

"Did you like kissing me?" Draco asked as if it were an idle question.

Harry glanced up at the tub before he nodded. "Yes, I did." He paused. "Did you like kissing me?"

"Yes," Draco admitted with a sigh. He shouldn't have enjoyed it, but he did. Even worse, he wanted more.

"Really?" Harry asked, looking a bit surprised.

"That wasn't obvious?" Draco drawled, arching an eyebrow.

"I guess ..." Harry blushed slightly and looked back down on the floor. "I never thought I would've liked kissing you, though."

Draco's eyes narrowed. "You find me that unattractive?" he asked, annoyance in his tone.

"We didn't get along in Hogwarts. You didn't like me and I didn't like you. And to have everything turn out this way" Harry trailed off, pulling his knees up to his chest.

Draco scowled, lying back in the water and soaking his hair.

"It's just different. I told you I'm trying to get used to this all," Harry murmured.

Draco sat up and shampooed his hair, ignoring Potter.

Harry was lost in his thoughts, only glancing at Malfoy when a bit of shampoo and water splashed on him.

Finally Draco finished rinsing and stood up, stepping from the bath. "Your turn," he said, casting a Drying Charm on his body before working on his hair.

Harry got up and stepped into the tub, sinking down in the warm water. Harry lay back and let the warmth soothe his sore muscles.

"Don't take too long," Draco snapped. "I have a lot to get done before this afternoon. I can't be late so you can lie about in the tub."

"I wasn't going to take long," Harry murmured, getting the soap and quickly rubbing it over his body. When Harry was done he dipped his head in the water before he got up, and stepped out.

Draco cast a quick Drying Spell on Harry, too, and headed out of the bathroom to get dressed.

Harry followed, frowning when he saw Draco getting dressed. Draco wore full traditional robes in solid black.

They proceeded to the Study. Harry thought for a moment how absurd they must look. The only son of a pure-blood family striding about his mansion in full robes followed by the Boy Who Lived

crawling on his hands and knees completely naked. Their time in the Study, typically tedious and seemingly never-ending, felt like it flew by in a matter of seconds. Harry's whole body buzzed with trepidation. For once, neither of them ate much at their noon meal.

As their plate was cleared away, Draco turned and looked at Harry. "Remember, one wrong word and you can get us killed," Draco said. "If you make a mistake I will have to punish you quickly and severely."

Harry nodded. "I know" He was definitely not looking forward to this.

"On your knees and never stand unless told to," Draco said.

"I know, Malfoy," Harry said, glancing up at him. "Don't I do that here?"

Draco scowled. "The correct response is 'Yes, Master,'" he snapped.

Master? That was new. "Yes, Master," Harry mumbled, glancing away.

"Again," Draco snapped.

Harry glanced back at him. "Yes, Master."

"You don't look up unless told to and you don't speak unless asked to," he said.

Harry looked down. How was he supposed to remember all these new rules now? "Yes ... Master," he whispered.

"Good," Draco said and then led the way to the Lab to get the potions they were taking to the Dark Lord.

Harry followed quietly, trying to remember everything Malfoy had said.

Draco picked up several boxes of potions he had packed the day before and turned to Potter. "Take hold of my elbow but don't jostle my arm. I don't want to break these," he warned.

Harry reached up and gently took hold of his elbow, careful not to move Draco's arm. It really wouldn't help either of them if he landed by the mansion and broke all of the potion bottles.

Draco Apparated them to just outside the gates of the Dark Lord's mansion. It had been the property of a now-deceased follower. The place was decorated in sombre colours and felt dark even in the daylight. Draco loathed it.

Harry quickly glanced around before looking down again, not

wanting to get in trouble at all. Draco took his time walking the length of the path to the front door, flicking his wand and muttering a few incantations as he proceeded through the magical barriers.

The front door opened as soon as Draco got within an arm's length. "Our Master waits for you, Malfoy," oozed the simpering voice of Wormtail by way of greeting.

"I know," Draco snapped.

Harry stayed quiet and didn't look up when he heard Wormtail, even though Harry wouldn't have minded glaring at him.

"And the Boy Who Lived to Lose," Wormtail sneered, reaching a hand out to touch Harry's face. Before his fingers touched Harry's skin, Draco's hand snapped out and grabbed the man's wrist. "He is mine," he practically growled.

Harry was unconsciously leaning away from the hand when Draco had grabbed Peter's wrist. Harry glanced up in surprise when he heard Draco lividly rebuke Wormtail. He wasn't expecting that.

Wormtail whimpered and Draco released the man's wrist, roughly pushing it away. "He belongs to me and no one but our Master can touch him without my permission," Draco snapped.

Harry almost felt satisfied with the statement, smirking.

Draco pushed past the man, striding toward the main chamber.

Harry quickly followed, crawling as fast as he could.

Draco stopped at the door, waiting for Potter to catch up, but careful not to look back like he was waiting.

Harry stopped behind Draco, his heart beginning to beat fast at the thought of who was behind the door.

"Ready?" Draco asked under his breath in a voice so low only Harry could hear it.

"Yes," Harry whispered, his head down as he tried to control his breathing.

Draco waved his wand and the large doors swung open. He strode forward, his head up and his robes flowing behind him.

Harry crawled behind him, keeping up.

The room was a large hall. It might have once been a banquet hall or a ballroom. Now it was hung in black drapes and seemed more like a large, dark cavern. Voldemort sat in a throne atop a raised area with marble steps. He looked even less human now than he had the night he had gotten his body back. Draco reached the bottom of the

steps and dropped to one knee, his blond head bowed.

Harry stopped behind Draco, resisting the urge to rub his scar when they got close to Voldemort. Harry was hoping that Voldemort would just take the potions and let them go.

"Ah, Malfoy," Voldemort hissed. "Our potions supplies were getting low. Were you distracted by the gift I gave you?"

Draco tried to think quickly of what would be the appropriate answer. "Yes, but no more than I can handle," he said raising his face enough to look forward but not directly at Voldemort's face.

Harry quietly listened to the conversation, glad that everything seemed to be going along smoothly. For now.

Draco set the potions aside on one of the lower steps and another man stepped forward and took them away.

"Good," Voldemort rasped. "You will have to give us a demonstration later of how you," he paused, "handle it. Do stay for dinner, Malfoy."

"As you wish, my Lord," Draco answered, trying not to tremble.

Harry shivered at the thought of a demonstration later. And dinner with Voldemort. Harry shuddered and barely held back a noise of distress.

"Until then, you may amuse yourself as you see fit," Voldemort said in a pseudo-polite voice.

Draco nodded. "Thank you, my Lord," he said and rose, keeping his head down as he backed up a safe distance before turning and heading for the door.

Harry followed, letting out a relieved sigh when nothing happened to them.

Once in the hall, Draco turned and headed into the downstairs library, shutting the door the minute he and Potter were in. He set Locking and Silencing Charms on the door and then collapsed into a chair. "You can speak and look at me now," he said with a sigh.

Harry carefully glanced up at him. "So now we have to stay here until dinner?" Harry asked quietly.

Draco huffed and put his face into his hands.

Harry watched him for a while. Then he sighed and moved closer. "What's wrong?"

"Really, Potter, what kind of moron are you?" Draco sneered,

glancing at where the man knelt in front of the chair.

"I was just asking ... but we made it through that part, hey?" Harry said hopefully, looking up at him.

"That was nothing," Draco snapped. He sat back in the chair. "He will want to be entertained later."

"Will he touch me, too?" Harry asked quietly.

"I don't know," Draco answered, voice full of anger.

Harry reached out and touched Draco's knee, not saying anything as he watched his face.

Anger seethed in the blond. He should never have asked for Potter. Now it meant he had to spend more time under direct scrutiny of the repulsive Dark Lord. He closed his eyes and tried to calm down. "Suck me," he snapped at Harry, putting his hands behind his head and waiting.

Harry wasn't expecting that, but he reached out, unbuttoning and unzipping Draco's trousers carefully. He pulled Draco's cock out and leaned in close, sucking him into his mouth.

Draco closed his eyes and tried to relax, letting Potter's mouth distract him from his fears.

Harry sucked slowly, bobbing his head and reaching to wrap his fingers around where he couldn't reach. Doing this distracted Harry from thinking about what was going to happen to him later.

Draco's cock hardened in Potter's mouth and he sighed in pleasure.

Harry closed his eyes when he felt Draco harden, pleased that he was doing a decent job at calming Draco.

"Yes, suck me, use your tongue," Draco encouraged, bringing his hands down and lacing his fingers in Harry's hair.

Harry swirled his tongue around, pressing it hard against the warm skin. Draco's words made him work harder, wanting to make Draco come.

"Yes, yes," Draco said, lifting his hips as he got closer.

On one of the thrusts, Draco's cock slipped back into Harry's throat and he nearly choked. Harry pulled back a bit so he could breathe.

Draco ignored the mistake and didn't push further. There would be punishment enough later.

Harry quickly got back into the rhythm he had, sucking harder to

make up for pulling back.

"Suck it, Potter!" Draco gasped and then he came, filling the other man's mouth.

Harry took a deep breath through his nose and swallowed, getting used to the taste now.

Draco sighed, feeling some of the tension leave his body with that. He ran his fingers in the other man's hair as Potter licked him clean.

Harry pulled back a bit when he was done, his eyes still closed as Draco ran his fingers through his hair. It almost felt soothing.

Draco realised what he was doing and pulled his hand back, reaching to tuck himself back into his robes. He sat looking at the man kneeling in front of him.

Harry slowly sat back and looked back at him, ignoring the small bit of arousal he got from doing that for Draco.

"We can't stay in here," Draco said simply. "His followers will be gathering in the main hall." He sighed heavily, looking up at the ceiling. "I hate these things."

"At least you have the mask," Harry murmured, shrugging as he looked back at the door of the library.

"What does that have to do with anything?" Draco snapped.

"You can hide ..." Harry said quietly. Unlike Harry, Draco had the robes and the mask to cover himself. Harry was completely exposed.

"He will be testing me. He always is," Draco said, still looking up at the ceiling.

"You make his potions. He should trust you by now," Harry replied, glancing at him.

Draco snorted. "He trusts no one," he said. "And ever since my mistake with Dumbledore, I am suspect. I am Potions Master because I am good and because my father bought my place with him."

Harry sighed at the mention of Dumbledore. Looking down at his lap, Harry thought about how everything was before this, before he was considered to be nothing but a toy.

"He will test me through you," Draco said, looking down again at Harry.

"Then do whatever you have to do," Harry mumbled, still not looking up.

"I will," Draco snapped. "Let's go."

Harry wasn't sure he was ready, but he got up on his knees, looking up at Draco.

Draco stood and readjusted his robes, checking himself to make sure nothing of the last few minutes showed. Then he unlocked the door, undid the Silencing Charm, and led them out of the room.

"Don't look up unless told to and obey as quickly as you can," Draco reminded him.

Harry crawled behind him, keeping up with his pace. He kept his eyes on the floor, but it wasn't Malfoy's command that held them there. He knew he didn't want to see what would happen next.

– CHAPTER EIGHT –

Entertaining Death

They managed the next couple hours of listening to the other Death Eaters discuss the latest events – namely, which of Harry's people had been captured and killed, and the takeover of the Ministry.

Harry tried his best not to listen, his heart feeling heavy with the deaths of so many people he had known. He should've been out there to help, but he was here. Harry was a failure. He had let everyone down and they were dying because of it.

Finally, a low bell rang and a couple dozen Death Eaters made their way into the large formal dining room. It was set in a large square U formation – chairs only on the outside, so that everyone faced inward to the space in the middle. Voldemort sat at the head, of course.

As they walked inside Harry glanced around at the Death Eaters, noticing a few faces without the masks. He wished he had a wand. He might die, but at least he could die trying. Harry took his place next to Draco's chair, a little closer than usual.

Draco frowned. "Sit by the wall behind me," he told Potter.

Harry nodded slowly, moving back to sit against the wall. He pulled his knees up to his chest and wrapped his arms around them.

There were a lot of lewd and disgusting comments made about Potter, but Draco ignored them. He didn't appreciate being the centre of unwanted attention. He tried to force himself to eat. Finally most of the meal was over and Draco could stop eating without looking impolite. His momentary sense of relief was washed away when the Dark Lord spoke directly to him.

"Now, Malfoy, it is time you showed us more of your toy," he hissed.

"Yes, my Lord," Draco answered, standing and moving to walk around the table to the centre area.

Harry swallowed and got up, looking up briefly just so he could follow Draco around the table and into the area.

Draco set a slow pace, glad that Potter crawled immediately after him. He cast a subtle *Excita* Charm on himself while attention was on the other man. The spell would ensure his erection no matter what. He had used it the night of the ritual as well. He wasn't comfortable being watched like this.

Harry stopped and knelt in front of Draco when he stopped walking, still keeping his face down. He was scared and he could feel his heart beating quickly in his chest.

"To whom do you belong?" Draco asked with a sneer.

"You, Master," Harry answered quietly, his voice quivering.

"Tell me the rules you must obey," Draco snapped.

"I am to do what I am told," Harry started, but his mind went blank after that. He knew there were more, and he knew he was obeying them, but to remember and say them out loud Harry couldn't seem to manage.

As soon as he didn't speak again Harry felt the pain jerk up his spine, making him cry out as he fell to the floor.

There was a murmur of approval at this and Draco forced himself to wait for several moments. "Order countermanded," he said. Then to the others, "His memory is not very good and he has to be punished regularly."

Harry was panting as he tried and failed to push himself up to his knees again, feeling shaky.

"You wear no clothes, and kneel at my feet unless told otherwise," Draco corrected. There were other provisions such as swallowing his seed but he chose not to reveal that to the others unless he had to. "On your knees," he snapped.

"I forgot," Harry whispered softly, barely even audible to his own ears. He got up onto his knees, forcing himself not to fall over again.

Draco bowed toward the Dark Lord. "What is your wish, my Lord?" he asked.

Harry's eyes slowly closed shut as he waited for Voldemort to speak. It was like waiting for death. Harry supposed in the grand scheme, he actually was.

"Bring him to me," Voldemort commanded. He waved a hand and the table between them disappeared.

Harry opened his eyes wide, almost reaching out to beg Draco to not take him anywhere. He would rather do anything with Draco,

anything, than go near Voldemort.

Draco's heart sped up. He hadn't expected that. He expected to beat and rape Harry for the Dark Lord. But not share him. "Crawl to our Master, Potter," he commanded.

Harry bit his lip so he wouldn't say anything. He slowly crawled towards Voldemort, his heart beating madly in his chest. The closer he got, the more his scar hurt, and when he stopped to kneel in front of him, Harry had a headache. But he knew it would get worse.

Draco stood where he was, unwilling to go any closer to the Dark Lord than required. He was terrified of him. And worried that if the monster looked into his eyes, he would see what Draco really thought of him.

Voldemort sat forward in his chair, reaching to cup Harry's chin in his talon-like hands. He pulled Harry's face until Harry was forced to sit up on his knees.

Harry gritted his teeth and tried not to lean back, looking down at the floor rather than into his eyes.

Voldemort lifted Harry's chin, eyes narrowed as he looked at him. "Are you enjoying your servitude, Harry?" he asked.

Harry didn't know how to answer. If he said yes, he'd be lying, and if he said no, he would probably be punished. So he said nothing at all.

Voldemort laughed, an odd hissing sound. The snake, Nagini, was wrapped around the base of his chair and now slid against Harry's legs.

Harry jerked at the touch, his legs moving away. He wanted to look to see what it was, but he couldn't, not with his chin in Voldemort's grasp.

Nagini flicked her tongue against Harry's buttocks as Voldemort's grip on his chin tightened.

Draco stood straight, his face a mask of indifference, but his hands curled into fists as he watched.

Harry tensed, not knowing what was going to happen. For a moment he wondered if he could tell the snake to attack Voldemort instead, but then he remembered that the Dark Lord was a Parselmouth as well and the snake probably the last of the Horcruxes. It was ironic that they had managed to destroy the others without being found out only to be defeated anyway. Too much time

spent on them had given the Dark Lord the opportunity to build his power base.

The snake wound around Harry's legs now so that it held him in its coils, dry scales sliding against the naked skin of Harry's thighs.

Harry tried to move, only to notice the trap that he was in. "Stop," he mouthed, no sound coming from him.

Voldemort continued to hold Harry's chin in fingers so strong they hurt. Harry felt the Dark Lord's other hand trailing fingers down his chest, tracing the now healed but still pink mark left by Draco.

Harry squeezed his eyes shut at the next touch, his body breaking out in goose pimples.

Draco's skin crawled at the very idea of being touched that way by the Dark Lord.

Voldemort's bony hand continued down Harry's chest, over the soft hair of his belly and further down.

Harry gasped, trying to arch his hips away. "No," he whimpered.

Voldemort only smiled at that, his fingers now fondling the soft flesh of Harry's cock.

"No ..." Harry continued to gasp, struggling the best he could. "Stop"

The snake's tongue flicked against Harry's balls then.

Harry jumped, his hands curling into fists as he tensed up even more than he was.

"Your toy is shy, Malfoy," the Dark Lord hissed, fingers pulling on Harry's cock now as the snake continued to lick the bound man's balls.

Tears welled up in Harry's eyes as he began to feel himself harden, his body betraying him again.

"That's better," Voldemort hissed, his fingers stroking Harry harder.

Harry blinked and a tear slipped out of his eye just as he felt his hips arch towards Voldemort.

"Is he always so responsive, Malfoy?" Voldemort asked.

Draco shook with fear and anger. He had been promised Potter would be his. He wanted to scream. Instead, he kept his voice steady and answered. "Yes, my Lord."

"Stop ..." Harry whispered. The longer Voldemort touched him, the more it felt like there was something slowly dying inside him, like

there was a light dimming. Ever since his capture, Harry had never really given up, but as Voldemort continued, Harry felt like he was truly withering inside.

Draco heard Harry begging and without understanding why, found himself stepping closer. He didn't know how he could stop this.

Voldemort laughed then, a frightening sound. "Malfoy doesn't like me playing with his toy," he observed.

"Malfoy ..." Harry murmured, closing his eyes against the next batch of tears that threatened to spill.

"I do as I am bid," Malfoy answered, but his voice betrayed some of his bitterness. His heart sped up when he realised how dangerous the situation had become.

When Draco didn't do anything to make Voldemort stop Harry let out a soft sob, his cock still hard in Voldemort's hand despite everything.

"Then approach now, Malfoy," Voldemort hissed.

Draco trembled as he forced himself to step closer, standing behind Potter and only inches from the snake wrapped around the other man.

Harry could almost feel Draco stepping closer and even though it definitely didn't mean that he was safe, he felt a bit calmer.

"Fuck Potter now, Malfoy," the Dark Lord commanded, still holding Harry's face and cock.

Harry sighed, his eyes closing again. This he could handle. He was sure it would hurt, but Harry could handle it better than Voldemort doing it to him.

Draco was hard, but only because of the *Excita* spell. Reluctantly, he got to his knees behind Potter and unbuttoned the front of his robes. He cast a silent *Unguentatus* to slick his own cock then, stroking himself. He would have to press against the snake as well to fuck Potter and it made his stomach clench.

Harry wanted to bend over slightly to make this go by faster, but moving wasn't an option for him.

Draco reached with hands that trembled a bit, to spread Potter's arse. He was painfully aware of the rest of the room watching him as well. He lined his cock up and pushed forward into Harry.

Voldemort watched Draco, his hand on Harry's cock still

fondling him.

Harry bit his lip as the pain of being entered like that burned. But Harry said nothing, wishing Voldemort would let go of him and leave them.

Voldemort watched Harry's face as Draco shoved inside the man. The blond grasped Harry's hips, gritting his teeth and closing his eyes to focus only on the sensation of being inside Harry's body and trying to ignore the feeling of the snake's body pressing against his thighs.

Harry began to tremble as Draco roughly pushed inside him. The worst part was that Voldemort was still staring, and still touching him.

Draco was panting, teeth gritted as he slammed into Potter, fingers digging into the man's hips. He refused to open his eyes and look into those of the Dark Lord.

Harry cried out as Malfoy began to thrust, not even able to relieve the pressure by trying to move with him. Harry couldn't do anything; he was too tense with the snake around him and Voldemort's fingers digging into his chin and face.

Voldemort stroked Harry's cock in time with Draco's thrusts, eyes greedily watching both their faces.

Harry didn't know how he managed to stay hard in Voldemort's hand, but when he began to feel his hand moving again he groaned, the strange pleasure mixing with the pain and making the entire experience more intense.

Harry's body was tight and Draco growled, trying desperately to hold back. He knew the Dark Lord wanted to watch Potter come while he was raped. Pain, sex and humiliation were the favourite entertainment in this place. "Come," he whispered harshly.

Harry didn't know he was coming until he felt the rush of that same pleasure, forcing a scream from him. His vision went white before it dimmed, his body going slack.

Draco felt the other man's body spasm and could no longer hold back, shoving in hard and filling Potter with his seed. He felt Potter's body go limp and fall forward, still held by Voldemort's hands. Draco pulled back as quickly as he could, dropping his gaze to the floor and tucking his cock away without even cleaning himself.

Harry could barely feel the rush of warmth inside him amongst all

the pain, his body feeling like it couldn't take any more of anything.

Draco sat back on his knees, gaze on the ground, and waited.

Voldemort released Harry's cock and then used his fingers to smear Harry's own come on the raven-haired man's face. "The Boy Who Lived enjoys being raped," he sneered. "Did you put that compulsion on him, Malfoy?"

"No, my Lord," Draco admitted.

Harry weakly tried to turn his face away when he felt Voldemort's fingers, but he wasn't able to do much.

Nagini began to uncoil, releasing Potter from her grip.

As Harry felt the snake moving he trembled again, his legs feeling numb from being in the same position for so long. He wobbled before he began to fall on his side.

Voldemort released Harry and watched with amusement as the man's body crumpled to the ground.

Draco winced as Harry's body fell to the marble tiles.

"Malfoy," the Dark Lord said and the blond stiffened, "you have amused us, but you do seem spent," he sneered. "You can keep your toy for a little while longer. Now, take this away," he said gesturing with a bony hand to Harry's body.

Harry panted softly from where he lay, knowing that he would have to get up and crawl after Draco. He had no idea how he would.

"Yes, my Lord," Draco answered, trying not to show how eager he was to leave. He frowned, realising Potter was in no condition to obey his commands and follow him. He drew his wand, carefully so as not to worry the Dark Lord, and cast *Mobilicorpus* on Potter, using it to take him out of the dining room, and then the building. Outside again, he lowered Potter to the ground and bent down, laying a hand on his hip. Draco Apparated them both back to the entrance hall of the Manor.

Harry seemed to drift in and out of consciousness as Malfoy moved him. When he felt the ground shift and change, he guessed that Malfoy had Apparated them back to the Manor. He didn't move and just lay there, thankful it was all over, that he wasn't dead yet and neither was Malfoy.

Draco began to tremble violently, letting his pent up fear and anger wash over him as he knelt in his own hall.

Harry felt his lips tremble and before he could stop it he was

sobbing quietly, reaching up to cover his face, his shame.

Draco was startled, looking down at the sobbing man. He withdrew his wand and cast *Lavare* to clean both of them. "Can you stand?" he asked Potter.

Harry wasn't sure if he could, but he tried, turning on his stomach, then weakly getting up onto his hands and knees. "No," he said, tears of frustration slipping out of his eyes. He felt shooting pain in his legs as blood flow returned. He knew they couldn't hold him up.

Draco sighed, not getting to his own feet either. He grasped Potter again and Apparated them to Draco's bedroom. They appeared on the rug beside the bed and Draco got to his feet, then reached to take hold of one of Harry's arms. "Can you get into the bed?" he asked.

Harry was tempted to say no again, but he forced himself to get up on the bed, groaning at the pain.

Draco went to a cabinet in his room and pulled out a potion, returned and handed it to Potter. "Drink this," he said.

Harry took and quickly drank it, holding out the vial as he lay back down.

Draco put the empty vial beside the bed. "That's a Healing Potion," he said. Then he called for a house-elf and ordered his bath drawn before beginning to strip.

Harry could feel it working through his body. He wished that it could erase his memory of the events, too.

Draco was naked now and sat on the edge of the bed, leaning back against the bedpost. "Are you ... still injured?" he asked, feeling suddenly awkward.

"Sore," Harry said quietly, staring at the wall across from him. "Tired"

"It wasn't my choice," Draco said quietly.

"I know," Harry replied, turning over after a moment so he could look at him.

Draco frowned, unsure what, if anything, to say. He knew that Voldemort had actually gone light on them. It could have been worse, much worse. But Potter didn't need to hear that now. "Do you want a bath?" he asked.

"Yes, please," Harry said thankfully, sighing.

"You don't have to crawl again until I tell you to," Draco said softly. "Can you walk to the bathroom?"

"I'll try," Harry answered, moving to sit up at the edge of the bed. He set his feet down after a moment and stood there, sighing when he didn't immediately fall back.

Draco walked beside the man, not touching, but oddly protective anyway.

It felt strange to be actually walking to the bathroom instead of crawling, Harry thought. He stopped by the tub, waiting for Malfoy to take his bath first.

"Get in," Draco said, sitting on the edge of the tub.

Harry glanced at him before he slowly stepped into the tub, sitting down with another long sigh. "What about you?" Harry asked.

Draco cocked his head, considering. "I can wait," he said.

"You can come in with me if you want ..." Harry murmured, lying back and still watching Draco with half closed eyes.

The tub was plenty large enough for two, but bathing with another person seemed incredibly intimate to Draco. He slid his legs over the side into the warm scented water and sighed. He really didn't want to wait. Voldemort hadn't touched him, but being in the Dark Lord's presence still left him feeling soiled. With another big sigh, Draco slid into the bath, facing Potter.

Harry watched him settle in before he closed his eyes, sinking down until his chin was under the water. The thought of Voldemort touching him made him shudder before he took a deep breath, going under the water.

Draco began to wash himself, having to resist the urge to rub harder to take away the imaginary stench of the Dark Lord.

Harry stayed under until his lungs burned for oxygen and only then did he come back up, reaching up to push his hair back away from his face.

Draco handed Potter the soap.

"Thank you," Harry said, taking it and rubbing it in between his hands to get it to lather. Harry then began to wash himself with it, rubbing his cheeks harder than necessary. It felt like he could still feel Voldemort's fingers and he wanted it to go away.

Draco sat, fingers idly playing with the bubbles from the soap as Potter scrubbed himself.

Harry scrubbed his skin, only feeling clean when it felt hot and raw. He did the same with his thighs and nearly did it to his cock but stopped, not wanting the wrong reaction from his body.

"Don't damage yourself with that soap," Draco said, knowing the command would stop Harry if he tried.

Harry set the soap down and stopped completely, glancing up at Draco through his wet hair.

"Better?" Draco asked.

"Better," Harry replied, nodding a bit. Not completely better, but it was something.

Draco stood up, water running down his body, and stepped out onto the thick bath rug. He hesitated and then held a hand out to help Potter from the bath.

Harry took his hand and pulled himself up, stepping out of the tub and standing in front of him.

Draco Summoned his wand and cast Drying Charms on both of them before leading the other man back into the bedroom. He didn't release Potter's hand until he reached the bed. He pulled the covers down and gestured. "Get in."

Harry slipped into the bed, wondering if he'd always get this special treatment or if it was only for today.

"Shove over and make room for me," Draco said, climbing in after him before pulling the covers up.

Harry moved over to make enough room for him, enjoying the warmth the covers gave him. He quietly watched Draco, wondering if he should say thank you.

Draco closed his eyes and let out a long sigh. He was glad to be home. They had survived another encounter with Voldemort. Every day alive was a victory, he told himself.

Harry shifted closer when he saw Draco close his eyes. "Thank you, again," Harry said quietly before closing his own eyes.

– CHAPTER NINE –

His World Tumbled

Everything was dark around him and, at first, he thought he was alone. But then there were cold hands on him with long nails that dug into his skin sharply, making him cry out. Suddenly he saw the red snake-like eyes of Voldemort, right in front of him. The monster's nails dug into his skin as Voldemort's other hand ran down Harry's body. Harry screamed when he felt the monster touch him down there, the touch like fire against his skin. He screamed and struggled to get away, but nothing helped. Voldemort only gripped him tighter.

Draco was awakened as much by the elbow to his ribs as by the scream. He snarled and reached to grab the flailing man in bed with him, trying to pin him down and hold him still. "Potter," he snapped, "wake up!"

Harry felt more hands and he struggled harder, sobbing openly as he tried to get way. He needed to get away.

"Potter, it's me, Malfoy," Draco barked, straddling the man now, holding those flailing arms with both his hands and the other man's body beneath him.

Harry heard Malfoy's voice in the darkness and he struggled to open his eyes, gasping when he saw Voldemort's red eyes before he opened his own. He blinked away the tears as he looked up.

Draco couldn't tell if he was getting through to the other man. He didn't know why, but he did the only thing that occurred to him. He brought his mouth down on Potter's, kissing him.

Harry froze before he relaxed, feeling the tension leave his body with the kiss.

Draco felt Potter surrender to the kiss and pressed his tongue forward into the other man's mouth.

Harry opened his mouth a bit more, hesitantly sliding his tongue along Draco's.

"Mmm," Draco hummed into the kiss, tongue exploring the

other man's mouth. He was still on top of Potter, and his now hardening cock was pressed to the other man's belly, his arse against the other man's groin.

Harry wasn't even sure what was happening. One minute he was having a horrible nightmare and the next he was being kissed, his body pleasantly trembling.

Draco's hands were still gripping Potter's wrists but now that the other man was no longer struggling, he released them and began to run his hands down the underside of those arms to the man's body.

Harry moaned into the kiss, his hips lifting up gently as he leaned up to kiss him harder.

Draco shivered at the feel of the other man's erection brushing against his own balls. He deepened the kiss, lifting his own hips and sliding down enough that their cocks were pressed together.

Harry groaned when he felt his cock pressing against Draco, his body arching up again. He reached up and wrapped his arms around Draco's neck, kissing him until he had to pull back to breathe.

Draco didn't stop when the other man pulled back. He sucked and nipped on those lips and chin, grinding his cock against the other man.

Harry whimpered, tilting his head back and exposing his neck. It felt so good to be taken care of like this for once, instead of being used.

Draco continued on down Potter's neck, biting and sucking while his hands explored the man's chest. He wasn't even aware of tracing the scar he had left there as his fingers trailed down the centre of the other man's body.

Harry's body tingled when he touched the scar, a low moan coming from him. "More, please," he whispered, wanting to come.

Draco's fingers continued downward. He paused for a moment, wrapping those long fingers around both their cocks and squeezing them together. Then he resumed rocking, now against Potter's cock in his hand.

Harry watched Draco's face as he moved, his own face scrunching up in pleasure. "Close," he gasped, reaching to touch his arm.

"Yes, come," the blond gasped. Draco sped up his movements, twisting and squeezing their cocks together, and then he threw his

head back, growling as he came.

Harry gripped his arm gently as he came, hard, a moment after Draco, his back arching with a cry.

Draco held their cocks, his hand and their bellies covered in their combined seed. He looked down in surprise at the other man.

Harry let his hand slip away as he looked back at Draco, swallowing. This was the second time this had happened, and Harry didn't know what to say.

Draco looked down between their bodies, gently releasing their softening cocks, and then back up to Potter. "You had a nightmare," he said, looking down at the other man.

"I'm sorry I woke you up," Harry said quietly.

Draco smirked then. "I'm not," he whispered.

Harry smiled a bit, the first real smile in a long time. "Yeah, I was lying ... I'm not all that sorry either"

Draco chuckled, rolling off the other man and onto his back, before Summoning his wand and casting *Lavare* to clean both of them.

Harry bit his lip before he moved close, resting his head on Draco's shoulder.

Draco raised an eyebrow but didn't say anything.

"Was it time to get up anyway?" Harry asked, still shifting closer until he was completely comfortable against Draco.

"No, not yet," Draco said, strangely amused by the way Potter was pressing up against him. "Are you hungry?" he asked, remembering Potter hadn't eaten dinner the night before.

"A little," Harry replied, reaching to touch Draco's hair lightly. It felt just as soft as it looked.

Draco snapped his fingers. It actually took a couple tries before a sleepy-looking house-elf appeared. "I want breakfast now," he told it. The elf looked confused, blinking several times before saying, "Yes, Master," and disappearing again.

Harry closed his eyes as Draco spoke, not knowing why he felt better when he was like this with Draco. He didn't want to question it, though.

Draco lay there with the other man pressed against him. He should shove Potter away, but he didn't want to. He lay on the bed wondering about his own behaviour.

As they waited Harry ended up dozing off, softly snoring as he rested his hand on Draco's chest.

The house-elf reappeared with the breakfast tray and Draco gestured silently for the creature to set it down and leave. Then he turned his head to look at the man sleeping against him. "Potter?" he whispered.

Harry opened his eyes a bit, blinking at him. "Sorry," he whispered.

Draco nodded, shifting to sit up.

Harry leaned back a bit before he slowly sat up, leaning against the headboard.

Draco placed the breakfast tray between them, so that they both could reach it. He poured himself tea and gestured at the food. "Eat," he said.

Harry ate most of the food, stopping when he felt full. He lay back down with the sigh, carefully pushing the tray towards Draco to eat.

Draco ate too, but didn't even manage what Potter left. He did drink his tea and finished a scone. Finally he waved his wand, sending the tray back to the kitchen.

"Sleep again?" Harry asked hopefully.

Draco shrugged and lay down on his side facing Potter, looking at him.

"You don't have to stay with me if you're not sleepy," Harry said, watching him.

"Sleep if you like," Draco said, still lying there.

"Okay ... goodnight. Or good morning. Whatever it is." Harry shifted closer again, wanting to get back into the same position, but not knowing if Draco would want to.

Draco narrowed his eyes as the other man scooted closer but lay back anyway, letting him.

Harry rested his head on Draco's shoulder again with a smile.

Draco gave a huff but closed his own eyes, secretly enjoying the feeling of the other man pressed so close.

Harry was asleep within minutes.

Harry slowly woke up to a strange feeling. He felt warm and safe, and Harry honestly couldn't remember the last time he felt like that.

When he opened his eyes he could tell that someone's arms were wrapped tightly around him. It took Harry a moment to remember that he was sleeping with Draco. Harry didn't move at first, but then slowly he shifted in his arms, gently resting his hand over Draco's.

The blond smiled softly in his sleep, squeezing Harry a little tighter.

Harry stroked his fingers over Draco's hand and closed his eyes again, wishing that things could always be as simple as this.

Draco woke with a start and realised things were not as usual in his world. Harry Potter was pressed, naked, against him and in Draco's arms. He blinked and looked down to see if the other man was awake.

Harry was awake, but his eyes were still closed as he continued to run his fingers over Draco's hand.

Draco watched the other man's face. Potter looked peaceful.

For some reason he felt as though someone was staring him down, so Harry opened his eyes, blushing a bit when he noticed that Draco was awake and staring. He stopped moving his fingers.

Draco stared down into those green eyes and wondered if he had ever really looked at Potter before. Or was it just that he had never seen him relaxed?

Harry could tell that Draco was thinking, but he didn't know what about. "What're you thinking ...?"

Draco shook his head, almost more to clear it than in answer. "This wasn't the plan," he said.

"What wasn't?" Harry asked.

"This," Draco said. "You are supposed to be my slave. It was revenge not ... affection."

"I ... I can't say that I want you to stop this ..." Harry paused, sighing softly. "I think we both need this."

"You think I need you?" Draco asked, arching an eyebrow.

"And I think I need you," Harry said "Strange as it sounds. We're bonded now. In this weird spell, but still. Whether you want to admit or not, we're both prisoners. We can either stick together or just continue hating each other which will eventually lead to our deaths. If we work together, we can do this."

Draco narrowed his eyes, going tense. "Caring about you will get me killed," he hissed. "And you will die no matter what I do." He

moved to sit up then.

"But working together is slightly different. Like what you did for me. I was exhausted and you could've pushed me to do more, but you didn't. You gave me a Healing Potion and let me sleep under the covers. What he did won't be the last time, and you know that ... if we can just make it through those meetings" He trailed off, watching him. "If I get killed, do you die?"

Draco got out of bed, wrapping his arms around himself and frowning. "No, you are my slave, not my lover. It doesn't affect me the way it does you!" he snapped. Then he scowled back at the man. "Are you so thick you don't get that you have lost? That He is just toying with you until He decides to kill you?"

Harry slowly sat up, looking at him. "I know. I know I'm not going to live much longer. But if I can ask you for one thing, just one thing, Malfoy, can you do it for me?" Harry stopped, looking down at the bed. "Can you help make whatever time I have left okay? Just, I don't know. I know I'm not your lover or anything, but I just" He had to stop again, tears welling up in his eyes. "I never had anything like this before. And to know that this is all I'm ever going to have ... I need it. Please?"

Draco stood gaping at Potter. The man was begging him, not to stop, but to ... what? Draco had sworn to himself that he would never let anyone get close to him again. It made him too vulnerable. It hurt too much when they died. And Potter? The Dark Lord would torture and kill Draco if he found out he was being nice to Potter. He looked away, unable to stand the pain and longing in those green eyes.

Harry looked down again when he saw Draco look away. That was even worse than a no. "It's all I ever wanted, you know. I mean, I've had people love me. I had a family that was like my own. But I never had anyone close to me. Someone who would hold me and we'd just" He trailed off again, lying down on the bed. "I'll see my mum and dad again. I hope. And Hermione and Ron and everyone else ..." he mumbled to himself.

Draco was shaking. It hurt. It actually hurt to hear Potter talk like that. He should be delighted that he had finally broken the man so badly that all he wanted was comfort from Draco. But it didn't feel good. Not at all. He should laugh in Potter's face and beat him. But he didn't. Instead he sat down on the bed and hung his head,

breathing hard.

"And Sirius and Remus," Harry went on, turning to press his face into the pillow so that whatever names he said came out muffled.

Draco had a list of his own. He had lost everyone he had ever cared about in his life. He had even been forced to watch his own mother be killed. But he was not eager to join them. He wanted to live. He had found a way to please the Dark Lord and stay out of his way. Until Potter was captured.

Harry stopped mumbling to himself and, wrapping his arms around the pillow, pulled it close. He curled up a bit and stared at the sheets as thoughts of everything he didn't want to forget flew through his mind.

Draco looked over at the other man, curled around and crying into Draco's pillow. "I don't know how," he admitted.

"You did it already ..." Harry whispered, feeling like he'd worn himself out again.

"What is it you want from me?" Draco asked, sounding plaintive.

Harry looked at him for a long moment. "Come here, please"

Draco was trembling as he crawled back into the bed. He knew this was probably suicide. But Potter was right; he needed something more than what his life had become.

Harry waited until the other man lay down before he hesitantly moved close, getting into the same position they were in before, except with his head rested on Draco's chest instead.

Draco reached a shaking hand to rest across Potter's shoulders. His heart was beating fast.

Harry rested his hand on his stomach and let Draco's heartbeat lure him to sleep again. All he could think was that he was finally getting what he needed for the first time.

Draco lay there, stiff at first, but relaxing slowly as the man lying on him fell asleep again. He reached up and carefully touched that thick black hair, running his fingers through it. He was still a Slytherin, so while part of him had decided to give into the pleasure that Harry offered, he was also trying to figure out how to survive it. Severus had managed as a double agent for years. Draco had learnt a lot from the man. He had been using those techniques to hide his loathing for Voldemort for years. But could he hide this?

– CHAPTER TEN –

Dangerously Comfortable

The sun had risen and Draco knew he shouldn't stay in bed. He had work to do. Breaking his routine now was even more dangerous. His fingers were entwined in the other man's hair. He tugged gently. "Potter," he said, "we need to get up."

Harry made a soft noise of protest, but woke up anyway, sighing softly as he sat up in the bed and looked at Malfoy with sleepy eyes.

Draco allowed himself a moment, reaching to stroke hair off the man's face. "Work to do," he said softly.

Harry nodded, leaning into the touch briefly. "I'll help again."

"Yes," Draco said, "I guess we work together. So, new rules. You don't have to crawl unless there is another person around or I say so at the time. You still shouldn't tell me what to do, though."

"I get it," Harry said.

Draco sighed. He got out of bed and began getting dressed.

Harry watched him quietly, not wanting to push his limits and ask if he would get clothes. He was actually okay with this now. He was getting used to it. As long as he didn't have to be around the other Death Eaters or Voldemort.

Dressed, Draco nodded at Harry and headed for his study.

Harry followed, enjoying not having to be on his hands and knees. Not only did crawling hurt, but now that he was standing he could look around and see so many more things. He looked at portraits and suits of armour and other decorations. It was like Hogwarts, only fancier.

Draco sat down in his chair and began to open his mail.

Harry hesitated before he sat down next to him, watching. This was always the boring part of the day.

Draco was even more aware of the other man sitting on the floor beside him than he had been on previous days. Oddly enough, this new "comfort" between them left the blond more on edge. Draco tried to focus on the correspondence and logs but found himself

glancing at Potter frequently.

Harry found himself staring at Draco, raising an eyebrow and smiling a bit whenever he would look at him.

Draco read through the latest reports and sighed. He wondered if Potter knew just how bad things had gone for his side. The Ministry of Magic was now under Voldemort's complete control and everyone opposed to the Dark Lord was now either captured, dead or in hiding. Mudbloods and their relatives had been rounded up and placed in work camps. If it weren't part of his job, Draco wouldn't even read the news or reports.

Harry thought about asking if he could read something, but then he remembered he really didn't want to know what was happening. It would hurt even more to know that he wasn't able to do anything to help.

Draco worked through his notes as quickly as possible. He was usually extremely meticulous and thorough, but he had no interest in his work today. He finally organised his desk and locked away the journals before picking up the potions log. "You hungry?" he asked the man at his feet.

"Not really," Harry answered. He was still full from breakfast.

"Potions work then," Draco said, standing up and pausing while the other man got to his feet.

"Why don't you eat?" Harry asked.

"I'm not hungry yet," Draco said, walking from the study to the Lab.

Harry nodded and followed, wondering what he would be doing today.

Draco placed his potions log on a stand that held the book open and protected it from spills. Then he began directing Potter as to which ingredients to pull from the shelves.

Harry did what he was told, working quickly and efficiently.

They worked alongside each other for hours, Draco giving instructions while Potter assisted him. Potter didn't do badly when given clear instructions. The blond found it went faster than he would have thought, and actually enjoyed having someone to help.

As Draco bottled the last of the potions, Harry grinned. "That was good. How long has it been?"

Draco looked up at the clock in the room. "We worked through

lunch, but it is only three in the afternoon," he answered, placing the carefully boxed potions on the shelf with finished work and glancing back to make sure that Potter had put away the last of the ingredients. Draco then cast his strongest Cleaning Charms on the work surfaces of the Lab.

"Now I'm hungry," Harry murmured, stretching a bit.

Draco nodded and headed for the dining room.

Harry followed, feeling a bit tired. He sat down as soon as Draco did, waiting for the food.

The food appeared when Draco pulled his chair up to the table. He stared at it for a minute. Then snapped his fingers. A house-elf appeared. "Bring me an empty plate and another set of cutlery," he said, and the elf disappeared and reappeared with the items. "From now on, I would like my food divided onto two plates for each meal," he told the surprised house-elf. Then Draco picked up a knife and scraped half the food from his plate onto the second one before handing it to Potter.

"Thank you," Harry murmured, beginning to eat before Draco started.

Draco ate his food in silence, eating nearly his entire half. He was thinking again. Something that always seemed to get him in trouble when it concerned Potter. It was only afternoon and they had already finished the work for the day. Would he need to readjust his schedule to include Potter's assistance? Or would that make him weak when Potter was taken away? His chest hurt when he thought of that. What the hell was happening to him? He knew they were going to kill Potter eventually. Taking the man as his slave was only delaying the inevitable.

"Finished," Harry said quietly, putting the plate down on the table next to his. This was comfortable for him. Harry did wonder if it would stay like this, though.

Draco stood up, dropping his napkin on the plate and looking down at the other man. He was staring at him while trying to figure out what to do with the rest of the day. Before, he would have just taken what he wanted. Did he still do that? He was still the master and Harry was still the slave.

Harry didn't get up and looked up at Draco, wondering what he was thinking. "We finished everything a lot sooner," Harry

commented.

"Yes," Draco said, still considering his options. Then he turned and headed for his sitting room. He found he had gotten aroused just thinking about Potter again.

Harry stood up and walked after Draco, really trying to figure out what they would do. Draco had the same routine everyday, but now that things went by faster, it would change.

Once in the room, Draco sat down in his chair and stared into the fireplace.

Harry sat on the floor next to the other man, staring into the fire as well. "This is why you need more things to do"

Draco arched an eyebrow. "I know what I want to do," he said slowly.

"And what's that?" Harry asked curiously.

Draco reached up and began unbuttoning his robes, starting at his neck and working his way down.

Harry watched, slowly understanding what Draco wanted. A small blush reddened his cheeks.

Draco watched the other man as he slowly revealed his pale chest, pulling the fabric back as he unbuttoned his robes.

Harry was surprised to feel a spark of arousal from just watching and he blushed harder, glancing down before looking back up again.

Draco found it surprisingly exciting to find Potter blushing. He swallowed thickly and continued unbuttoning the robe further down and revealing his erection. His cock stood up from the white blond hair at its base. Draco pulled the fabric aside so that he was entirely exposed.

Just seeing Draco's erection made all the blood rush downwards, causing Harry to harden where he was sitting. "Uhm ... well, what did you want?" Harry asked, forcing himself to look up.

"You," Draco answered, looking into his eyes.

"How?" Harry asked, biting his lip gently.

"I want to see you touch me without being ordered to," the blond said, voice low. Draco spread his legs apart, making room for Harry between his knees.

Harry moved close after a moment of hesitation, reaching up to lay a hand on Draco's lower stomach. "Really?"

"Yes," Draco whispered. "Do you want to touch me?"

"Yes," Harry answered softly, looking up. He slowly wrapped a hand around Draco's cock and held him gently, biting his lip at the feeling. Harry never held anyone but himself like this before.

Draco's heart and breathing sped up and he gripped the arms of the chair with both hands.

Harry watched Draco's face as he began to stroke him. Now that Harry was given the choice of doing what he wanted, he didn't know what he wanted to do.

Draco gasped and watched, the tentative touches exciting.

After a while, Harry stood up and pressed his lips against Draco, his hand still moving slowly.

Draco tilted his head, making it easier for the other man to kiss him.

Harry pulled back and kissed down Draco's jaw, gently nipping at the soft skin. He stopped at the blonde's pulse point and licked it, sighing softly.

Draco tipped his head back, exposing his neck and sighing at the feel of the other man's mouth on his skin.

Harry moved back up and kissed him softly again before kneeling back down. Harry held Draco's cock with both hands as he leaned down and kissed around the head.

Draco made little panting noises as Harry's mouth touched his erection.

Harry let his tongue begin to trail around as well, the entire time watching Draco's face.

Draco watched through half-lidded eyes, his breathing ragged and his fingers pressing hard into the padded leather arms of the chair.

Harry had enough of the teasing and sucked Draco inside his mouth, his tongue swirling around. Even though Harry wasn't ordered to, he still wanted to give this to Draco. It was almost like a thank you.

Draco moaned softly. Potter was getting good at this.

Harry sucked gently as he reached up and traced his finger down Draco's scar.

Draco trembled when Potter touch his scar, magic flaring at the contact with it. "Oh, Gods," he gasped.

Harry felt Draco twitch in his mouth and he sucked more inside, beginning to bob his head. His finger pressed into the slightly raised

skin of the scar, continuing to run up and down.

"Yessss," Draco hissed, and then, to his own surprise, he was coming.

Harry was surprised as well, but he swallowed as much as he could, leaning back and looking up at Draco.

Draco lay back in the chair, gasping. He fingered the scar himself. He hadn't realised the magical scar would react that way to the person who had made it.

"Touching that felt good?" Harry asked, watching him. He reached to feel the scar on his own chest left by Draco.

"Yes," Draco said, still panting.

"Then I'll touch it more often," Harry said, smiling at him. He didn't feel anything when he felt his own, just the bad memories of pain during the ceremony.

"Magical scar," Draco said, looking curiously at Harry. "Did you like doing that?"

Harry nodded, still smiling. "Made you come. Fast, too"

"It's not a race, Potter," Draco said, part sneer, part smile, in his response.

Harry grinned, waving a hand. "I still made you go quicker than usual."

"Yes, you did," Draco drawled. "So what shall we do next?"

"You're asking me what to do next?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You are the one who gets bored," Draco pointed out. Then picked up the bound volume on the table. "I have a book to keep me occupied if you don't have a better idea."

Harry bit his lip before answering, "I didn't come yet"

"Oh, yes, and I have to give you permission for that," Draco said with a smirk.

"Can you help me come?" Harry asked shyly.

"How would you like that?" Draco asked, smirk growing.

"Touching me," Harry replied, his flush deepening.

"Come here," Draco said, holding out a hand.

Harry stood up and took Draco's hand, watching his face.

"Sit in my lap and lie back against me," Draco said.

Harry turned and sat in Draco's lap, his back pressed against Draco's chest.

Potter's hair rubbed against the side of Draco's face, his arse softly pressing down on the blond's cock. Draco couldn't control the soft sigh that escaped his lips. He reached one hand around to splay against the other man's chest and the other down to wrap long fingers around the man's erection.

Harry moaned softly, his hips jerking as he thrust up into Draco's hand. He loved being held like this.

His face pressed against the side of Potter's, Draco looked down, watching as he slowly caressed the other man. His deft fingers stroked and squeezed, spreading the pre-come from the tip down the shaft.

Harry forced himself to look down and watch, his breath hitching at the sight. He wished their circumstances were different so that neither of them would have anything to worry about. That way they could do this all the time.

"Yes," Draco whispered, encouraging the other man. "I am going to make you come," he said.

Harry gasped, throwing his head back as he felt himself get closer. "Going to make me come ..." Harry groaned, feeling himself tremble.

"Come for me," Draco whispered against the other man's ear, hand moving faster.

Harry bit his lip again before he came hard, crying out as he arched in Draco's lap.

Slick fluid coated Draco's hand and Potter's belly. Draco watched in fascination as the other man trembled against his own body. Harry squirming in Draco's lap, let alone the act itself, had the blond hard again, cock pressed along the crevice of Potter's arse.

Harry was still gasping as he came down from his high, melting against Draco. He could feel Draco's cock pressing up against him, but he didn't do anything about it yet.

Draco nuzzled the side of Harry's face. He had had sex before. But he had never felt these odd tender feelings before. He sat back in his chair holding the other man and enjoying it.

Harry turned and kissed Draco's cheek lightly, his eyes closing. Harry felt comfortable like this. Comfortable and cared for.

Draco released Potter's cock and reached for his wand, cleaning them both. Draco was still hard but not uncomfortably. He set the

wand back down and then wrapped the hand around Potter's waist so that he sat holding him.

Harry was worn out, but he could still feel Draco hard against him. "You want me to do something about that?" Harry asked softly, eyes still closed.

"I want to fuck you," Draco whispered. "But I can wait, for now."

"Are you sure?" Harry asked, opening his eyes and looking at the other man.

Draco looked at Harry, suddenly struck by the urge to kiss him. Still afraid of what he was feeling, Draco bent his head and brought his lips to the other man's.

Harry kissed Draco back languidly, his tongue slipping inside his mouth. So many feelings were going through him and Harry didn't know what to make of them.

Draco still held Potter firmly around the chest, but brought his other hand up to cup the man's face, using it to help him deepen the kiss.

Harry made a soft sound, reaching to touch Draco's cheek softly. "You can if you want," Harry murmured against his lips.

Draco sucked at Potter's lips, lost in the taste and sensation. "Yes, I want," he whispered.

"Go ahead," Harry whispered, kissing him again.

"Mmm," Draco hummed. "Sit up and lean forward," he instructed.

Harry sat upright and leant forward, looking back over his shoulder at Draco.

"Now put your legs around mine, spreading yourself," Draco said, reaching for his wand.

It took Harry a moment, but he did as Draco said, blushing again as he spread himself.

Draco cast *Unguentatus* and brought slick fingers first to his own cock and then adding even more lube to Harry's hole. He pressed a finger in slowly, testing the resistance.

Harry swallowed, tensing at first before he calmed himself down, remembering that Draco wasn't going to hurt him.

Draco pushed in to the knuckle and then pumped the finger in and out a few times before adding a second one.

Harry found himself moving with the fingers, gently pushing himself back on them. It didn't hurt when Draco did this first, for which he was thankful.

"Do you want it?" Draco whispered, curious now as he worked a third finger inside of the other man.

"I want it," Harry moaned, clenching around the fingers and trying to push back more.

"Are you hard yet?" Draco asked, unable to see from this angle.

"I have been," Harry whispered, biting his lip.

"Hold on to the arms of the chair and lower yourself on to my cock," Draco instructed, removing his fingers and positioning his already slick cock against Harry's entrance.

Harry reached out and gripped the arms, beginning to slowly lower himself onto Draco's cock. At first there was that stretch that burned for a moment before he passed the resistance and slid all the way down.

Draco couldn't take his eyes off the sight of Harry Potter lowering himself onto his cock. It was amazing, and if he hadn't come earlier he wouldn't have lasted long. "Yesss," he hissed in approval.

Harry stopped only when Draco was completely inside him. He groaned then, digging his fingers into the leather of the chair.

"That's it," Draco said, "now ride me." He rested both hands on Harry's hips, helping to steady the man.

Harry began to rock his hips at first, getting used to the feeling of being filled this way. It was so much different to have a choice in setting the pace.

"Mmm," Draco hummed, beginning to rock with him.

Harry gripped the arms of the chair tightly and rocked harder, groaning when Malfoy's cock touched that spot a few times.

Draco kept one hand on Potter's hip but slid the other around to wrap his fingers around the man's cock.

Harry moaned and his movement faltered slightly before he sped up, his hips raising now to thrust into Draco's hand.

"Yes, fuck me," Draco encouraged, panting as he synchronised thrusts into Potter with his hand movements.

"Faster," Harry whimpered, feeling himself get closer despite coming just a bit ago.

"Yes, ride me, that's good," Draco gasped, thrusting and stroking faster, feeling himself getting closer.

"Close," Harry cried out, biting his lip and waiting for Draco to say it was okay for him to come.

Draco felt his orgasm building fast. He thrust up, arching his back. "Come!" he shouted as he did so.

Harry came hard on the last thrust, crying out Draco's name.

Draco pulled the other man back against him, holding him tight as they shuddered through the aftermath.

Harry panted, finally letting his hands slip away as he rested against Draco. Harry didn't know what to think or say. He did ask for this, but now that he had it, he didn't know how to react.

They lay back panting until their breathing slowed. Draco had an arm wrapped around Potter's chest again and the man's head resting back on his shoulder. "Yes," he whispered so softly it was barely audible.

"Yes," Harry repeated quietly, his eyes slipping closed. He was tired before, but now he was exhausted.

After a few minutes, Draco reached for his wand and cast *Lavare* to clean them. "Let's go to bed," he whispered against Harry's ear.

Harry nodded, but didn't move to get up, feeling too comfortable.

"That means you need to move," Draco said softly, with a smirk.

Harry pouted slightly. "You could move us both," he mumbled.

"Not in this state," Draco admitted.

It took Harry a moment, but he slowly got up, hissing softly as Draco slipped out of him. He stood up properly and looked back at Draco, waiting.

Draco smirked, strangely pleased to watch his come slide down the inside of the other man's thigh. He hauled himself to his feet, still wearing his robes open down the front, and walked to the bedroom.

Harry walked behind him, wanting to take Draco's hand as they walked. Harry shook his head and blushed, not knowing if Draco would appreciate him doing that.

Once in the bedroom, Draco removed his robe and lay it aside. "I'm too tired for a bath," he said. "You?"

Harry was already climbing into the bed when Draco asked. "Sleep," he said, pulling the covers back.

Draco climbed into the bed and lay back with a contented sigh. Then he lifted the arm nearest the other man to allow Potter to curl up against him.

Harry did just that, his head resting on Draco's chest. "Thank you," he murmured, sighing as he closed his eyes.

Draco wrapped his arm around Potter's shoulders, fingers casually playing with the man's hair. He lay awake despite being tired. He had never felt more comfortable in his life. And that was trouble; he knew that. But at the moment, he didn't much care. He intended to find a way to keep this as long as possible.

– CHAPTER ELEVEN –

Blood Sport

They settled into a comfortable routine. It wasn't a lot different than Draco's old schedule, except that with Potter working in the Lab with him, there was more time for other things - namely fucking Potter. It was another week before more potions were due at Voldemort's mansion. Draco had no illusions that they would get away as easily as the last time.

He sat in his chair by the fireplace with Potter curled in his lap. They had had sex again, and now Draco was reading while the other man stared into the fire. "Potions have to be delivered tomorrow," Draco said quietly.

Harry closed his eyes, nodding a bit. He knew they would have to go again and it frightened him. "Will it be the same as before?" he asked softly.

"He will want us to entertain Him again, if that's what you mean," Draco replied, shivering despite the warm room.

Harry shuddered at the thought of it and opened his eyes before he could see Voldemort's eyes in the darkness. "Then we'll come back here. We just...we just have to make it through it."

"Yes," Draco said quietly. "But I think... I think He went easy on us last time."

"That was easy to him? How much worse..." Harry trailed off, not even sure if he wanted to know the answer.

"Never ask that," Draco hissed, eyes closing and his entire body shuddering with the memories it evoked. "A lot worse, trust me. I have...seen it."

"You'll take care of me after," Harry said quietly, looking back into the fire.

"Yes, I will," Draco said, a bit shaken by Potter's confidence in him and hoping there would be an after.

"Good..." Harry knew he would make it through whatever Voldemort planned, as long as he kept thinking about Draco helping

him after.

That morning found Draco awake, having barely slept in the night. He was terrified. If he knew a way not to get caught, he would run. He would take Potter and run away.

Harry tossed and turned during the night, nervous about the next day. By the time he woke up, there was light outside and he knew Draco would wake him up by eight anyway. He glanced over at the other man, surprised to see him up. "Morning..."

Draco tried to smile but it came out more of a grimace. He reached a hand out, smoothing unruly black hair off the other man's face.

Harry sighed softly, the touch always welcome. "Did you sleep?" Harry asked.

"Some," Draco said, cupping Potter's cheek with his hand. "You?" he asked.

"I kept waking up." Harry watched Draco before he leant in, kissing him softly. "I'll be fine."

Draco kissed the other man gently, still holding his face. Then he whispered, "Lie back."

Harry looked at him curiously as he did as he was told.

Smiling, Draco drew the covers back so he could look at the other man's body. Then he began to softly touch him, exploring. He started with that neck he had already left so many marks on, including a new set the night before, and then moved down his arms, chest, and belly.

Harry sighed at the first few touches, a small smile gracing his lips. He loved when Draco touched him like this.

Reverently, Draco traced the lines of Potter's body - muscle and bone under golden skin. He caressed the hairs around the man's nipples and down his belly. He ran his fingers over the crease of the man's hips and then down his legs. It was like he was trying to memorize him with his fingers.

Harry didn't want to think about the real reason behind why Draco was doing this. So he didn't. He closed his eyes and focused on the touches, his skin getting goose pimples as Draco's fingers trailed over it.

Draco traced all the way down the man's body and then back up

the inside of his legs, watching Potter's cock harden as he did. "Spread your legs," he said quietly.

Harry spread them slowly, licking his lips as he waited for more of Draco's touches.

Draco knelt between Potter's legs now, caressing the inside of the man's thighs, marvelling at the softness of the skin there and the small hairs. He moved his hands slowly up until he could gently cup the soft sac of the other man's balls.

Harry gasped softly and bit his lip, lifting his hips a bit.

Draco slid the fingers of this other hand up to wrap about Potter's cock, fondling the shaft as he gently squeezed his balls.

Harry moaned, thrusting up into Draco's hand as he moved to grip the sheets.

Draco scooted up closer and then, watching Potter's face, bent and licked the head of the man's cock.

Harry's hips jerked as he opened his eyes wide, looking down at Draco.

Draco's breath caught and he watched Potter's face as he licked it again.

Harry moaned again, letting his head fall back. "More, please," he whimpered, biting his lip.

Draco's heart beat faster and he lowered his mouth over the crown, licking along the ridge as his hand gently squeezed the base.

"God," Harry whispered, pulling at the sheets. Now he knew why Draco loved this so much.

Draco licked and sucked, getting worked up as he did. He loved the taste and texture, but even more, the sounds Potter was making.

Harry was groaning, his hips rising and falling on the bed. He wasn't going to last long and he hoped Draco knew that.

Draco brought his other hand up now, briefly licking at his own fingers before reaching down to press them to Potter's opening. "Come when you want to," he said, and then pressed a finger in as he brought his mouth back down over Potter's cock, sucking harder.

Harry clenched around his lover's finger as he felt his climax getting closer. "Draco..." he moaned, tensing up.

Draco licked and sucked, bobbing his head faster and twisting a second finger inside Potter, looking for that nerve bundle.

Harry cried out when Draco's fingers pressed against that spot.

He came hard, arching off the bed.

Draco swallowed quickly, sucking and licking until the other man was spent.

Harry licked his lips again, breathing hard as he shifted. The movement made Draco's fingers brush against the spot again and he whimpered softly, his cock twitching weakly.

Draco withdrew his fingers and gave Potter's softening shaft a gentle kiss before sitting back up and looking down at him.

Harry looked up at him, suddenly remembering the situation they were in. "Please come here..." he whispered softly, reaching for the blond.

Draco moved forward, taking Potter's hand and lying down beside him again, his cock pressing against the man's hip as he did.

Harry reached and gripped the blond's cock firmly, beginning to stroke him as he squeezed Draco's hand.

Draco lay back, surrendering to the pleasure of the other man's touch.

Harry ran his thumb over the head as he moved, looking up to watch Draco's face. "We'll make it."

Draco didn't know if that was true, but he wouldn't correct Potter. He arched up into his touch instead.

Harry leant up and kissed him as his strokes quickened. It terrified him to think that it might be their last time like this.

One hand cupped the back of the man's head as Draco kissed him back. He couldn't imagine life without this now. Didn't want to.

"Come for me?" Harry asked against his lips.

"Yes," Draco answered, the other man's bold words making him shiver and thrust up. Several strokes later, Draco came with a low moan.

Harry stroked him through it, kissing him again. He really didn't want to go now.

Draco wrapped his arm around Potter, petting him and holding him.

"I don't want to go," Harry whispered softly, pressing against him.

"Nor do I," Draco said. "But they will kill us if we don't."

Harry sighed. "I want to just get it over with then."

As before, Draco dressed carefully in his best black traditional robes, picked up the boxes of prepared potions and took Harry with him by Side-Along-Apparition. They were met by Wormtail again.

"He is waiting," Wormtail said in a disapproving sneer.

"I am here," Draco said, as if that were all that mattered.

Harry was forcing himself to stay calm as they went into the mansion for the second time. Draco said Voldemort could be even worse than he was the last time, and Harry tried not to think about it. All he wanted to focus on was after they went back to the Manor and Draco took care of him.

Draco strode into the Throne Room and then waited inside to be called forward. There were more Death Eaters milling about than last time. He did his best to keep his controlled expression of disdain. Most of the masked faces turned his way, staring at the man at his feet.

Harry kept close to Draco, even though he knew it wouldn't be like that for long. Harry could feel the stares of many of the people in the room and he tried to ignore the shiver that went down his spine.

"Ah, Malfoy," the Dark Lord hissed, gesturing for him to approach. Draco walked up and knelt on one knee, bowing his head and setting the potions on the first step of the raised platform. He never willingly got within arm's length of the Dark Lord.

Harry stayed close behind, staring hard at the floor and hoping Voldemort would take the potions then dismiss them.

"So glad you could make it, Malfoy," the Dark Lord sneered. "It is later in the day than you usually deliver your work. And we have been holding the entertainment for you."

"My apologies for any inconvenience, my Lord," Draco said, raising his face only enough to look at Voldemort's feet, not his face.

Harry shuddered at Voldemort's words, squeezing his eyes shut. He wished he could just block out everything.

Wormtail shuffled up to the throne and whispered in Voldemort's ear. "Ah, so we are ready then," Voldemort said. "Malfoy, join me." The Dark Lord gestured to a place beside his throne.

Draco trembled and climbed the steps to stand to one side of the throne. He still managed to keep more than arm's length from his Master and silently gestured for Potter to kneel beside him – on the

side farthest from Voldemort.

Harry moved up the steps, thankful that he could sit farther away from Voldemort. He quickly glanced up and then looked down when he saw the number of people in the room. It made him nervous.

The robed figures parted so they were on both sides of the room. "Now," Voldemort said, "time for the entertainment. One of Harry's compatriots has been taken today."

Harry frowned, biting his lip in thought. There were still people alive?

Draco glanced down nervously at Potter. This could definitely get them killed. He whispered to the man, "You are not to move from my side unless I tell you."

Harry glanced up at him and nodded slowly. He still wanted to know who they were talking about.

They heard the sound of chains first, and then two robed figures dragged the stumbling figure of Fred Weasley in and threw him to the ground in the middle of the room.

Harry wanted to look, but he was afraid of who he would see. Harry was even more afraid of what would be done.

Fred groaned, falling to his hands and knees when dropped. His face was bruised badly and one eye was swollen shut.

Harry couldn't take it and finally looked up, gasping at the sight of him. He had seen George die, so it could only be the other Weasley twin. "Fred!" he cried out, almost getting up to help him, but stopping.

Fred looked up at that, shock plain on his face. "Harry?" he asked.

Voldemort laughed. "How touching..."

"Fred, I'm sorry!" Harry badly wanted to get up, but he knew that wouldn't be good for either him or Draco.

Draco wished Potter would shut up, but he didn't order him. He knew the man was only making it worse for his friend. The more he showed his feelings, the worse Voldemort would exploit them.

Voldemort waved his hand and a bench appeared beside Fred. To Harry, it looked like a heavy-duty sawhorse with metal eyelets placed on the legs.

Harry shook his head, tears welling up in his eyes. He knew they were going to torture Fred in front of him. "Don't...please," he

begged quietly, glancing up at Draco to see if he could do anything.

Draco refused to look at Potter. The man's pleas hurt. He didn't care about Fred Weasley. He had seen so many people tortured and killed, he no longer allowed himself to care. Well, until Potter.

Harry looked away when Draco wouldn't look at him, beginning to sob as he looked back at Fred. "You'll be okay..."

"He won't," Draco hissed.

The robed figures grabbed Fred again and attached the shackles on the man's arms and legs to the legs of the bench.

"He'll see his family again," Harry whispered, looking down. He couldn't stand the sight any longer.

Draco snorted at that.

Then the show really began. The man had already been stripped. "Anyone have a call on this one?" Voldemort asked.

"Why him? Let him go and I'll go in place of him," Harry said quietly, looking up again. If it was the only way he could save someone, then he'd do it.

"No," Draco said beside him. "You belong to me."

"But I want to help him," Harry sobbed, wrapping his arms around his knees and rocking himself.

"You can't," Draco whispered.

The screams began then as someone cast the Cruciatus Curse on the bound man, while someone else stepped up behind him.

Harry shook his head and pressed his hands against his ears as he cried harder, still rocking himself. It was easier to have the pain inflicted on him, rather than having to hear Fred's screams.

Draco stood with his hands behind his back, face forward and watched as they raped and tortured Fred Weasley. He remembered the man's antics from school and had always had an admiration for that aspect of the Weasley twins. Blood pooled on the floor as the violence escalated and Draco made sure not to focus on what exactly was being done now. His father had been right; he never did have the stomach for violence.

Harry continued to rock himself, his knuckles going white from the pressure he was using to block the sound of Fred's screams. His own sobs had tapered down till they were nothing but small whimpers every now and then, his eyes still tightly squeezed shut.

Finally, the screaming stopped. Draco sighed, looking. Yes, he

was dead. Draco hoped he was, at least. They had castrated the prisoner first. Draco looked away, his stomach clenching. This is what he had tried to warn Harry about. It could definitely get much worse.

When Harry couldn't hear anything through his hands he thought it was over. He thought they finally stopped and left Fred alone, even if it was just for that day. But then he made the mistake of opening his eyes. The blood and the...the body, Fred's body made him gasp, his stomach churning as it fought to expel its contents. He sobbed and looked away, his mouth filling with bile as the urge to vomit became stronger.

Draco watched as they dragged the corpse away, leaving a trail of blood. He hated the metallic smell of it; that sickly smell of fluids that meant a violent death. He gritted his teeth and made sure not to show any emotion in his face.

Harry tried to breathe in to calm his stomach, but the smell made him bend over and finally throw up, his stomach heaving as he began to cry again.

The response to Potter retching was laughter, of course. Draco waited, unable to do anything about it with so many eyes on him.

Harry leant back, moving slightly away from his mess. His stomach still felt sick, but he tried to ignore it.

"Come here, Harry," Voldemort commanded.

Draco went stiff, shivering and wishing he believed in something to pray to.

Harry bit his lip, but slowly crawled around to Voldemort, keeping his head down.

Draco turned sideways, keeping his eyes on Potter and desperately hoping the man didn't say the wrong thing. Draco realised then that his goal was no longer just staying alive, but keeping Potter alive too.

Voldemort looked down at Harry. "Did you enjoy our show, Harry?"

Harry sniffled, biting his lip harder and not replying.

"We held it just for you," the Dark Lord said. "If it weren't for you, we might of just have killed him out of hand."

Harry shook his head, hating that he was so helpless.

Draco knew the Dark Lord's words were a lie. Weasley would

have been sport, no matter what. He clenched his teeth again and waited.

Voldemort reached a claw-like hand out again to grasp Harry's chin. "So timid for someone they thought would defeat me," he sneered.

Harry swallowed, his bottom lip trembling slightly. Harry could defeat him, if he could just get a chance to try.

"Clean the mess," Voldemort commanded one of the others. "Now what entertainment can we devise that you won't ignore?" he asked Harry in that sneering voice.

Harry still wouldn't answer or even acknowledge him. If he just didn't think about it, he would be okay.

Voldemort scowled, dropping his hand. "Malfoy," he snapped. "Prepare him."

Draco swayed as if slapped and then nodded curtly. "Come with me, Potter," he drawled, and stepped down from the dais to the bench. The bench and floor were clean now. The Dark Lord wanted a clean start to the next show. At least it meant Potter didn't have to be chained in his friend's blood.

Harry turned and quietly followed him down, glancing up briefly. It was his turn now, he guessed. As much as he had begged to be in Fred's place before he died, Harry trembled now in fear of it.

"On the bench," Draco said in a voice devoid of inflection.

Harry looked up at him before he lay over it, his body beginning to shake from being nervous.

Draco stood expectantly, waiting for orders from the Dark Lord. Others in the room were whispering excitedly.

"Beat him first," Voldemort said.

Draco nodded. He flicked his wand and Harry was suddenly chained to the bench. Potter might not understand, but it was probably easier to be able to fight the restraints than to be untied but ordered to hold still.

Harry pulled at the chains just to see how tight they were. They held him down securely and that sparked another spike of fear in Harry. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, waiting for the first blow.

Draco silently cast the same Whip Spell he had used that first night of the ritual. He looked down at the back and buttocks of

Potter. Without the anger he had felt before, it was hard to bring himself to hurt him. He clenched his jaw and tried to conjure all the anger he ever used to feel. Then he struck across that back.

Harry tried not to make a noise, but the pain surprised him and he cried out, unable to arch away.

Draco concentrated on anger, trying to remember every time he had ever gotten angry at the other man. But it wasn't coming. He landed another several blows but the spell was weakening. It required will to hurt someone like this.

Harry could feel the power behind the blows lessening and he knew it was because Draco probably couldn't handle it. He opened his eyes and thought about what would make him angry.

The spell flickered, nearly dying on the last blow and Draco's heart beat faster with fear.

Harry's heart was beating faster as well, not from the pain alone, but from the fear of Draco being hurt as well.

"Something wrong, Malfoy?" someone sneered from the crowd.

"Yes," Voldemort hissed. "Looks like he's not up to the job today. Step aside, Malfoy."

Harry tensed when he heard Voldemort and almost cried out for Draco to come back.

– CHAPTER TWELVE –

Traitor's Reward

Draco dropped his head to his chest and shuddered. It took every ounce of effort he had to end the spell and step back. He was clenching his fists so hard his knuckles hurt.

"Master," a simpering voice said, "may I?"

Harry could tell who that voice belonged to anywhere. He gritted his teeth. "No"

"Wormtail ..." Voldemort sounded surprised. "Been a while since you played in this game, hasn't it?"

"Yes, Master," the man said.

"Yes, I think I would enjoy watching you entertain us," the Dark Lord said.

"No, not him!" Harry cried out, struggling again.

There was a lot of laughter at Harry's protests, and Wormtail thanked his master before coming toward Harry.

Draco stood, shaking with a new rage. He didn't want anyone to touch Potter. The man was his!

"Please, no!" Harry kept crying out. He knew that Wormtail was nothing but a coward and betrayer and Harry could easily beat him in a fair duel, if he only had a wand.

Wormtail reached dirty fingers out to run over the new wounds on Harry's back.

Harry tried to arch away from the fingers, crying out softly.

"Potter," the man said, "I am going to do to you what I should have done to your father."

"I should've let Sirius kill you!" Harry yelled.

Wormtail snickered, running bloodied fingers down and over Harry's arse.

Draco growled. He hadn't meant to do it, but he was trembling violently now.

"Stop, please," Harry whispered. He thrashed violently when he realised that Wormtail wasn't going to stop.

Draco strode to the base of the dais and dropped to both knees before the Dark Lord, head bowed. "My Lord," he said.

"Malfoy," Voldemort sneered, "you have a problem with our entertainment?"

"Master," Draco said, voice nearly calm-sounding. He rarely called the Dark Lord "Master." "I understood that Potter was to be mine," he said.

"As long as I wish it, Malfoy," Voldemort hissed. "You don't like others playing with your toy, do you?"

"No, my Lord, I do not," Draco answered honestly.

Harry went still, ignoring the hands touching him. What was Draco doing? He should just let things be and not interfere.

"What would you offer instead?" Voldemort asked casually. Too casually, Draco realised. He had definitely been set up.

"I will entertain with whatever punishment you wish me to inflict upon him," Draco said evenly.

"But you failed at that, Malfoy," Voldemort hissed. "A simple beating and you couldn't hold the spell."

"My apologies, Master," Draco said, desperately trying to think of way to fix it.

Harry swallowed as he listened to them talk. Something didn't seem right about the entire situation and he wished that Draco hadn't said anything at all.

Behind Harry, Wormtail's fingers slid down the crevice of his arse until they found his opening.

Harry had almost forgotten Wormtail until he felt his fingers, and he jerked, squeezing his eyes shut. "No ..." he moaned.

Wormtail roughly pushed long-nailed fingers into Harry, the nail edges cutting as he did.

Harry groaned, the pain of being torn open making his eyes well up again. It hurt, and it hurt even more knowing who was doing this to him.

Wormtail hadn't bothered to start with one finger, but was pushing all four in at once, pressing mercilessly into Harry's body as the man writhed, instinctively trying to get away from the pain but held in place by the chains.

Harry was openly sobbing as Wormtail went on, feeling nothing but the pain radiating from below. It felt as though he was being torn

in half.

Potter's cries made Draco shiver again. "What would you have of me, my Lord?" he asked, knowing it was a kind of surrender and hoping Voldemort still needed his Potions skills.

Harry tried to think about what was happening with Draco, but he couldn't focus on anything else but the blinding pain.

Voldemort's smile sent ice down Draco's spine. The Potions Master knew he was outmanoeuvred now. Potter's cries continued and Draco nearly held his breath.

"Strip as naked as your slave and put on a show for us," Voldemort said. "Then we will see if it is enough."

"Yes, Master," Draco said, his gorge rising and having to breathe through his nose. Aside from Potter, he had not allowed anyone to see him naked in years.

Wormtail has pressed his hand forward to the knuckles now, twisting cruelly inside Harry's body.

Harry was beginning to feel like he was going to die. Everything was just so intense, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. He screamed and screamed, feeling his throat get raw.

Draco stripped as quickly as he could, the screaming urging him on. He laid his robes on the steps and stood naked before not only the Dark Lord, but all assembled Death Eaters. There were obscene suggestions muttered and he tried not to blush. Then he turned and strode back to the bench. "He is mine. Stop," he said to Pettigrew.

Wormtail whimpered and scowled at Draco, but withdrew his blood-covered hand from Harry's body.

Harry screams tapered down to sobs of pain, his body throbbing. He felt completely open, exposed, and impossibly dirty – like he could never be clean again.

There was blood running down both sides of Potter's body and the insides of his legs. Draco swallowed thickly, trying to control his urge to grab the man and Apparate them out. It was suicide, and he knew it. Instead, he walked to the other end of the bench, standing naked in front of Potter's face. "You know what to do," he said.

Harry could barely see through his tears but he opened his mouth, leaning forward the best he could.

Draco took his wand and cast Finite, releasing Harry from the shackles and moving closer so that Potter could suck him.

Harry could hardly breathe properly through his nose, much less move without feeling pain. But he managed to suck Draco into his mouth, knowing that he wouldn't be able to do it as well as normal.

Draco wanted to reach and cup the other man's face, but kept his hands on his hips. He tried to ignore his surroundings and the obscene mutterings of the others, focusing instead on Potter. If he could pretend they were home, he might get through this.

Harry had to pull back after a minute, taking deep breaths through his mouth. His nose was too stuffy from the crying, and he would rather not pass out while trying to do this for Draco.

Draco silently cast the Arousal Spell on himself, knowing he would need it now. At least it made it look like Potter had been doing better at sucking than he was.

"Fuck him, Malfoy," somebody yelled out, and others joined in. Draco winced. He saw what Pettigrew had done and knew the pain that would cause Potter.

"Yes, do fuck him," Voldemort agreed with his followers. Wormtail snickered from where he still stood nearby.

"Hurts," Harry murmured weakly, his eyes closing. But he knew Draco would have to, no matter what he said.

"I know," Draco said. It was as close as he could get to saying something comforting given the circumstances. "Turn over, face up," he said.

Harry slowly obeyed, hissing as the wounds on his back pressed against the bench and nearly passing out when he moved.

While Potter struggled to turn over, Draco walked to the other end and then grabbed the man's legs, putting a foot over each shoulder. At least this way, he could see Potter's face and not as much of the ruin of what Wormtail had done to him. While he positioned himself, Draco cast another silent spell. This was another he had used before. It would give pleasure with the pain. He couldn't stop the pain, but he could at least make sure Potter enjoyed it.

Harry let out a loud gasp when he felt something wash over him, causing little sparks of pleasure to run down his spine and centre on his cock. He had no idea where it came from, but he whimpered.

"Look at me," Draco commanded, sounding harsh but wanting Potter to see only him. He lined up and thrust forward, not surprised to find Potter stretched open already.

Harry cried out and looked up at Draco, his eyes already burning with new tears. But even with the pain there was pleasure lying underneath, making Harry bite his lip.

Draco began thrusting then, rocking his hips back and forth inside the swollen channel of his lover's body. He wasn't gentle. He knew that would be useless. The spell required pain to make pleasure, so he thrust hard and fast.

Harry didn't know if he wanted to cry with the pain or pant in pleasure. There was too much going on, but throughout it all Harry kept the erection, Draco's cock getting him closer with every thrust.

Blood ran down Draco's legs with each thrust and he gritted his teeth, holding Potter's thighs as he thrust. He tuned out the laughter and other sounds from their audience and looked only at Potter's face. The blond was trying desperately to come.

Harry's face scrunched up as he was slowly pushed towards the edge. He knew he had to wait for Draco's permission before he could come, but he wasn't sure if he could hold it in.

Draco focused entirely on Potter's face, seeing the spell was working and that the other man was close. "Yes, come," he hissed.

Harry could hardly even hear Draco as he spoke, but Harry didn't care as he came hard.

It was the sound he made and the look on Potter's face that helped push Draco over the edge, growling a bit as he came inside the man. He stood panting then, hoping it had been enough of a show that the Dark Lord would let them leave now.

Harry gasped softly, his eyes closing as he felt Draco's final thrust inside him. The room swam and he felt cold.

Draco backed up, drawing Potter's legs down and releasing them. He made the mistake of glancing down at his own body, seeing blood and come coating his groin and thighs, contrasting with his pale skin. There was a large pool on the floor now. He quickly looked back up and tried to breathe through his nose so he wouldn't lose control. He then turned and walked back to the dais and knelt again before Voldemort. "I hope that has been to your liking, my Lord," he said, eyes downcast.

The room was silent while the Dark Lord seemed to consider that. "I did enjoy that, yes," he answered. "And I know you are eager to leave us now. You are dismissed."

Harry lost a sense of time, the room seeming to flicker in his vision. He was shivering now but didn't even have any strength left to move.

Draco nodded and stood, collecting his robes but not bothering to put them on. He did his best to feign indifference to the others watching. He walked back to the bench, picked up Potter in his arms and strode from the room. He hit the porch and Apparated back to the Manor.

Harry was barely awake when he saw that they were back at the Manor. "Sleep," he whispered quietly, closing his eyes.

Draco looked down at the pale, clammy skin of the other man. "No," he snapped, "stay awake. You are bleeding inside, and if you sleep now you might never wake up." He Apparated again, to his Potions Lab, and laid Potter on the worktable.

"But ... tired," Harry whispered, managing to keep his eyes open a bit just for Draco. He felt queasy.

Draco dropped his robes and went to the shelves where he kept his strongest potions, finding several that would stop the bleeding and heal the internal damage. He brought them back and then put his arm around Potter's shoulders, lifting him up a bit. "Drink this," he said, bringing the potion to the man's near-bloodless lips.

Harry closed his eyes and leant in to drink it, trying to tip his head back.

Draco tipped the vial into Potter's mouth and then tossed it aside, holding the man's chin to help him swallow. "Come on, don't let go now," he whispered fiercely.

Harry managed to make a slight face as the potion went down his sore throat, but nothing else. After a minute he opened his eyes, looking up at Draco and trying to focus.

Draco watched the other man's face, hoping he had given him the potion in time. He glanced quickly at the clock. He had to wait at least ten minutes for the potion to stop the bleeding before he could give him the Regenerative Potion. But if Potter didn't fight to live, he could die before the time was up. "Don't die," he whispered. "Don't leave me here."

Harry's eyes slowly focused on Draco's face, just as he spoke. "Tired," Harry repeated hoarsely, but he didn't give in to the sleep that wanted to take him. "Won't leave you"

"Yes, don't leave me," Draco whispered, lips close to the other man's as he spoke. "You were right, I needed something," he continued. "I need you or I will become just like them, dead inside."

Harry tried to smile, but it looked more like a grimace. "Told you ... need you, too ..." His eyes closed a bit as Harry spoke, so worn out that even talking was difficult.

"Five more minutes until the next potion," Draco told him. "Hang on."

Harry tried his best to do what Draco said. It would be so much easier to just close his eyes and give in to the sleep that wanted to claim him, but Harry didn't. He wanted to stay alive – for Draco.

Draco rubbed his lips against the other man's, still holding him in his arms. "Harry, stay with me," he whispered.

"I am," Harry whispered back, a tear slipping out of his eye when he felt Draco's lips. "I'm here"

Draco kissed him then, hoping he could anchor the other man in this world with his touch, with his desire.

Harry tried to kiss him back, his lips pressing softly against Draco's.

Draco sucked and licked at his lover's lips, and then began kissing his face. Harry's skin was clammy to the touch. "Harry," he said, and glanced at the clock. Hurriedly, he reached for the most powerful potion he had. It was expensive and difficult to make, but it could heal almost anything. He brought it to Harry's lips. "Drink," he said again.

Harry closed his eyes again, but managed to part his lips, waiting for Draco to pour.

Draco tipped the vial up, pouring its contents into Harry's mouth and then, like before, tossed it aside and cupped his face with his hand. "Swallow," he said, anxious.

Harry swallowed with a wince, his throat still hurting. It began to soothe him almost immediately and he sighed softly.

"Keep looking at me," Draco said, one arm still holding Harry up against his chest and the other hand cupping his face.

Harry forced himself to open his eyes a bit and look at Draco. What he saw there was open affection and concern. Harry managed a small smile, silently trying to tell Draco that he was okay.

"It will take a few minutes," Draco said, "but you should start to

feel better ... inside."

Harry nodded a bit. "When can I sleep?" he whispered.

"Not for at least twenty more minutes," Draco said, glancing at the clock. "Once I know it is working, I can take you to bed. I can't use spells on you in the meantime, either."

Harry whimpered, closing his eyes again. Twenty minutes was a long time.

"Harry, please, stay awake," Draco pleaded.

"I am," Harry moaned, opening his eyes again.

"Tell me how you feel," Draco said, glancing down. They were both still covered in blood and semen.

"It hurts, but it feels like it's going away," Harry murmured, swallowing again.

"You lost a lot of blood," Draco explained. "When it's safe to do so, I will want you to take a Blood-Replenishing Potion, too." He glanced up. "Can you stay awake if I lay you down for a minute?"

"Where are you going?" Harry asked quietly, watching him.

"Just across the room to get potions to take with us to my room," Draco said. "I only keep standard ones in my cupboard there."

Harry nodded. "I'll stay awake."

Draco gently lay Harry back down on the worktable, watching the other man as he did.

Harry struggled to keep his eyes open, staring up at the ceiling of the Lab. When Draco was holding him, he had a reason to stay awake, but now he could easily sleep.

Draco quickly gathered up the potions he needed and put them in a box. Then he snapped his fingers and a confused looking house-elf appeared. "Take this to my room and put it on the counter in my bathroom. Prepare a bath," he instructed. When the elf disappeared, Draco returned to Harry. "Harry, open your eyes," he said when he saw that the man was falling asleep again.

"I'm not sleeping," Harry mumbled, his words slurring together as he opened his eyes again.

"Sure," Draco drawled. But then he put one arm under Harry's shoulders and the other under his knees. "Put your arms around my neck and hold on. I have to carry you," he explained.

Harry looked at him for a long moment before he used all his strength to reach up and wrap his arms around Draco's neck. His

arms began to shake, but he held on.

Draco lifted, cradling the man against his own body and carrying him through the house. He couldn't risk Apparating or it would ruin the potion he had given Harry. He was tired too, and it was hard work getting them both up the stairs to the bedroom.

"I'm too heavy," Harry mumbled against the skin of Draco's neck, noticing how Draco was moving slowly.

"I'm just tired," Draco answered. "Hold on tighter and it will help."

Harry tried his best to hold on tighter for Draco.

They made it to the master suite, and then to the bathroom where Draco found the bath and the potions waiting. "I am going to bathe you now," he told Harry.

Harry nodded, not loosening his grip on Draco yet. "Come in with me"

"That was the plan," Draco said with a small smile. He walked over to the tub and sat on the edge, still holding the other man. He swung one leg, then the other, into the bath and then gently lowered the two of them into the warm water.

Harry sighed, pressing himself against Draco more as he felt the water. "Feels good," he whispered, his arms slowly slipping away.

"Stay with me and hold on," Draco said. "I can't wash you and hold you up in the water."

Harry tightened his arms again. "It doesn't hurt as bad ... but I feel dirty," Harry whispered quietly.

Draco reached for a washcloth, soaking it for a minute. Then he began with Harry's face, gently washing.

Harry closed his eyes again, just so he could do it properly. "Thank you again."

Draco worked his way down, gently and thoroughly washing Harry's neck next. "Open your eyes again," he said. "Can't fall asleep until we get to the bed."

Harry opened them a bit, watching Draco's face as he worked. "We made it."

"So far," Draco said softly. He rinsed the cloth and began to wash the man's chest and belly, washing away the dried semen and blood there.

"So far," Harry repeated, sighing softly. He shuddered at the

thought of what had happened to Fred right in front of him. For all he knew that would be them one day. But he didn't want to think about it.

Draco switched the hand holding Harry, washing his back. The wounds had closed but there would probably be more scars.

Harry began to quietly hum as Draco went on, his eyes open and staring at the water as he was washed off. It was slowly turning a murky brown colour and Harry realised that it was all the blood Draco was washing off.

Once Draco had managed to wash Harry's upper body, he sighed. "I need to check to see how you are healing," he said, "and I can wash then, too. You will need to put your arms on the side of the bath and kneel in the water."

Harry trembled, but nodded, reaching out and putting his arms on the side of the tub as he knelt.

Draco shifted so he could use both hands to gently spread the other man's arse cheeks. He desperately hoped the Healing Potion had done its job. He sighed in relief when he saw it was working. The skin of the other man's opening was pink and new, no longer torn.

Harry was shaking again, even though he knew Draco was only helping him and would not hurt him.

Draco gently stroked Harry's buttocks. "It is fine," he said, then reached for the cloth to wash again. He wiped away the last of the dried blood and fluids, being as gentle as he could.

Even though Draco said that, Harry still shook, especially when he felt the cloth swipe over his entrance.

"There," Draco said, feeling the other man's trembling. "Spread a little more so I can wash your thighs," he instructed.

Harry sniffled and did as the other man said, moving his knees apart.

Draco reached a cloth-covered hand between Harry's legs, washing his thighs and then his groin.

Harry gasped and closed his eyes at the touch. He didn't know why he still felt sensitive.

Draco then used the cloth to quickly clean himself, grateful to remove the blood. "Stay there for a minute," he said, climbing out of the tub. He still couldn't use magic on Harry, so he reached for a large towel, draping it around the other man's shoulders. "Now let's

get you to bed," he said, helping him stand.

Harry wobbled as he stood up, leaning on Draco for support. "Sleep finally?" he asked hopefully. He pulled the towel around him more as he shivered.

Draco walked Harry over to the sink counter and leant him against it. He cast a Drying Charm on himself and then used another towel to finish drying the other man. He cast Tempus and nodded. "I think it's safe to give you the Replenishing Potion now," he said. Draco opened the box of potions, and brought the correct one to Harry's lips. "Drink," he said softly.

Harry opened his mouth and tipped his head back, quickly drinking the potion. Thankfully, it didn't taste all that bad.

"That might make it harder to sleep, but it will replace the blood you have lost," Draco explained, tossing aside the wet towels and leading Harry back into the bedroom.

Harry nodded, slowly walking alongside Draco. "As long as I can sleep."

Draco pulled the covers back and helped Harry into the bed. He set his wand and the box of potions nearby so he could reach them quickly, then climbed in beside the other man.

Harry immediately snuggled close, curling up against Draco. "Warm"

Draco wrapped his arms about the other man, holding him close, covers pulled up. "Yes, rest now," he whispered.

Harry closed his eyes with a long sigh, finally letting himself go. Even with the Replenishing Potion, Harry was asleep within minutes.

Draco lay there for a long time, listening to the other man breathe. He wanted to cry, but he hadn't done so since they had made him watch his mother's death. The Dark Lord had made it clear it was his fault, and forced him to watch as his punishment. He understood now that something inside him had broken that day. He had often wondered if that was what the Dementor's Kiss felt like. Now, lying with Harry in his arms, he felt an ache deep inside and wondered if he still had a soul, buried in there somewhere. Eventually, even with such grim thoughts, he drifted off to sleep.

– CHAPTER THIRTEEN –

Restored

Harry didn't know where he was. It was dark again, but something told Harry to keep walking, no matter how tired he was. He could hear the sounds of chains in the distance and he moved, looking for the source. Suddenly there was light everywhere, too much light, but all Harry could see was Fred's dead body, barely recognizable through all the blood and other liquids. Harry screamed for him, but then they were dragging Harry away, chaining him to a bench. Then he was being beaten, the pain making him scream and cry out for them to stop. But they didn't listen, they never did.

Draco was awakened by a sharp blow to his chest. Startled, he almost Summoned his wand before he realised the strike was the man in his arms flailing about. "Harry," he said urgently, "wake up, you're dreaming." He tried to grab hold of the man's arms, pulling him tight so he couldn't hurt himself or Draco.

Harry's cries tapered down, but he was still trying to pull his arms away. "Stop," he whimpered.

"Potter Harry, wake up. You are having another nightmare," Draco repeated, still holding him.

Harry went still before he slowly opened his eyes, looking up at Draco cautiously.

Draco loosened his hold on the man, and brought a hand up to smooth the hair back from Harry's face, looking at him. "With me now?" he asked softly.

Harry nodded sheepishly, feeling bad every time he woke Draco up with his dreams. "I'm sorry..."

Draco smiled a bit. "Not a problem," he said. He ran his fingers back through Harry's thick hair and sighed. "You feeling any better now?" he asked.

"Yes..." Aside from the dreams, Harry was feeling much better than he was before.

"I used some pretty powerful potions on you last night," Draco

said. "They will have side-effects."

"What side effects?" Harry asked.

Draco reached for his wand and cast spell to light a nearby candle. He wanted to really look at the other man's face. "Well, you have essentially regenerated any damaged tissue and blood in your body. You are probably hungry and ... feeling a bit... um, energetic," he finished.

"Oh..." Harry shifted on the bed, already feeling strange. "I am awake now. And...there's something..."

"Yes?" Draco asked, sitting up a bit, still leaning against the pillows. "Shall I have them bring food?"

Harry nodded, looking down at himself. He flushed when he saw his very hard erection.

Draco arched an eyebrow. "Side effect of the Blood Replenishing Potion," He explained when he noticed Harry saw the "problem."

"That wasn't one of the things you listed," Harry murmured, face really red.

Draco smirked. "I said energetic," he drawled.

"Oh..." Harry shifted again. "...It's kind of uncomfortable..."

Draco was still smiling, lifting the covers to get a better look. His own body was responding to the sight.

Harry glanced at Draco then down at himself. "I'll still be able to come, right?" he asked.

"Probably," Draco said, still smirking and drawing the covers down so Harry could see he was aroused too.

Harry looked, biting his lip gently as he felt his cock twitch. "A little help then?"

"You can't wank yourself?" Draco teased, enjoying himself.

Harry scowled, reaching to wrap a hand around himself with a small moan. "Yes...just thought it would be nice to ask you first."

"Lie back," Draco told him, watching as Harry stroked himself.

Harry did, his eyes closing as his hand moved.

"Yes," Draco encouraged, running his hands over Harry's chest and belly, caressing him.

Harry groaned louder, his hand moving fast as he quickly approached his orgasm. "Close..."

Draco smiled, pinching the man's nipples and watching his face.

Harry came a bit later, his back arching slightly as he shuddered.

He lay back on the bed and let go of himself, sighing softly.

"Feel better now?" Draco asked, smirking.

"Yeah," Harry gasped softly, looking and noticing that his cock wasn't softening.

Draco lay on his side facing Harry, he casually reached down and began stroking his own cock while watching the other man realise that it wasn't going to be that simple.

"I'm still hard," Harry said quietly, looking down at himself.

"Yes," Draco said, smiling mischievously.

"Side-effect?" Harry asked, looking up at Draco's face.

Draco's breath had sped up as his hand squeezed and twisted his own flesh. He nodded.

"Oh... oh well." Harry watched Draco quietly before he leaned up and kissed him, wondering if he would be able to come again.

"Mmm," Draco hummed against the other man's mouth and then lay back, reaching his other hand to pull the other man down on top of himself.

Harry hissed when his sensitive cock brushed against Draco's skin. He wondered how long this would last.

Draco released himself long enough to press his cock against Harry's and then wrap long fingers around them both. "Yes," he whispered, "rock into me."

Harry moaned, beginning to slowly rock into Draco's hand. It felt strange being so hard after just coming, but Harry couldn't complain yet. It still felt just as good.

Draco licked and sucked at the man's jaw and chin, one arm around Harry's waist and the other squeezing their cocks together.

Harry closed his eyes and rocked harder, kissing Draco whenever he felt his lips against his. It felt so good to be held like this and Harry was so hard that he felt like he would burst.

Draco took his time, stroking and squeezing as the thrust into his hand and Harry's cock. "Yes," he whispered against the other man's lips.

"Faster," Harry whispered, panting as he felt that familiar heat at the pit of his stomach.

Draco smirked, realising he didn't mind the other man telling him what to do in this context. He obligingly stroked faster, trying to hold back and come when Harry did.

"God," Harry moaned, feeling himself get closer with every stroke. "Gonna come..."

"Yes, come," Draco said, feeling his own cock begin to spasm as well.

Harry jerked and came with a cry, this orgasm so much stronger than the last one.

Warm liquid pulsed from the other man's cock, covering Draco's cock and hand, bringing him over that edge too.

Harry had no idea how he came twice in the past fifteen minutes, but he blamed it all on the side-effects of the potion.

Draco as panting and holding Harry against his own body, the man's cock was, not surprisingly, still hard in his hand even if his own had half softened now.

It took Harry a moment to notice, but when he did he gasped, slightly uncomfortable in Draco's grasp. "I'm still hard..."

Draco gently released them then, looking into the other man's face. "Probably going to be that way all day," he said.

"All day? How?" Harry slipped off of Draco and lay down next to him.

Draco picked up his wand again and cast Cleaning Charms. "Anything I would do to stop that effect would endanger your health," he explained.

"But doesn't it hurt after a while?" Harry asked quietly, looking at him.

"I suppose it would," he said contemplatively. "But doesn't it feel a bit better after you come?"

Harry nodded a bit. "Feels weird now though," he commented.

"It's only for a day," Draco said and then snapped his fingers for a house-elf, ordering breakfast. "You will need to eat more too."

"Long day," Harry whispered, looking up at the mention of food. "I am hungry."

A couple minutes later, the house-elf set a tray with two plates on the bed. Draco gestured for Harry to eat. "I have decided we will not be working today," he announced as he sipped his tea.

Harry looked up at him as he pulled a plate over. "Can you stay on schedule though?" Harry asked, beginning to eat.

"We will have to work a little later on another day," he said. "They don't know you are helping me there, so I am not having to

worry about it as much."

"Oh, okay...what will we do today then?" Harry asked curiously.

"Given your condition, I think you need plenty of ... bed rest," Draco said, not able to keep the smirk off his face. "Other than that, what do you want to do?"

"I don't remember the last time I was outside," Harry said honestly, biting his lip.

"Not safe," Draco said with a sigh. "At least, not today."

"It's okay," Harry said with a nod. "I dunno what else there is to do..."

Draco sat back against the pillows, nibbling his scone and sipping his tea. And watching Harry. The blond's eyes kept straying to the erection in the other man's lap and realised, as his own cock twitched again, that he may have to take a potion to keep up with Harry.

Harry ate the rest of his breakfast slowly, trying to ignore the erection that just wouldn't go down. He could tell Draco liked looking at him like this though. He looked over at the other man through his hair.

Draco licked his lips unconsciously, his own erection filling as he watched Harry.

"At this rate I'll never get any rest in bed," Harry murmured, picking up his cup of juice to drink.

"Well, I could read if you prefer," Draco drawled.

"But then I'd get bored," Harry said, looking at him from over the rim of his cup.

"Then you tell me what you would prefer to do," Draco said, setting his empty cup down.

"Just being with you is fine," Harry whispered, blushing slightly.

"You finished eating?" Draco asked. "Or do you want more?"

"I'm finished," Harry replied, pushing the plate away. "And full."

Draco picked up the dish of whipped cream off the tray and set it aside, then waved his wand, sending the rest of the tray back to the kitchen.

"Ohh..." Harry reached out to dip his finger in the cream.

"Do you want that?" Draco asked, his voice almost a purr.

"Can I taste it?" Harry asked, smiling at him.

"Yes," Draco said, smirking.

Harry dipped his finger in it and then licked it off. "Mmm," he

hummed.

Draco arched an eyebrow and put his hands behind his head, effectively displaying himself for the other man.

"Don't you want any?" Harry asked, picking up the bowl and moving up to straddle Draco's hips. He dipped his finger in the bowl again before smearing it over Draco's lips.

Draco gasped, both at being straddled by Harry and then at the feeling of the cool cream on his lips. He sucked at Harry's finger.

Harry bit his lip and leaned down, pulling his finger out as he licked away the rest of the cream around Draco's mouth.

Draco trembled as the other man licked at his lips. He brought his own hands down, gripping the bedding.

"Doesn't it taste good?" Harry asked, smiling down at him. "Do we have any strawberries?"

"I could probably get them," Draco whispered.

"Can you? Please?" Harry asked softly, licking at a bit of cream he left.

"Now?" Draco asked, not wanting to stop being licked at the moment.

"I want strawberries, Draco," Harry murmured, loving how he could probably make Draco do anything like this. He dipped his finger in the cream again, licking it off himself and making sure Draco saw.

Harry's arse was pressed to Draco's hard cock and he was panting now. "After," he said.

Harry pouted, slipping off of him and settling down next to Draco. "After?"

Draco rolled over, atop the other man, pressing his body against Harry's and bringing his mouth back down on the man's lips.

Harry kissed him back, slipping his tongue inside Draco's mouth with a moan. He knew the teasing wouldn't last very long.

Draco sucked on Harry's tongue, cupping the back of his neck with one hand. Then pulled back to whisper against his lips. "I want to fuck you," he said.

"Be careful," Harry murmured softly, looking up at him.

Draco frowned. "I don't know if it is safe yet," he admitted, pulling back enough to look at the other man's face.

"How would you know?" Harry asked nervously.

Draco considered the question for a minute. Then climbed off the other man. "Get on your hands and knees," he said.

Harry swallowed, slowly moving and getting onto his hands and knees for Draco.

Draco picked up a pillow and slid it under the man's hips. "Now on your elbows so that your hips are high and spread your legs," he said.

Harry spread his legs wider and got onto his elbows instead of his hands. He glanced back at Draco.

Draco knelt between Harry's legs and Summoned his wand, setting it close at hand. The view was amazing. Harry's arse, legs spread and his hard cock hanging between his legs. Draco reached both hands out and caressed the other man's thighs and arse.

Harry sighed softly, resting his forehead on the bed. He pushed back a bit the caress soothing him.

Draco stroked and squeezed the cheeks of the other man's buttocks, then ran his nails gently over them and down his thighs.

Harry had no idea what the other man was doing, but it felt like Draco was trying to relax him. It was working and Harry sighed again.

Draco watched Harry's skin shiver at the caress and drew his nails up again. Then he smoothed over the rounded flesh until he could gently spread the cheeks.

Harry tensed for a moment before he remembered that it wouldn't be like before, that Draco would take his time and make sure not to hurt him. The thought relaxed him again.

Draco looked at the flesh there. No swelling or tears. In fact, it was pink and soft. He gently traced the sensitive ring with the tip of his finger.

Harry bit his lip gently, the touch making him tremble a bit. It was so much different than the other times.

"You seem healed on the outside," Draco said, cock leaking at the view in front of him. He picked up his wand and cast a Lube Spell on his own fingers. Then he brought a slick digit back to that hole, gently working in a circle.

"But on the inside?" Harry asked quietly, whimpering softly.

"It doesn't hurt now, does it?" Draco asked, the muscle under his finger seeming to respond, opening to him.

"No, feels good," Harry whispered.

Draco smiled, slowly working the tip of his finger inside. Harry was tight. "You tell me if it hurts," he said.

Harry nodded, his body rocking back a bit. "Still feels good," he mumbled.

Draco pressed the finger in further, while he reached between Harry's legs to that lovely hard flesh and wrapped his fingers around it.

Harry moaned loudly, his hips rocking to press back onto the finger and thrust into Draco's hand.

"Yes, that's it," Draco encouraged, working his finger in deeper and then rotating it, deliberately sliding against the walls of Harry's passage. He didn't feel anything wrong and the other man seemed to be reacting with pleasure. So he pressed against Harry's prostate, massaging it.

Harry jerked when he felt Draco's finger against that spot. It always surprised him, no matter how many times Draco did it with him. He was glad that he had the other man to remind him that this could feel good, rather than just all pain and blood.

Draco continued to gently fondle Harry's cock as he stroked his passage. "More?" he asked.

"More," Harry groaned, biting his lip. "Please..."

Draco smiled at that and drew his finger back, pressing forward with two now, gently stretching that new tight opening.

It burned slightly, but the more Draco moved his fingers, the less it hurt. "Draco..." he whispered, licking his lips.

"Yes, Harry," the blond whispered. "You are healed, like new. I want you to imagine this is your first time. The rest never happened."

Harry tried to think that it was his first time, but then he kept thinking of how they even got to this point, and that reminded him of the ceremony. But he tried. "My first time..."

"Yes, your first time. Your body feels new inside and I want you to feel that, to feel untouched before," he whispered.

"It's...it's hard to forget," Harry murmured, biting his lip again.

"Just feel it now," Draco said. "Does this feel good?"

"Yes," Harry answered quietly, pushing back a bit on the fingers.

Draco continued his gentle stretching of Harry's entrance, his other hand stroking his cock. "I want to fuck you, Harry," he said.

"But more than that, I want you to want me."

"I want you," Harry said honestly, thrusting into his hand with another moan. "I want you, Draco."

That had to be the sexiest thing Draco had ever heard. Harry Potter was calling him by his given name and asking for him. "Good," he said. He worked a third finger in now, being cautious, watching and listening for the other man's reaction.

Harry hissed softly, but didn't tell Draco to stop. If he really focused on it, he could pretend that this really was his first time. That Draco had never done this before, and that he wanted it to be perfect for Harry.

"Relax," Draco said. "I am only going to do what you want me to do. I'll stop if you want." Draco gently rotated his fingers, making sure to press that sensitive nerve bundle again.

"I want you to fuck me...make me forget," Harry said, clenching around his fingers slightly.

"Think only of me, of how I need you and you need me," Draco said, working his fingers in and out.

"I need you...I need you, Draco," Harry moaned.

– CHAPTER FOURTEEN –

Soothing

Draco scooted up until his thighs were pressed against the backs of Harry's. He had to release the other man's cock to position himself, then he reached around Harry's waist to resume his caresses. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"Ready ..." Harry whispered, forcing himself to relax for the sake of both of them. This was supposed to be his first time again and he wanted it to be nice. "Fuck me"

Draco slid his fingers out. "Do you want it like this?" he asked. "Or face up?"

"Face up," Harry whispered, feeling empty all of a sudden. He wanted to see Draco's face and memorise every detail.

Draco released Harry's cock and patted his arse. "Lie on your back then, but with a pillow under your hips," Draco said.

Harry grabbed a pillow from the head of the bed and stuffed it under his hips, shifted onto his back, then looked up at Draco.

Draco's heart was beating fast. This did feel like a first for him. In fact, the only other time he had taken Harry facing him was during their ordeal. He moved up, sliding his hands up Harry's legs as he did.

Harry watched as Draco moved over him, breathing slowly and deeply to calm himself. This would be a perfect first time for him. This was how it should have been.

Draco licked his lips at the amazing sight of Harry spread and waiting for him. His hand was shaking slightly as he positioned himself. "Look at me," he whispered, watching Harry's face.

Harry blinked up at him, looking into Draco's clear, grey eyes. "You'll take care of me," Harry whispered, lifting his hips a bit.

Draco didn't know what to say to that. He wanted to promise to take care of Harry, but he knew that was impossible. He gently pushed forward, gasping as the head of his cock breached the other man.

Harry made a soft noise as he was stretched again. It didn't hurt badly, but it was obvious Draco was bigger than three fingers. The feeling easily turned into a pleasurable burn, making Harry shudder as Draco pushed inside.

Draco kept one hand on Harry's hip, but reached for the man's cock with the other, gently rubbing fingers over the head.

Harry moaned softly, his hips thrusting up. His cock was so sensitive that it twitched as Draco touched him.

"Yes, feel me inside you," Draco whispered, pressing slowly deeper into the other man's body.

"You're inside me," Harry whispered, his eyes closed as he relaxed around Draco's cock.

"Yes, feels good," Draco whispered, rocking back slightly and withdrawing halfway, then slowly pushing in again.

"More," Harry groaned, biting his lip and looking up at Draco. "More, please, Draco"

A thrill went down his spine as he heard Harry say his name again. Draco smiled into those green eyes and began to move faster, his hand gently squeezing the other man's cock as his own slid inside him.

Harry's hands reached to grip the sheets as he tried to move with Draco, his hips rising and falling. "Yes," he hissed.

"Harry, yes," Draco said, watching the other man's face as he flexed his hips, pushing faster and deeper.

"Kiss me," Harry moaned, reaching up for him.

Draco released Harry's hip and used one arm to brace himself as he leant over the other man. "Wrap your legs around me," he whispered as he leant in to kiss Harry.

Harry tilted his hips up and wrapped his legs around Draco, his lips pressed against the other man's.

Draco pressed his tongue forward even as he slid his cock deeper. His hand on Harry's cock was pressed between their bodies.

Harry sucked on Draco's tongue as he moaned, trying to rub his cock against Draco's body.

Draco released Harry's cock, pressing his body against the man instead so that every thrust slid his body against Harry's engorged cock.

"Oh, Draco," Harry whimpered, gasping and moaning every time

he pressed against his cock. "Harder ... I'm close"

"Yes, oh, yes," Draco gasped, rocking faster, feeling Harry's body wrapped around him. "Please come for me," he said, pulling back from the man's face to watch him.

It only took Harry a few more thrusts before he came hard, crying out "Draco" as he clenched and relaxed around him.

Draco moaned, watching Harry's face as the man writhed under him. Then he came too, lip curling as he groaned in delight, filling the man with his seed.

Harry moaned again as he felt the rush of warmth inside him, his body falling back on the bed with a sigh.

Draco lay on top of Harry, still holding him and panting to catch his breath. "Yes, that's it," he said, when he could.

"Thank you ... again," Harry murmured, his eyes closing. He could feel his still-hard cock pressed against Draco, but he was too tired to bother with trying to do anything about it again.

"I wanted that," Draco whispered, face pressed against Harry's neck.

"Me too," Harry said, slowly running his hand down over Draco's back.

Draco managed to slide out and slip to one side, rolling onto his back. He turned his head to look at the other man. "Are you in any pain?" he asked.

"Besides the fact that I'm still hard and sensitive?" Harry asked, glancing at him with a small smile. "I'm okay. Maybe a little sore down there ... but the good sore." He turned on his side, moving close.

Draco stretched an arm up, automatically making room for Harry to press against him, and so that he could put his arm around him.

Harry pressed himself against Draco with a small sigh, his head resting on Draco's shoulder like before. "It's nice not working."

"Usually, I like working. It keeps me occupied," Draco said. "Until you came, at least."

Harry smiled, rubbing his cheek against Draco's shoulder. "I'm a handful."

"I like my hands full of you," Draco said, smirking as he reached down and patted the man's arse.

Harry laughed softly. "Same goes for you," he replied, closing his

eyes.

"You like me?" Draco asked, sounding genuinely surprised.

"That isn't obvious?" Harry asked.

"No," Draco said, not looking at him. "You have to be this way because I own you, not because you like me."

"I wanted you to be my first. My real first. Therefore ... I like you, Draco," Harry said honestly.

Draco thought that didn't make a lot of sense, but he held his tongue. He reached a hand to smooth the man's hair back, kissing his forehead.

Harry leant into the kiss, looking up at Draco after a moment. He didn't say anything, but he watched Draco's face as if he were trying to memorise the details.

Draco continued to play with that thick hair, amused by the man's erection still pressed against his hip. He would definitely need a potion to keep up with him.

"I don't know, Draco ..." Harry started, his eyes opening again. "How do you do this every day? I mean, just what you do. It's so boring."

"Boring I can handle," Draco said quietly. "You ... saw ... what happens on days that aren't boring."

"Oh, yeah." Harry was doing a pretty good job of trying not to remember. Because every time he thought about it, he felt like something wanted to break inside him. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "But, what about living your life? Doing things that aren't work, like going out? You stay in here all day."

Draco looked away from those intense and still strangely innocent green eyes. "Go where, with whom? They are all dead," he said.

"You don't have to go out with anyone, really," Harry murmured, wishing Draco would look back at him. "Just yourself"

"Why? Where?" Draco asked. He frowned. Before the war, he had liked to shop and go to plays and sporting events. None of that seemed to matter to him now.

"To get away from it. To make life feel somewhat normal," Harry replied. If Harry were in Draco's position, he would try to do that.

"There is nothing normal about being a Death Eater," Draco said, closing his eyes as if it could stop the pain he felt when he said

that.

"I'm sorry," Harry said quietly, moving up and kissing his cheek. He didn't mean to make Draco think about his predicament.

Draco shrugged, looking up at the canopy. He didn't know what to say to Potter. Sometimes he wondered why either of them struggled so hard to stay alive.

Harry decided to change the subject. "What did you always want in life?" Harry asked quietly, laying an arm over Draco's chest.

Draco began to softly stroke the hair on Harry's arm, thinking about the question. "When? Before? Now?" he asked.

"Before," Harry answered, not wanting to have Draco think about what his life was like now.

"Marriage, family, maybe a career," Draco said softly. "Before He returned, that's what I thought my life would be."

"Me, too," Harry said, sighing softly.

Draco snorted. "I thought about going into politics or business. My father preferred to pull strings, but I wanted to try a more hands-on approach," he said.

"I always thought I'd become an Auror. I couldn't picture myself at a desk job," Harry said, shrugging. "I need action."

Draco snorted at that. "I thought you would go into professional Quidditch," he said.

"Oh, or that ... I love Quidditch," Harry whispered, biting his lip as he thought about the last time he was on a broom.

"We have a pitch on the estate," Draco said. "I haven't used it in years."

"A pitch? As in ... a Quidditch pitch? Like a large area?" Harry asked, looking up at him.

"Complete with goals and stands," Draco said, amused by Harry's response.

"We can't ... go out there one day?" Harry asked, biting his lip as he asked.

"Some day," Draco promised, smirking with a glance to Harry's arousal. "When you can ride a broom."

Harry blushed, getting it easily. "You said it would only last a day."

"Does it hurt?" Draco asked.

Harry shrugged, shifting a bit now that it was mentioned. "A little

uncomfortable."

Draco reached his free hand, fumbling for a moment until he found the box he had placed beside the bed. He set it on his own stomach and opened it, taking out two vials. He lay those on his chest and then put the box back. "One for you and one for me," he explained. "Do you want help using it?"

"What is it?" Harry asked, eyeing the vials curiously.

"Soothing Potion, to be applied topically, for you," he said.

"Oh, in that case, you can help me," Harry said, smiling softly at him.

Draco smiled, uncorking the small bottle. "Pour a little in my hand," he told Harry, since one of his arms was pinned under the other man.

Harry took the potion and carefully poured a little in Draco's palm.

"Recork it," Draco said, arching an eyebrow as he waited.

Harry stuck the cork back in the vial, lying back and waiting for Draco to use it.

Draco smiled and reached for his lover's cock, sliding the ointment on the sensitive flesh.

Harry hissed softly and bit his lip at the first touches, his hips twitching.

"Use the other on me," Draco said, fingers gently caressing Harry's cock with the oily balm.

"You need soothing?" Harry asked quietly, reaching for the potion anyway and opening it so he could pour a bit in his hand. He quickly closed it and reached to gently rub Draco's cock, his own hips jerking every time Draco moved his hand.

"Yes," Draco said, smirking. The second potion would make him as hard as Potter. He slowly pumped Harry's cock as he felt the tingling in his own as Harry spread the oil.

"It's making you hard," Harry observed, moaning softly as Draco went on.

"You make me hard," Draco whispered, "but the potion will help me match your recovery time."

"Oh, that's good," Harry mumbled, his rhythm faltering as he thrust up into Draco's hand.

Draco lay with Harry pressed to him, each stroking the other.

And it felt perfect. He was hard now and he loved the way each stroke of his fingers made Harry tremble.

Harry closed his eyes and concentrated on making Draco come, feeling like it was the one thing he could control. But even as he did that, Draco made him moan and whimper, just by touching him.

"Yes, we will bring each other," Draco said, hand moving faster and breathing speeding up.

Harry sped his hand up, his toes beginning to curl as he got closer. "Draco," he gasped, squeezing him.

"Yes, yes, come for me," Draco chanted, his hand and his feelings seeming to match his lover's.

"Little more," Harry moaned, gasping as he trembled hard.

Draco sped his hand up, thrusting up into Harry's at the same time. "Kiss me," he said, bending his head to meet Harry's.

Harry tilted his head up and kissed Draco as he began to come, arching off the bed and moaning into the kiss.

Harry's cock twitched in Draco's hand, warm fluid pumping over his fingers and across Harry's belly. The knowledge that Harry wanted him to do this, and the other man's hand on him, brought Draco over his own edge, coming in hot jets over his own skin.

They spent the rest of the day pleasuring each other and talking. Draco even had the house-elf bring Harry strawberries. It was the best day Draco could remember.

It had been five days since the last visit to the Dark Lord. Harry had recovered well and they were once again back to the routine. It was midday and they were working in the Potions Lab.

Draco found Potter even more distracting than before. He found not just the man's touch, but the sight of him, and even his smell, aroused him. It was like the more he got of him the more he had to have. They had already had to throw one potion batch out because Draco added the ingredients in the wrong order. He didn't tell Harry that because it was embarrassing.

Harry sat down as they finished the last batch, sighing deeply. Working on potions meant that they'd eventually have to deliver them to Voldemort again. Harry wasn't sure if he'd even make it through the next time. "Are we done?" Harry asked.

"For today," Draco answered, setting the box on the shelf and

casting the Cleaning Charms on their work area. "You tired?" he asked when he heard the sigh.

"Mentally, I think," Harry murmured, getting up and stretching. "It's sunny outside today."

"It is," Draco said, cocking his head and looking at the other man. "You want to go for a ride?" he asked, smirking.

Harry perked up, smiling brightly at him. "Yeah, can we?"

Draco looked him over. Although he loved the sight of the naked man, he had his concerns. "I don't think it is safe for you to fly without clothes," he said.

"Yeah ... that would be uncomfortable. Can I wear trousers? Just this once?" Harry asked hopefully.

"Come with me," Draco said, walking with Harry back upstairs. But instead of going to the Master Suite, he headed down the hall to his old room. The one he had during the years at Hogwarts. It still looked like the room of the teenage boy he had been – Quidditch posters and Slytherin decorations.

Harry walked in and looked around, a small smile on his face. It looked like Ron's room, only done in green and silver instead of bright orange.

Draco went to the wardrobe, still filled with his old clothes, and found a couple of his school Quidditch uniforms, handing one to Harry.

They were slightly big, but Harry pulled them on, sighing at the feeling of clothes against his skin for the first time in a while.

Draco snorted at the look, drawing his wand and casting a Resizing Charm. He found it amusing to see Potter in Slytherin green and liked the way it complemented his eyes.

"Thank you," Harry said, running his hands down over the fabric.

Draco stripped his robes, pulling on the other uniform. It was a bit tight on him now, having grown a bit since Hogwarts. He cast a Resizing Charm for himself as well.

"Do I ride with you or do you have more than one broom?" Harry asked. He wondered if Draco would have a Firebolt. He missed his old broom.

Draco had to search around the back of the wardrobe full of old junk to find a couple brooms. They were Nimbus 2001 models and he handed one to Harry.

Harry curiously looked at the broom. "I think this was your second broom, the one you got in second year to be better than mine." He glanced at Draco, smiling.

"I think so, too," Draco agreed, smiling as well.

Harry grinned. "Let's get outside then. I hope you're not rusty."

Draco shook his head. Their old school rivalry seemed so innocent now, after all that had happened. He nodded, picking up the second broom and heading for the back terrace.

Harry followed, the grin still on his face. Not only would it be the first time in a long while for him to be playing Quidditch, but he hadn't been outside since he'd been taken here, either. He missed the feel of the sun on his skin, especially since he was already getting pale from so long indoors.

– CHAPTER FIFTEEN –

Flying High

They stepped out onto the back terrace and Draco marvelled at the unusually clear, bright day. Harry had been right; he missed this. Draco straddled his broom, giving Harry a smirk. "Ready?" he asked.

"Are you?" Harry asked as he mounted his broom.

Draco snorted and launched into the air. He gasped, having forgotten just how much he loved flying. Draco flew over the gardens to the pitch area, Harry following. He flew in circles, getting used to the broom after several years without flying.

Harry followed Draco with a laugh, a little unsteady at first, but he got it quickly, flying high enough that he had a view of the entire pitch. He was having the time of his life, glad that he was able to do this before he died. It was hard to think that he wouldn't have this kind of freedom or a long life, but Harry cherished what he had while he had it. As he flew, Harry thought about actually flying away. He had the chance, especially since Draco had taken back the orders to stay near him. If he got away, he would be able to see who was still alive and in hiding, maybe even be able to build up the Order again so that they could go against Voldemort and the Death Eaters. But then Harry remembered another part of the bond. He had to have sex with Draco or he'd feel unbelievable pain until he did so. Harry shook his head and decided to concentrate on what he was doing.

Draco began to do spins and dives – all those heart-racing moves that left him breathless and excited.

Harry watched Draco before he soared as high as he could, and then he tilted his broom down, his chest pressed flat against the wood as he dived. As the ground drew nearer, he waited, waited until it looked like he was just about to crash and then he pulled up, letting out a loud laugh as he made it. He loved flying.

The only thing that was more of a turn-on for Draco than flying was flying with Potter. He was amazing. Draco watched the dive with his heart racing, tensing and waiting for the moment when the other

man would pull out of it. He grinned when he did.

Harry looked up and around for Draco, a huge grin on his face. "You saw that!" he yelled, flying up to him.

"I saw!" he yelled back and flew over to him. "You were brilliant. But then, you always were at this."

Harry blushed, his cheeks already rosy from the excitement. "Never thought I'd hear you say that."

"I always loved to watch you fly," he answered. "Never seen anyone like you before." He flushed too at admitting it.

"Thank you," Harry said with a smile. "You were always good, too, you know."

"Not good enough," Draco answered, realising it no longer bothered him. "At least, not at that." He moved his broom closer so that he was hovering with his broom alongside Harry's and facing him.

"You're really good at Potions," Harry said, smiling at him. "Better than me at that."

Draco was looking at that windswept hair and those shining green eyes. Potter was gorgeous in the air, and it was more than just his talent. He flew closer so their legs brushed against each other. They were hovering above the pitch now. He didn't know if he could stay in the air and do so, but he wanted to touch the other man.

"Are you looking to do something?" Harry asked, his smile turning into a soft smirk. "I've never kissed anyone on a broom before."

"Neither have I," Draco said, arching one eyebrow and smiling.

"Well, what're you waiting for?" Harry asked.

Draco gripped the broom with his right hand and reached for Potter with the other, cupping the back of his head and leaning forward to kiss him.

Harry smiled as he felt Draco's lips press against his. He leant over the best he could and kissed him back, feeling a thrill from doing this over a pitch. The brooms dipped a bit as their concentration shifted. But they hung on and they seemed to stabilize after a minute. Harry laughed softly, gripping the broom tightly as they continued to kiss.

Draco hung on to him, nipping at Harry's lips as the brooms trembled in the air.

"Would be easier if I got on your broom," Harry murmured in between kisses, not sure if he could concentrate on both things at once.

"I don't know if it can support us both – it hasn't had a tune-up in ages," Draco admitted. It was exciting to be kissing in the air like this.

Harry pouted slightly, but didn't want to stop kissing Draco this way. He also wanted to pull him closer, but he couldn't if he wanted to keep the broom in the air.

"Want to land and try it?" Draco said, smirking.

"Yeah!" Harry leant back, grinning at him before he turned and got ready to dive again. "Come on!"

Draco did his best to follow him down and was only seconds behind the other in landing. He laughed as he did.

Harry laughed too, getting off his broom and stretching. "Do you have a Snitch? We should play with it one day out here."

Draco stepped off his broom and walked up to Potter, reaching to grab his hair and kiss him again.

Harry moaned softly, reaching out to pull Draco as close as he could, his head tilted as he kissed him back.

Draco kissed him hard, twisting the man's head as he climbed onto the back of Harry's broom with him.

It took Harry a moment to notice what he was doing, but when he did, he pulled back to smile at him. "Oh, you can't handle it, but you think I can?"

"Consider it a challenge," the blond answered, pressing his body against the back of the other man's.

"Hold on ..." Harry reached to grip the broom as he carefully kicked off the ground, hovering for a moment before they began to fly up higher. He wobbled a bit with the extra weight, but he quickly got the hang of it, doing a few spins in the air as the wind ruffled his hair again.

Draco's heart was pounding and he was holding tight to Harry. It was a bit scary to have someone else in control of the broom, but it was also exciting. His cock hardened, pressing against Harry's arse as he hung on to him.

Harry could feel it against him, and he shifted back, pressing harder. "I didn't know flying excited you that much."

Draco leant up so that he could whisper in Harry's ear as they flew. "You excite me that much," he said.

Harry grinned, gripping the broom as they dipped. "Same goes for you."

Draco slid one hand down between Potter's legs, stroking him through the trousers beneath the Quidditch robes.

Harry moaned and they dipped again before Harry pulled them up. "Warn me first!"

Draco chuckled. "Warn you before I lick your ear like this?" he asked and then did so.

"Yes," Harry whispered, biting his lip gently as he leant back a bit.

Draco could feel Harry's cock hardening under his hand and nipped at the man's ear and the neck below. The wind whipped the dark hair against his face, and he felt the broom buck with its rider's hips.

"I hope I can handle this," Harry murmured softly, even though he was doing a pretty good job of it.

They flew like that, both aroused, teasing each other. Draco sucked on Harry's neck and rubbed his cock until he couldn't stand it any longer. "Land," he gasped against his ear.

Harry glanced, tilted the broom and slowly landed, dropping the broom once their feet hit the ground.

Draco pushed Harry to his knees right there in the middle of the pitch, dropping to his own knees behind him and reaching around to undo the lacings of Harry's uniform trousers.

Harry fell forward on his hands, wanting Draco to undo the trousers faster.

Draco managed the lacings and yanked the other man's trousers and shorts down his thighs, moaning at the sight of Harry in a Quidditch uniform with his arse bare to the world. It was unbelievably hot. Draco sat back on his knees for a minute, hurriedly working on his own lacings now.

Harry looked over his shoulder when Draco pulled back, biting his lip as he watched. "Hurry," he whispered softly.

Draco rolled his eyes and snorted, practically ripping the laces loose and then pushing his own trousers down. "Potter," he gasped, "I am going to fuck you right here in the middle of this pitch. Should have done it years ago." He cast a Lube Spell with his wand and

reached slick fingers to press into the other man.

"Yes, please," Harry moaned, pushing back on the fingers as his eyes squeezed shut. Harry couldn't believe that they were outside doing this, in the middle of a Quidditch pitch no less.

Draco pushed two fingers into the willing man, preparing him quickly, trembling he was so turned on.

Harry didn't need any more than two, he just wanted to feel Draco inside him. Now. "I'm good."

Draco nodded, even though Harry probably couldn't see it, moving up and slicking his cock at the same time. He pressed the head of the cock against the other man's entrance. "Beg me for it," he gasped, finding that knowing Harry wanted him was fast becoming his biggest turn-on.

A month ago Harry would've never wanted to do it, but now it was different. "Please fuck me, Draco," he moaned loudly, trying to push back on his cock.

Draco growled at the sound of that and pushed in, not roughly, but as quick as he could do so without hurting the other man.

Harry groaned, his fingers curling in the grass as he gripped it tightly.

Draco was glad of the knee padding of the Quidditch uniforms. He hadn't worn his gloves, though; bare hands worked better for grasping the other man's hips and pulling him back against himself. Then he began to rock into Harry, cock sliding deep. It was amazing to feel the sun on his face as he fucked the other man.

"We should've done this sooner," Harry gasped, moaning when Draco first hit that spot inside him. He didn't care that he was probably going to have dirt up his fingernails for a long time.

"Yes, fucking your gorgeous arse," Draco agreed. "Can you imagine it at Hogwarts?" he asked, thrusting in again.

"Right in the middle of the pitch," Harry whispered. He could picture it already: being in the very centre of the pitch with the chance that anyone could walk in and see them, or anyone could be watching from the stands. It made him shudder, pushing back against him harder.

"Yes, Potter," Draco gasped, "taking Draco Malfoy's cock up your arse!" He was panting now, sweating in the sun as he rocked faster.

"And loving it," Harry moaned, feeling his cock twitch from where it was hanging.

"Yes, my cock in your arse and you screaming my name," Draco said, getting closer. "Come with me inside you, Potter!"

It only took Harry a few more thrusts before he was coming hard, crying out "Draco" loudly. "Yes," he hissed, shuddering and clenching around his cock.

Draco groaned loudly, thrusting and holding himself inside as he filled Harry with his seed. "Oh, yes, Potter, mine," he said.

Harry moaned along with Draco, feeling that sticky warmth inside him. "Yours," he whispered quietly, panting harshly.

Draco was still pressed into him and bent over Harry's back.

"Mm," Harry hummed, resting his forehead on the ground with another sigh.

Draco pulled back, slipping from the other man's body. He slid his fingers down the cleft of his arse, touching the sensitive and sticky ring of his lover's entrance.

Harry bit his lip, feeling himself twitch against Draco's fingers.

"I could fuck you forever and never want to stop," Draco whispered, fingers continuing to caress downward to Harry's balls, caressing that soft sac.

"I'd be pretty sore," Harry murmured with a smile.

Draco grinned, cupping that sensitive sac with his hand, his other hand stroking the man's arse.

"But you're welcome to try," Harry said, smiling still.

Draco fondled Harry's balls and then slid the hand further under him, stroking that soft, sticky cock.

It took Harry a moment, but soon he began to harden again, reacting to Draco's touches.

"That's it," Draco encouraged, smirking. "You want me, don't you?"

"I want you," Harry said softly, beginning to thrust into Draco's hand.

"Roll over," Draco said, releasing the man's cock.

Harry slowly turned over on his back, his trousers still around his ankles.

Draco grinned down at him. "Amazing," he said, pushing the other man's knees up and stripping off his trousers.

Harry felt completely exposed like this, even more so since they were outside. It caused him to flush.

Draco chuckled, loving the flush. "Lying exposed on the grounds of Hogwarts," he reminded Harry of the fantasy. "Spread on the ground," he wrapped his hand around Harry's cock, "with me stroking you."

"And anyone can see," Harry added softly, moaning quietly.

"Anyone and everyone at Hogwarts could be in the stands watching us now," Draco agreed, still kneeling between his legs. His own cock was filling again in response to the fantasy and Harry's wanton pose.

"A lot of people," Harry said, his eyes closed as he imagined they were really there.

"Do you like that?" Draco asked, feeling that hard flesh under his fingers. "Do you like the idea of being seen like this? Being seen in pleasure?"

Harry blushed harder. He didn't know why he didn't feel embarrassed about liking the thought. But Harry nodded a bit, swallowing.

Draco smirked, knowing the Gryffindor always did like a crowd's attention. He bent forward then and licked the sticky crown of Harry's cock.

Harry jerked up, a loud moan escaping him. "More," he gasped.

"Tell me, beg me." Draco grinned.

"Suck me, please, Draco," Harry begged, looking down at him.

"Suck you where?" Draco continued, smirking.

"My cock," Harry whispered, knowing that his face was completely red.

"Put it together, Potter," Draco insisted, grinning at the other man's embarrassment.

Harry swallowed, biting his lip before he began to speak again. "Suck my cock, please, Draco," Harry whimpered.

"Louder," Draco insisted, hand still gently caressing said flesh.

"Please suck my cock, Draco!" Harry yelled, nearly reaching to cover his mouth.

"Brilliant," Draco said, and lowered his mouth again, taking the soft head into his mouth and swirling his tongue around it.

Harry's head fell back as he groaned loudly, his hands moving to

grip something. He ended up pulling at the grass.

Draco sucked and bobbed his head, working his mouth on that sensitive flesh, hand still stroking Harry's shaft.

Harry reached with one hand to comb his fingers through Draco's hair, encouraging him to go faster. "Yes"

Draco released him long enough to say, "I want to taste you. Come for me." Then he returned to sucking and licking the man's cock.

It didn't take much longer and Harry came with a soft moan, his hips jerking off the ground as he gripped Draco's hair.

Draco did taste him, licking and swallowing the man's seed, keeping up the attention until Harry was pulling hard on his hair.

"Draco," Harry whispered, his cock feeling too sensitive for him to go on.

Draco chuckled and sat up licking his lips. "Hungry?" he asked with a smirk.

"A little," Harry answered, still not sitting up yet.

Draco stood up, pulling up his trousers and tucking away his still half-hard cock. He Summoned his broom and mounted it. "Race you back to the house," he said and launched in the air with a laugh.

"Hey! No fair!" Harry sat up and looked around for his trousers, finding them and quickly pulling them up. He found his broom and got onto it and launched himself.

Draco did make it back first, laughing at Harry's reaction. He landed and stood waiting for the other man to catch up.

Harry made it a moment later, his face flushed and his trousers falling down as he got off the broom. "That wasn't fair"

Draco was laughing.

Suddenly a cold voice from the doorway said, "Malfoy."

Harry stilled. His broomstick clattered to the terrace stones. Without turning around, he dropped to his knees. How long had someone been watching? He saw a look of horror cross Draco's face before dropping his own gaze to the ground.

– CHAPTER SIXTEEN –

Unwelcome Guest

Draco's laughter died and his face froze. He straightened his back, heart beating fast as he turned. "Macnair," he answered, finding the man standing in his terrace door way.

Harry kept his head down and didn't look up, slipping into the way he was supposed to be around other people. He reached up and slowly pulled off the clothes he was wearing, stopping when he was naked again.

"What are you doing in my home, Macnair?" Draco challenged him.

"Can't an old friend of the family come to visit?" Walden Macnair asked.

"I prefer polite notice of such," Draco replied, not sounding polite at all.

Macnair's eyes scrutinized Potter and then Draco. "Will you refuse me?" he asked.

Draco tensed. "No, I only don't like to be surprised," he said.

"I'll bet," Macnair sneered.

Harry took a few deep breaths as he listened, hoping that all it was a visit and nothing else.

Draco ignored the barb. "Please wait in the sitting room," he said. "I will get changed and join you. Will you be staying for dinner?" he asked in his best host voice.

Macnair was looking at Harry again. "Sure, I will," he answered Draco. "Maybe you could let me entertain myself with your toy while you change."

Harry bit his lip again. He knew Draco didn't like sharing, but he didn't want him to get in trouble because of him.

Draco scowled. He was thinking, trying to find a plausible reason to turn down the request. It was actually common among Death Eaters to share their victims.

"You seem to have grown overly fond of your pet, Draco,"

Macnair said in a disapproving tone.

"I am not bored with him yet," Draco answered, trying for a cool tone. "I would not want him damaged."

"I would not destroy it," Macnair countered.

Draco gritted his teeth, hands clenching as he glanced at Potter. He could get them both killed if he refused. Macnair was no doubt here to check on Draco and report back to their master. "Very well," Draco said in a causal tone.

Harry swallowed, still not looking up to acknowledge anything that was said. He said he wouldn't destroy him, but Harry was still scared.

Draco looked at Harry then. "Do as he says until I command otherwise," he said.

"Yes, Master," Harry said quietly.

Draco wanted to explain to Harry but he couldn't. He nodded, drew his wand and made the Quidditch gear and Harry's uniform disappear. He nodded to Macnair and then Apparated to his suite.

Now that Harry was alone, he was even more scared of what would happen without Draco around to help him.

Macnair grinned. "Come here," he told Harry.

Harry crawled over to him slowly, stopping at his feet.

Macnair wasted no time unbuttoning his robes and pulling his already swelling cock. He was significantly larger than Draco and he grinned as Harry's eyes widened. "Suck it, Potter," he snapped.

Harry leaned in and sucked him into his mouth, not managing as much as he could with Draco.

"Make it good, Potter or I might have to show you how much I detest you," Macnair sneered, hands on his hips as he watched Harry.

Harry used his tongue to move around the man's cock, sucking gently. It was then that he realised he never did this for anyone else but Draco.

"More," Macnair barked. "Take it in or I'll shove it in."

Harry tried to suck more inside, but he was already hitting the back of his throat.

"Stop," Macnair barked.

Harry pulled back, looking down. He knew he didn't do well.

"Bend over that railing," Macnair sneered, pointing to the stone rail of the terrace.

Harry slowly got up and walked over to the railing, bending over it. Maybe it wouldn't hurt as bad since he and Draco had just had sex. He hoped so.

"Spread 'em" Macnair ordered, grabbing Harry arse with both hands and kicking at the inside of one leg.

Harry opened his legs widely, not wanting to make Macnair angry. He closed his eyes and just waited, waited for the pain that he hadn't felt in a long time.

Macnair shoved in without hesitation, pushing his thick cock in and stretching Potter more than he had since that last time in front of Voldemort. His newly healed hole burned in pain.

Harry screamed, Draco's earlier fuck not helping him at all. It felt as though he was being torn in two...again.

Draco had used cleaning charms and then dressed quickly, Apparating to the sitting room. But his "guest" was not there as directed. He began walking through the hall looking. He heard the scream and nearly ran to the terrace. He stopped himself before he made the fatal mistake of rushing out and killing Macnair on the spot. He stood in the door way, shaking. He had drawn his wand without even thinking about it.

Macnair was thrusting hard into Harry, fingers digging into his arse as he did and laughing at the man's screams.

Harry cried out and sobbed with every thrust, his hips slamming hard against the railing. He nearly called out for Draco twice, but stopped himself, not knowing how that would look.

Draco took deep breaths trying to think of any way to stop this. He put his best calm face on and swaggered forward. "Macnair," he drawled, "you are a bit rough with someone else's toy."

Macnair scowled at the interruption, fucking harder and faster. "This ... isn't ... rough," he retorted.

Draco had seen Macnair "play" before and knew what he meant. He swallowed hard and desperately hoped the man would finish soon and be satisfied with that.

Harry only cried harder when he heard Draco's voice. He wanted Draco to help, to pull him away from what was happening. But at the same time he knew Draco couldn't. For both of their lives.

Draco looked out over the grounds, unable to watch Macnair rape Harry. He gritted his teeth at the sounds but didn't leave,

knowing to do so would put Potter in more danger.

Macnair thrust several more times and then came with a grunt, pinning Harry between him and the stone as he filled him.

Harry cried out again. It felt as the stone rubbed his skin raw. He was in so much pain and there was nothing Draco could do until Macnair left.

Macnair laughed and stepped back, smiling as blood and come dripped down Harry's legs. "Nice toy, Malfoy," he sneered.

Draco looked then and his stomach clenched painfully at the sight of Harry's blood on the other man. "Yes," he said coldly.

Macnair didn't bother to clean it, but tucked himself away still covered in it. He grinned nastily at Draco. "I don't think I will bother with dinner," he said. "I got what I came for." He laughed and slapped Harry on the arse.

Harry jerked, already beginning to shake as he took a few deep breaths to try and calm down.

Draco scowled at the filthy, rude man and held his tongue.

Macnair laughed at his reaction and Apparated away.

Harry was still shaking from where he was still bent over the wall. He didn't know if he could move yet.

Draco waited a minute to assure himself that Macnair was gone and then muttered an incantation that shut the wards to any but the Dark Lord himself. He strode forward then and caught Harry in his arms, Apparating them directly to the potions lab.

Harry had a strange distant look in his eyes, as if he couldn't see exactly what was in front of him.

Draco lifted Harry in his arms, once again laying him on the work table in the lab. "Talk to me," he said.

Harry didn't blink, his eyes watering again. "Hurts," he said quietly.

"Yes," Draco said, frowning. "I need to see how bad the damage is," he told him. "Roll on to your side, facing away from me."

Harry did as he was told, slowly rolling onto his side even though the skin around the area burned.

Draco adjusted Harry's body so he had a leg bent, spreading him open gently to check the damage. He used "*Lumos*" to examine him. He was angry. Furious. But not with Harry. The damage wasn't as bad as last time. His stretching Harry earlier had probably helped

reduce tearing. He cast a Cleaning Charm and then gently rolled Harry onto his back again so he could inspect the wounds on his hips. Badly bruised, probably bone deep. "Lie still, but stay awake," he told him.

Harry nodded, staring up at the ceiling. He didn't know how he managed to forget that he really wasn't anything more than a toy. A toy to be used and thrown away eventually.

Draco selected several potions, uncorking one of them and bringing it to Harry's lips, lifting the man's head with his other hand. "Drink," he said.

Harry drank the potion, slowly looking at Draco with tired eyes.

"You aren't bleeding that badly this time," Draco told him. "It's mostly ... surface damage," he said. "This will help with the cuts and bruising."

Harry nodded, moving his head so he could lay it back on the table again.

Draco frowned down at the unresponsive Gryffindor. He was worried. He had never seen the man give up like this. He put the additional potions in a pocket and then picked Harry up, Apparating them to the bedroom.

Harry sighed as he lay on the bed with Draco, reaching to pull the pillow close as he breathed in deeply. "When can I sleep?"

"I couldn't stop him," Draco said, feeling helpless, as he covered the other man and stroked his hair from his face.

Harry watched Draco as he spoke, closing his eyes a bit when he stroked his hair. "I know. It's okay."

Draco leaned in and pressed soft kisses to the other man's forehead and then his eyes.

Harry sighed deeply. "I know you couldn't ... he would've told ... and ... I know."

The blond kissed Harry's cheeks and then his chin, fingers caressing his hair as he did. "I have to find a way," he said. "A way to stop ... them, before ... before they kill you."

"What do you mean? Kill me while ... they ... they hurt me?" Harry asked.

Draco looked down at Harry, sadness in his eyes. "They will keep doing this until they kill you. And I ... I can't just stand and wait for it."

"What is there to do ... they will kill you, Draco, I don't want that ..." Harry said, looking up at him.

"I will be dead inside if you are gone," Draco answered quietly, watching Harry.

"But they will kill you," Harry insisted, tears welling up in his eyes.

"I don't want to die," Draco said. "I actually want to live. Now more than I have in a long time."

"Then how will you do it ... in order to stop them you have to go against them" Harry said.

"We have to consider our options, Harry," Draco said softly. "I have been thinking a lot about it. We either have to find a way to escape where he can't find us or we have to kill Him."

Harry watched him carefully. Did Draco honestly want to sacrifice it all ... for him? "What do we do?"

"If we run, it means leaving our world behind," he whispered even though they were alone. "We would have to disappear. As long as he is in power, we could not show ourselves in the wizarding world again."

"I'm fine with that," Harry whispered softly. He had nothing left in this world except horrible memories.

"You grew up as a Muggle, right?" Draco asked.

"Yes," Harry answered. "You didn't though."

"No, I didn't," Draco said. "I don't know a thing about living that way. You would have to teach me."

"It's the same...only the Muggle way," Harry said with a weak smile.

Draco snorted. "I can't even imagine living without a wand, let alone without money," he said. "But we would be alive, together. Is that what you want, Harry?"

Harry nodded slowly, watching him. "That's what I want, Draco."

"I can't change the spell," Draco whispered. "I can't make you not mine. There is no counter to it."

"It's fine. I've gotten better at following orders now anyway," Harry said.

"You have," Draco said. "We would have to live without wands, brooms or potions."

"I understand all of that," Harry replied. "Are you sure you can

do it?"

Draco was quiet for a minute. "I am not sure I know how. But I am sure that I can't stand by and watch them torture you to death," he said.

"Then we can do it," Harry whispered, reaching over to touch Draco's cheek.

"The Enslavement Spell will still require you have sex with me everyday," Draco whispered, actually flushing as he said that.

"You know I haven't minded that," Harry said, blushing a bit too as he ran his finger down over Draco's red cheek.

"You did seem to be enjoying yourself out of the pitch," Draco said with smirk.

Harry flushed, nodding a bit.

Draco leaned in and caressed Harry's lips with his, licking softly at his lips.

Harry let Draco kiss him for a moment before he pulled away. "When do you want to do it?"

Draco smirked at the question because his first thought while kissing wasn't the escape plan. Then he pulled back, thinking seriously.

"It should be soon," Draco said. "Because I know the Dark Lord suspects me now and it won't be much longer before He decides to test me again."

"Maybe we should wait until just after the next meeting?" Harry asked. "That way we won't have to worry about him knowing that we left for a while."

Draco frowned. "But the next meeting he will ... hurt you again, Harry," he said.

"I know, but you always take care of me after. I can do it again ..." Harry said quietly.

Draco shuddered. "So far," he admitted. "But they may do something I can't fix."

"But I'll be alive ... and that's what you want, right?" Harry asked.

"I want you whole," Draco said. "I bloody well want to take care of you. And I can't stop them. They will want more."

"If we leave before the next meeting, they'll try and find us, Draco. That'll make it hard for us. Especially since we'll need time to

figure out where to go and all." Harry paused, thinking. "And if it comes to the point where you can't fix whatever happens ... there's always Muggle doctors. You know, they know what they're doing. Even if it's not as fast as magic."

Draco looked skeptical of the plan to use a Muggle doctor. "So I need to arrange a way for us to get out of England. Far away. But to where?" he asked.

"I can only think of America. Everywhere around England is close" Harry said, biting his lip.

"And you only speak English. United States or Canada?" Draco asked.

"Aren't there more places in the Unites States?" Harry asked. He didn't know much about anywhere other than England.

"They are both really big places," Draco said. "Since we will be two men living together, it might be best to pick someplace where that doesn't upset the Muggles."

"Uhm, which one then? I don't know about a place that wouldn't have a problem" Harry said, trailing off.

"New York or San Francisco," Draco said.

Harry raised an eyebrow. How did Draco know about those places? "Which one is better?"

"I don't know," Draco admitted. "But the California one is supposed to be warmer. It is also further away from England."

"Then we'll go there," Harry said with a nod. "The farther away, the better."

"I will need to take a series of Portkey jumps to make it that far. It won't be easy or comfortable and we can only take what we can carry," Draco explained.

"I don't have anything," Harry said softly. "And can you get some money out of the bank and exchange it for Muggle money?"

"I have to be careful about that," Draco said but nodded. "If they catch me doing something like that, we will never make it."

Harry nodded. "Yeah, do that carefully. What else do we need?"

"Muggle identification," Draco said. "I might have an underground connection to help with that. So what will our new names be?"

Harry blinked, slowly shrugging. "I don't know. Maybe my middle name? James? Or is that too close"

"Too obvious," Draco warned.

"Then ... what about David for you?" Harry asked, looking up at him.

"David?" Draco asked.

Harry nodded, still looking thoughtful. "David ... Morgan. That way you can keep your initials," Harry said with a smile.

Draco smiled. "Sure, if that's a name you will want to call out in the throws of passion," he teased.

"I can't call you Draco anymore? Not even when we're alone?" Harry asked, looking surprised.

"What if you slip in public?" the blond replied.

Harry bit his lip. "True ... okay. Now you pick one for me."

Draco was serious for a minute, running through "H" names in his mind. "Mmm, Horace?" he teased.

Harry made a face, sticking his tongue out a bit. "No."

Draco chuckled. "Harlan," he said decisively. "Harlan Pearce."

"I like it. I'll always like Harry better, but Harlan's nice, too. And I get to keep my initials, good." Harry grinned.

"David and Harlan," Draco nodded, trying to get used to the idea.

"What else do we need? Maybe clothes?" Harry asked.

"Yes, though we can dress close enough and then change after we Portkey to the other country," he said.

Harry nodded, understanding and thinking of anything else. "That's it?"

"I don't know how we will live or where we will get money to live on," Draco said. "But it's got to be better than this."

"Jobs, Draco. We'll have to get jobs," Harry said, nodding a bit. "We can get a flat or something."

"What can you do?" Draco asked.

"Anything, really," Harry said, shrugging.

"You feeling better?" Draco asked, knowing the potions should have helped by now.

"Yeah, I guess," Harry whispered, not looking down to see.

Draco nodded, glad they had fucked before Macnair showed up as it meant Harry would have more time to heal too. He lay down beside Harry and opened his arms so that Harry could lie against him if he wanted.

Harry moved close, relaxing against him. He closed his eyes, but didn't go to sleep, too many thoughts running through his mind.

Draco lay holding the other man and looking up at the canopy. He tried to imagine a life without the Manor, nice clothes, house-elves or magic. He didn't know very much but it didn't sound pleasant. But then he tried to imagine life without Harry again and that was worse than he could imagine. It was no contest.

Even with all the thoughts, Harry began to fall asleep in Draco's arms, hoping that he didn't have a nightmare again. When he was awake he could hold back the memories and just not think about what happened to him, but when he was asleep there was nothing he could do about it.

– CHAPTER SEVENTEEN –

Punish Me

When Harry opened his eyes he was bent over the same stone railing. Macnair was behind him, thrusting hard and making Harry cry out as he was raped all over again. At first Harry thought that if he were quiet it would go along faster, but it didn't seem to be. Macnair pulled his head back hard and Harry screamed, screamed for someone to help him. But he couldn't hear or see Draco.

Draco had managed to fall asleep worrying over what kind of employment he could get in the Muggle world. He woke to Harry screaming and thrashing in his arms. He rolled over quickly, getting used to it now. He pinned Harry so the man wouldn't hurt himself or Draco. "Harry, wake up, it's a dream," he said loudly but not harshly.

Harry was crying even as he heard Draco's voice. But it calmed him down, and he opened his eyes and looked up at Draco, sniffing pitifully. "I can't even sleep without remembering."

Draco's heart clenched at that. "I know," he said, having had quite a few of those kind of nightmares himself. "I could give you a Dreamless Sleep Potion."

Harry nodded, closing his eyes as he took a deep breath. "I keep waking you up ... I'm sorry about that. I just ... can't help it" It felt like he was losing his mind.

Draco leant forward, kissing Harry. "I understand," he whispered against his lips.

"Feels like ... like I can't control anything anymore," Harry said softly, kissing him back gently.

"No, you can't," Draco said. "And you don't have to." He ran his fingers through Harry's hair.

"I don't have to?" Harry asked, looking up at Draco again.

"No, you don't," Draco said. "You just have to stay alive and be with me. My job to do the rest."

"Hard job," Harry whispered, visibly relaxing.

"Worth it," Draco said, smiling down at him.

Harry smiled back, looking up into Draco's eyes. "Want to go back to sleep?"

"I can, unless you want to do something else," Draco said, still straddling Harry's waist.

Normally Harry would've grinned and lifted his hips for Draco, but tonight he was still tired, so he shook his head and leant up to kiss him. "Just tired."

Draco nodded and rolled off him, taking him in his arms again and kissing the top of his head. "Just make up dreams about you and me in a Muggle flat somewhere in America."

"I'll try," Harry murmured, pressing himself against Draco as he curled up slightly, his eyes closing.

Draco lay awake for a long time, watching Harry sleep and trying to think of how to protect him. Harry's logic was true. They would have more time if they didn't run until after the next meeting at the Dark Lord's mansion. Yet, the last time had nearly killed Harry and exposed Draco's weakness. Could they make it through another evening's "entertainment" with the Death Eaters?

They were eating their breakfast. Draco hadn't slept well, but he had come to several conclusions. "We are going to Gringotts today," he said.

Harry was physically much better; the Healing Potions seemed to have done their job. He looked up from his plate, where he had been just pushing around his food. "Gringotts. And do I go with you?"

"I can't leave you here without risking another ... incident," said Draco.

Harry nodded, not even wanting to have to deal with someone like Macnair again. Especially since Draco would be gone for a longer time. "Okay, when do you want to go?"

"We should go today," Draco said. "We will have to work harder in the Lab tomorrow, but at least we will have the travel money we need. And I need some supplies from less than reputable dealers if I am to enchant the kind of Portkey we need."

"All right," Harry agreed. "It's been a while since I've been there."

"So you will need to wear clothes," Draco said, rolling out of bed and looking through his drawers for something appropriate.

Harry smiled, pushing away the plate and following. "And shoes."

"Shoes," Draco said, thinking. He found trousers, shorts, a shirt, socks and shoes. Draco's clothes didn't fit Harry but he used several spells and got him dressed. It would work. For now.

Harry sat down on the bed, completely dressed, and sighed. Even though he had gotten used to being naked, when he had clothes on he didn't feel as exposed. "When we leave, we'll have to go shopping."

"Yes," Draco said. "We need to get the supplies for the Portkey and then some Muggle clothing."

"Nothing expensive," Harry said, glancing at Draco.

Draco snorted but nodded. "Nothing that will stand out," he said.

"That's perfect for me," Harry said. Then after a moment, he asked, "What supplies? I thought that making a Portkey was just a spell?"

"Not for a trans-Atlantic crossing," Draco replied. "We will be making two very long jumps to places we haven't been before. I want to insure we arrive intact. And there are some potions I want to make before the next meeting."

Draco wore traditional robes and checked his correspondence quickly before they left. He frowned at the one from Wormtail but didn't say anything about it. Finally, he took Harry by the arm and Apparated them to an entrance point for Diagon Alley.

Harry stayed close, feeling nervous now that they were actually there. He wondered how different life was around here.

They made their way through the brick passage and down the street. The mood was sombre these days. Many of the old businesses were gone or under new management. People shopping gave way at the sight of the notorious Draco Malfoy and his slave. Most didn't even look at Harry.

Harry took one glance at the area and looked down, feeling something else break inside him. He felt ashamed for letting everyone down. He honestly hoped that no one recognised him.

Draco led them to Gringotts where he arranged to have them taken to one of his family vaults.

Harry wondered if his own vault was emptied out. "Draco," he said quietly, still close to him.

Draco scowled at him. "Master," he corrected in a whisper,

hoping no one overheard.

Harry blushed at his mistake, looking down. "Master"

"What is it?" Draco whispered.

"Do you know if my vault is empty?" Harry asked quietly.

"I don't know," Draco said. "But you wouldn't be able to access it. You are a criminal by the new law."

"Would you?" Harry asked.

"Why? We don't need your money," Draco asked, as they rode the cart to the Malfoy vault.

"Just in case ... that would be more for us," Harry whispered, shrugging.

"I have money," Draco said patiently. "We just can't get it all exchanged."

Harry nodded, sitting back and going quiet. Harry just didn't want them to have to deal with not having enough.

Draco withdrew a substantial sum from the vault. He rarely dealt with this much cash. But he knew they would need money, not only for their escape but for bribes to get the supplies and identity papers.

"Now what?" Harry asked, glancing up at Draco.

"Now we go to Knockturn Alley," he whispered.

Harry shivered, but nodded. If Diagon Alley had this kind of mood, he couldn't imagine how Knockturn Alley was.

Draco made his way to the deeper parts of Knockturn Alley. He ignored the beggars in the gutters and frowned at a prostitute who tried to block his way. She shrunk away quickly at his look.

Harry looked at everyone they passed, feeling bad for what their lives had been reduced to.

Finally, Draco entered a shop that was identified only by the cross of bones on the door. It was cramped and musty and stank of Dark Magic.

The proprietor's eyes widened and he scrambled up from his chair when he saw Draco. "Mr Malfoy," he said, practically bowing, "how can I help you today?"

Harry kept by Draco's side, glancing around the small shop curiously. It didn't look like the one he accidentally Flooed to in his second year.

Draco pulled out a scroll of parchment and handed it to the man. "Which of these things can you provide me? Or get quickly?"

The man unrolled the scroll and glanced up suspiciously at Draco. "Some of these are prohibited," he said.

"Most of what you sell was prohibited before, and even now," Draco sneered. "I will pay well, so answer."

There were a few things on the shelves that looked strange to Harry. He glanced up at Draco before he leant closer, reaching out to tap a jar curiously.

The thing in the jar tapped back.

Harry smiled a bit, finding whatever it was amusing. He kept tapping the jar, almost communicating with it.

Draco slapped Harry's hand away. "Don't touch anything," he hissed.

Harry pulled his hand back and nodded, stepping away from the jar.

"They will be expensive," the proprietor said, practically licking his lips in his greed.

Draco snorted. "Get me the items, keep your mouth shut about it and you will be well compensated." Draco knew he couldn't take it all with him anyway.

The man gathered up about half the items on the list and Draco paid him in a stack of Galleons. Draco insisted the man copy down what he was going to get for him and took his scroll back. He wouldn't trust leaving behind a list in his own handwriting. Harry was having a hard time not touching anything else on the shelves, his curiosity trying to get the best of him. He kept within a good distance of Draco, but continued to look at different things, wanting to touch, but stopping himself.

Draco picked up the bag of ingredients, surprisingly small for how much it cost, and handed it to Harry to carry.

Harry took it, looking inside to see what he got. He didn't recognise anything, though.

Draco frowned at him. Harry made a terrible slave. He never did remember to keep his place. Draco smirked at the thought.

Harry looked up at him again in time to see the smirk. "What now?"

He rolled his eyes at Harry, not answering him. Draco led them out of the shop after arranging with the shopkeeper to return when he had the rest of the materials.

Finally they made it somewhere he could pull Harry aside into an alcove. He shoved Harry face-first against the wall, pressing his body against him. In Knockturn Alley, that wouldn't look that unusual.

Harry gasped, almost dropping the bag he held in his hand.

"Hold it," Draco growled, pressing his front to Harry's arse. "Now," he whispered, "you are supposed to be my bloody slave, remember?"

"Yes. I'm sorry I touched the jar," Harry said quickly.

"Do you want me to punish you?" Draco asked, whispering in his ear. He had only intended to talk to Harry, but the position had him aroused now.

"If ... if you feel the need to," Harry murmured, biting his lip.

"I asked if you wanted it, Potter," Draco whispered. He would never force himself on Harry again. He had discovered he preferred willing.

Harry swallowed. He could tell what Draco meant. "Yes"

"Good," Draco said, nipping at Harry's ear and grinding his hardening cock against him through their clothes.

Harry whimpered then moaned, pushing back against Draco after a moment.

"Keep your hands on the wall and don't drop the bag," Draco said, reaching around Harry's waist to unfasten his trousers and then push them, along with his shorts, down to his knees.

Harry tightened his grip on the bag, shivering as he was exposed. Now anyone could really walk by and see them.

People did walk by, making little gasps or snickering. Draco ignored them, unfastening his robes and pulling his cock out. He cast a Lube Charm and rubbed himself along the cleft of Harry's arse.

Harry closed his eyes and moaned softly, clenching a bit in anticipation. He could hear people, but he focused on Draco.

Draco rubbed back and forth against Potter's hole. "Yes, you love this," he sighed. "Fucked by me in public, where everyone can see how bad I want you."

"I love it," Harry gasped, biting his lip as he tried to push back on Draco's cock.

Draco pushed in slowly then, making sure not to tear Harry's newly healed opening. "Oh, Gods, so tight," Draco gasped in his ear.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Harry wondered if it were at

all normal to keep reverting to being practically a virgin, even though he had had sex many times before. But either way, Harry loved it. He groaned, pushing back against Draco.

Draco was panting, face pressed alongside Harry's as he gently rocked his hips, sliding deeper with each thrust. One hand rested on Harry's hip but the other he slid around to wrap around the man's cock.

"Fuck," Harry moaned, resting his forehead against the wall as he felt Draco's hand wrap around his shaft.

"Yes, fucking you, Potter," Draco answered, increasing his speed now as he felt the other man's body responding to him.

"Yes," Harry hissed, his eyes closing as he moved with him, his fingers digging into the wall.

"Tell me you want it," Draco whispered, panting as he fucked and stroked Harry.

"I want to come," Harry said, thrusting into Draco's hand then back onto his cock.

"You want to come with my cock up your arse?" Draco asked, loving to hear it from his lover.

"I want to come with your cock up my arse," Harry repeated, his words slurring together as he got close.

"Yes, come for me," Draco said, near to his own orgasm now.

Harry came a few thrusts later with a cry, scraping his hand down the wall as he tried to grip it again.

"Yes, yes, fuck yes," Draco said, thrusting fast now as Potter's orgasm painted the bricks in front of them. And then he came, trembling and holding on to the other man.

Harry nearly fell back on him, panting hard as he tried to catch his breath.

Draco held on to Potter for a minute, having forgotten where they were at that moment. He glanced up and saw a small audience watching. He scowled at them and they quickly moved on.

"Ah," Harry sighed, looking down at the hand he scraped on the wall. He had only grazed the skin, leaving behind a burning feeling.

"Dress yourself," Draco said, casting Cleaning Charms on both of them and then tucking himself back in his robes.

Harry bent over so he could pull his shorts up with his trousers, quickly fixing the trousers. Somehow he managed to hold the bag the

entire time.

"Ready?" Draco asked when Harry was done. His face was serious but there was still amusement in his eyes.

"Ready," Harry said and nodded, giving him a small smile.

"Where do we get Muggle clothing?" Draco asked.

"Muggle London, I guess," Harry replied quietly.

They made their way out of Diagon Alley and began walking down the street in the Muggle part of town. "You pick the store," Draco said.

Harry didn't know much about shopping, but he ended up pointing to a small store that sold clothes. "Is it hot in California?"

"I don't know. Some parts are, I think," Draco said. "Let's just get a set of clothes each. We can't take much and can buy the rest when we get there."

Harry nodded and walked around the store, picking up simple clothes that he thought would fit him.

They managed to find trousers, shorts, shirts and various accessories in the Muggle store. They had to go to another store for shoes. Draco was not impressed with the poor quality of the fabrics and workmanship. Potter had to help him figure out the money, and eventually they returned with their purchases to the Manor.

Harry was tired, a full day of being outdoors wearing him out. He looked back at Draco to see what he was planning.

"Dinner and bed," the blond answered the look. "Dinner in bed, in fact."

"Sounds nice," Harry murmured, smiling a bit at him. "Let's go"

They trudged up the stairs. Draco was stripping and watching Harry. "Dinner and bath?" he asked.

"A bath, yes," Harry answered, beginning to take off his clothes as well.

Draco had the elves bring them a dinner tray and draw a bath. They sat on the bed, eating like they had at breakfast.

"We'll have to cook our own food," Harry commented, glancing up at Draco.

"I've never cooked anything," Draco said, frowning.

"I'll cook the food then," Harry said, grinning at him. "I used to do it for my relatives."

Draco nodded, wondering if Muggle food was different. He finished his share of the food and sat back watching Harry.

Harry was surprised to see Draco actually eating. He smiled but didn't comment. He ate until he was full, not noticing Draco's intense gaze until he pushed his plate away slowly and looked up at him.

Draco sent the dishes away and then climbed out of the bed, holding a hand to Harry.

Harry took the hand with a smile, slipping out of the bed and standing next to Draco.

Draco led Harry to the bathroom and gestured for him to climb into the bath first.

Harry smiled at the gesture, remembering back when he couldn't even get in until Draco was finished taking his bath. Things really had changed. Harry climbed into the warm water and settled down with a sigh.

Draco climbed in behind Harry and slid his legs alongside Harry's. He reached for the washcloth and began to wash Harry's back.

Harry sighed softly, leaning forward as Draco began to wash his back. "Do you know when we have to go back?" he asked quietly, wanting to prepare himself.

"Yes," Draco answered quietly, pausing briefly as he continued to wash his lover's arms.

"When?" Harry asked, needing to know. He lifted his arms for Draco, letting him wash underneath.

Draco ran his hands down his arms and over Harry's chest, washing. "The letter we got this morning," he said, "said two days."

Harry nodded, taking a deep breath. "Last time"

"Yes, last time," Draco said, pulling Harry back so the man rested against his chest as he washed him.

"And then we leave," Harry said quietly, lying against Draco.

"We leave together, start new," Draco agreed, the words soothing to him as well as Harry.

"Together. I can't wait, Draco," Harry said honestly, his eyes closing as he pictured them together, and far away from harm.

Draco leant Harry back, wetting those dark locks and then working shampoo into them. "Yes, just you and me," he said. "No one else to tell us how to live, who to be or whom to love," he said.

"We can do whatever we want," Harry said, trailing off as Draco washed his hair.

"No one can touch us again, only each other," Draco said, massaging Potter's scalp.

Harry bit his lip softly, nodding as the shampoo ran down his face. "Only each other." Harry sighed happily.

Draco used the cloth to wipe away the shampoo. He then reached a cloth-covered hand down to wash below the water.

Harry shifted a bit under the cloth, opening his eyes a bit again. "Maybe we can get a pet," Harry murmured.

"You are my pet," Draco teased, now washing Harry's inner thighs.

"Well, I want a pet," Harry said, blushing slightly.

"What kind of pet?" Draco asked, washing up those thighs to the place where they met.

"I don't know ... maybe a dog" Harry replied, shrugging.

"A dog?" Draco asked, cloth-wrapped fingers now caressing Harry's balls.

"Yeah, I like dogs," Harry murmured, opening his legs wider for Draco.

"Mmm," Draco answered, attention now on washing Harry's balls and cock.

"We'll probably get one," Harry whispered, the cloth feeling nice against cock.

"Right now, you are going to let me bring you off," Draco said, letting the washcloth slide off his hand as he wrapped his fingers around Harry's cock. His own had hardened too, and was pressed firmly in the cleft of Harry's arse.

"Not like I can say no," Harry said softly, lying back against Draco with a small sigh.

Draco tensed for a moment. "You can with me," he said. "You can say no and I would stop."

"I meant not like I wanted to say no," Harry corrected. "And I know you would."

Draco relaxed then, thrusting gently against Harry's arse as he stroked him. The water in the bath moved in little waves as he did.

Harry moaned softly, his head falling onto Draco's shoulder as he moved.

Draco rubbed himself against Potter, the warm water and the willing body making it a delight. He was stroking Harry in time with his thrusts.

"Draco," Harry groaned, beginning to thrust up into his hand. He remembered that there would be many nights like this once they got away. He smiled at the thought.

"Yes," Draco said, "mine and no one else's. Come with me." The words were the last push he needed and he was coming against Harry's backside in the water, hand still stroking the other man's cock.

"Yours," Harry gasped, coming a second later, his back arching.

Draco held him through the aftermath of their orgasms, feeling deliciously afloat in the water and sensations.

Harry sighed, his eyes closed as he slowly relaxed against Draco again in the water.

They stayed that way until Draco realised he was falling asleep in the water and Potter was nearly already passed out. "To bed now," he said, sitting up so that Harry had to as well.

"What ... we're not in it?" Harry mumbled, trying to get up.

Draco snorted and helped the man up, casting Drying Charms when they stepped out of the tub. He led the sleepy Harry to bed, pulled back the covers and tucked him into the bed. Then Draco climbed in after him.

– CHAPTER EIGHTEEN –

Torn in Two

Draco pulled out the robes he wore for visits to the Dark Lord's mansion, staring at them. He hoped he would never have to put them on again. He wanted to burn them right then, grab Harry and run. He didn't know if he could face this. Harry had changed everything for him.

Harry sat on the bed behind him, quietly thinking about what was supposed to happen that day. If he just concentrated on what would happen after, Harry could stay calm.

Draco finished dressing and then turned to Harry. He picked up the collar they had made. It looked like a leather slave collar. It was, however, also a Portkey. They had had to work hard to make all their preparations and Draco didn't want to risk something going wrong without a way out. He had fucked Harry that morning, making sure he would have the time he needed to heal after. If there was an after. He reached to buckle the collar in place around Harry's neck.

Harry reached up to touch it when he was done, looking up at Draco.

Draco smiled down into those green eyes. "I need you to live," he told him. "I need you."

Harry smiled a bit and nodded, reaching for Draco's hand. "And I want you."

Draco pressed Harry's hand to his own face for a minute, still looking at him. "I am going to give you a couple potions before we leave," he said. "They should make it easier."

"Thank you," Harry whispered, running a thumb over Draco's cheek.

Draco sighed and stepped back. He handed Harry one of the vials beside the bed. Then he finished putting the last of their things in the bag on the bed. It contained their Muggle money and clothing, some potions, and some basic items they would need. Draco drew his wand and shrunk the bag, putting it in a hidden pocket of his robes.

Harry looked at the potion before he slowly drank it, making a slight face at the taste. "What does it do?" Harry asked.

"It will slow down blood flow," Draco said. "May keep you from bleeding out before I can heal you."

Harry closed his eyes and nodded, trying to hold back a shudder.

"The other one is for pain," Draco said, indicating another potion on the table.

"I won't feel it?" Harry asked, reaching for it so he could drink it.

"You'll still feel it," Draco sighed. "It would be dangerous for us if you didn't and they knew it. It will just ... feel good too. Like that spell I did before."

"Oh." Harry looked at the vial again before he drank it. "It'll keep me hard?"

"It will make you feel pleasure," Draco corrected, "at any type of touch."

"Oh, even when it hurts," Harry said, setting the vial down.

"Yes, anything," Draco agreed with a shudder. Then he touched Harry's cheek to test the reaction.

Harry didn't feel anything at first, but then he felt a small spark of pleasure, his eyelids fluttering. "Ah!"

Draco nodded, pulling his hand back. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"Ready as I can be," Harry whispered.

Draco had to suppress the urge to activate the Portkey now, to run away. He nodded and took Harry by the upper arm, Apparating them to Voldemort's mansion.

Harry knelt down as soon as they landed, his head down.

Macnair was standing with his arms crossed, leering at them when they entered the mansion. "Nice to see you again so soon," he said, glancing down at Potter too.

Draco rolled his eyes, holding the box of potions. "Macnair," he acknowledged.

Harry tensed a bit at Macnair's voice, but didn't look up.

"He is waiting for you," Macnair said, then added, "they all are."

Draco took a couple deep breaths and then walked with his usual arrogant posture to the Throne Room.

Harry followed behind him, silently preparing himself for whatever they were going to do.

Draco winced when he saw the chains hanging from the ceiling

and the raised stone slab in the centre of the room. This was very bad. He tried to feign indifference as he knelt on the steps before Voldemort.

Harry sat back on his heels, but kept his head down. He was used to this part by now.

Voldemort let him stay on his knees, silent for a minute. The rest of the room had quieted as well, listening. "Malfoy," the Dark Lord hissed, "I am told you were not happy to receive Macnair as a guest this week."

Draco swallowed. "I do not like changes in my routine," he replied.

"And does your routine include playing Quidditch with your slave?" Voldemort asked. There was some snickering over that from the others.

Harry swallowed. Macnair had seen them. He wondered if that would mean a harder time today.

"It does if it amuses me," Draco said. "I wanted to beat him in more ways than one." The answer seemed to please Voldemort, who smiled. That was always a frightening sight itself.

"Well, Malfoy," the monster said slowly, "then show us some sport. I think you have had the fallen hero long enough. It is time to share your toy."

Harry bit his lip and took a deep breath. He knew there would come a time when he would be used by more than one person, but it frightened him.

Draco tried to control the tremor in his body. "I ... understand," he said. He backed up, standing, leaving the potions on the step and walking to the slab in the centre.

Harry slowly followed him, feeling as though this were some kind of walk to his death. He honestly hoped it wasn't.

Draco clenched his teeth, reached down and yanked Harry up by his hair, pulling him harshly onto the slab.

Harry grunted, blinking away the tears from nearly having his hair ripped out. Yet, he also felt a thrill of pleasure.

"Our turn," came a familiar voice as two robed figures stepped out of the crowd. Draco looked up, startled to see his old school "friends" Crabbe and Goyle. He looked back at Voldemort and found the Dark Lord nodding in response.

Harry shivered on the stone when he heard the voices, not recognising them, but knowing that it really no longer mattered to him who they were.

Crabbe laughed at the look of disgust on Draco's face. "You can join in, pretty boy," he sneered, "or get out of my way."

Draco froze, trying to decide which would most likely aid their survival.

Harry curled up on the stone, wishing he could hide behind something or someone and pretend he wasn't there.

Draco stepped back but stayed nearby, in case he had a chance to intervene.

"On your hands and knees, Potter," Goyle snapped, wand ready.

Harry swallowed and turned over, slowly rising up on his hands and knees.

"Now that's a pretty sight, ain't it, Draco?" drawled Crabbe. "Do you fuck him every day? I guess you'd have to." Goyle snickered again. "Chain him," Crabbe said, and Goyle began manacling Harry.

As they did it, Harry experimentally tugged at them, gasping softly. They were tight and there was no way he could get out of them.

Crabbe raised his wand and cast the Cruciatius Curse on Harry.

Harry jerked and screamed, feeling as though there were a thousand knives stabbing him at once.

"Is that all you can do, Cruciatius?" Draco drawled. He needed Harry's mind intact. He could heal Harry's body but not madness. And the potion wouldn't help with Cruciatius pain.

Crabbe frowned and ended the spell. "You have a better idea?" he asked.

"What's the fun in just casting a spell when you can touch him?" Draco asked.

"Yeah, let's do something," Goyle agreed.

Harry panted from where he lay, wondering why Draco wanted them to do more than just this. Then he remembered the potion.

Goyle reached for him then, grabbing Harry's hair and yanking him forward to the edge of the slab. He slapped Harry then. "A whore is what you are now, Potter," the man sneered as he unbuttoned his robes in front.

Harry cried out, his head snapping to the side. Even as he felt the

pain, there was a strange feeling of pleasure underneath it all.

Goyle, predictably, pulled out his cock, half-hard already. "Suck me, Potter," he ordered.

Harry looked back at him and leant close, his mouth opening for him. Goyle was right. He was a whore.

Draco stood with hands clenched, watching.

Goyle shoved his cock into Harry's open mouth. "Come on, whore," he said.

Harry tightened his lips around his cock and sucked as hard as he could, hoping it would move things along quickly.

Crabbe smirked as he walked to the other end of Potter, sliding a hand over the chained man's skin as he went.

The touch, which should've made him cringe away in disgust, made him shiver and moan softly around Goyle's cock, the reaction surprising him.

Draco swallowed hard. He hadn't realised how difficult it would be to see Harry respond like that to someone else. Especially that pair. He set his face into a mask of indifference while his stomach felt sick.

Crabbe laughed and then slapped Harry's arse hard.

Harry jerked, another moan escaping him. He wasn't sure if he liked the potion now; he didn't want to react this way to their touches.

Goyle began to thrust into Harry's mouth. "Such a good whore," he sneered.

Crabbe cast a Transfiguration spell on a pen and it became a long, thin cane. He drew it back and brought it down hard across Harry's arse.

Harry cried out, his cock slowly hardening as his teeth accidentally brushed over Goyle's cock.

Goyle twisted his hand in Harry's hair. "Cut me and I will cut your throat," he threatened.

Harry whimpered and nodded, the hand in his hair sending more sparks of pleasure over him. Tears welled up in his eyes. He didn't want to come like this.

Crabbe hit Harry again and again, leaving long red welts on his arse and up his back.

Harry cried as he continued, even though he was hard and

leaking. It was so strange to have two strong and opposing feelings like pain and pleasure at once.

Blood began to drip down Harry's sides from the beating and Draco swallowed his revulsion as he saw Harry getting more and more aroused. He knew it was his fault. All of this. But he couldn't stop it.

Goyle growled loudly, coming in Harry's mouth and yanking even harder on the man's hair.

Harry nearly choked on the fluid, most of it just leaking out the sides of his mouth as he moaned.

Goyle was muttering a string of obscenities and finally pulled back. "Such a sweet fucking mouth on this whore," he told his friend.

Crabbe was looking over his handiwork and grinned. "Let's see if his arse is just as good," he suggested, moving behind Harry.

Harry was already exhausted and he knew that was just the beginning. It felt as though his arse and back were on fire from the caning, but his erection stayed strong.

Crabbe grabbed Harry by the ankle shackles and pulled hard so that the man fell flat, belly and cock hitting the slab and feet dangling off the sides.

Harry cried out loudly, his body throbbing with the pain along with the pleasure.

Draco took an involuntary step forward before he caught himself.

Crabbe had already pulled his erect cock out. He coated it in Potter's blood, laughed and then shoved inside the chained man.

Harry groaned, his body tensing up as he tried to adjust to the feeling.

Crabbe pounded hard, Potter's hips bouncing against the marble slab with each thrust.

Harry was sobbing again, trying to arch away from the pain instead of push back like his body wanted him to.

Goyle had gotten hard again, watching. He stroked himself with a grin on his face.

Draco was fighting the urge to rip that grin off the man's face. He wanted to tear them both into small pieces. He could feel his own control slipping as the scene continued.

"Wanna share?" Crabbe asked Goyle when he saw him.

Harry pressed his cheek against the slab, the cold feeling good

against his heated skin. He didn't know what Crabbe meant.

Crabbe pulled out. "Up on your knees again, Potter," he barked, slapping Harry's torn arse.

Harry struggled to push himself up, his arms and legs shaking.

Crabbe grabbed Harry by the back of the collar he wore and yanked him back on his knees so he was no longer leaning forward.

Draco nearly stepped in then. The collar was a Portkey. If anyone figured it out, they were dead.

Harry cried out weakly, the collar choking him.

Goyle lay down in the blood where Harry had been, cock standing erect from his robes still. "Sit on it, whore," he snapped at Potter.

Harry nervously looked down at him before he slowly moved forward and sat down on Goyle's cock, his own twitching against his stomach.

"Yes, fuck him, you whore," Crabbe sneered from where he still stood behind Harry.

Harry was trembling, his entire body shaking as he continued to cry. He wouldn't look up at anyone, not even at Draco. He was too ashamed.

Goyle reached up and grabbed Harry by the collar, yanking forward until Harry was lying on the man's chest, cock still in his arse.

Harry pressed his face into the rough fabric of his robes, feeling like this was the only way he could hide.

Draco closed his eyes then, knowing what was coming next, and unable to watch without becoming sick.

Crabbe slid the head of his cock against Harry's arse, coating it in blood again as he rubbed the welts on the man's arse.

Harry whimpered again, his voice muffled against Goyle's robes. Despite everything, he was still hard, his erection pressed against his stomach.

Crabbe slid his cock down the cleft of Harry's arse to where Harry was impaled on Goyle's cock, rubbing against that place where Goyle stretched him.

Harry almost pushed back against the feeling, but stopped himself. He still didn't understand what was happening.

"We are going to open you up, slut," Crabbe sneered, reaching a

finger down and working it in alongside his friend's cock.

"No," Harry moaned against the robes, feeling himself tense up again as he felt the finger.

Goyle was still holding the collar, keeping Harry trapped against him. Crabbe hooked his finger inside Harry and began to pull, stretching his opening roughly.

"Stop!" Harry cried out, beginning to sob again as the pain ripped through his body. It was then that he finally figured out what Crabbe meant. "No ... please"

"Gonna rip you wide open," Crabbe said, laughing as he pulled harder. Goyle grabbed Harry's hair with his hand that wasn't holding the collar, grip so hard it was ripping hair.

Harry began to struggle, pulling hard at the chains that held him down. All he could feel was the pain, but even then it still felt good.

Then he felt the head of the second man's cock pressing into that stretched and torn flesh alongside Goyle's.

Harry began to scream, struggling as hard as he could even though he knew there was no point. They wouldn't have mercy.

There was laughter in the room and the sounds of other people getting off to this. Draco kept his eyes closed, shaking as Potter's screams grew louder.

Crabbe pushed in, indeed mercilessly, until his cock was alongside Goyle's. Then he took hold of Potter's hips and began to rock the man's body onto both their cocks. It was clear the two men had done this before because they began to coordinate their movements so they could fuck Harry together.

It hurt so much, but it felt so good, and Harry couldn't take it. His wrists and ankles were rubbed raw by the manacles around them, and he was almost sure one of his wrists was broken. He screamed until his throat was raw and all that would come out were rough sobs, his face wet with tears.

It was brutal then, with both men shoving themselves hard into Potter's body. Draco made the mistake of opening his eyes when the screaming seemed to stop and nearly vomited then. Blood was everywhere and the other two were enjoying Harry's pain with such abandon. They thrust and pulled and shoved Harry in this sick game until finally one of them began to come and then they both were filling Potter with their seed.

And the entire time Harry stayed painfully hard, not allowed to come until he was told to. Harry wasn't even all there, his mind floating in between unconsciousness and reality.

Draco had forgotten about the command to come, too distraught over the events in front of him to even remember that.

Crabbe half-lifted Potter's body, pulling him off both their cocks and then pulling him up so that Goyle could get out from under. Then Crabbe dropped Harry back on the slab like something used and dead.

Harry didn't bother to move, letting out a small sigh from where he lay. It was over and he had made it. He nearly smiled, his vision swimming red and black at the edges.

The sound of Harry's body hitting the slab brought Draco out of his horror. He glanced over at Voldemort, having to swallow his revulsion as he saw the creature tucking his own cock back into his robes.

Harry closed his eyes and waited, waited for Draco to walk over and Apparate them away from all of this. He felt distant from everything, even his own body.

Draco schooled his face into that mask of calm and went to kneel before the Dark Lord again. "May I remove my slave?" he asked.

Voldemort laughed. "But he is still alive and we haven't seen you do anything this evening, Malfoy."

Draco shivered; the idea of having to perform right now was revolting to him.

Harry could hear Voldemort through the blood rushing in his ears. He didn't know if he could handle anymore.

– CHAPTER NINETEEN –

Proving Love

Draco nodded. "As you command," he replied, and got to his feet, slowly walking over to where Harry still lay in chains. "Lie on your back," he told Harry.

It took Harry a while. The room seemed to swirl around him, but he managed to turn over on his back, still not opening his eyes.

Draco unbuttoned the entire front of his robes, pulling them back and out of the way but not removing them. Then he knelt over Potter's chest, knees on either side of the man's head. "Suck my cock, Potter," he said. "And you come when I do," he added in a whisper.

Harry coughed before he opened his eyes a bit, blinking a few times. He slowly leant up and pulled Draco into his mouth, sucking him the best he could.

Draco covertly used his wand to cast the arousal charm on himself, knowing that kneeling in the blood of his lover was not going to allow him to come without it.

Harry's eyes closed and he nearly fell back twice in exhaustion, but he struggled through it, using his tongue to run around the sensitive skin.

Draco closed his eyes, trying to imagine they were in the bed at home. It helped, and the magical arousal reacted to his fantasy.

Eventually Harry did fall back, swallowing and struggling to push himself back up again.

Draco reached down and began stroking his own cock then, fast, as he filled his mind with the memory of fucking Harry on the pitch. And then he was coming, hot liquid shooting out and coating Potter's lips and cheeks.

Harry gasped as it triggered his own orgasm, his hips barely moving as he came with a soft moan.

"Such a whore," Crabbe laughed from nearby.

Draco stood up, swallowing hard as he saw blood coating the insides of his thighs where they had touched Potter's bleeding body.

He drew his robes together, but didn't bother buttoning them, before striding over and kneeling once again before the Dark Lord.

"Very good, Malfoy," he sneered. "You may keep your pet for another week."

"Thank you, Master," Draco said and then strode back to where Harry lay on the bloody slab. He knelt on the side of the stone and took Harry into his arms. Harry's skin was ashen and cold. Draco strode from the room and Apparated them away the minute he stepped outside.

Harry had his eyes closed, but he could tell that they were finally back to the Manor. They both had made it. Suddenly cold and shaking, Harry's teeth began to chatter.

Draco took them directly to the Lab, where he lay Harry on the worktable as before and picked up the vials he had set there in preparation. "Drink," he said as he cradled Harry's head with one hand and held the vial with the other.

Harry parted his lips, waiting for Draco to pour the potion in his mouth. He kept his eyes closed.

Draco helped Harry to swallow the Healing Potion and watched to see how he reacted.

Harry just lay there, not moving and breathing shallow. He could feel the potion working through his body as he opened his eyes a bit.

"Try to keep your eyes on me," Draco said. "Stay with me. We can leave when you are well enough to travel."

Harry tried his best to look at him. "My ... wrist," he whispered, his voice hoarse and raw from the screaming.

Draco examined Harry's wrists and found one was broken. He made a simple brace for it. "I just gave you a potion that can heal most things and it should work on this too, but if it doesn't I will fix this after," he said. "I can't do magic on you while the potion is working or it will lessen its effects."

Harry nodded weakly, closing his eyes for a moment. "I kept thinking of after," Harry whispered, straining his voice. "And ... and of you"

Draco kissed Harry gently on his clammy forehead, stroking black hair from his face. "Shhh, don't talk," he said. "Let the potion work. Just stay awake."

Harry swallowed with a wince, looking up at him again. "I ... I

love you."

"Prove it," Draco said. "Stay alive." He watched as some of the cuts and bruises on Harry's face faded. He carefully let Harry's head back down. He snapped his fingers and a house-elf appeared. "Bring me a bowl of warm water and a washcloth," he told it. A couple minutes later, the creature did. Then Draco began to gently wash Harry's face.

Harry closed his eyes again, but he made sure that he didn't fall asleep, wanting to stay alive for Draco. If only to prove his love.

Draco started at the top and began carefully washing his way down Potter's face and neck, taking away blood and come that lingered there. "How do you feel? Is it hurting less?" Draco asked.

Harry shifted a bit on the table and nodded. "I can move a little ... my throat doesn't hurt as much, either"

"Good. Roll onto your chest, so I can check the damage and see how you are healing," Draco said.

Harry turned and slowly rolled onto his stomach, pressing his cheek against the table.

Draco ground his teeth together at the sight. The marks were lessened now, no longer opened and bleeding, but still quite livid red.

"Will they scar?" Harry asked softly, licking his dry lips.

"I don't think so," Draco said softly, swallowing his anger. "They weren't magically created." Then he stepped closer, leant in and gently spread Harry's arse cheeks.

Harry tensed a bit, biting on his lip gently. He knew Draco had to, but he still didn't like it.

"Spread your legs," Draco said softly.

Harry slowly spread them, still tense.

Draco winced at the damage still visible. But he could see the tissue reforming as he watched. "I will wash you when it is healed," he told Harry, gently petting a place on his thigh where Potter was unmarked.

Harry closed his legs and nodded, letting out a breath he had been holding.

Draco wanted to wash the man now, to clean every trace of the other men off and out of his body. But he couldn't until the potion had done its work.

"Is that it?" Harry asked quietly, looking up at Draco.

"The potion is working. Shall I carry you to the bathroom?" he asked.

"Yes, please," Harry whispered, moving to turn over on his back again.

Draco called an elf and told him to prepare a bath. Then he lifted Harry into his arms and carried him up the stairs and to the bathroom, gently lowering the man into the water.

Harry hissed as the water touched him, his fingers digging into Draco's robes as if he didn't want to let go.

"Let me get in with you," Draco said.

Harry nodded and slowly let go of the robes, sitting down completely in the water.

Draco stripped and let the soiled robes fall to the floor before sinking into the water with Harry.

Harry moved close to Draco, needing to touch him.

Draco wrapped his arms around the other man, pulling him against his own body and holding him close.

Harry turned so he could lay his head on Draco's shoulder. "We made it," he said softly, his eyes welling up with tears. Before he knew it, he was crying softly.

Draco cradled the man in his arms, holding him while the sobs came. Draco hadn't cried in years. Didn't even know if he could now.

"I want to leave now," Harry said through his tears, looking up at Draco.

"Yes," Draco agreed, "as soon as the time limit on the potion has passed."

Harry nodded slowly, leaning up to kiss Draco's cheek. "I stayed alive."

"You did." Draco smiled, hardly able to believe it. He kissed Harry on the lips, softly.

"Did I prove it?" Harry asked against his lips.

It took Draco a minute to remember what Harry was talking about. "Let's make it somewhere safe next," he said, reaching for the washcloth. "We have an hour on that potion. Do you want to sleep before we leave, or go then?"

"I want to sleep," Harry said quietly, laying a hand on Draco's chest.

Draco washed the other man, carefully and thoroughly. Then he

got them out of the bath and dried them both before carrying him to the bed.

"You'll sleep, too?" Harry asked, getting comfortable on the bed.

Draco nodded, not sure he could, but holding Harry. He watched the other man as he fell asleep in his arms.

Draco did finally doze but woke at his usual time. He gently pulled back enough to examine Harry's face and saw no more bruises or cuts. Draco didn't have another vial of that powerful potion and hoped they wouldn't need it again. The ingredients were very rare and expensive.

Harry shifted a bit when he felt Draco pull back but he didn't wake up, only sighed softly.

Draco pulled the covers down enough to see Harry's back and was even more relieved to see the cane marks were gone as well. He ran his hand over the skin of Harry's back.

Harry shivered a bit in his sleep, the skin under Draco's fingers getting goose pimples.

Draco pulled the covers back up and lay back with the man in his arms.

Harry smiled in his sleep and snuggled closer.

"Harry," Draco whispered softly, "are you hungry?"

Somehow, through the sleep, Harry could hear Draco. "Yes," he answered after a moment, blinking open his eyes.

Draco smiled into those green eyes. "Good," he said, snapping his fingers for the house-elf.

The creature brought their breakfast tray. But then it said, "Master Malfoy, a guest is waiting in the hall."

Harry was looking at the breakfast tray, but he suddenly looked up when he heard that there was a guest.

Draco frowned, eyes narrowing. "Who?" he asked.

"Mr Macnair and another guest," the creature answered.

"Tell them I will be down in a few minutes," Draco said.

Harry tensed again, his heart beginning to beat fast. Macnair was here again. The last time ... Harry shook his head, biting his lip.

The elf disappeared and Draco sat up. "We need to decide now," he told Harry. "Do we meet him or do we run?" he asked.

"It'll be bad if we run," Harry said quietly, biting his lip. "They'll

know faster ... but I don't want you to go talk to him"

"He won't be here to talk," Draco said, face grim. "He will want to hurt you again, and you aren't even completely healed from yesterday."

"So what are we supposed to do, Draco? If we don't go he'll know something is up. I know it won't be all that hard to track you down if Voldemort wanted to. Especially now that he basically has control over the Wizarding world," Harry said, sitting up in the bed.

"I will go down and see if Macnair can be put off," Draco said. "I don't want any of them to touch you again. You get dressed in the Muggle clothes. Because, no matter what, we leave today."

Draco climbed out of bed, Summoned their emergency pack and handed it to the other man. Then he got dressed in his robes.

"Be careful, Draco," Harry said, pulling the clothes out.

**

He walked down the stairs to find Macnair and another man drinking his liquor in the sitting room.

"Draco, this is good stuff," Macnair said. "But then you Malfoys always have the best, don't you?"

"Glad you are enjoying it," Draco drawled. "Why are you here? I have work to do."

"Not very polite of you, Draco," the man countered.

"No, it's not, but it's true," the blond said.

"Well, you can go ahead and work," Macnair replied. "Just let us play with your toy."

"No," Draco said.

"No?" Macnair challenged, and the other man frowned. "What do you mean 'no'?"

"I mean the Dark Lord said he is mine for at least another week, and he was too badly damaged last night to be available for your sport today," Draco said in a cold, angry voice.

Macnair stood up and his face was red with anger. "You have become awfully attached to your slave, Draco," he sneered. "Don't think we haven't noticed? Do you want to die with him? Maybe you will be our sport soon."

Draco felt the chill down his spine but didn't show it. His eyes narrowed and he kept his voice cold. "That may be. But in the meantime ... get ... out ... of ... my ... house," he hissed.

The two "guests" stood and Macnair threw his glass of whisky to the floor, shattering it. "You will be sorry, Draco," he warned. And then the two men Disappeared away.

Draco was shaking when they left. He ran back up the stairs, taking them two at a time, and immediately began stripping his robes when he got to the room.

Harry, dressed and waiting, jumped when the door flew open. He almost expected to see Macnair following Draco, but when he didn't, Harry let out a deep breath. "What happened?" he asked, noticing the urgency in Draco's movements. He had laid Draco's clothes out for him on the bed just in case there would be a rush like this.

"I refused them," Draco hissed, grabbing the Muggle clothing and pulling it on.

"Oh, no," Harry said, getting up quickly. "They'll be back! We have to go now."

"Yes," Draco agreed, double-checking their identity cards and other papers. "Where is the collar?" he asked.

Harry tilted his head, showing the collar still around his neck. "Never took it off."

"Good." Draco smiled, slinging the small pack over his shoulder. He walked up to look into Harry's eyes. His heart was pounding. He was terrified and excited. He was leaving everything he had ever known behind. After today, his ordered life would be gone.

Just thinking about what would happen was making Harry nervous as he looked back at Draco. "Are you ready?" he asked.

Draco nodded, not even trusting himself to speak at that moment. He reached up with his left hand, wrapping fingers around Harry's throat so they were pressed to the collar. He held his wand in the other hand. "Yes," he answered.

"Okay, I'm ready," Harry whispered, stepping closer and taking a deep breath to try and calm down his rapidly beating heart.

"Hold onto me," Draco said, and then cast the spell to activate the Portkey. There was that familiar feeling of being ripped from where he stood.

Harry barely had time to grip Draco's shirt before they were pulled away from where they stood.

It was the worst travel experience of his life – Floo, Apparition or Portkey. It felt like forever that they were whirling in the magic field

and Draco could feel the shirt tearing in Harry's grip. He had to hold tight to the other man's throat and worried that he would strangle him in the attempt.

Harry had to lean closer to Draco just so the collar wouldn't end up choking him as Draco held onto it. This was worse than Flooding and, until this moment, Harry thought he had hated that the most.

Draco wrapped his wand hand around Harry's back, pulling him tighter. The wind howled around him and it was growing colder.

Harry shivered and pressed himself against Draco, wondering how long it would be.

Crossing the ocean by Portkey was dangerous. If you made a mistake, you would land short and drown. Draco had never been to America and had had to use a photograph and coordinates to fix the location for their landing. As he shivered and held tight to Harry, he worried that he might have made a mistake.

Harry wrapped his arm around Draco, the other hand still gripping his shirt. "How long?" he managed to say against Draco's chest.

Just when Draco had begun to wonder if they would ever land and was almost numb with cold, they landed hard, crashing to the ground.

Harry groaned and he tumbled onto his back, shivers still going through his body.

They landed with Draco on top. The blond released his lover's throat, noticing marks left by his fingers. They were in a field of tall grass.

Harry was breathing hard but he looked around, noticing the grass all around them. "Are we there?"

"We should be on the coast of the state of Maine, in the United States," Draco said, smiling down at the other man.

Harry looked up at him. "Far away from England," Harry whispered, smiling a bit.

"Far away," Draco said, leaning down to kiss Harry.

Harry smiled into the kiss, just lying back on the ground. They were safe. For now.

Tilting his head, Draco deepened the kiss as he pressed his tongue into his lover's mouth.

Harry opened his mouth, his tongue moving to slide against

Draco's as they kissed.

Draco was straddling the other man. His relief and excitement over their escape made him lightheaded. He nipped and kissed Harry's lips and chin, breathing speeding up.

"Draco," Harry whispered in between, reaching up to run his fingers through Draco's hair.

"Yes," Draco responded, kissing along Harry's jaw.

"Love you ..." Harry said quietly, swallowing.

"You do, do you?" Draco asked.

"Yes. If I didn't, I would be dead," Harry said.

Draco's face was serious. "How do you know it isn't just because I saved you?" he asked.

"There was a point where I could've just let go, Draco ... I don't know if you know how that feels, but regardless of the potions, Draco ... I could've died," Harry answered softly.

"I know," Draco said, his heart clenching in fear at the very idea of it.

"But I didn't ... I held on," Harry whispered, watching Draco.

"You've always been stronger than people thought," Draco whispered, gently fingering the man's hair.

"I have to be," Harry said, sighing softly.

– CHAPTER TWENTY –

A World Away

Draco sighed and sat up, looking around over the tall grass. It was barely light out, with a grey mist in the air. He could see the ocean and a lighthouse on a point that jutted out into the sea. He looked in all directions but didn't see anyone besides Harry.

"What do we do now?" Harry asked, moving to sit up a bit as well.

"We find a place to rest for a bit while I reset the Portkey," Draco said. "That jump was dangerous and the next one will be, too."

"Okay, do you see anyplace to stay?" Harry asked, trying to look around through the grass.

"I see a lighthouse and nothing else," Draco said, getting to his feet now and holding a hand out to help Harry to his feet.

Harry reached up and took Draco's hand, pulling himself up slowly. "I don't know if we can hide in a lighthouse."

"Why not?" Draco asked, leading them across the field toward the building.

"Aren't there people there?" Harry asked, following as usual.

"I don't know, but let's find out," Draco said, putting his wand inside his jacket.

Harry squeezed Draco's hand and walked closer, his other hand pushed into his jeans pocket.

They walked through the field and finally made it to the lighthouse. There was a door but it was locked. Draco frowned, debating whether or not it put them at more risk by using magic.

"Do you want to try?" Harry murmured, guessing what Draco was thinking as they stood in front of the door.

"If they follow us, they might be able to follow the magical signature. But if they follow us, it is pretty obvious where we would go anyway," Draco argued with himself. Then he shrugged and pulled his wand. "*Alobomora!*" The door swung open.

Harry waited a moment to hear anything before he stepped

inside, looking around quickly just in case there was any movement.

Draco still had his wand drawn and stepped inside the column-shaped building. There were stairs that wound up the walls. The place looked unused.

"I don't think anyone's here," Harry said quietly, looking up at the stairs.

Draco closed the door behind them. There were a few dirty windows letting in some light. He walked over. The stairs themselves looked sturdy and he began to climb them.

Harry followed quickly behind him, grateful that the place really did seem completely empty, despite the fact that it was a lighthouse.

It was a long climb to the top. They found a room with the big electric lights in it, surrounded by thick glass. Draco looked out over the ocean, reaching a hand back toward Harry.

Harry took it, stepping up to look out as well. "It's nice."

Draco pulled Harry close, sliding his arm around him and looking out at the water, sunrise lighting the waves. "It's beautiful," he said in a soft voice.

Harry rested his head on Draco's shoulder with a small sigh. "Thank you, Draco"

After a little while of watching the ocean and scanning the horizon in all directions, Draco turned back to the work at hand. "I didn't think to pack food," he admitted, sitting down on the floor of the lighthouse room and opening their pack.

"It's okay, I can wait," Harry said, sitting down next to him. "As long as you remembered everything else."

Draco pulled out the materials he needed to reset the Portkey to San Francisco. "I need the collar," he said.

Harry reached up and carefully undid the collar, rubbing his neck gently as he held it out for Draco.

Draco reached out and gently touched the bruises on Harry's neck. "I didn't mean to hurt you," he said.

"I know. It's okay, Draco," Harry said softly.

Draco slid his hand around the back of Harry's neck and his other he reached around his waist, pulling him forward.

"We'll be fine," Harry said suddenly, looking up into Draco's eyes. "I can tell, Draco."

Draco pulled Harry into his lap, bending to kissing him again.

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's neck and kissed him hard, as if he were trying to push all of his emotions into it.

Draco leant back against the glass wall, kissing and touching the other man.

Harry cupped Draco's cheeks as he kissed him, breathing harshly in between.

Draco's hands reached for the hem of Harry's shirt, slipping under and caressing the flesh of the man's back.

"Want you," Harry gasped when he pulled back to look at Draco.

"Yes, you do, don't you?" Draco asked, licking his lips and amazed by how much Harry had come to desire him as well. He looked around the little room and smiled. "Against the glass?" he asked.

"No one's looking," Harry replied, smiling a bit as he blushed.

"Up then," Draco said to the man in his lap, smirking as he did.

Harry got up, biting his lip as he watched Draco. He leant against the glass and reached out for him.

Draco stood and removed his shirt, then began unfastening the Muggle trousers. "Strip," he told his lover.

Harry pulled off the jumper and dropped it, shivering slightly in the cool air. He started on the jeans next and stepped out of them. "You think I'm completely healed?"

"We need to find out," Draco said. "I have to fuck you soon or you will be in pain."

Harry flushed and nodded, having already forgotten about that part of the spell. He pushed his underwear down and off before he turned around for Draco to check.

"Hands on the glass and spread your legs," Draco said.

Harry spread his legs and leant forward, his hands pressed against the glass.

Draco stood, trousers open but still up, and admired the view of Harry naked with the sunrise over the ocean as a background. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Then he smiled, kneeling behind the man. He slid his own hands down that lovely skin and then up the insides of Harry's thighs.

Harry shivered again at the touch, opening his legs wider. He looked out at the ocean and felt even more exposed than usual.

Draco placed a hand on either side of Harry's arse and gently

spread those lovely cheeks. He blew hot breath over the pink tight hole.

Harry trembled, unconsciously pushing back.

"You look perfect," Draco whispered. "Healed, pink and new." Then he leant forward and ran his tongue lightly over that puckered skin.

Harry moaned then gasped, looking over his shoulder quickly. Draco had never done that before.

Draco smiled at the other man's reaction and leant in again, this time pointing his tongue and tracing that sensitive flesh with it.

"Ahh, Draco," Harry whimpered, the feeling making him harden within seconds.

Draco hadn't done this before but he knew about it. He was turned on, by both the idea and the sounds Potter was making. He began licking and sucking at that puckered opening.

Harry never thought something like this would feel so good. "More, please," he ended up begging, pushing back more.

Harry begging was a big turn-on for Draco; he pressed his tongue in deep, breaching that tightness.

Harry clenched around the tongue, trying to press himself down on it. "Fuck!"

Draco pulled back to speak. "Relax," he told the other man. Then he returned to lick and press his tongue inside.

"Too good," Harry murmured, trying his best not to clench.

When Harry relaxed, Draco was able to work his tongue deeper, running the tip along the inside of his opening.

"Draco, Draco," Harry chanted, trying to fuck himself on his tongue. "More ..."

Draco's tongue was strained a bit, but he was loving the other man's reactions. He tongue-fucked him for another minute before adding a finger in as well. He continued to lick around the opening as he slid his longest finger inside.

"Yes," Harry hissed, feeling his cock rub against the cool glass. "Please, Draco ... want to come ..."

Draco had pressed two fingers in and was working on stretching his lover. He stood now and slid them out. He used a Lube Spell and slicked his own cock, pressing forward then.

Harry rested his forehead against the glass as he felt Draco push

inside, his body trembling hard.

"You feel so right around my cock," Draco said, pressing Harry between his body and the glass.

Harry moaned loudly, almost trying to pull Draco in faster. "You feel so right inside me."

"Yes, perfect," Draco gasped and began flexing his hips, fucking his lover hard and deep.

Harry began to move with him, his lower lip sucked into his mouth. "God"

"Touch yourself," Draco told him, grasping Harry's hips as he plunged in faster.

Harry rested one arm against the glass and reached down with the other, along the glass, and wrapped a hand around his cock, stroking himself in time with the thrusts.

"Come with me," Draco growled in his ear as his thrusts and breathing sped up. "Oh, gods, yesssss," he hissed as he came inside Harry.

It only took Harry a few more strokes before he was coming hard, yelling out Draco's name.

"Fucking amazing," Draco gasped, still buried inside his lover.

Harry panted, resting his forehead against the glass again. "Yeah"

"Feel better now?" Draco asked. He smiled, kissing the side of Harry's head as he slowly withdrew.

"Much," Harry whispered, making a soft noise as he pulled out.

Draco stepped back and admired again the sight of Harry against the now very messy glass.

Harry slowly turned around and looked at Draco. "Do we have time to rest?" he asked, watching him.

"You sleep," Draco said. "You can use my shirt as a pillow," he offered when he realised they didn't have any bedding.

"Can I put my clothes on?" Harry asked.

"Probably be more comfortable," Draco drawled, smiling and tucking himself back into his trousers.

Harry pulled his clothes back on quickly, moving to sit down on the slightly dusty floor. "You're not going to sleep?"

"I have to prepare the Portkey. We shouldn't stay here long," Draco said, sitting down on the floor and arranging the tools in front

of him.

"Oh." Harry watched him quietly for a while before his eyelids began to get heavy. "Can I get your shirt?"

"Right there," Draco said, pointing to where it had fallen.

Harry pulled it over and folded it a few times so that it made a suitable pillow. He shifted before he lay down, resting his head on the pillow with a sigh.

Draco spent the next hour focusing on the task of resetting the Portkey to a place in San Francisco. Draco finished the Portkey and then packed up their belongings again. He scooted closer to where Harry slept. Harry. Not Potter, but Harry. Somewhere it had changed. Not that Harry had really changed. Draco knew it was he who had. The Ice Prince thawed. Blaise would have found that amusing if he had lived to see it.

Draco watched the sun rising higher over the ocean. He reached over and cupped the cheek of the sleeping man, caressing his lover's lips with his thumb.

Harry kissed the thumb in his sleep, making a soft noise and shifting closer.

Draco wrapped an arm around his lover, leaning over and holding him. He rested his head on Harry's shoulder, inhaling the scent of him. "You are my home now," he whispered softly. After another minute, he gently shook the man. "Up," he said to Harry. "We should go."

Harry blinked open his eyes and sat up sleepily. "Go ... go where?" he murmured, rubbing his eyes.

"To our new home," Draco answered, helping him up.

Harry held on to his hand tightly, still not fully awake. "Ohh, okay ... let's go" He yawned.

Draco picked up his shirt and put it back on. It had a tear in the front from their last jump. Draco looked out at the ocean again. "Now we go to the other side of the continent," he said, leading Harry back down the stairs.

Harry tried not to stumble as they walked, trying to work the sleep out of his system. "Then we eat."

"Then, whatever you like, Harlan," Draco answered with a smile.

Harry gave him a look before he realised Draco was talking about him. "Where's the Portkey?"

"I am holding it," Draco answered as they finally made it down the stairs. He turned to face Harry then. "You need to wake up for this," he said, looking at him.

Harry nodded, quickly running a hand through his hair a few times. "I'm up, I'm up."

The blond waited until Harry was more coherent and then tipped his face up to look into his eyes. "I can't remove the Enslavement Spell, but from now on all previous orders are nullified. And what I say only counts as an order if I say the words 'I order' in the command. Understand?"

Harry blinked in surprise. "I understand," he whispered.

Draco leant over and kissed Harry then – lips and tongue plundering his mouth as he ran his fingers into his hair.

Harry's eyes went wide, taking a moment before he began to kiss Draco back.

Draco kissed him deeply and thoroughly before pulling back to look into his eyes. "That was the last kiss of Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy," he said. "After this, only Harlan Pearce and David Morgan will exist."

"Harlan Pearce ... and David Morgan." Harry nodded in understanding. "Goodbye, Draco," he said with a small smile.

"Goodbye, Harry," Draco whispered, forehead resting against his lover's. "Ready?"

"Ready," Harry said, nudging his nose against Draco's.

"Hold onto me," Draco said, holding up the collar for Harry to grab with one hand and putting the other arm around his lover's waist.

Harry reached to grip Draco's shirt again, despite seeing the hole where it ripped last time. He looked at Draco as he wrapped his fingers around the collar.

Draco activated the Portkey and they were falling through space again, wind buffeting them.

Harry pressed himself against Draco as they moved, gripping his shirt tightly.

They landed in the grass again, tumbling. It was dark and the grass was damp. This time they landed with the dark-haired man on top.

Harry yelped as they finally landed, his knee jammed into what he

thought was Draco's stomach. "Ohhh, sorry," he whispered, quickly pulling it away and just lying on top of the other man.

The blond was gasping, but he managed to smile at him. "Hello, Harlan," he said softly.

"Hi ... David," Harry said quietly, as if he were meeting someone for the first time.

"Harlan," the blond whispered, lying beneath him still, "I have a confession to make."

"A confession? What, David ..." Harry whispered, trying to get used to the new identities.

"I can tell you the truth now," Draco whispered.

"Tell me then," Harry said, watching him.

Arms around him, Draco looked into Harry's eyes. "I love you."

Harry smiled brightly. He'd been waiting to hear those words. "I love you, too."

Draco kissed him then, rolling on the ground in Golden Gate Park.

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

For original fiction see:
www.dmatkins.net