

Creature Comforts

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Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Fandom: Hyde RPS/Harry Potter xover

Pairing: Harry/Draco/Hyde, Hyde/Megumi (mentions Hyde/Gackt)

Rating: NC17/18

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Warnings: wanking, threesome, creature fic

Summary: Hogwarts is celebrating five years of peace by having a reunion for students from the past thirty years.

Author's Notes: Pure crack!fic - this is all faithfulmoder's fault she said the following: "Maybe Hyde's an exchange student." in a thread about Harry Potter and my brain just ran with it. How could I resist Slytherin Hyde? Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 15,640

Hyde picked himself up off the floor and dusted himself off, swearing under his breath in Japanese about international portkeys and why someone really needed to come up with a better way to travel the large distances. It wasn't as if he could have just taken a plane since someone would have noticed; if nothing else the fangirls would have found out. Getting anything past the fans was becoming harder and harder so he had had no choice but to take Wizarding transportation.

He was quite happy living mostly in the Muggle world; it was fun and a lot more forward thinking than even Japanese Wizarding society, which was no where near as isolated as Britain's. The owl carrying an invitation to a Hogwarts reunion had been quite a surprise, but he wasn't about to refuse. He remembered his time at Hogwarts fondly even though he had only been there for two years for his N.E.W.T.s.. Translation charms were wonderful things and had allowed him to study as if he was a native; it was a shame he couldn't use them when doing Muggle things, but then he just had to do it the hard way.

When an invitation had arrived for a reunion for all alumni of Hogwarts for the last thirty years he had immediately accepted, in fact Megumi had made him accept. Hyde's family were purebloods where as Megumi's mother was a Muggle and her father was a Wizard and she had told him that he needed to go back and visit his roots. It had been a long time since he'd been in a purely Wizarding environment and no matter the indignity of landing on his behind when portkeying it felt good to be back. The magic in the air alone energised him with its intensity; being from magical creature stock up the genealogical line he was more sensitive to it than the average wizard.

He handed his wand to the official on duty who checked his credentials without even looking up and then he was heading towards the Apparition area. His luggage had been transported on ahead so he didn't need to worry about that, but once he had Apparated to Kings Cross it felt very strange walking back onto Platform 9 3/4 without a trunk dragging behind him. It wouldn't have been a proper reunion without arriving on the Hogwarts Express, but Hyde had to wonder how all the people on the platform were going to fit on the train. The

platform was literally swarming with witches and wizards and this time none of them were parents seeing their little darlings off to school.

Observing from the sidelines, Hyde thought that some may have been spouses, but not a huge number. Considering how insular the British Wizarding world had been before the second defeat of the Dark Lord most of those married to Hogwarts students were Hogwarts students themselves, at least looking around that's what Hyde had to conclude.

Chocolate frog cards were Hyde's deep dark secret; he had started collecting them during his stay at Hogwarts and he had never stopped, importing them from the UK whenever he had the chance. He had them at home in a secret room displayed in glass cases and when he saw a familiar face from one of the cards walk past he couldn't quite help the double take he did. He had missed the big names at Hogwarts being there between all the dramas of the Dark Lord the first time around and the second time around as well, but he, like the rest of the Wizarding world, had heard all about it. Several people he had called friends had died in the second round and he had briefly considered going back when he had heard about it, but he hadn't been sure what he could have done so he'd stayed out of it. Leaving then would have dropped the band right in it.

The familiar face belonged to Ronald Weasley one of the famous Hogwarts Trio, but the man looked only like his card in as much as Hyde could tell who he was. The figure in the card was usually grinning and waving, but the real life man seemed somewhat harassed. Weasley was so tall that to Hyde the man was virtually a giant and he was reminded of a Weasley he had known quite well at School. Bill Weasley had been a couple of years below Hyde, but they had both been interested in curse breaking and had become friends even though they had been in Gryffindor and Slytherin.

There were other red heads in the crowd, but Hyde could not make out any of them from where he was; sometimes it sucked to be so short. The crowd had opened around Weasley as he walked across the platform so Hyde decided to take his chance and moved into the space that had been made. He wondered idly if the people realised the awe in which they seemed to hold the friends of Harry Potter, but he did not give it much thought since he was more interested in making the train without being crushed.

By the time he made it close to the express his fingers were itching to pull out his wand and hex people. Everyone had been terribly polite when they had noticed they were stepping on him as the crowd had closed back in, but it had been most annoying. Even more aggravating had been the witch who had recognised him of all things and gone completely insane as far as Hyde was concerned. He had not expected to meet anyone here who knew who he was beyond being an ex-student, but he had underestimated the power of the internet for Muggleborns. It seemed there was at least one jrock fan in the alumni of Hogwarts and he just prayed it really was just the one.

He had chosen a rather conservative outfit for the journey, Muggle influenced, but Wizard made, and he wondered if he had worn more tradition robes if he would have passed unnoticed. There was definitely more Muggle influence on the platform than there had been in his day, but he stood out more than he would have liked.

As he sidestepped yet another Wizard who moved back from a group without seeming to even notice him, he managed to walk directly into someone. He almost swore loudly, but his polite upbringing made it to the forefront first and he

apologised before he even realised he was doing it. It didn't occur to him until after he'd done it that he'd spoken in Japanese not English since he hadn't bothered to activate the translation charms he was intending to make his life a whole lot easier at the actually reunion.

"Bloody hell," a voice said from way above him as he made sure he still had all his limbs, but the tone was not derogatory, "Hyde, is that you?"

Hyde looked up and it took him a moment since there were long scars across the man's face, but the earring and the hair filled in what was missing.

"Bichan?"

It was a nickname he had not spoken in years and one which had been a joke when he had first started working with the keen fourth year in the library, but it felt strangely like coming home as he spoke it. He found himself gathered into an almost suffocating hug before he could say anymore.

"By Merlin, you're a sight for sore eyes," Bill said as he finally released him, "I didn't think you'd be coming."

"Couldn't resist," Hyde replied, muttering the activation for the translation charm since he was pretty sure that talking to a Weasley he was going to need it.

He was sure there was a broad grin on his face, because seeing Bill brought the memories of all the good times floating to the surface, wiping away his earlier annoyance.

"Still short I see," Bill said with an answering grin; "never did find a charm to fix that then?"

Hyde gave his friend a succinct one finger salute which sent Bill into peals of laughter; the fact that Bill had mistaken him for a girl on their first meeting because of his height and slight build had been a source of amusement between them for a very long time. They exchanged letters from time to time, although nothing that could be called regular and usually they talked about curse breaking rather than their personal lives, and on every one Bill had referred to him as "Shorty". In fact Bill was one of the few people that could get away with it.

"Just because you're ridiculously tall," he said, affecting an air of disdain that even Gackt would have been proud of.

That made Bill laugh again and earned Hyde a pat on the back.

"God, it's like we're back at school," Bill said, clearly happy, "you have to come and meet the rest of the gang. The Weasleys are attending this thing en masse and we're dragging our friends with us. Unless you have plans that is."

"My only plan is not being stepped on," Hyde admitted with a rueful grin.

"It is a bit of a m el e out here isn't it?" Bill agreed, glancing around the platform. "I'm not sure Professor McGonagall expected this many people to say yes to the invitation."

Hyde gave a non-committal shrug; when he had known the woman Professor McGonagall had been the type to be prepared for anything. It did occur to him to

wonder where they were all going to be sleeping at Hogwarts though since the reunion was two days long.

The crowd was closing in again and Hyde was beginning to feel like he was at a concert where the audience was about to rush the stage.

"How's your dignity?" Bill asked as Hyde eyed the people around him and considered several jinxes.

That was an odd question and he gave Bill a frown for his trouble.

"Well I have an idea," Bill said with another grin, "but if you want a dignified entrance it's not going to work."

"I'm listening," Hyde replied, not sure where this was going and remembering the Weasley sense of humour warily.

"Remember that book that got away from us in the restricted section," Bill asked, turning to the side, "the one that could fly, and how we caught it?"

That was not an easy memory to forget; Madame Pince had almost banned them from the library because of that one and Hyde remembered it clearly. It also became obvious what Bill was suggesting.

"What the hell," he said, throwing caution to the wind, "you only live once."

With the agreement Bill turned away completely and with a whoop Hyde leapt onto his friend's back. Bill didn't react as if he weighed anything at all as he wrapped his legs around his old friend's waist and held on to Bill's shoulders. Arms looped around his legs to hold him in place and then they were off.

Two crazy wizards seemed to make people part ways just as well as awe since the sea moved out of their path quite rapidly. From on Bill's back Hyde could see much more than lost in the crowds and the congregation of redheads, near the train, towards the end of the platform was easy to spot. With Bill trotting along like he was born to be a pack horse it didn't take them long to get there and they were both laughing when they made it into the space that mysteriously existed around the group they were heading to.

Hyde almost felt embarrassed when lots of eyes all looked at him and Bill, but he was having far too much fun retreating to childhood to really care. Every single person in the group was looking at them.

"Going to introduce us, Bill?"

Since the man asking had exactly the same face as the one standing next to him, Hyde had to assume it was one of the twins whom he'd heard a great deal about, but never met.

The only one of Bill's family he knew was Charlie and they had only seen each other in passing.

"Everyone, this is Hyde," Bill said as Hyde slipped down from his vantage point, "Hyde, this is everyone."

"Thanks, Bichan," Hyde said in his best sarcastic tone, "that really helps."

"The Hyde?" the other one of the twins seemed to find this fact fascinating. "As in the Slytherin who broke you out of one of Filch's detentions by declaring his intention to court you that very moment under the magical creature laws?"

Hyde looked at Bill in surprise; when they had pulled that one Bill had sworn him to secrecy as he died of embarrassment.

"I would have carried that secret to my grave," he said with mock seriousness, "and you told people."

He had needed Bill for a piece of research they were doing and using his creature heritage had been the only thing he had been able to think of off the top of his head. Bill had let him give him a hicky for authenticity, but their relationship had never been anything but platonic.

"I got over my bashful stage," Bill replied with an unrepentant grin. "My wife thought it was hilarious when I told her; she's part Veela."

"Hello, Hyde, I'm Hermione," the young woman with bushy hair seemed to have taken pity on him; not that she needed to introduce herself since Hyde knew exactly who she was, "don't mind the barbarians; it's nice to meet you."

"Thank you," Hyde replied politely and gave a small bow, "it's nice to meet you too."

"So are you a curse breaker like Bill?" one of the twins asked dragging his attention away again.

Bill laughed at that as if he found it hilarious.

"He's too short," his friend said and Hyde hit him on the arm with the back of his hand.

"I can kick your ass any day," and gave Bill a shove to prove his point; he might have been small but having Yokai in the family tree meant he was a hell of a lot stronger than he looked.

"Don't mind my oaf of a brother," said the only red headed woman in the group, "only the idiots in the family got the tall gene. I'm Ginny. So what do you do?"

Hyde smiled at her, but he wasn't sure what to say; rock star sounded a little silly in current company.

"I'm a musician," was the reply he eventually chose. "I rebelled and went Muggle."

Which was mostly the truth; when he'd returned to Japan with every intention of becoming a curse breaker his parents had announced that they had a nice girl set up for him to marry so he'd run off and joined a band instead. His only Muggle skills had been music and art so he'd gone for the first since his parents were well known in Japanese Wizarding society. It wasn't unusual for families to arrange marriages, especially those with magical creature traits who wanted to preserve them in the line and Hyde had been having none of it.

"What he means is he's a rock star," Bill said, surprising him again for a moment, but then he realised that he had kept up with Bill's career on odd occasions as well.

"Shouldn't we be getting on the train?" he asked in attempt to shift the focus away from himself and onto something else.

"We're just waiting for Harry and Draco," Ginny said with a smile as if she recognised the diversionary tactics; "they always turn up at the last minute."

"Can you blame them," Ron said from behind his wife, "with the way Harry always gets mobbed?"

Hyde could sympathise with the rather protective tone in Bill's younger brother's voice; he knew all about crowds of fans, some of whom were less well balanced than others. He could only imagine what it must be like to be a hero as well as famous.

"We're here," said a disembodied voice from somewhere to the left and two people appeared out of nowhere.

Of course nowhere in the Wizarding world was probably an invisibility cloak of some description, but Hyde was too busy trying not to look like a ridiculous fanboy as he finally laid eyes on two of the most famous wizards in the world to really worry about how the pair had arrived. They were both dressed casually somewhere between Muggle style and Wizarding fashion, but there was just something about them that made Hyde look. He found himself with the crazy desire to reach out and touch which he squashed ruthlessly and told himself not to be so stupid.

"Let's board and find some compartments," it was Potter who spoke and no one even looked like they were about to argue, "Minerva said the train's charmed to be longer than usual, but I'd rather be at the front so we can get to the carriages quickly in Hogsmeade."

The Weasley clan plus spouses and friends all turned to the express and Hyde just followed along.

"Harry, Draco," Bill said as they waited for their turn to board, "this is Hyde, a friend from my school days. Hyde, Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy."

"I kind of gathered that," Hyde replied with a grin, and nodded in greeting to the other two men.

"You have backup against the Gryffindor menace now, Draco," Bill said cheerfully as he indicated Hyde should climb onto the train in front of him, "Hyde was maintaining Slytherin superiority amongst the lions way back in my day."

"Not a difficult task," Hyde quipped back as he mounted the steps up into the carriage, but when he glanced behind him he found that he was the subject of an intense stare from Malfoy rather than the smile he had hoped to see.

He felt a shiver run down his spine and he walked into the carriage corridor without further comment. Malfoy did not seem to like him that much, but then being as famous as Potter and Malfoy were they probably had to be very careful and Hyde couldn't really begrudge them that. He considered wandering down the train to see if he could find any other school friends and leave the group to their privacy, but Bill all but dragged him into a compartment and he found himself sitting with the Wizarding world's elite. This was turning out to be a far more interesting trip than he had expected.

Hyde could not help continually glancing over at where Potter and Malfoy were sitting quietly side by side while the Weasleys in the compartment held a lively debate about Quidditch teams. Ron had insisted that it was tradition and Bill had taken up the gauntlet along with the one twin who was sharing their compartment. There was something that kept attracting his attention and it was beginning to drive him crazy. The problem was, over the last half an hour since the train had left the station he had begun to develop a sinking feeling that he knew what the something was.

The fact that his particular demon ancestry had meinaishujin tendencies meant that he was a very sexual being. It also meant that there were certain people in the world he was highly compatible with, which was one of the reasons he had taken to Megumi almost instantly. The beautifully orchestrated TV appearance had not actually been set up by the show, but by his parents who had still been trying to marry him off. The moment he'd met Megumi his hormones had fallen in love and if the truth be told, it hadn't taken the rest of him long to follow.

He had a nasty feeling he was experiencing something similar now, not that it would ever be anything like he had with Megumi, because he was mated to her, but something was definitely going on. His shoulder blades were itching and that only happened when his demon heritage was in play. What the whole world thought was a tattoo on his back was in fact an indication that he was sexually mature and had found and accepted a mate. If he had been a full demon he would have had real wings, as it was he had the nice reminder and they had appeared shortly after he had started seeing Megumi.

The only other person who had ever made his wings itch was Gackt and he'd practically jumped his friend on their second meeting. Megumi knew what he was and accepted that on very rare occasions there might be times his hormones took over and she had basically told him it was okay as long as he was honest about it with her. A side effect of being mated was that he could not lie to her even if he wanted to, which was one of the reasons he'd been running as fast as possible away from his parents' choices of prospective partners, but he had never found that he even wanted to once they were together so it wasn't a problem. She had found the first incident with Gackt hilarious when he explained that they'd ended up in a storage closet.

What was even more annoying was he couldn't tell which of the men was setting him off. He was really beginning to regret sitting in the compartment as the itching spread down his spine and he found himself looking at the two men again. Sooner or later one of them was going to notice and then he had no idea what would happen because it had already been made very clear that both disliked attention.

He crossed his legs and thanked the impulse that had made him choose a long jacket as he flicked it over his lap to hide what would otherwise shortly be a very embarrassing hard on. So far that was his only obvious physical reaction and he begged the universe not to be doing this to him. The shots of arousal were becoming increasingly distracting as they ran through him and he kept willing his hormones to calm down.

The first time he'd met Gackt he'd had the same problem, but he'd managed to hold it off; this time he was having more trouble. He ripped his eyes away from the pair and stared through the glass in the compartment door and began reading the sign about no magic in the corridors. It was a very boring sign and he thought

he might have gained a hold on his raging hormones as he repeated it over in his head for the sixth time, but then he made the mistake of turning back into the carriage.

His gaze met green eyes and then grey and his whole body exploded with sensation. There was no gap between impulse and action and he found himself standing before he caught himself.

"Need some air," he said, before he could do anything completely ridiculous and then he fled.

He didn't stop moving until he was at the other end of the train and then he opened the slide down window and gasped in the fresh air. His mind was spinning and his body was demanding that he head straight back the way he had come to settle this once and for all. The moment he had met both sets of eyes he had known why he was having such a problem; it wasn't one of them that was setting him off, it was both. There was something about the couple that meant he was reacting to them as if they were one, but it was a double whammy.

After a few deep breaths he managed to calm himself enough so that he wasn't about to charge back up the train, but he was all too aware he needed a release or he was going to do something stupid. His eyes fell on the toilet door and he reached for it without hesitating. Once inside he locked the door and cast a locking charm just to make sure before unzipping his pants and pushing them down.

He sank down onto the seat as he wrapped his fingers around his hard cock, fingering the head as he leant back against the wall. It was heaven and he moaned loudly before he remembered that anyone could come along outside the door. He considered putting up a muffling charm, but he did not want to stop and the idea that someone might hear was more of a turn on than a deterrent.

The need for release was thrumming through his veins so loudly that he could focus on nothing else and he stroked himself, completely caught in the act. He was a sensual being at his centre and he let himself fall into the sensations running through his body.

It would have been easy to speed up his hand and spill his seed quickly, but he knew himself far too well to be satisfied with that. He wanted the anticipation as much as the completion; needed it to satisfy the part of him that was raging out of control and he worked his cock slowly and firmly, stilling and refusing himself orgasm when he came too close to the edge. His demon side wanted the payoff, but too quickly and he knew he would just keep wanting and he needed to rebalance himself.

He could feel the pressure building, feel his body tensing in anticipation and he held himself on the edge as long as he dared. Teasing himself too much could also be problematic since his magic had reacted on more than one occasion, but he knew where the line was. In his mind he could almost see where that point was and as he felt himself coming too close to it he finally sped up his hand and reached for what he had been denying himself.

It started at the core of him and moved down through his cock and he came, his body rocked by shudders from head to toe. He had no control at all as his physical form gave in to the ultimate release and all he could do was gasp his completion to the tiny room. For a long few minutes he did not even have the

energy to move and it was only a tap on the door that finally made him shift position.

"Is anyone in there?" an unfamiliar voice asked rather tentatively.

"Just a minute," Hyde replied, quickly washing his hands and then using his wand to clean up.

It took him a couple of seconds to put himself back together and then he washed his hands again for good measure before unlocking the door and stepping out. He gave the woman waiting a slight smile and then stepped out of her way. From the look she gave him he had to wonder how long she had been there, but he wandered down the corridor feeling content never the less.

Hyde stayed away for a little over an hour, using the time to calm himself down and bring into play strict controls on his libido that he hadn't had to employ since he had met Megumi. Only when he was sure he was in complete control did he venture back towards the carriage where he had left the others.

As he opened the door he found himself the centre of attention and he entered quickly, taking his seat again.

"Okay there, Hyde?" Bill asked from his seat on the other side of the carriage.

Hyde nodded and tried to look relaxed, but it was quite difficult to maintain his calm with the objects of his lust sitting opposite him.

"International portkeys make me queasy," he said having long since thought up an excuse, "guess the train set me off again. Sorry about the abrupt departure."

"Oh you should have said," Hermione spoke up immediately in a sympathetic tone, "Ellie has the same trouble with flooing and I always carry anti-nausea potions with me."

Hyde had to assume that Ellie was Ron and Hermione's daughter that he had heard mentioned once before his sharp exit. Hermione was already reaching into her bag and Hyde could see foul tasting potions in his future if he didn't do something about it.

"Thanks," he said quickly, "but I think the fresh air worked. Can I come back to you if it returns?"

"Of course," Hermione said with a bright smile that made him feel a little guilty about lying, "but promise me you won't suffer in silence next time."

Hyde gave her his best smile in return and made a small cross heart gesture which seemed to satisfy the young witch.

"I hate portkeys too," he was surprised to find Potter talking to him directly for the first time and he did his best to hide any awkwardness. "Are you sure you're okay, you look pale?"

"Not unusual for me," he replied, trying to make it into a joke, "it's the Yokai blood. My wife has been trying to do something about it for years, but I always end up competing for palest with the local ghost again no matter what she does."

"You're married?" Malfoy spoke for the first time and sounded surprised.

Hyde nodded and could not help thinking there was something significant about this conversation.

"Since two thousand," he replied, not sure why he was revealing details, but finding he wanted to. "My parents wanted me married as soon as I left Hogwarts, but I avoided it until they set me up with Megumi. Then I discovered that maybe they knew what they were talking about and had very good taste. Actually it was a bit like being hit on the head with a brick."

That caused a titter of laughter around the carriage, but Malfoy was still studying him carefully.

"So you have enough magical creature blood to be mated?" it was rather a personal question from the only other Slytherin in the compartment, but Hyde found himself nodding anyway.

At his answer he actually saw some of the tension leave Malfoy and his eyes flicked between the Slytherin and Potter. Something began to occur to him and the reason for his major problems became ridiculously clear. He was looking at a mated pair and he would have put money on the fact that Malfoy was Veela or something very similar. It was strange that he had not heard anything about the family since those with creature blood in their line were usually very open about it. It usually increased magical proficiency so the fact that the Malfoy's appeared to keep it hidden was a conundrum he didn't have enough pieces to solve.

The fact that Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter had come out the end of the war a couple had been big news all over the Wizarding world, but it had never been revealed how they ended up together. There had been some outlandish theories, but never an expose with the pair themselves. Hyde had the feeling a lot had occurred that no one but Potter and Malfoy and their friends knew.

What he couldn't understand was how, if it was the mating drive that had drawn them together, they had not paired up when they were at school. If the instincts had been strong enough to get over the legendary animosity between the two then it should have kicked in earlier than it obviously had. It also explained why Malfoy had been so tense around him; the other Wizard had probably sensed his problem and viewed him as a threat. Since he was mated he was no longer a rival like that which was why Malfoy had relaxed.

The atmosphere in the compartment suddenly felt a lot less tense, at least to Hyde it did.

The rest of the journey was uneventful; Hyde managed to keep himself firmly under control and as far as he could work out he had been the reason Potter and Malfoy had been uncommunicative, because both entered into the conversation after cards had been laid on the table. Piling off the train was similar to climbing onto it and Hyde stuck with Bill because he really didn't fancy hexing anyone before they even reached the castle.

Looking out the window of the carriage he, Bill, Ron and Hermione had co-opted, Hogwarts looked just how he remembered it, even though he knew a large part of it had been destroyed in the final battle with the Dark Lord. However it had been put back together, it had been done so no one could tell the difference.

"It's amazing isn't it," Bill said from beside him.

"The constant of Hogwarts," Hyde replied without taking his eyes off the castle.

There were many magical schools around the world, but Hogwarts was one of the oldest and was possibly the most famous. It had stood as a bastion of the light for so many years that it was known wherever there were wizards.

"They finally finished the last repairs this spring," Bill told him with a fond smile, "which is why Professor McGonagall decided to have the reunion now. Don't expect to get away without dipping your hand into your bank account."

Hyde laughed; he had always wondered if there wasn't something Slytherin about Minerva McGonagall. Using the reunion as a fundraiser was a plot that was a very nice cross between Gryffindor and Slytherin.

"I brought my credit card," he replied cheerfully as his eyes wandered over to the Quidditch pitch.

It occurred to him after a second that the reference might have been lost on pureblood wizards, but when he looked back into the carriage no one seemed confused.

The trip to the castle was not too long and soon they were disembarking in front of the main doors of Hogwarts. Hyde was so caught up in the nostalgia that he went to straighten robes he wasn't wearing and caught himself with a rueful shake of his head. There were four tables in front of the doors each with a house crest floating above it.

"Well I guess this is where we part ways for a while," Hyde said as he realised Gryffindor and Slytherin were on opposite sides of the area.

"Looks like it," Bill agreed.

"See you later then, Bichan," Hyde said as he watched other Slytherins forming an orderly queue. "Try not to get into any trouble before the party."

Bill laughed at that, but did not deny that Gryffindors were very good at finding anything interesting lurking in dark corners.

"See you, Hyde," Bill replied and gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder.

Walking over to the line of Slytherins Hyde took his time to look around and soak up the atmosphere of the place. He had always liked the feel of Hogwarts and coming back felt like putting on an old pair of jeans that fitted so well there was nothing more comfortable. He supposed he had been one of the lucky ones who had seen Hogwarts in a time of complete peace and he was glad the castle would be here for more generations.

He remembered Snape from his years at Hogwarts, but as he watched the wizard who was greeting the past Slytherins there was something very different about the man. Hyde was not sure what he had expected, but it was not quite what he found. The story of how Severus Snape had killed Albus Dumbledore because of a wizard's oath the ex-Headmaster had required of his spy was almost as well known as the story of Harry Potter's defeat of Voldemort, and Hyde had expected to see a reflection of that.

Snape, however, was not even how he remembered him, let alone twisted by the events of the war. Hyde remembered Snape as a cold man who did not smile and was fair to his Slytherins, but could turn at any moment; the Snape in front of him seemed to have thawed. The Head of Slytherin was not wearing black, but rather dark green and his hair had a liberal sprinkling of grey, but his face looked younger. After thinking about it as he waited, Hyde could come to only one conclusion; Snape looked like a man who had been released from years of imprisonment. When Snape looked up with an almost pleasant expression as he reached the front of the line he was sure hell had frozen over.

He handed over his invitation, but his head of house already had an envelope in his hands; it seemed Snape knew who he was.

"Welcome back, Mr Takarai," Snape said and passed over the envelope, "I see you are still consorting with Gryffindors."

"They're much more fun to play with, Professor," Hyde replied with a slight smile.

He could have sworn that caused Snape's eyes to twinkle with mirth, but Hyde's logical brain immediately told him that was impossible. He accepted the envelope and moved out of the way so the next person could come under Snape's eye; it was the weirdest feeling to have one of your constants in life suddenly change.

Inside the envelope were a map and a set of instructions which he began to read as he headed up the stairs to the door. It seemed that for the weekend Hogwarts had gone from being a school to being a hotel; if he remembered rightly the room that was marked as his had been part of the charms class room in his day. Keeping tight hold of the map he decided to do his best to try and find it without getting lost.

Hyde inspected himself in the mirror and even if he did say so himself was pleased with the result. For the party he'd chosen one of his more interesting outfits with a long flowing black coat that had lots of odd layers, a bright white poet's style shirt and black leather trousers. It wasn't as flamboyant as some of the things he wore at home, but it was close enough to robes to impress Wizards and individual enough to fulfil his sense of style.

The silver accessories were still on the bedside table and he picked them up one by one and put them on. Rings, necklace and belt chain went on easily and then he took one last look in the mirror before heading for the door. The moment he walked over the threshold he felt Flitwick's charm, which the instructions had mentioned, come into effect and he looked down to see a very tasteful silver Slytherin crest on his coat, matching his outfit perfectly.

Every room in the castle apart from the Great Hall had to be in use as a bedroom, Hyde was sure. It must have taken some seriously clever charms work to change classrooms into places to stay, but Hyde had always known Hogwarts harboured some of the best minds in the Wizarding world; that was why his parents had sent him here for his N.E.W.T.s.

He nodded to several people he recognised as he made his way into the Great Hall, but he didn't see anyone he could name. He had always been shy of people he didn't know and coming in to Hogwarts at sixth year meant he had made a couple of very good friends, but he had basically avoided everyone else. He knew people vaguely, but he had nothing to really remember them and he did not feel like trying to get to know any of them now.

Arriving early so he could assess everyone else as they came in was not a plan he was allowed to execute very often, but he was on his own here and so he ensconced himself in a corner to watch the other alumni arrive.

He spent a good twenty minutes mentally critiquing the outfits of those entering the hall and the lowest so far was minus two for a truly hideous purple contraption that the dear woman wearing it should have used as a lampshade not a dress. He really had to wonder at times about Wizarding fashion.

It was just as he was beginning to get bored of the game of 'assassinate the dress sense of fellow alumni', when the Twins made a spectacular entrance. What made it quite so entertaining was the fact that they were being chased by their sister who was casting curses after them like there was no tomorrow. Ginny was wearing a beautiful green gown, but at that moment her hair was every shade of the rainbow.

"Come here, brothers mine," she challenged as the twins did their best to find things to hide behind, "stop hiding and I'll make my revenge quick."

"It'll wear off," one twin said.

"In ten minutes, we," the other continued.

"Swear," the first finished.

All Hyde could do was laugh at the look on Ginny's face; the twins were so completely dead.

"Misters and Miss Weasley," a loud voice boomed from the back of the hall and Hyde was impressed by Snape's volume, "if you would be so kind as to hex each other to oblivion outside the main hall, thank you."

Ginny gave Snape a very interesting grin.

"Whatever you say, Professor," she said in a tone worthy of the most cunning Slytherin and then she turned on her heel and marched out the way she had come.

The twins appeared out from behind the people they had chosen as human shields and both of them looked sceptically at the door.

"Gentlemen," Snape said, clearly relishing his authority in a way that made Hyde want to laugh out loud.

"But, Professor," one of the twins said.

"You know she's waiting for us," the other finished.

"And you should have thought of that before you chose to interfere with a woman's hair," Snape replied, totally unsympathetic.

The twins looked hopefully at the staff door and Snape just pointed to the main doors. Hyde did begin laughing out loud when the twins walked to their doom and the first thing that could be heard as they exited were loud shouts of surprise.

As it was, the pair reappeared fifteen minutes later and one had lurid green hair so long that he was tripping over it, and the other was wearing a skirt and high heels. They appeared to be in good humour about the whole thing and even gave Ginny a small bow when she entered, hair completely back to normal, but Hyde decided to stay out of their way until he was sure the fallout was over.

It was shortly after that when his evening began to go down hill; if the quiet whispering hadn't been enough to tell him who had arrived then the itching over his shoulder blades would have done. He couldn't help admiring the pair even if he knew he should have been distracting himself. Potter was wearing a long black frock coat, black breeches, knee high leather boots and a deep green silk shirt; his hair looked like it had taken hours to style and he'd exchange his telltale glasses for what Hyde assumed was a temporary charm since Potter appeared to be able to see. Malfoy was in a similar outfit, but his breeches were cream, his boots brown and his shirt white, and he wore his hair in traditional pureblood style; long and free flowing.

They were gorgeous; there was no other way of putting it and Hyde could not take his eyes off them. It was also clear they were practiced in the art of socialising because they passed a few words and immediately split to say good evening to several people in the room.

After being polite for a few minutes he watched as Malfoy headed towards the refreshments and he found himself wondering what the arse under the frock coat actually looked like.

Hyde told himself to walk in the opposite direction and not go near Potter or Malfoy, but his feet seemed to have different ideas to his brain. He ended up standing behind Malfoy at the drinks table and remaining at arm's length was about the best he could do.

"Good evening," he greeted, reaching past the other Slytherin to pick up a glass of champagne.

Malfoy gave him a very appraising look and finally nodded in greeting.

"Good evening," the other Slytherin replied politely.

Most of those who had arrived so far were milling around in other places in the room, so for now he and Malfoy were alone, so he decided now was probably the best time for a quiet conversation. It needed to be done to prevent any misunderstandings and Hyde thought earlier was better than later.

"Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?" he asked very quietly, taking a handful of the odd shaped pretzel type snacks that were beside the filled glasses.

Malfoy frowned at him without speaking for a while, but eventually nodded.

"If you must," was the terse reply.

"I apologise, but I think it would be best if we were clear on this," Hyde told his companion. "Are you Veela?"

Malfoy did not look pleased at all, but did give a sign of assent.

"Your family does not advertise the fact I take it," Hyde asked carefully.

"The Veela blood is so weak in the Malfoy line that there is no point in speaking of it," the younger man replied in little more than a whisper. "I am what I am because of Voldemort."

The finality of the last word was not lost on Hyde and he knew he would be given no more information on that point.

"And you are mated to Potter?" he wanted to be very sure of this.

"We were locked up together while I was unstable," Malfoy said tersely; "what Voldemort never expected was for us to be compatible. A joke on Voldemort's part ended up with us a bonded pair and free."

Malfoy was clearly uncomfortable with the topic of conversation, but seemed resigned to it.

"From your earlier attitude I can only assume you are aware that I had a reaction to the pair of you," it was the most delicate way he could think of putting it.

Another terse nod from Malfoy and a glance over to where Potter was standing talking to some people Hyde had not seen before.

"I wish to apologise for any tension I may have caused," he said carefully, "I was not expecting such a reaction and I regret my lack of control. It will not happen again."

Malfoy appeared surprised by that and the Slytherin's expression softened a little. Something seemed to have wound up Malfoy since Hyde had last seen him and Hyde was glad he had decided to speak to the younger man as Malfoy's demeanour changed. He found himself the centre of a very careful assessment and he stood there passively, understanding the instincts which were ruling Malfoy. Eventually Malfoy simply nodded.

"We are both victims of our heritage," the younger Slytherin finally said, "let's hope neither of us do anything stupid."

"I'll drink to that," Hyde replied and lifted his glass in a toast and then with a small nod he turned and walked away.

Now all he had to do was find something else to hold his attention until he could escape.

Hyde's wings were tingling like mad and he was ready to call it quits and return to his room by the time the light around the high table went up and the rest of the hall dimmed slightly. Professor McGonagall looked every inch the Headmistress as she stood on the raised dais decked out in regal green robes with a tartan sash.

"Welcome, alumni," she said with one of her rare smiles, "it is so nice to see so many faces that have not graced these halls for many years...."

Hyde tuned her out, he really wasn't in the mood for speeches and he began to carefully make his way towards the back of the room. What he really wanted was time alone to deal with the problem his leather pants were confining and his loose white shirt was hiding. There was only so long he could walk around with a hard on and ignore it, and he'd been doing just that for the last hour and a half. He

had the urges under control, but that didn't mean his body wasn't still reacting to the signals.

The Headmistress was reminiscing about Professor Dumbledore when he finally reached the door and Hyde didn't think there was a dry Hufflepuff eye in the house as he quietly exited the room. Nostalgia was all very well, but he didn't have the patience just at that moment. Being around Muggles so long he'd forgotten how stuffy some people in the Wizarding world could be and most of them had been far from the distraction he had needed. His own arousal had made him sensitive to others and he was positive that some of the ex-students had regressed to teenagers if the hormone levels were anything to go by and yet nothing even remotely interesting seemed to have been happening.

As he made a beeline for his room he did not expect the first person he bumped into to be Harry Potter, but it seemed his luck was not in at that moment. His mind had just started pondering what he was going to be doing the moment he had a locking charm on his door and it was really not the time for him to meet one of the objects of his ridiculous hormonal obsession. The shot of arousal that lanced all over his body coming to rest in a gentle throbbing at his groin and between his shoulder blades was enough to put him off his stride.

He felt his body react to the situation that little step further than it had on the train and the shadows around him sharpened as his demon traits rose closer to the surface. Blinking rapidly and leaning against the wall he tried to dispel the effect, but he knew he had to be looking at the world with red eyes and he only hoped that he didn't spook anyone.

"Are you okay?" Potter sounded genuinely concerned and Hyde looked up to find the man only a couple of feet away.

"Fine," he said in a tight voice as he reeled back in his wayward hormones, "but would you mind stepping back, please."

He felt like yelling something along the lines of 'Get the hell away from me,' but he wasn't sure how well that would go down. After all it wasn't as if the hero of the Wizarding world had done anything to him.

"Harry, where have you been?"

Hyde heard the other far too familiar voice and almost moaned as his hormones spiked for a second time.

"Fuck," was the word he actually chose to express his current feelings.

"Hyde?" Malfoy sounded a little tense.

Taking deep breaths was not a good idea, because the pheromones in the air really didn't need a faster way into his system, but it was that or hyperventilate, so Hyde just did his best to stay calm. The itch around his shoulder blades was more like a sting now and that was definitely not a good sign.

"Please go away," he said, making sure his eyes were resolutely on the floor.

"Harry, what's going on?"

Hyde could hear jealousy in Malfoy's tone which really did not bode well. The fact that the mental vision of a jealous Veela seemed to fuel rather than dampen his ardour was very bad news.

"Harry, why are you here with him?" Malfoy sounded just shy of irrational and that was enough to make Hyde make the mistake of looking up.

Malfoy's eyes were almost glinting with anger and Hyde lost it. Control vanished in an instant and he turned, grabbed Malfoy by the front of his robes and dragged the wizard into the most scorching kiss he could manage. Malfoy's initial reaction was an indignant squeak, but that was before magical creature pheromones hit magical creature pheromones like two high speeding trains and then Malfoy was wrapped around him as tightly as he was wrapped around Malfoy. Hyde didn't know who was winning in the battle of tongues, but he really didn't care. The entire reunion could have come marching round the corner and it still wouldn't have stopped him.

"Um, excuse me?" were the rather annoyed words that brought him back enough to actually pull partially away from Malfoy.

Harry Potter was standing glaring at them with his hands on his hips and Potter's temper had enough of a reputation even in Japan to make Hyde pause for at least a moment. He looked at Malfoy who's eyes were dilated with lust and who's lips were pouty and pink from being kissed and he knew he couldn't stop; not unless Potter hexed him into oblivion. From the look Malfoy was giving him, the part-Veela was a bit beyond walking away from this as well.

They shared a quick look and some sort of understanding passed between them in a way that Hyde was pretty sure only those at the mercy of their instincts would understand and then Malfoy was latching onto his neck and he was stretching out to grab Potter.

The Gryffindor felt even more startled by this turn of events than Malfoy had been as Hyde pulled him in for a kiss, but either his pheromones had a similar effect on Potter as they had on Malfoy or Potter simply gave in. Hyde couldn't tell because Harry Potter seemed to be one hundred percent human and therefore had no indicator as to whether it was instinct or simple lust that caused his actions.

The resulting three way kiss was mind blowing in its intensity, a little awkward in some of the combinations and ended up with Hyde flat against the wall as the other two pawed at him and each other. Clothes were definitely going to be shed at any moment and he had enough brain power to realise that the corridor just off the Great Hall was not a good place for this.

"Privacy," he just about managed to say before Malfoy covered his mouth again and literally sucked his tongue out of his control.

One of Potter's arms wound around him tighter than it had been and then there was a crack and suddenly they were no longer in the corridor. Even though most of his brain was residing below his waist at the moment, Hyde knew that what had just happened should have been impossible. He found that his shock gave him just a little control back.

"That's..." he began to say.

"Impossible," Malfoy interrupted him, clearly not overly interested in that part of events, "yes we know; Hogwarts and Harry have a unique relationship; the castle lets him do things other people can't."

Hyde decided to just accept it since it meant that he hadn't had to worry about gathering the brain power to walk anywhere, and the first available private place was not a broom closet and had an actual bed in it. He assumed they were in the couple's room and that was about as far as his rational brain managed to ponder before he found himself in the middle of a three way battle to remove clothes as fast as possible.

"Stop!"

It was Potter's commanding tone that brought the frenzy to a gasping halt and Hyde found himself half dressed and holding a shirt that was not his own. It was quite surprising how that one word seemed to have kick started his logical thoughts again as reality landed on him like a ton of bricks. The idea that he was with Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy; two of the most famous names in the Wizarding world, and he had been about to leap into bed with them made it into his head and he almost laughed. The whole thing was just a little to the left of normal.

What kept his laugh inside was quite how serious Potter appeared to be. Something important was obviously going on in the other man's head and whatever it was had given Potter enough will power to pull out of a tryst with two overdosing magical creatures, which was no mean feat. They were all dishevelled and partially dressed, but Potter had brought them to a halt before anything else could happen.

"Harry," Malfoy's tone was low and possessive, but Potter stopped his partner from doing anything by holding up a hand.

Hyde wasn't sure how long he could hold it together, but he did know he could make it out of the room if Potter chose to eject him. He wasn't sure what he'd do after that, possibly go and jump in the lake and attempt to drown his hormones, but he did know he could just about walk away. The next couple of days would not be much fun, but he'd figure that out if necessary.

"Do we really want to do this," Potter asked looking from Malfoy to Hyde and back again, "or are we just going to really regret it in the morning?"

Hyde's body screamed that of course they wanted to do this and he knew that he wouldn't feel guilty for himself, but he definitely did not want to wreck his companions' relationship. There were non-verbal messages passing between the two younger wizards and he did not even try to interpret them as he waited for them to come to some sort of agreement. When he found himself the subject of two intense gazes it was quite difficult to hold still.

"You're married," it took him a moment before it dawned on him that he seemed to be the issue here as Potter voiced what he appeared to be worried about.

It had never occurred to him that the reason Potter called a halt could have been him, Hyde had assumed it was something between Potter and Malfoy.

"She knows," he said with complete honesty; "it's happened before. Megumi understands. You?"

"Not the first time we've had a threesome," Potter admitted, "but it is the first time with a virtual stranger."

There was not a lot Hyde could say about that; it was true after all.

"Okay," he said, thinking as quickly as he could, "if I stab you in the back and sell the story to the WIZARDING newspapers, you can always sell it to the Muggle ones and get your own back."

Potter and Malfoy shared a look.

"Good enough for me," Malfoy finally gave his opinion on the matter and that just left Potter.

Green eyes bored into his and Hyde found himself almost hypnotised as for some reason he could not quite understand he held himself perfectly still. He felt as if his soul was on display as he looked into the gaze of possibly the most powerful man on the planet.

"If you want me to leave say now," Hyde said eventually as he felt his instincts rising over his logical thoughts again, "or you're going to have to stun me to stop me."

The noise that Malfoy made in the back of his throat at that disclosure did not help Hyde to hang on to his libido at all as it ran up his spine and caused his shoulders to twitch as if he had real wings. He did not lose all sense when his Yokai instincts took over, but no matter how well he could think he was almost a passenger in his own body.

Just when he thought he might break and do something Potter finally moved and it was to take the hem of the shirt that was still on the younger wizard's back, if barely. Hyde watched every muscle move as Potter slowly removed the material that was obscuring his body and Hyde found himself licking his lips. What Harry Potter had hidden beneath his robes was something to see indeed, and the low purring type noise coming from Malfoy was definitely indicating the part-Veela's approval as well.

Hyde looked over to Malfoy to check that he was not about to find himself on the wrong side of an angry Veela, but Malfoy seemed to have hold of himself and was watching to see what he would do. He took the offer for what it was and crossed the distance between himself and Potter as calmly as he could. The only thing more delicious to him than contact with a compatible being was the touch of his mate and Megumi was not here so he reached out to take what was before him.

The moment his fingers connected with Potter's chest he felt the tingling over his shoulders begin to spread and cover the rest of his skin. The Saviour of the WIZARDING world was a good head taller than him, but Hyde thought he was at a perfect height just then as he dragged his gaze over wonderful, chiselled flesh. He was following a subconscious map in his head now and he leaned forward to place a small kiss on the gently curving collar bone just in front of him.

He was so busy tasting the flesh under his lips that he did not realise where Malfoy was until he felt a body move in behind him. Bare flesh pressed up against his back and he drew back from his target, gasping as every muscle in his shoulders twitched. It occurred to one corner of his mind that he was surrounded by two much bigger men, both of whom were legendary in their magical strength and rather than making him nervous it made his cock throb with heat.

Usually he was dominant, always wanting to drive what was happening and having to pull himself back to allow his partner to take the lead if they wanted to, but when Po-Harry, he corrected himself, leant forward and covered his mouth for a kiss and Draco pulled him close from behind he let go and allowed the two taller men to control what was happening. Something about the combination of magical creature blood in the room was allowing him to remain docile, at least at the moment, and he enjoyed it as the two other men tasted him and learned his body with their hands.

He stayed passive, letting himself simply feel until Draco rubbed against him in a full body touch and the hardness against his side was unmistakable. It sparked excitement inside him and he finally began to move, running his hands behind him as he continued to kiss Harry, he found the fastenings of Draco's pants by blindly fumbling, but it didn't take him very long to figure out how to release the obstruction. Draco ran fingers through his hair, pulling his head back and away from Harry before leaning forward and kissing him himself as he twisted slightly and snaked one hand into Draco's pants.

Draco hummed into the kiss and Hyde moved his fingers a little to add to the stimulation he was providing. He felt Harry's hands feathering over his chest and then his own lower clothing was being loosened and he was also being manhandled. It was pleasant for a while, but the clothing was too restrictive and eventually he broke away from the kiss and eased himself free of the intimate touch with both his companions. It was time to really begin playing.

Hyde did not really care what he had to do or what he looked like or anything that might have interrupted the moment; all he was certain about was he wanted as much of the two men he was with as he could possibly get. He could feel the hunger for sex reverberating through his body and his Yokai genes were making themselves known in the most forceful way they could. He sank to his knees, unfastening and pulling Harry's tight breeches away from the very shapely hips and thighs beneath. It delighted him to find that Harry was wearing nothing beneath the skin tight clothes and he revealed a very healthy erection right where he wanted it.

Draco sank to the ground behind him, moving in close and running hands over his body as he simply surveyed the prize before him. Pulling down Harry's breeches as far as the boots would allow him, he looked up through long lashes to see Harry gazing down at him. The anticipation in the eyes he met flowed over him like a wave and like heat and he moved immediately.

Running his hands up the sides of the strong thighs in front of him he lent forward and just breathed on the head of the cock in his line of vision. The little moan from Harry told him just how sensitive the other wizard was at that moment and he flicked his tongue quickly out of his mouth, just making contact with the tip next to his face. He felt a quiver run through both of Harry's thighs, so he did it again and was rewarded by a breathy gasp.

Draco seemed to be doing his best to distract Hyde, but at that moment he was focused, and short of putting a hand back down his pants, there was not a lot Draco could do. His senses were full of the smell of sex and Hyde wanted to taste more than the briefest of contacts he had had so far. Leaning just that little bit more he ran his tongue down the salty slit as he opened his mouth and took the head of Harry's cock inside.

The quiver in Harry's thighs was very noticeable now, but the wizard stood firm as Hyde sucked as if the prize in his mouth was the finest of lollipops. The taste of Harry was sharp and slightly bitter and his mind catalogued it and filed the knowledge away, uniquely identifying the other wizard in a way he would never forget. He had had few lovers in his time, needing there to be at least a certain something about any he chose even before he was mated, and he knew each, male and female, by scent and taste.

He explored the flavour for a while, running his tongue everywhere he could reach as he moved his mouth over Harry's delicious cock and if the sounds he earned in return were anything to go by, Harry appeared to be enjoying the attention. By the time he felt that he was familiar enough with the intrusion in his mouth Harry was making little thrusting movements with his hips that Hyde was controlling with a firm grip on either side. He smiled slightly around Harry's erection and then he swallowed him whole.

"Christ!" was the instant response and then there were fingers tangling in his hair.

He may not have had many partners in his time, but Hyde liked to be good at anything he did and you didn't spend years as an on and off lover with Gackt without learning how to be very good at sex. It didn't hurt that his demon blood made him a very fast learner and he had perfected deep-throating a long time ago. Moving slowly he bobbed his head backwards and forwards taking Harry's dick as deep as he could with each forward move. The groans of pleasure urged him on and he was so completely absorbed in what he was doing that Draco barely impinged on his consciousness.

Only as he was pulling back so that he almost released Harry completely did Draco make himself known again and very forcefully as well. The first thing Hyde knew was a hand sliding into his open pants and then he was being pulled backwards by a gentle pressure over his groin and a firm arm around his chest. He heard Harry moan at the loss, but Draco was leaning over him and forcing his tongue into his mouth before he could do anything to appease the abandoned man.

There was something possessive and dominant about Draco and Hyde surrendered immediately, sharing the taste on his tongue with the man who had to know it so well already. This was partly about sensation and partly about Draco pointing out that Harry was his and Hyde did not try to fight it. He had no claim here and the demon in him acknowledged that Draco did.

When he was urged to his feet he went and only then did the blond Slytherin release him. By that time he was breathless and aching from the pure power he had felt from Draco and he so wanted more. His eyes ran down the length of Draco's body, lingering over the bulge in the part Veela's open breeches as he spied the other prize he had not yet tasted.

"You want it, strip," was the immediate response to his very unsubtle advance and the challenge made him grin.

His dominant nature was lurking just under the surface, but he rather liked the edge it gave the whole situation and he flicked his tongue at Draco in a little show of defiance. The part Veela's eyes flared for a moment and just before it went too far he reached down and pulled off one boot, quickly followed by the other. He lost about an inch in height as he divested himself of his footwear, but it was not

his height that was important anymore and he hooked his thumbs into the top of his pants.

Very slowly he pushed the material down, revealing that he too had worn an outfit that was not suitable for underwear. It was more a matter of peeling the leather off than just pushing it out of the way and he did his best to give Draco and Harry a show as he moved. From the way Draco was intently watching him he thought he was succeeding.

A look passed between his two companions, but he kept his focus on Draco who indicated the bed. Hyde was happy enough to comply, but he wanted his promised prize so he climbed onto the mattress on hands and knees. That seemed to please Draco more than anything and he was rewarded by the display of Draco removing the rest of his own clothes. The blond was beautiful in the nude, all long lean lines that reminded him somewhat of Gackt and was a wonderful contrast to the slightly more muscular frame of Harry. Neither of the English wizards were anything other than slender, but the Veela in Draco gave him a finer frame.

Draco moved to stand next to the edge of the bed and Hyde was quite happy to come to the edge and take what was on offer. Since he was using his arms to hold himself up he had much less control than with Harry and he suspected that was exactly what Draco wanted. He followed the same ritual as before, flicking his tongue out just for a moment of taste to begin with, but he did not have the luxury of as much time and he engulfed Draco's cock with his mouth quickly. The flavour lanced straight into his brain and etched itself onto his memory with incredible intensity and he explored it with his whole tongue.

Draco's fingers wound into his hair almost immediately and he was well aware who was in control of this moment. For now he was happy to comply and when the hands on his head urged him forward he opened his throat and swallowed the cock down. It was as he let his movements be guided in a gentle rhythm that he felt the bed dip behind him and then there were hands on his arse. Just for a moment he froze as his dominant side realised just how little control he had, but the fingers on his buttock began a slow motion that soothed his sudden unease.

He was urged into motion again by Draco, but the hands touching him had part of his attention now and he could not help pulling back slightly when he felt himself spread and something warm, wet and insistent pushed against his entrance. It took him a moment to realise that a tongue was playing with his arse and he moaned around the cock in his mouth. His cock throbbed so hard that it almost drowned him in sensation and he didn't care that he was at the mercy of the two men with him.

Harry and Draco seemed to know exactly what they were doing and a corner of Hyde's mind wondered if this is how they treated any they took to their bed, but most of him was too busy feeling and tasting to care. He was at the mercy of the tongue taking away coherent thought and the insistent thrusting into his mouth and he really didn't know what to do when both were taken away at the same time.

He moaned, head dropping as he was released, but wanting back the forceful intrusion even though his jaw was aching, and desperately needing something to replace the sensation that had been removed from his arse. When he felt a slick, warm cock pressed against his entrance he had no thought of resisting and he pushed back, eager for the penetration. His muscles had loosened against the

warm wetness of Harry's tongue, but not quite enough and he had to stop for a moment as his body signalled pain.

"Okay?" Harry asked, holding very still, for which Hyde was eternally grateful.

"Second," was about the only coherent thing he could manage to reply.

Willing his muscles to relax he pushed back a little more and this time there was the familiar burn, but no sharp pain. Easing back in a slow even move he sank onto Harry's cock and the other wizard grunted in pleasure. The almost purring sound was coming from Draco again and Hyde looked up to see that they were being watched very closely. If the way Draco was stroking himself was anything to go by the part Veela liked the view.

"Move ... please," Hyde said as he let his head fall again and by the way Harry went into motion immediately he had to assume that was exactly the right thing to have said.

Harry had used plenty of lube and the first couple of thrusts were less than comfortable, but Hyde found himself adjusting to the penetration very quickly. His body was after all designed for sex and he had yet to find something that he found impossible.

Draco gave them a minute or two to move together and then Hyde found his head being lifted again and his mouth urged open. It was the first time he had ever been taken from both ends and it took them all a few seconds to find a rhythm that was comfortable. He could not help but moan around the cock down his throat as Harry changed his angle and started hitting the sweet spot and he found himself losing touch with reality slightly as his body sank into the sensations running through it. Both Harry's and Draco's movements built until they both felt almost desperate and Hyde let his body be used; he could sense their need as if it was his own.

When Harry's arm snaked round his body and took hold of his cock it was too much and he could not stop himself coming almost as soon as he was touched. From the shuddering gasps that came from Harry the spasms in his arse had taken the other wizard by surprise and pushed him over as well so he sucked hard on Draco, determined that no one was going to miss this.

"Fuck," was the reaction from Draco, who clearly had not been expecting that and lost whatever battle he might have been having with control and shot his load down Hyde's throat.

All three of them collapsed onto the bed in a shuddering heap and Hyde closed his eyes, letting the delicious spasms spread through every muscle. Every nerve was alive and not even the awkward slide of Harry pulling out could take the pleasure down a notch and he lay there in a haze of ecstasy. There was nothing in the world quite like sex.

For a while he let himself relax, but he was in rather an odd position and eventually practicality had to overcome the after glow. He went to move and there was a grunt behind him and then there was a hand on his back, right over his left shoulder blade. He could not help the loud gasp as the contact sent erotic messages around his over sensitised body. The wings were his second most erogenous zone and Harry seemed to have just found that out purely by accident, but it was too late; his demon was interested again.

Hyde felt himself becoming hard again and he looked over his shoulder at where Harry was half propped up behind him. He did not even try and curb the lecherous smile he felt break onto his face; there was far more fun to be had yet.

Hyde woke up when he was tipped unceremoniously onto his side and he blinked blearily at the out of focus person who had just ousted him from sleep. It took a moment for his eyes to start working properly, but by the time they did he had already figured out that the dark haired person in front of him had to be Harry. The other wizard was peering at him myopically and appeared to be just as half awake as he was.

It was only then that it occurred to Hyde that he was in rather an awkward position and though his top half seemed to have twisted, his bottom half hadn't. He looked down the bed, or rather up it since it seemed he and Harry had been sleeping the wrong way up, and found there was a blond asleep across his legs.

"I feel like I drank a tanker of champagne last night," Harry said while Hyde tried to figure out how to extract his legs without doing Draco a mischief, "but I know for a fact I only had two glasses."

"Pheromones," Hyde said as he pulled at one of his pinned limbs as gently as he could; "with two of us producing them we're all probably going to be a little sore this morning. They would have pushed us a little further than we might normally have gone and I expect you're dehydrated."

Draco might not have looked heavy, but he was bigger than Hyde and the younger wizard was a dead weight; there was no easy way out of the current tangle.

"Would you mind helping," Hyde asked as he considered his options, "it's that or tip him on the floor."

He looked back to Harry to find a rather unsettling grin on his companion's face.

"After what he put me through last night before the party started," Harry said, seemingly relishing the moment, "you can tip him on the floor. The way he caved...I'll give him 'hormone induced haze of lust'."

It seemed that there had been an interesting conversation at some point the previous evening, but Hyde knew when not to dig too deeply.

"Jealous type?" he asked, although he knew the answer already.

"He would have been the jealous type without the Veela," Harry revealed, although Hyde did not fail to notice the loving glance the other Wizard sent his partner; "with it he can occasionally be a nightmare. I think a little payback is deserved."

Hyde just gave a little shrug of his shoulders and then put all his strength behind a flex of his legs. There was an unceremonious shout and then an audible thud as Draco hit the floor. The thud was followed by some inspired swearing, so much so that Hyde dragged himself to the side of the bed and looked over. After a moment, Harry joined him.

"Bastard," was Draco's succinct opinion.

"It was his idea," Hyde replied and indicated Harry without the slightest remorse; he hadn't been a Slytherin for nothing.

The fact that now he had moved he could feel exactly what he had been up to the night before did not incline him to being generous. At least the genie was back in the bottle and his hormones were back under control. He knew from experience that the urges would return if he were to remain around Draco or Harry for some time, but since he was going home soon that wouldn't be a problem.

He glanced around the room and noticed that the three of them had quite spectacularly trashed the place. There were clothes all over the furniture, one of the large wing back chairs near the fireplace was overturned and wherever Harry's and Draco's stuff had been before last night it was now on the floor. Hyde didn't remember being that destructive, but he suspected that parts of the previous evening were lost in the pheromone haze and would only be reappearing in his dreams.

"Oh god, ow," came from Harry's direction and Hyde looked round to see that his younger bed companion had tried to sit up properly. "I'm not sure what hurts more, my arse or my back. How the hell did I strain all the muscles down my right side?"

It seemed he wasn't the only one who was a bit sketchy on the details and he could not help snorting with laughter. That sent reverberations all over his body and he felt a few of his own muscles complaining again.

"I don't suppose either of you have any muscle relaxant potion?" he asked without holding out much hope; it was the type of thing most magical families kept at home, but it wasn't exactly what anyone would pack.

"I wish," Draco said, pulling himself up off the floor, "but I bet the Hospital Wing does."

The expression that came over the other Slytherin's face then was what Hyde could only describe as artful and it was aimed squarely at Harry.

"Hell no," was the immediate response.

"But Madam Pomfrey likes you," Draco said in a very sweet tone and he actually batted his eyelashes; Hyde was impressed.

"And what exactly do I tell her when she asks me why I want it and why I need three doses?" Harry did not look about to budge as Hyde glanced between the two.

This was a side of their relationship he had not seen and he was reminded scarily of how well Megumi had him round her little finger; he knew that Harry was going to cave sooner or later.

"You pulled something when dancing thanks to one of the Twins' pranks and thanks to your revenge the idiots are in a similar state," Draco said with a coy little smile.

Harry glared for a few seconds longer and then began climbing off the bed muttering under his breath something about bloody Slytherins. Hyde shared a look with Draco to express how impressed he was with his companion's handling of his partner as Harry climbed into some clothes and disappeared.

"Gryffindors are great once you have them trained properly," was Draco's only comment on the matter and then the blond climbed back onto the bed, stole most of the sheets and curled into a ball, clearly intent on going back to sleep.

The relaxant potion was doing its job, but Hyde was still a little sore as he quietly left Harry and Draco's room. He'd left the couple curled up together since Harry had returned from his mission blushing like a ripe tomato and Hyde had felt it was time to say goodbye. It was still early and he hoped to get back to his room before the castle was swarming with people. His clothes were dishevelled enough that it would be obvious that he had not been in his own bed all night.

Closing the door carefully so it didn't bang, he straightened his jacket and squirmed a little as his pants rode up on a sore spot. He hadn't felt like this since Gackt had decided to celebrate the wrapping of Moon Child by spiking his drink with something that was to Yokai what cat nip was to a roaming tom. Gackt was Muggle and only knew about magical things because the whole glowing red eyes had been a bit of a give away when Hyde had first accosted his fellow musician, and Gackt had not fully understood how potent the herb was. That had been an interesting night.

"Hyde?"

The voice that came from behind him made him almost jump out of his skin. His heart was thumping in his chest as he turned to find that he was not alone.

"Fuck, don't do that," he said pointedly, "you'll give me a heart attack."

What Bill was doing wandering Hogwarts this early in the morning Hyde had no idea, but it seemed he had been caught.

"Why are you coming out of Harry and Draco's room?" Bill asked with such innocence in his tone that Hyde almost laughed.

He thought it was quite obvious why he was coming out of the room, but trust a Gryffindor to think there could be another explanation.

"Take a guess, Bichan," he said, not even bothering to try and think up a plausible excuse.

Bill was not slow and the light dawned in an instant, and then Bill looked confused.

"I thought you were happily mated?" some sort of plot was obviously forming in the Gryffindor's head and Hyde knew he had to stop it.

"I am," he said with a roll of his eyes. "You're married to a Veela, Bichan, don't tell me Fleur has never had urges, most likely for other females."

The way Bill's face began to go a splendid red colour told Hyde all he needed to know about that.

"And took you with her by the looks of it," he teased as he found himself with the upper hand.

"So that's what was happening on the train yesterday," Bill was catching on fast, "no wonder you couldn't sit still, but Draco looked liked he wanted to kill you not shag you."

"He did," Hyde replied, not really wanting to talk about this, but knowing he had to or there would be misunderstandings, "if I was a free male I would have been a threat, since I'm not I wasn't and we were trying to avoid each other, but things got out of hand. Now if you don't mind I'm going to go and have a very long soak in the bath so I can sit down some time in the next week."

He knew he'd won when Bill's face cracked into a wide smile.

"Over did it a bit?" Bill asked in a totally unsympathetic manner.

"If Fleur ever reacts to another magical creature you'll know first hand, Bichan," Hyde said and gave his friend a suggestive eyebrow wiggle, then he turned back the way he had originally intended to go and began to walk.

Bill had the gall to laugh at him when his steps faltered and he had to adjust his stride, but turning around and hexing his old friend was just too much effort to be bothered with.

Hyde almost fell through the doorway of his home since he was so loaded down with gifts for his family. Possibly he had gone a little mad in Hogsmeade, but he liked to spoil those he loved and it wasn't as if there was a weight limit on portkeys like there was on aeroplanes. He was very glad of the charms on the packages as he promptly found himself with an arm full of Megumi and he managed to drop every thing in his hands.

"You're home," she squealed with delight, "I didn't think you would be back until this evening."

"Took an earlier portkey," he revealed and gave Megumi a quick kiss in greeting, "I missed you."

"I missed you too," Megumi said, pulling back, but clearly happy to have him home. "Did you bring me presents?"

"Of course," Hyde replied and produced a small box from his pocket with a flourish.

His beautiful wife took it as he offered it to her and smiled excitedly. He made it a rule to always bring her back something she could keep as well as the usual type of perishable gifts and he'd found this one in a small jewellers off the main street in Hogsmeade. The smile she settled on his face as Megumi carefully released the bow holding the box closed just would not go away; he loved to see his wife so happy.

When Megumi pulled out the pendant her expression was a perfect picture that Hyde immediately committed to memory.

"It's beautiful," she whispered almost reverently as the tiny silver snake glittered in the light.

"It also has a protection charm sealed into the metal," he explained as Megumi held it out so that he could help her put it on; "if you need me all you have to do is hold it and call my name."

"I love it," she said as soon as it was around her neck.

That was all Hyde needed to hear and he pulled Megumi close for a much more sensual kiss. The warmth of familiarity he felt in that small touch was almost enough to chase away the tiredness of the trip home.

"Where's our little one?" he asked, reluctantly pulling back from his lovely wife.

"With my mother," Megumi replied with an impish smile; "I wanted to welcome you back properly."

Hyde grinned back; he liked that idea, but of course there was one thing he had to get out of the way first. He was about to launch into an explanation when he saw Megumi's eyes fix on the side of his neck where he knew there was a rather impressive hicky, which rather scuppered his whole plan.

"Another reaction?" Megumi asked and Hyde was as surprised as ever that there was no accusation in her voice.

"That's one way of describing it," he admitted as he tried to catalogue the last couple of days in his head and failed.

"Any broom closets?" there was actually amusement in his wife's tone and he had to admit that Megumi had a warped sense of humour.

"No," he replied perfectly truthfully, "but only because Harry can Apparate in Hogwarts. I was almost stripped in a corridor."

The peal of laughter this produced from Megumi did a lot to ease the worry that had been lurking at the back of his mind. Having met two mated pairs in Britain he had seen that it was quite possible to include your partner in such adventures and he'd been considering the possibility that he was leaving Megumi out when he shouldn't be. The way things were done in Japan; the way his father had calmly sat him down and explained when he was old enough was all about keeping family and trysts separate, but that did not seem to be the way it was done in Europe and he was beginning to think his distant cousins had the better idea.

"Harry who?" Megumi asked as her laughter began to die.

"Potter," Hyde said before he'd really thought about it and Megumi's laughter stopped instantly.

She appeared rather shocked.

"Potter," she repeated slowly, "as in the Harry Potter; the one on your cards?"

He nodded; he was not about to try and lie or avoid the truth.

"And Draco Malfoy," he said with complete honesty; "they're a mated pair. We almost avoided it, but I managed to bump into Harry after the party. Things went from there."

Megumi was still staring at him as if he had two heads.

"What?" he asked, not sure how he had made this worse.

"They are both very good looking," were not quite the words he expected to hear.

It went without saying that Harry and Draco were easy on the eyes; if there was one thing he knew it was that his Yokai part had good taste. He just hadn't really expected Megumi to focus on it.

Megumi took him by the hand and led him towards the living room sofa.

"You must tell me everything," she said in a tone that begged no argument and he found that he was now the one doing the staring.

"Everything?" he asked in a rather strangled voice.

Megumi gave him a winning smile and patted the sofa next to where she had just sat down.

"Everything," she affirmed in a way that had his nether regions stirring.

It seemed his wife was kinkier than he had given her credit for and he sat down slowly. The mists in his mind that had hidden quite a few of the details of his encounter with Harry and Draco were slowly parting and he could only wonder at the power his lovely wife had over his demon half. He was so inviting Gackt over for dinner one of these days and letting his control slip to see what happened.

The End