

Salchows and Serendipity

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Warnings: vampires, explicit sex, rimming

Summary: When Harry realised his life was nothing that he wanted he reinvented himself, which is how he ended up in Vancouver on the British Winter Olympic team.

Author's Notes: I offer no excuses, my muses dragged me kicking and screaming into this fic and so here it is :). I hope you enjoy reading it. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Chapter 1 Of All the Luck

Harry was just twenty years old when he realised his life was anything but what he wanted it to be. His fame made it hard to go out and he had retreated to the life of a virtual hermit. He'd broken up with Ginny, because their every move seemed to be printed in the Prophet and it had put such a pressure on the relationship that it hadn't been able to last.

For a while there, stuck in his little flat, he had considered simply ending it all and letting the world go on without Harry James Potter, but he hadn't quite been able to bring himself to do it. It would have devastated his friends and surrogate family and he couldn't do that, not even when he found their love as stifling as the rest of the Wizarding world. Everyone saw the saviour, they did not see him and he could not cope with it anymore.

That was why he had decided to take drastic measures. Harry Potter was not going to die, but he was going to disappear, possibly for a long time. His childhood had been taken from him and Harry had heard of something that might be able to give it back. It was not legal and could possibly kill him, but given the alternatives he was willing to take the risk.

He had arranged all his finances and created a whole new identity ready to step into, which just left the spell ritual itself. It was part potion, part spell and part will. He was sitting, naked in a cast circle in his living room, a piece of parchment in one hand and a small bottle in the other. It was time to say goodbye to Harry Potter.

Lifting the parchment, he read the words over one more time; they were not English and they were not Latin, but he had learned them phonetically and he knew he could read it perfectly. The parchment was more of a security blanket than really necessary. Taking a deep breath, he spoke the first three words and felt the circle take up his magic.

Looking at the bottle he knew this was it, once he drank it there was no turning back and, feeling little more than a fraction of a second's regret, he downed it in one. It burned his throat and tasted foul, but he could feel it beginning to work instantly. The magic seeped into his cells and he spoke the last four words of the spell before his voice was taken away.

His whole body froze and he focused his mind on his eleven year old self. He knew how he wanted to be and he had to keep it right there at the front of his thoughts. For a moment it was as if his life had simply stopped, maybe it had, but then it was as if he was being crushed by an enormous force. It was as if a black hole had opened at the centre of his body and was sucking the rest of him in and he choked out a cry.

He had never felt anything so excruciating and he couldn't breathe. He could feel himself shrinking and changing and all he could do was force his mind onto the image of himself the day before he ever heard of Hogwarts. In the end everything went black and with consciousness went Harry Potter.

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When he had regressed himself to just under eleven Harry had never expected to end up where he was now. James Black had gone back to school in the Muggle world and pretended to be a normal little boy. When he needed parents he had hired some from a very discrete agency who didn't ask questions, but by the time he had hit fourteen that had been moot and he pretended to be an emancipated minor.

He had been twenty two in the body of a twelve year old when he had discovered ice skating and it was as close to flying as he had been able to get without pulling out his broom. Being hidden he had to be very careful about his interactions with the Wizarding world and so flying with anyone else was out.

With makeup to hide his scar, contact lenses instead of glasses and a cut and dye job on his hair to change it completely, he had entered his first competition at the physical age of thirteen and had never looked back. Now, in the body of a twenty year old and with the mind of a twenty-nine year old, he was actually at the Olympics. It was amazing and the only danger to his person was that which he and all the other skaters risked when they tried to pull off a quad jump. He did have a quad in his arsenal, but he wasn't about to use it in competition unless he wanted a fifty fifty chance of ending on his arse. This time he wasn't a medal contender, but he was doing well and he was enjoying life to the full. Being rampantly bi-sexual was one of the things he was really having fun with.

Reliving his teenage years with a much more mature mind had been an eye opening experience and he might have, possibly, started having sex at what looked like a rather young age. At fourteen, with his hormones going mental and an adult mind to help along his fantasies, he had leapt into sex with both feet. She had been seventeen and thought he was cute and had been very happy to pop his cherry for the second time, as it were. Then at fifteen he had discovered boys and he had realised he had discovered his second favourite thing next to skating.

He hadn't really believed it when his teammates who had been to the Olympics before had told him that getting laid in the Olympic village was about as easy as ordering lunch. Harry hadn't actually slept with anyone yet because he wanted his mind firmly on the competition, but he had been propositioned several times and he had every intention of taking someone up on an offer the moment his discipline was over. For now all he wanted to do was get in some practice and make sure that when he stepped onto the ice he didn't make a complete idiot of himself.

The first thing he had to do was find his way to the right rink and he was all turned around and had no idea where he was supposed to be. He had a map in his hand, his bag over his shoulder and he had about five minutes to find the right place before his coach would start yelling at him. He really didn't want that on his first day on the ice in Vancouver. The problem was, he was so intent on the map that he wasn't really looking where he was going and walked slap bang into someone.

"Oh shit, I'm so sorry," he said instantly, reaching out to grab the person he had almost knocked flying to steady them.

He still had Seeker reflexes and he was quick enough to not only stop the person falling, but the catch the sunglasses he had managed to dislodge off the person's face. It was only as he handed them back and finally actually looked at the man he had accidentally assaulted that his mouth went dry and his thoughts came to a grinding halt. Looking back at him was Johnny Weir.

Normally Harry didn't do star struck; he had spent so long as a child with people fawning over him that he refused to do it to others, but Johnny Weir was the exception to the rule. Johnny Weir was possibly the exception to every rule. Harry admired many skaters, but Johnny was his idol. The man strove for individuality and had a grace on the ice that Harry only dreamed of having.

"Sorry," he all but squeaked a second time and handed Johnny back his glasses.

"You said that already," Johnny said, smirking just a little and Harry was sure the other skater could see straight through him, "and no harm done. Nothing broken I don't think."

Then Johnny did an overdramatic check of himself as if to make sure and finally Harry stopped being terrified and couldn't help smiling. He had never met any of the big skaters from outside Europe before, since the Olympics was only his second big international competition, and he had no idea what to expect. Two years ago he had found himself a new coach and his skating had gone from 'don't give up you day job' to 'might actually have a chance' and he had kind of come from nowhere. If he knew anything it was that the press lied and so he had no idea which reputations were deserved and which weren't. He was just rearranging the ideas in his head about Johnny when his watch beeped.

"Oh shit," he said, looking at it; his coach was going to kill him.

"I know that look," Johnny said and rather surprised him, "you're about to be late and you're lost."

"That obvious?" Harry asked, feeling just a little helpless.

Johnny smiled at him.

"This place is a nightmare," Johnny replied in a very friendly tone, "where are you supposed to be."

Harry showed his companion on the map in his hand.

"You've gone right past it," was the instant conclusion. "Come on, I'll show you where it is, can't have the cute half of the English men's team going missing on his first day."

When Johnny slipped an arm through his and began to drag him in the right direction, Harry just went because he was honestly stunned. Not only was Johnny Weir helping him, but the man knew who he was. In fact he was so stunned that he made it through Johnny depositing him with his coach, deciding to call him Jimmy and inviting him to meet up later without noticing something that was very obvious when they did finally bump into each other again the following evening.

"Jimmy," he stopped when he heard his name being called and turned to find Johnny waving at him, "come and meet Tanith."

Since he had just come down after freshening up from his afternoon practice and was looking for something to do, Harry was more than happy to oblige. He smiled back at the other skater and walked across the room, accepting the double air kiss from Johnny as if he was continental rather than from uptight Britain. It was then that he noticed the collar around Johnny's neck; it was about half a centimetre wide, made of gold and silver and was really hard to look at. It didn't take a genius to realise there was a disillusionment charm on it, a very, very strong one. Harry looked away before he became cross-eyed trying to see what it was.

"Jimmy, Tanith, Tanith, Jimmy," Johnny introduced and Harry reached over to shake hands.

"James," he said sending a sidelong glance at Johnny, who just grinned back; he had no doubt Johnny would still continue to refer to him as Jimmy.

"Nice to meet you, James," Tanith said and smiled at him; "I do hope you haven't been letting Johnny bully you."

Johnny put his hand over his heart in mock shock and made Harry laugh.

"He saved me from the wrath of my coach," Harry replied with a grin, "I owe him my soul."

That made Tanith laugh and Johnny gave him a very interesting look; clearly they all knew about the wrath of coaches.

"Ooh," Johnny said and wiggled his eyebrows, "I might have to collect on that."

"Not until after the competition," Harry replied instantly and waggled his eyebrows back.

That made Tanith all but fall off her stall laughing.

"Your shy little Englishman isn't so shy," she said, still giggling.

"You have shattered all my illusions," Johnny wailed with true dramatic timing, "and I was thinking more of a slave to do all the fetching and carrying; with those lovely green eyes you'd go beautifully with my living room."

Harry couldn't help himself, he laughed again; he had never met anyone quite like Johnny.

"I'm not wearing an apron," he said and sat down on the nearest available stool.

He was absolutely sure they were flirting, but what he couldn't work out was whether it was serious flirting or just a game to fill in time. It was going to take a while to figure out and what he really wanted to do was make friends; he had so few and Johnny had gone from idol to really nice guy he would like to be friends with in his head. Of course the flirting was fun too, especially when, after a while chatting and just getting to know both Johnny and Tanith, he started to flirt with Tanith as well. Johnny turned it up a notch after that and Harry decided that maybe it was serious flirting, but of course they had the competition to worry about first.

For the next two days he threw himself into training and ignored everything else; he was, after all, a serious athlete. He was going to be ready for his event and he focused on it completely just like all the other competitors. It was only when he

dragged himself back towards his room after trying to make sure his triple triple would actually come off on the big day that he met Johnny again.

The first thing he noticed was that Johnny was looking very pale and although his friend smiled, there was something not quite right.

"You okay?" he asked without even bothering with a hello.

If Johnny was ill it could spell disaster for his Olympic bid and Harry wouldn't wish that on any of his opponents and especially not a friend.

"Of course," Johnny said, giving him a bright smile and seeming to light up, "why would you think not?"

There was something almost shiny about Johnny's eyes and Harry felt the hair on the back of his neck stand up. For the first time in a long time he almost reached for his wand that was strapped to the inside of his wrist and it was an instinct he had almost forgotten. Then Johnny's smile faded for a moment and the other man looked almost grey; Harry reached out without thinking about it and placed his hand under Johnny's arm. He could almost see the choker like band around Johnny's throat then and he thought he knew what it might be.

"Let's get you where you were going," he said quietly, "and then you can tell me what that necklace is all about."

Johnny looked startled, but didn't resist as Harry gently guided them both in the direction Johnny had been going. As he expected, Harry found that they were going to Johnny's room and he didn't bother waiting to be invited in, he just followed the other man in once they reached it. Tanith was actually there and stood up the moment she saw Johnny, quickly walking to his side and making him sit down on the nearest chair. Harry could tell that Tanith knew what was going on, but that wasn't so unexpected since they had mentioned they had been friends for a very long time.

"Thanks," Johnny said shortly, "you can go now."

It was a dismissal, but Harry was not about to obey it; he'd never really been a follower of instructions.

"Yeah right," he said and rolled up his sleeve to show his wrist holster, "what do you need?"

Both Tanith and Johnny looked shocked.

"I didn't know there were any wizarding competitors in the figure skating this year," Johnny said, clearly very startled.

"Yes, well I keep it very quiet," Harry said, very concerned with how pale Johnny was, "I left the wizarding world a long time ago and I don't plan on going back."

I'm registered and all my stuff has the correct charms to make sure I can't cheat, and I have a very well paid PR guy who makes sure no one finds out. Now, can I help?"

Johnny shook his head.

"Actually," Tanith said, "how are your shield charms?"

Johnny looked aghast.

"You're not looking very good, Johnny," Tanith said in explanation, "backup would be safer, besides which, Jim isn't blind."

Tanith had settled for calling him something between what most people called him and what Johnny called him in an attempt to keep the peace. However, he could see that Johnny was completely against whatever Tanith was thinking. However, it looked very much like his help was needed and Harry might have lived his childhood all over again, but he was still a Gryffindor.

"Okay, let's make this easier; I'll tell you a secret and you can tell me yours," he said making a split second decision. "I'm not twenty, in fact I'm almost thirty. I got to twenty the first time and hated my life so much I illegally regressed myself to eleven and reinvented myself."

He hadn't thought Johnny's face could look any more shocked, but he had been wrong.

"Wow," was what Johnny said.

"Yeah, well it was that or suicide," Harry said with a shrug, "and that would have been too much like giving up. So can I help now?"

For a second, Johnny looked at him and then blinked.

"I'm a vampire," Johnny said and he didn't look totally sure, but then Harry hadn't been completely sure either, "this necklace suppresses that part of me so I'm almost totally human while I wear it, only I need to feed and I've left it too long. I need to take it off and do what I need to do," he pointed at the tiny fridge next to the couch, "and Tanith's one of our magically challenged brethren," 'squib' Harry translated in his head, "but has been acting as my channel for the shields I put up to make sure I can't get out of hand. If I'd had my own room I'd have put them up permanently as soon as I got here, but the powers that be messed that up and we improvised."

It was short, to the point and explained everything, Harry pulled out his wand.

"k," he said with a nod, "shield charms I can do."

He had left the wizarding world behind, but he had not left the magic as well. Since he was an adult, even though he had been in a child's body, his magic had been unmonitored and so he had been free to practice what he liked. The little Slytherin part of him that he had come to realise had not been all Voldemort, was paranoid enough to make sure he kept up with his spells, just in case. It took him only a few moments to silently cast the shields.

He found both Tanith and Johnny watching him when he was done.

"I've never seen that done like that before," Tanith said and sounded amazed, "even my Dad can only cast simple stuff silently."

"Paranoid teachers," Harry said with a shrug.

Johnny seemed to have decided that shock was passé, because he took that at face value and reached up to take off his choker, which became properly visible as soon as he touched it. Harry could tell the moment the clasp was undone because Johnny paled even more and, as he watched, he saw the internal struggle in his friend. Johnny closed his eyes and breathed deeply, open mouth showing the hint of long fangs as he appeared to go through some mental routine. When Johnny opened his eyes again, Harry could see the red tint to them and it was more than obvious how hungry Johnny had to be.

"God I hate this thing," Johnny said and dropped it onto the table next to where he was sitting.

Harry could feel the hum of power in the room and he was pretty sure that Johnny was controlling himself very carefully.

"Won't be a minute," Johnny said as if he was talking about doing his hair or something and leant down to the small fridge.

He pulled out two things; a small decorative bottle with flowers on it and a straw, a long pink straw with hello kitty on it. The straw was quickly put in the top of the bottle and then Johnny downed the contents with a few sucks. If it hadn't been a hello kitty straw it might have been obscene and Harry was stuck somewhere between amused and aroused. Only Johnny Weir would drink blood through a pink straw.

"What were you expecting," Johnny asked with a perfectly innocent expression when he noticed Harry's amusement; "me sticking my fangs into a blood bag? I might get blood on the carpet and do you know how difficult it is to get that stuff out?"

That made Harry laugh.

"I've had to get it out of clothes a few times," he said, grinning back, "so I can empathise."

The colour was already returning to Johnny's face and he seemed a lot more relaxed now that the feeding was out of the way and Harry hadn't run away in disgust. Harry knew all about preconceived notions and how they affected people, so he was not about to judge Johnny.

"Do you want me to drop the charms now?" he asked, since the crisis seemed to be over.

He immediately saw Johnny's eyes go to the necklace sitting on the bed and his friend deflate a little.

"Or I can leave them as long as you want," he added, not wanting to force Johnny back into the necklace so soon.

"Would you mind?" Johnny asked, looking brighter, "just for a little while?"

Harry smiled and threw himself into a chair.

"My pleasure," he said with a smile, "as long as you don't mind being stuck with me and no one needs to go in or out."

Shield charms were tricky like that when they weren't anchored and had to allow access to more than one person.

"I think we can put up with you for a while," Tanith said and gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder. "Would you like something to drink, we have a ton of softdrinks stashed around here somewhere?"

"Do you have any water?" he asked, since he was still parched from training even though he had drunk about a gallon already.

"Be right back," Tanith said and disappeared into one of the bedrooms.

When Harry looked back at Johnny, his friend was playing idly with the necklace.

"You should only have to wear that for competition, shouldn't you?" he asked, going over the rules in his head. "Why do you wear it all the time?"

Vampires were quite capable of controlling themselves amongst humans, Harry had met more than one in his time, so he couldn't work out why Johnny would wear something he hated all of the time. Johnny looked at him a while clearly contemplating the question.

"Ask me again when we know each other better and I might tell you," Johnny told him eventually and Harry just nodded; that seemed fair.

"Mind if I ask how long you've been a vampire instead?" he asked with a small smile, not sure if he'd get an answer to that either.

This time Johnny smiled.

"Oh," Johnny said and did a diva pose, "I am one of the rare few; I was born this way."

After regressing Harry had discovered that his third favourite thing in the world was books and he had read a lot, so he had heard of born vampires, he had just never been sure if there were any around at the moment.

"That is rare," he replied with what he thought was due reverence and accepted the bottle of water with a thank you to Tanith as she came back in from the other room.

"Johnny's always been a special snowflake," Tanith said teasingly.

"Hey!" was Johnny's response and he pouted.

Harry had to shift in his seat; he rather liked the pout and the way Johnny looked at him he was sure the vampire knew exactly what physiological changes he was going through at that moment.

"One of my ancestors," Johnny said, waving his arm to indicate what Harry thought meant a long time ago, "was bitten while she was carrying her baby and her magic protected the child, but added vampire to the line. Every now and then in the family we breed true; lucky me."

"Oh I don't know," Harry said with a wicked grin, "I've heard things about vampires."

And they were back to the flirting.

"You probably haven't heard half of it," Johnny replied with an equally wicked smile.

"Oh god," Tanith said and shook her head; "I'm going to die of exposure to UST overload before the competition is over."

Johnny threw a cushion at her.

"So," Johnny said, rolling his eyes at his friend's antics, "are you going to tell us who you were before you were James Black?"

That was a question and a half, but Harry realised he should have expected it. He smiled a little, remembering back; somehow it didn't seem so overwhelming now.

"Ask me again when we know each other better and I might tell you," he said, sending Johnny's words right back at him and his friend accepted them with as much grace as he had.

For a moment there was silence.

"I've heard Ohno has finally gotten around to banging Celski," Johnny suddenly decided to re-launch the conversation, "anyone know if it's true?"

"It's about time," was Tanith's comment.

Clearly the US skaters knew things Harry didn't, so he settled in to find out all the gossip.

End of Part 1

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Chapter 2 Sex and Secrets

Harry spent the next few days until his competition was over alternately training, supporting his team and his friends and competing. In the end he placed twelfth, which he was incredibly pleased and amazed about, but what pleased him less was Johnny's placing; he was of the opinion that his friend should have been much higher. He noticed that Johnny left pretty quickly and as soon as he could get away from the people wanting to talk to him, he went to his room, cleaned up and then headed over to Johnny and Tanith's suite.

The moment Johnny opened the door he had one thing to say.

"Those judges need their eyes examining," he started and then went on to rant for a little bit, because he really needed to get it off his chest.

If there was one thing that he hated it was bias and he was positive he had just seen it.

"You were magnificent," he finished resolutely and Johnny blinked at him.

"That was all about me?" Johnny asked and sounded shocked.

It was at that point that Harry realised he might not have made himself clear as to what he was ranting about.

"Of course it's about you," he said, trying to remember what he has just said; "I don't see anyone else here who just got slighted by the judges."

He was surprised when Johnny beamed at him.

"You are so sweet," Johnny told him and dragged him inside.

The room was utterly spotless and had been rearranged; it looked like Johnny had been tidying.

"Stress relief?" Harry asked, looking around.

"It calms me down," Johnny replied, shutting the door, "but I can think of something better."

That was when Harry felt a hand gently running up his back.

"About that soul owning," Johnny said and smiled sweetly when he turned to look at him.

"I had almost forgotten about that," Harry replied with as innocent expression as he could manage, "but I would never renege on such a deal."

"I'm very glad to hear it," Johnny replied and, lacing his finger round the back of Harry's head, pulled him in for a kiss.

Harry had been anticipating this all week and he opened his mouth almost instantly, allowing Johnny to plunder his mouth as Harry drank down the passion he could feel in the other man. It felt as if Johnny wanted this as much as he did, which went well to spice the whole thing up. Before he knew it, Harry found himself being pushed up to and against the nearest wall as hands worked their way under his shirt. He did his very best to give as good as he got, but Johnny seemed to be able to dance out of his touch without actually breaking contact and he couldn't get a good hold. It appeared to be a game Johnny enjoyed and so eventually Harry gave in and just let Johnny have his way.

Johnny really seemed to like necks, at least that was the conclusion Harry had come to since Johnny was reducing him to badly held together goo by licking and nibbling his. In the back of his mind he wondered if it was vampire instincts coming out and it was then he remembered Johnny's problem.

"You know," he said breathlessly and then lost it for a moment in a moan as Johnny did something that turned his nerves to water, "I could put up some shields and ... nghhh ... we could do this properly."

Johnny pulled back then and looked at him; he wasn't sure if he was glad of the let up of the overload or bereft of it. There was definite interest in Johnny's expression, but hesitancy as well.

"Do you know what you're offering?" Johnny asked very carefully.

Harry guessed that Johnny was very careful with his vampire side.

"Yeah," he replied, just a little nervous.

He hadn't actually been lying when he had said he had heard things about vampires, he'd read them too and it was all rather exciting. Vampires like to bite during sex; the blood enhanced the experience for them according to one book that had been unusually frank, and from everything he knew, there was a significant amount of payback. A vampire also had magic that prevented the transfer of disease in either direction, a survival trait of the species, so if Johnny

wasn't wearing the necklace it would mean they wouldn't have to worry about safe sex spells, or the Muggle equivalent.

"I will bite you," Johnny pointed out, clearly making sure and Harry smiled at that.

"I was kind of counting on it," he replied, feeling the blood pumping into his cock.

That idea really turned him on.

"Kinky, Jimmy?" Johnny asked, smiling just a little.

"I didn't think you were allowed in our sport without being that," he responded and licked his lips.

That made Johnny smile even more.

"You could be right," Johnny replied and pulled back, seemingly reigning himself in, "bedroom then."

Harry just followed as Johnny led the way into the smaller room. As he watched, Johnny went into one of his drawers and produced a red scarf which he then proceeded to tie to the outside door handle of his room, before pushing it closed.

"To let Tanith know not to try and come in," Johnny said at Harry's quizzical look; "don't want her disturbing the shields and the lock doesn't work."

It made Harry smile that Johnny only mentioned the shields and he wondered how much of his soon to be lover Tanith had seen in her time. He slipped his wand from the wrist holster and cast some very strong shields for the room.

"I hope that's not the only wand you know how to use," Johnny said with a coy, little smile and made Harry laugh.

"That's bad," he said, putting his wand on the table; "really bad; I don't think I've heard that one since sixth year at school."

"Well we can't all be Stephen Colbert," Johnny said and reached up to unclasp the necklace, which came into view the moment he did so.

Johnny had not pushed himself too far this time, so he did not instantly transform into his vampire self, but Harry felt the magic shift in the room as Johnny's power was released. There was something very distinctive about vampires to those who were magically sensitive, at least when they let themselves be known.

"That feels so good," Johnny said, stretching like an over grown cat and then he bent down and lifted his trouser leg, revealing a wand holster.

The wand he pulled out was longer and thinner than Harry's and it looked almost delicate, but Harry was pretty sure it was like its owner; it looked fragile, but was very much not.

"I miss this when I'm wearing that damn thing," Johnny said and placed the necklace and the wand next to where Harry had put his; "it makes casting spells so difficult I don't bother except for the shields and I need someone to help me do that."

"Well you can forget about the necklace for now," Harry said, absolutely sure they were not going to dwell on such things now, "and you can show me why vampires have such an interesting reputation."

"Ooh," Johnny said, smiling and allowing his fangs to grow as Harry watched, "kinky wizard boy is gonna get some."

Harry bit his lip; there was something incredibly alluring about Johnny as he cast aside his humanity and let the night creature come out. When Johnny let his eyes flash greenish yellow Harry felt the sight go straight to his cock. He did have a kinky side and the edge of danger being with an honest to god, unfettered vampire spoke to that part of him at a very deep level. Of course the fact that Johnny was gorgeous didn't hurt the situation at all.

"Come here little wizard and let the big bad vampire have you," Johnny said and ran his tongue over one fang.

Harry was sure all the blood in his head rushed south.

This time when they started kissing, Johnny's hands were not just under his clothes, they were removing them for him and Johnny didn't seem to mind his doing the same this time. Shirts, belts, shoes, socks, trousers; they all went in quick succession while Harry and Johnny tried to lose as little contact as possible. Only when it came to underwear did either of them pause.

With his fingers looped in the waistband of Harry's boxers, Johnny stopped and pulled back, looking down as he, ever so slowly, pulled them downwards. Harry was already hard and his cock bobbed free as soon as the material was dragged aside and he made a breathy little sound at the sensation.

"My, my," Johnny said with a smile, "aren't we a big boy, Jimmy."

Harry just smiled, giving a quick wiggle to make the boxers fall as Johnny let them go.

"I know how to use it as well," he replied and hooked his fingers and slipped a hand right into Johnny's underwear; "know how to use other things too."

Johnny moaned and leaned into him as he worked his fingers over the hard cock he found inside the jersey cotton.

"Hnngh," Johnny said after a little more kissing and fondling, "naked now."

Harry was only too happy to obey and quickly stripped the boxers off his lover before pushing Johnny back onto the bed. He was absolutely sure Johnny was falling backwards, but then in the blink of an eye he found himself on the bed instead with Johnny on top of him and Johnny smiled at him, showing off his long fangs.

"That's cheating," Harry half-heartedly complained.

"Vampire's privilege," Johnny replied, still smiling. "You're making me hungry, Jimmy, may I taste you?"

Harry's heartbeat sped up at that.

"I already told you, you could," he replied, feeling a little lightheaded with all the adrenaline the request caused in his system.

"A gentleman always makes sure," Johnny replied and then lightly kissed him on the lips.

Then Johnny pushed himself back a little and Harry watched the dark head as Johnny started to kiss his way down his chest. He wasn't sure what he had expected when Johnny had asked to taste him, but this wasn't quite it. It was blatantly obvious that Johnny had a very definite idea about what he was doing, but Harry wasn't sure and all he could do was lie there and watch and feel and enjoy as Johnny played. Johnny's fingers were drawing gentle lines over his skin as Johnny slowly worked down his body and he reached out to lace his fingers through Johnny's soft hair, enjoying every last sensation.

His cock really, really wanted some attention, the friction against Johnny's slowly moving body not being enough, but he wasn't pushy, he could wait and Johnny was sending shivers through him with just his lips. That didn't stop him being disappointed when Johnny skirted his cock and went on to push his leg up, kissing his inner thigh. What cut straight through the disappointment, however, was just how sensitive the skin was there, making his breath catch in his throat and then Johnny looked up at him and he almost stopped breathing altogether. Johnny's eyes were glowing a bright, ethereal greenish yellow edged in bright red and it was then Harry realised what was about to happen.

The look was one last request and he smile, albeit a little nervously, and Johnny licked his lips. When the bite came it hurt; razor sharp fangs slicing into the delicate flesh of his inner thigh was bound to be painful, but the endorphins which hit his system almost instantly and the magic that lanced into him with as deadly accuracy as the teeth blew away the pain as soon as it started. He cried out, he couldn't help himself, and he tried to buck as instinct warred with pleasure, but Johnny had him very firmly pinned down. Vampires were far stronger than

humans and he found out by just how much as Johnny effortlessly kept him in place.

About all he could do was fling a hand over his head and cling on to the metal bed end, trying desperately to stay a little grounded. It was the most intimate thing he had ever felt and his body sang with sensation. Every nerve in his body was crackling with feeling and his breath came in pants as he tried to convince himself to take in oxygen. The lips sucking at his skin and the tongue pushing at the wounds was erotic in a way he had never truly thought of before and he was becoming more and more turned on by the second. It was as if his whole nervous system had been hijacked and the only thing in the world that existed was sex. His entire body had turned into one giant erogenous zone and he could not stop the familiar tight feeling that began in his loins.

They had barely begun, but Harry just couldn't help himself and shuddering, he came all over himself, bucking hard in Johnny's vice like grip. About his only sensible thought was thanks that his body was only twenty and his recovery time wouldn't be too long. When Johnny's mouth detached from his leg and descended on his stomach, devilish tongue lapping at the evidence of his undoing, Harry's mind went away for a bit. It was too much and in self-preservation his thoughts just went blank, and for a little while everything was white and quiet.

He flipped back in to find Johnny looking at him worriedly.

"Jimmy, are you okay?" Johnny asked as soon as he blinked and he sounded genuinely concerned.

Harry did his best to say something, but all that came out was a rather disjoint noise, so he nodded instead. His nerves were still jangling with sensation and his vision had little spots at the edges.

"Good," he finally managed to say.

Johnny smiled at that, a toothy, but fangless smile.

"I've never had anyone react like that," Johnny told him, running a hand gently down his leg and making him shudder again; "you didn't resist me at all."

Harry just hummed in response; it was easier.

"And you taste divine," Johnny seemed very pleased.

It sounded like a compliment, so Harry took it as one, but he still couldn't move in any sensible fashion, which was rather embarrassing.

"I think," he said, managing to scrape together enough brain cells to form a few words, "my brain melted."

"How about," Johnny said, running a hand up his side and making him whine as his nerves complained at the over stimulation, "we give you a few minutes to recover and then you can fuck me through the mattress and return the favour?"

Harry groaned as his cock actually tried to respond to that; Johnny was trying to kill him.

The bed was not very big, but with a little manoeuvring they ended up side by side and Harry initiated a round of kissing and just light touching until his body finally started to come down properly. The inside of his leg was a little tender, but vampire bites healed very quickly, at least that's what he'd read and it seemed to be right since it didn't take long before he barely noticed it. When his cock finally started to stand to attention again he decided it was time to move it up a gear.

"Roll over," he said, moving away from Johnny so there was room on the bed; "now it's my turn."

Johnny gave him a quizzical look when he urged his lover onto his front, but did not object and Harry pulled himself up and moved so that he was straddling Johnny's thighs. Wandless magic was not his forte, but he had learnt a couple of little tricks and he whispered a word and his hands were instantly slick with oil. Leaning forward he placed his fingers lightly on Johnny's neck and shoulders and he began to kneed. The sound Johnny made was almost impossible to describe and seemed to be all enjoyment.

"If I fall asleep it's your fault," were the muffled words that came through the pillow.

"Oh, I'm not going to let you fall asleep," Harry promised and lifted himself up and ran a hand over Johnny's arse to prove his point.

That earned him a very pleased purr, so he went back to what he had been doing. Given that he always ended up with aches and pains from his skating, he had played around with the idea of creating some spells to give himself a good massage, so he had actually taken a course once, and although he'd never created the spells, he did remember most of it. He set to work making sure Johnny had no tension left from the ice, as well as adding in a little spice as he went along.

When he reached Johnny's arse he really began to have fun, kneading the firm muscles in gentle circles and carefully moving further down the bed until he was in a better position between Johnny's legs. He continued kneading in exaggerated circles now and then bent down, using the movement to spread Johnny before swiping his tongue over the tight little entrance he revealed. Johnny moved at that and made a gasping noise, but he definitely wasn't moving away, in fact as Harry saw one of Johnny's hand twist into the pillow, Johnny's backside came up a little and his legs spread. Harry took that to mean 'more please' and was very happy to oblige.

He knew rimming was not to everyone's taste, in fact he had had a couple of partners who were completely turned off by it, but it was a favourite of Harry's. Whether he was on the giving or receiving end it always gave him an enormous amount of pleasure. The person on the receiving end had to be fastidiously clean, but then he knew Johnny would have showered as soon as he returned to his room and Johnny was known to be a little OCD when it came to cleanliness. As it was, what he got was a taste of clean, newly washed skin with just a hint of sweat after what they had already been up to and he liked it.

If the muffled noises coming from Johnny where he had his face planted in the pillow were anything to go by, Johnny really liked it as well. Harry had a lot of fun using his tongue to tease his lover into a frenzy of want. When he thought Johnny had had enough and every line of Johnny's lean frame was basically begging for something more, he pulled back and used the other wandless spell he had actually mastered. Slipping the two now lubricated fingers into Johnny was like pushing a hot knife into butter; Johnny just opened up for him.

The fact that the two wandless spells Harry was actually good at both usually involved sex was something he refused to be ashamed of. Wands of the magical variety just got in the way in bed and so everything was better off without them.

"God yes," Johnny said, lifting himself off the bed as Harry slowly fingered him.

Johnny with his arse in the air as he rested on his elbows with his face still mostly in the pillow, legs spread was a sight that sent shots of delight straight to Harry's cock. Now he had the 'big bad vampire' at his mercy and he was loving every second of it.

Given the massage and the tongue basting Harry had already given his lover, Johnny was not too tight, but that didn't mean Harry wanted to go fast. He had no idea how long ago Johnny had last had sex and he wanted Johnny well warmed up before he took the next step. Johnny didn't seem to be in any hurry either, so Harry took his time with more fingers and plenty of lube until he had Johnny well and truly ready. Only then did he move in closer and lube up his straining cock.

Lining himself up, he pushed in carefully, revelling in the sensation of slick, tight heat that surrounded his cock. All the warm up paid off as Johnny's body just welcomed him in and they slid together on the first slow thrust.

"Fuck," was the most coherent thing Harry had to say, holding himself still for as long as he could, just enjoying the sensation.

He only moved when Johnny made a wanton noise and shifted his hips, which set Harry into motion as well and he pulled out a little before pushing back in. The pressure almost made him ache and he wanted more.

Johnny was one of the most beautiful men he had ever seen, even naked there was nothing about Johnny that was perfect. The odd little scar from skating falls

that marred the perfect skin just enhanced it and Harry was captivated. For tonight Johnny was his and he was Johnny's, what came tomorrow didn't matter and he claimed what was his with everything he had.

He had every intention of paying Johnny back in full for the mind blowing orgasm and he was pretty good at sex, even if he did say so himself, and he knew just how to apply himself. Slow, lazy thrusts gradually built up into more insistent drives of flesh into flesh and Harry kept shifting his angle until Johnny literally growled as he thrust in. Once he had found the right spot to make Johnny come apart, he kept hitting it with as much accuracy as he could manage.

Johnny was a vampire and vampires were very robust. As far as he understood it, born vampires were not immortal or invulnerable, at least not until they reached a certain age and went through something called 'the little death', which he had never found explained, but they were still stronger and less prone to damage than humans. Harry used this to his full advantage, pounding into Johnny knowing that he wouldn't hurt him. Given that Johnny made some very encouraging noises, Harry let himself go.

Having had one orgasm already he had staying power, but that didn't mean he could last forever and having an oiled, beautiful, naked man beneath him had the familiar feeling of approaching ecstasy approaching faster than he would have liked. He slowed his pace somewhat and pulled Johnny up from his all fours into a kneeling position, using his hips to keep up some movement. Wrapping one arm around Johnny's chest, he began kissing at Johnny's neck and wrapped his free hand around Johnny's hard cock.

Johnny moaned long and low, a needy sound, and Harry pumped the cock in his hand, needing to see Johnny come undone as much as Johnny seemed to need to let go.

"God you're beautiful," he whispered in the perfect ear and then kissing his way around the edge of it. "Come for me."

And to his surprise, Johnny did; right then, just as he said it, Johnny gave a full body shudder and spurted his seed all over Harry's hand and the bed. The tightening of muscles around his cock and the shock of accomplishment had Harry coming for a second time only moments later and he had to grab at the wall to prevent them both taking a header onto the bed. He'd never actually had that work quite so well before and he clung to Johnny as they both rode out the heady high.

They were both breathing hard and Harry definitely didn't really want to move, but he carefully pulled out and moved back just a little so they were more stable. Doing his best not to overbalance, he reached over and picked up his wand, casting a quick cleaning charm on the bed before putting it back. At that point, to his pleasure, Johnny pulled him down onto the bed and pulled him close with a happy little sigh; it seemed Johnny was a cuddler.

They lay tangled together and Harry let his mind wander, just enjoying the afterglow. He was happy to stay right where he was, at least until Johnny kicked him out. He had no illusions of this being some passionate love affair and he wasn't sure if Johnny preferred to sleep alone. He was damn sure he was going to stay friends with Johnny for a long time, but the sex was a fringe benefit, not a statement of the relationship, so he was happy either way. That they were not up and about their own business immediately was a plus in Harry's book.

"I wear the necklace all the time at competitions because there is someone I can't be around without it," Johnny said and snapped him out of his reverie.

Harry sat up a little at that and rested his head on one hand while leaning on his elbow so that he could see Johnny properly.

"Why?" he asked, since it seemed like the only sensible thing to say and since Johnny was opening up to him he assumed Johnny wanted him to ask it.

Johnny sighed at that and smiled wistfully.

"Did you know vampires can become obsessed?" Johnny asked him. "It's kind of like a mating drive in some other species, only with us it's about the blood as well as the sex. He's my perfect match and I can't control myself around him."

That didn't sound like a whole lot of fun.

"How do you know?" he asked, wanting to know how this worked for Johnny.

"A while back he cut himself on one of his skates," Johnny said, clearly remembering the moment; "it was just a little cut, but I was close enough and I had finished skating so I wasn't wearing the necklace. It was like cat nip. I had to go and throw water on my face to recover. It only got worse from there."

Johnny sounded so conflicted.

"So you'd jump him as soon as look at him?" Harry asked in what he hoped was a sympathetic tone.

"Jump on him, bite him, attempt to have sex with him even if the international press was there to watch," Johnny said with a little shrug; "I am way past insane as far as he goes. I used to only wear the necklace on the ice, but if I take it off without the shields and he's within a couple of miles, I'm off and hunting."

"That sucks," Harry said because he knew all about living with circumstance you couldn't control. "Does he know?"

That made Johnny laugh.

"Oh no," was the firm response; "for a start the dear boy is straight and he's Muggle."

That made Harry frown; he had read about vampires and their 'obsessions' as Johnny put it and that didn't sound quite right. He was well aware that books didn't always get it right, but the author had been pretty adamant.

"Are you sure?" he asked and Johnny gave him a quizzical look. "About him being straight?"

"Well he's had enough girlfriends," Johnny said as if that said everything.

Harry just smiled at that; sometimes people could be too close to a problem.

"So have I," he pointed out, "but that hasn't stopped me shagging you, has it?"

He indicated their current position to underline what he was trying to say.

"What I meant was I've never seen him with a male," Johnny said in a tone that suggested Harry better remember he wasn't stupid.

"Yes," Harry replied, "but I'm sure I read somewhere that this 'obsession' only happens when the couple are compatible. Merlin, I wish I could remember the title of the book; Hermione would kill me if she realised I still can't remember things like that. You wouldn't be obsessed with him if somewhere you didn't know he might reciprocate."

For a few moments Johnny just stared at him and he could almost see the thoughts running through his companion's head.

"You mean he's either so far in the closet he's in denial or just really, really careful," Johnny said as if that hadn't occurred to him before.

Harry nodded and gave his friend a smile.

"I wouldn't suggest you take the choker off around him," he said and grinned, "but don't give up all hope."

"He's still Muggle," Johnny pointed out.

"So you have to explain things gently," Harry replied, hoping that it might at least give Johnny a little light at the end of the tunnel.

Johnny sighed and looked wistful again.

"Who am I kidding," he said and gave Harry a sad smile; "he doesn't even like me."

"I'm willing to bet that's because he doesn't know the real you," Harry said with complete certainty; he had no idea how anyone could dislike Johnny once they got past the OTT act.

"Are you angling for a blowjob?" Johnny asked, eyes narrowing suspiciously and Harry burst out laughing.

He really had never known anyone quite like Johnny.

"Going to tell me who 'he' is?" he asked when he finally stopped laughing.

"No," Johnny said in a slightly sulky tone; "you'll laugh at me for being a moon calf."

"I swear I won't," he replied and drew an imaginary cross over his heart.

Johnny made a dismissal sound and slid out from under the covers.

"This is so embarrassing," Johnny said, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"More embarrassing than walking slap bang into your biggest idol and knocking him flying on your first day on Olympic turf?" Harry asked innocently.

Johnny turned to look at him.

"Your biggest idol?" was the somewhat pleased question.

"Like you didn't notice my star struck goldfish impression," he replied with a grin.

"It's still more embarrassing," Johnny said dramatically and sighed again. "You have to really promise me you won't laugh."

"I promise," Harry replied faithfully.

Then Johnny said something very quickly and so quietly that Harry didn't catch it.

"Who?" Harry asked, watching Johnny blush.

It really was endearing.

"Evan," Johnny said slightly louder and Harry finally heard it.

That was rather a shock.

"As in the man who just wiped the floor with the rest of us?" Harry wanted to be sure there were no other Evans hanging around.

Johnny nodded and appeared mortified.

"I see your problem," he admitted; that was one big fish.

Then Johnny just looked sad.

"But it's not insurmountable," he added quickly, because if there was anything worse than a kicked puppy, it was Johnny looking sad; "you just need a plan. We will have to come up with one."

Johnny went from sad to surprised.

"You want to help?" was the surprised response.

"Of course," Harry replied; "you're my friend and Gryffindors always help their friends."

He realised his slip up as soon as it was out of his mouth; he was so used to being amongst Muggles that when he was with them he used different language, but with Johnny he had slipped back into being a Wizard. The old habits had come back.

"You went to Hogwarts, you had a childhood so awful you regressed yourself so you could do it again," Johnny said almost straight away, "you have a friend called Hermione and you're coming up on thirty. James, what's your real name?"

Mentally he cursed J.K. Bloody Rowling for writing about his life. There had been a huge enquiry when the first book had come out and about all the Ministry had been able to come up with was that the woman was psychic and thought she was writing fiction. By the time anyone had thought to try and stop her "Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone" was so big that it would have taken a miracle to remove it. The war had all been over by the time the second book came out, so Harry had just chosen to ignore it, but he was regretting it now; the books had been popular in the Wizarding world as well as the Muggle. Of course the Wizarding side of the coin knew it was based on real life.

He reached up and rubbed the piece of fake skin that hid his scar; with a little magic no one could tell it was anything but real.

"I think you already know," he said, and looked down at the bed.

"Harry?" Johnny asked kind of tentatively.

Harry just smiled slightly and gave half a nod.

"Oh my god, I slept with Harry Potter," Johnny sounded, of all things, excited.

That was when Johnny decided to climb back into bed and sidled up to him.

"Your secret's safe we me, Jimmy," Johnny told him and gave him a quick kiss. "So was Ms Rowling accurate, or did she miss a few things out? I want to know everything."

Harry couldn't help smiling; Johnny was just so enthusiastic.

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When Harry exited Johnny's room after his alarm went off, he found Tanith in the main part of the suite. He had left Johnny to catch up on some more sleep since the shields would hold until someone other than him walked through them and he was headed back to his own room. Tanith looked at him and grinned.

"You look very awake considering how much sleep you two got last night," Tanith said and wiggled her eyebrows.

It suddenly occurred to Harry that they might have been rather loud.

"Sorry, did we keep you awake?" he apologised even as he blushed at thinking what Tanith might have heard.

He didn't even know what time Tanith had come back to the suite.

"Ear plugs," Tanith replied with a grin, "I came prepared, but I did get up for some water in the early hours and you two were still at it."

Harry was pretty sure his face was crimson by now. Johnny had kept him up half the night talking and then shagging and then shagging some more. It had been fun and cathartic to talk about his past and they had even come up with a start to the plan to make Evan Lysacek take a second look at Johnny, but he was mortified that their less than innocent activities had been overheard.

"That was probably round three," he said, trying to drown his embarrassment by playing the game; "we spent a long time talking before that."

It then occurred to him that Tanith might be of some assistance.

"You know all about Johnny's rather large problem, right?" he asked, making sure that he was not about to breach Johnny's confidence.

Tanith nodded.

"He told you about it?" Tanith asked, growing more serious.

"Yeah," Harry replied, "all six foot two of him."

"Quite a big problem," Tanith agreed with a nod.

Harry smiled at that.

"Well I've convinced him to test the waters," he said, planning in his head already; "and I know he's your ex, but would you mind gathering intel for us?"

Tanith looked surprised.

"Evan's straight," she pointed out and Harry had to admit she would know.

"Problem is, that's not how these things should work," Harry said and walked over to perch on the chair beside her. "Johnny shouldn't be this focussed unless there is something coming back."

Tanith appeared honestly shocked.

"You mean Evan's bi and hasn't told anyone?" she asked, sounding like she almost didn't believe it.

"Should be," Harry replied with a nod and Tanith looked thoughtful.

There were things adding up in her head, he could tell.

"You know, you could be right," she said and then smiled. "He and Johnny would be very cute together."

Harry smiled back; now he had more help in the conspiracy.

"How did you convince him to try?" Tanith asked, clearly on board now. "He was dead set against it last time he spoke to me about it."

"He was weak," Harry replied with a grin; "the afterglow will do that to a guy."

Tanith laughed and Harry knew he was on to a winner.

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"Evan," Johnny called and dashed across the lobby, dragging Harry behind him, "do you have a minute?"

It was time for part one of 'see if the mongoose is deeper than he looks' as Johnny had christened the whole adventure. Tanith had just texted them and let them know she had seen Lysacek alone in part of the village. Lysacek, for his part, looked a little surprised at being address directly by Johnny and Harry had a feeling that the pair tended to avoid each other.

"Um, yeah," Lysacek said hesitantly.

Johnny beamed at the poor man and Harry had been on the receiving end of that smile and knew its devastating potential.

"This is Jimmy," Johnny introduced, a little overenthusiastically in Harry's opinion, but then Johnny was a little bit nervous.

"James," Harry said, playing it just a little shy.

"I saw part of your skate," Lysacek said, much to his surprise; "nice triple axel."

Harry smiled at that; he hadn't expected a compliment on this excursion.

"Thanks," he replied, "one day it might be good enough to get me on a podium."

"A little bit more practice and you'll be flying like Evan," Johnny said and caused Lysacek to do a double take.

It was really quite fun watching the other skater trying to work out what was going on.

"Jimmy's still in the 'oh my god that's...' phase," Johnny continued brightly, "so I offered to introduce him around since we've all known each other for years and I figured, start at the top."

The fact that Johnny had complimented him twice in as many minutes seemed to have derailed Lysacek's brain, although given his reputation Harry didn't know if there was a lot to derail. He hoped there was and Johnny had been very eloquent on how imbecilic the press was, so he had to believe there was more to the man than what he let people see. No one could win Olympic gold and be that stupid, so he wouldn't have been surprised if Lysacek played up to his image to fool others into a false sense of security.

Striking while he had the advantage, Johnny then began to talk in only the way Johnny could and Harry put in little bits every now and then, finally managing to get Lysacek's autograph and thank him profusely. All the while Johnny flirted and made himself about as adorable as Harry had ever seen him and Harry was pretty sure Lysacek was shell shocked, if nothing else, by the time they were done.

So far the plan was going perfectly. By the time they were done Lysacek was either going to be interested in a padded cell. Harry did have to wonder how long it would take Lysacek to realise he couldn't turn around without falling over Johnny.

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It had been just over three days since Johnny had started flirting with Lysacek and Harry was beginning to think the other skater knew something was going on. So far Johnny had managed to be just about everywhere and the best incident so far had been Johnny walking out of his room in his underwear just as Lysacek had arrived to pick up Tanith to go out for coffee and catch up. Tanith had been quite happy to help set that up. Harry hadn't seen that one personally, but he had heard all about it and even Tanith had been impressed with the expression on Lysacek's face.

"All the US medal winners so far have a photo shoot this morning," Johnny said as Harry and he walked through the lobby of Harry's building. "It should be

almost over so I was thinking of dragging you along with a camera and pretending you forced me to bring you."

Harry grinned.

"I can do that," he replied, since he was enjoying seeing Johnny so buoyant.

Some people seemed to think Johnny was faking being so happy to pretend he didn't care that he came sixth, but Harry could see the genuine enjoyment every time they came up with a new part of the plan. Sooner rather than later Johnny was going to have to make a decision and either drop the whole thing or tell Lysacek the truth, but Harry was happy to play along for a bit longer.

Given the time of day and the fact that most people were off doing things, there weren't many people in the lobby, which was fortuitous because what happened next was rather eye catching. If Harry hadn't seen it he never would have believed it. Lucius Malfoy appeared out of thin air and dropped what looked like a stuffed rabbit. The man looked nothing like Harry had last seen him, in fact, if it hadn't been for the blond hair, Harry might not have even recognised him. Said hair was all over the place, as if it hadn't had a good brush in days, and Lucius appeared to be wearing pyjamas.

Harry just couldn't imagine the pristine Slytherin wishing to appear in public in pyjamas.

Then the wizard looked at him and Harry was reminded very strongly of Bellatrix; there was insanity in those eyes. Before he could so much as react, Lucius went mad.

"Harry Potter," Lucius yelled and then launched himself at Harry as if nothing else in the world mattered.

Harry didn't even really know what was happening until hands laced around his neck and began to squeeze, strangling him in short order. He couldn't even get out a yell as the sound was caught by the hold on his throat and his instinct was the grab at the hands rather than anything else.

"Hey," he heard, and he assumed it was Johnny and then the grip lessened just a little.

He managed to drag in a short breath.

"Get off him you maniac."

Now that definitely was Johnny and he was jarred as a body collided with Lucius.

"The enemy of the Dark Lord must die," Lucius snarled for any and all to hear.

One hand left his throat and Harry was pretty sure it was being used to hit Johnny, but he was too busy removing the other one. Whatever madness was infecting Lucius, it made the wizard incredibly strong. He had never been so glad to hear the crack of Apparation in his life and he prayed it was the cavalry. When a bolt of red light hit his attacker and the man finally fell away, Harry staggered backwards, doing his very best to breathe. There were little spots on the edge of his vision and his throat hurt, but he managed to get oxygen into his lungs and that's all that mattered.

When he looked up he was even more shocked to see Draco standing half a room away, flanked by a man and a woman that Harry had never seen before. All three had their wands drawn and pointed at Draco's father.

"It's a spell," Draco said, breaking the silence; "Voldemort's legacy."

Harry wasn't sure whether to be more shocked that Draco Malfoy had just said Voldemort's name or the fact that he was looking at his one-time school rival.

Harry looked at Lucius Malfoy at his feet then back up at where Draco was standing, wand still extended and then at Johnny who was clutching at his throat. It was only then that Harry realised Johnny was no longer wearing the choker and his mind flashed back to the present. Forgetting everything else his eyes scanned the floor looking for it.

"Hang on," he said, voice croaky, but working as he spotted it over by the wall.

"Too late," Johnny said in a tight tone and then Harry saw his friend's eyes change colour.

First they glowed red and then they flashed bright greenish yellow and then Johnny turned and ran.

"Oh shit," Harry said, forgetting about the fact that his throat hurt completely.

He looked over at Draco, who was still staring at him.

"Vampire in heat," he said rapidly, "gotta catch him."

Then he took off after Johnny, who, being a figure skater and a vampire, could run like the wind. He began praying that Lysacek was nowhere public, and then he remembered how Johnny had told him earlier that the current US medal winners were holding a photo shoot. He only hoped it was over.

He ran as fast as his legs would carry him and thanked every deity known to man that he had such a punishing training routine because he just about managed to keep Johnny in sight. Vampires were not fond of strong daylight, although they weren't allergic to it like Muggles seemed to think, but it did mean that Johnny took a roundabout route to wherever he was headed.

When Harry saw Lysacek at one end of a long corridor with Johnny halfway down it and Apolo Ohno and J.R. Celski in between the two, he knew he was too far away. He was desperate.

"Stop him," he yelled at the two speed skaters while still running; "before he gets to Lysacek."

At first the pair just stared at him as if he was nuts, but Ohno must have realised something was not right with Johnny as he got closer, because with a quick word to Celski the two skaters tried to block Johnny's way. That worked about as well as putting tin foil armour in the way of an arrow, since neither actually tried to grab Johnny and Ohno went flying as he was barged out of the way.

Johnny was very intent on Lysacek; he didn't even seem to notice that there had been anyone in his path and Harry realised there was nothing for it. Without any other alternative, he skidded to a halt and slipped his wand out of his holster.

"Duck," he yelled at Celski, who was directly between him and Johnny.

Luckily the young man had good reflexes and did as he was told. Harry aimed at Johnny and cast: "Stupefy!"

Red light shot out of his wand and hurtled down the corridor, at exactly the same time as he heard someone else cast the same thing and both took Johnny down as they collided with his back. He looked down to find that Ohno had a wand in his hand that he seemed to have retrieved from his boot and that brought up a whole load of questions, but Harry's focus was Johnny. He passed a silent look with Ohno and jogged up the corridor, past Celski, who was staring at him and Ohno with his mouth open, and to the spot where Johnny was flat on his face. He rolled his friend over and immediately wished he hadn't, because Johnny was vampire pale and his mouth fell open to reveal long white fangs just as Lysacek walked up.

"What the fuck is going on?" Lysacek asked pointedly.

"Just what I want to know," came from the other direction and Harry looked up to find Ohno standing there looking dazed (being steamrollered by a vampire would do that to a person) but otherwise unharmed; the short track skater still had his wand in his hand.

"It's like the books," Celski said, eyes still large and round; "it's like the fucking books."

Ohno was looking at his friend like he'd hit his head or something.

"J.R. calm down," Ohno said simply.

"You ... you ... you've got a fucking wand," Celski sounded incredulous.

Ohno really didn't look like he wanted to be having this conversation.

"What kind of game is this?" Lysacek all but demanded.

Clearly Lysacek had had a very good view of everything.

Harry took a deep breath and counted to five.

"I wish it was a game," he said, dragging Johnny into a sitting position, "but it's not. Now we need to get Johnny somewhere safe before he wakes up."

"Are those finger marks on your neck?" Ohno asked, clearly missing the point.

"Not important now," Harry replied, hoping that his voice was close enough to normal to be ignored.

No one looked convinced.

"This is some big joke, right?" Celski said, very much confused it seemed.

That was the point where Harry had had enough and he decided to prove his point. With a flick of his wand he cast a tickling jinx at Celski who instantly began to squirm and laugh.

"Not a joke," he said and cancelled it just as quickly.

"What did you just do?" Celski demanded hotly.

"Tickling jinx," Harry said simply and looked the young man straight in the eye; "it tickled didn't it?"

Celski looked shocked, but nodded.

"Now, who is going to help me get Johnny back to his room?" he was quite capable of taking charge, even when most of those around him thought they were older than he was.

"Is he what I think he is?" Ohno asked, but did put his wand away and bent down to help Harry.

There wasn't really any way out of explaining now, but Harry really didn't want to do it in the middle of a corridor.

"Yes," he said and managed to get Johnny to his feet with Ohno on the other side, "Johnny's a vampire and that means he's going to wake up a hell of a lot faster than your average wizard. Now can we save the explanations for later?"

At least Ohno seemed to agree with that, although Lysacek did not look convinced and Celski just looked shell shocked.

"Why is everything like Harry Potter?" the confused skater asked a little helplessly.

Harry really didn't blame him, but of course it was that exact moment when Draco decided to appear round the corner at the bottom of the corridor and heard the question.

"Because he is Harry bloody Potter," Draco said in his usual superior drawl; Harry was surprised how familiar it sounded even after all this time.

"Fuck you too, Draco," he replied, since he was now in a very bad mood.

Even Ohno was giving him a wide eyed look now.

"Vampire, in heat, going to wake up at any moment," he said pointedly when no one was moving, "move!"

That got things going and somehow they managed to get Johnny to his room without too many people seeing them. Lysacek and Celski tagged along, one looking like he was ready to murder someone for an answer and the other looking rather like a lost puppy.

End of Chapter 2

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Chapter 3 Working On It

In the end Harry put Johnny into bed, cast some very strong shield charms on the room, a healing charm on his throat and then joined the others in the main room. Tanith wasn't there, which meant he had no backup, but also meant he didn't have to worry about her.

"Harry Potter should be coming up on thirty," Ohno said before anyone else could jump in with questions; "you are not thirty."

"Well done for stating the obvious," Draco said and received a glare for his trouble.

Clearly Draco's temperament had not improved much.

"I regressed myself ten years and finally got to live my childhood," Harry snapped without the slightest bit of remorse. "I'm James Black now and James Black I will stay, because I actually like my life."

"You ran away," Draco said in an unsympathetic tone.

"Yeah, well I was alone, suicidal and people only ever saw the fucking scar," he all but growled, "and let's not forget the people who still wanted to kill me, a la

today, so forgive me if I don't give a shit if I was running away or not. Now, can we get back to the problem at hand?"

He really, really did not want to go through this now.

"You don't have a scar," Celski said and if he hadn't sounded so pathetically confused Harry might have snarled at him.

Instead he reached up and ripped the false skin off his forehead.

"Better?" he asked.

After that Lysacek even looked as if he might be starting to believe the whole situation was not some huge prank.

"Are you seriously saying magic is real?" the man finally joined in the conversation.

"Very," Draco said shortly, "and you're not supposed to know about it."

Draco then looked at Harry.

"We should obliviate them and be done with it," the Slytherin said in a dismissive tone.

"Just try it," Ohno said and placed himself between Draco and J.R., which was very sweet, but so not the point of the conversation.

"No one is obliterating anyone," Harry said very firmly; he was a little fed up of the grandstanding.

He really wanted to get Lysacek further away from Johnny by the time his friend woke up, but he knew the man would not leave without an explanation, and that didn't even bring Ohno and Celski into the equation.

"How can Johnny be a vampire?" Lysacek asked and at least that was the topic Harry wanted to talk about.

"He was born that way," Harry said simply; "he wears a necklace when he's on the ice; it makes him as good as human. Before you ask, it's under a charm so no one can see it. All Wizarding competitors in Muggle sports have charms on their kit to make sure they can't cheat with magic, even accidentally; Johnny's necklace is the same type of thing. It's more comprehensive than that, but it comes down to making it an even playing field. He hates the damn thing, but he loves the ice so much he does it."

"So why did he go loco today?" was the next question, which Harry had expected, but wasn't sure he should answer.

"He's been wearing the necklace off the ice as well as on it for reasons that you are going to have to ask him about when he's feeling better," he said as he decided what he could tell and what he couldn't. "Because his father," he pointed at Draco, "showed up to kill me ..."

"He's under a spell," Draco defended his parent.

"...Johnny lost the necklace," Harry continued and ignored Draco for now; he would be having that conversation later.

Ohno looked at the closed bedroom door and then at Lysacek and Harry remembered his hasty 'Vampire in heat' comment and realised that the short track skater had just caught on.

"That has gotta suck," was Ohno's comment on the matter.

"I'm sure it does," Harry replied and looked the man right in the eye, "and it's private, so we're not going to discuss it without Johnny or with anyone else."

Ohno gave a small smile at the telling off, but nodded. It did, however, have the effect of reminding Celski that Harry and Draco were not the only wand wielders in the room.

"I know where you went to school," Celski said, glaring at his friend, "and there is no way that's magical."

"My dad doesn't believe in Muggle/Wizard segregation," Ohno said simply; "I've done all the magical stuff by correspondence course."

Harry hadn't even realised that was possible and he wondered if people could do that in the UK too.

"Were you ever going to tell me?" Celski asked and all but pouted.

It looked very much like there was about to be a lovers' quarrel and Harry added another tick to the boxes that made him think the rumour about the pair being more than friends might be true.

"Yes," Ohno said in a very upfront manner; "I had a whole speech planned, but looks like it's a little late now."

Given the way that lessened the ire in Celski's face, Harry thought Ohno might partially be off the hook, at least until the younger skater got his friend somewhere private.

"Will Johnny be okay?" Lysacek asked when it was clear there was not going to be a short track skaters duel to the death at that very moment.

"Yeah," Celski agreed, "he looked really out of it."

"He'll be fine once we get the necklace back on him," Harry assured them both, warmed by the fact that Lysacek seemed concerned.

"The Aurors have it," Draco said in an almost neutral tone, which was a win in Harry's book, "I'll go and retrieve it."

"Thanks," Harry said, since he had no intention of leaving Johnny alone any time soon; "if we can get it back on as soon as he wakes up he should be okay to do the interview I know he has this afternoon."

Draco nodded and then turned to the door.

"Do not disappear again, Potter," was the Slytherin's parting words.

Harry just rolled his eyes, like he had a choice.

"Evan," he said, turning his mind back to the problem at hand, "would you mind going somewhere a bit further away until we have Johnny back to normal?"

Lysacek did not look happy about that.

"What is it about me that's causing this?" Lysacek asked, obviously unsettled.

That was a question and a half and Harry couldn't figure out how to answer that without giving away Johnny's secret.

"And does this have anything to do with why he's been flirting with me outrageously since the end of the Men's competition?" was the next rapid question and Harry about gave up.

At least it did seem that Lysacek was more observant than most people thought he was.

"Yes," he said, since there was no point denying it, "but I can't tell you why. I'm sure Johnny will want to as soon as he wakes up properly, but until then would you mind going somewhere at least a mile away?"

Lysacek's face was a picture.

"A mile?" the gold medal winner asked in a slightly strangled tone.

"Two if there is anywhere around here you can go," Harry replied with a nod. "Vampires have very good radar."

He wasn't about to mention that it was only that good if said vampire was 'obsessed', but it made his point. Lysacek still didn't look happy, but the man did nod.

"Okay," he said, "but get Johnny to call me as soon as he feels like explaining. This is my cell. Tell him not to take too long, because I'm not in the mood to wait."

Then Lysacek shoved a card into his hand and all but stormed out.

"Are all figure skaters so highly strung?" Ohno asked in a completely innocent tone.

Harry just looked at Celski.

"I think you might find out short track skaters are highly strung as well if you don't do some explaining of your own soon," he pointed out and Ohno took a good look at his younger friend.

"You might be right," the man agreed with a small smile; "come on J.R. we've got some talking to do. You'll let us know when Johnny is okay, Harry?"

"Yeah, sure," he replied with a nod, "and it's James now; I have no intention of going back to my old life. All I have to do is figure out how to get rid of Draco Malfoy and we can all go back to normal."

Ohno laughed at that.

"Like any of this is normal anyway," was the cynical response.

At least Harry could agree with that and grinned.

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Ten minutes after everyone had left, Draco returned with the necklace and Harry was very glad, because he could feel Johnny stirring behind the shields.

"How the hell did you end up here?" Draco asked, passing him the necklace.

"I told you," Harry replied, checking the clasp to make sure it hadn't been broken; "I regressed myself to eleven and then went and played Muggle."

"But figure skating?" Draco sounded incredulous.

It was kind of a strange thing to have ended up doing.

"Have you ever skated?" he asked, confident that the necklace was in one piece and its enchantments were still active.

Draco shook his head.

"It's as thrilling as flying," he said and knew he probably looked distant as he thought about it, "and sometimes you actually do fly. I love every minute on the ice; I wouldn't be here otherwise."

For a moment Draco actually looked impressed.

"I'll talk to you later," he said, feeling Johnny stir again, "right now I have to make sure Johnny is okay. If an irate vampire comes charging out of there," he pointed at the bedroom door, "in a few minutes, stupefy him for me will you?"

At that Draco smiled, but did nod.

"And don't even think about climbing out the window," the Slytherin said and Harry found himself smiling as well.

He put his fingers to his temple and made a face.

"Okay," he said with mock seriousness, "that's off the list."

Draco appeared genuinely amused at that; it was an expression Harry barely recognised on the other wizard. Draco had changed, grown up a lot since Harry had last seen him. Where he was a gangly twenty year old, Draco was a full bodied thirty year old and he looked like he was in shape. Harry found himself vaguely interested, but he stopped that thought in its tracks; Draco was probably happily married and continuing the Malfoy line by now.

"See you in a little while," he said and bent down to the small fridge to grab the bottle and straw he knew Johnny kept there, before ducking into Johnny's bedroom to avoid doing something stupid.

Johnny moaned quietly just after he shut the door and he moved over to beside his friend's bed, placing the necklace and blood on the bedside table. He waited and eventually Johnny's eyes fluttered open.

"Ow?" Johnny said as soon as he saw him and the vampire seemed confused.

Harry gave his friend a smile.

"How do you feel?" he asked, since Johnny looked pale.

"Like something hit me hard," Johnny replied and went to sit up. "What happened?"

Stupefy hexes could be very like a blow to the head and mess with the short term memory for a little while, so Harry wasn't really surprised that Johnny didn't remember much.

"You lost the necklace," he said, helping Johnny into a sitting position. "You saved my life and in doing so the necklace came off and I had to Stupefy you."

Johnny looked aghast.

"What did I do?" the smaller man all but demanded.

"Nothing hideous," Harry promised, hoping to calm Johnny down a bit; "you didn't get to him," they both knew who 'him' was, "but you almost did. Two of your other team mates saw everything: Ohno and Celski, but it turns out Ohno is a wizard. Did you know that?"

Johnny shook his head; that seemed to be as much a shock to him as it was to Harry.

"He kept that quiet," Johnny said, still looking dazed.

"Yeah, well all three of them know who I really am now as well," Harry continued; "Draco managed to give that away and is currently in your living room. I thought about killing him, but it might be hard to get rid of the body with all the press running around."

The way Johnny just stared at him for that comment showed quite how out of it Johnny was; there wasn't even a flicker of a smile.

"What are they going to do?" Johnny asked.

"Nothing," Harry replied and patted his friend on the arm; "but they're probably going to want an explanation. I told Evan you'd talk to him when you're feeling better."

"I'd rather just get on a plane," Johnny said, looking a little terrified.

Harry picked up the bottle of blood and handed it to his friend with the matching straw.

"Unlike me," he said with a sympathetic smile, "you have never run from anything."

Johnny looked down at the bottle and then up at him, seeming pensive, and then gave a huge sigh.

"So much for breaking it to him gently," Johnny said and flicked open the bottle and put in the straw; "he could be a complete tool about this you realise? It has been known."

He took a long suck as if he was drinking Coke.

"And you've been known to be a complete bitch," Harry replied with a small smile; "but I don't think he will be, he was worried about you."

"Really?" Johnny asked, letting the straw drop out of his mouth and brightening considerably. "How worried?"

It was typical Johnny; up and down at a moment's notice.

"How should I know?" Harry replied and rolled his eyes. "He was concerned, that's all I can say. He knows this has something to do with him and he didn't seem to like the fact that he's causing you bother. Anything else you're going to have to find out for yourself."

Johnny didn't look overly pleased with the answer, but went back to sucking up the blood.

"So," Johnny finally began talking to him again, "Draco Malfoy; cute like the movies or pointy like the books?"

Harry found himself laughing despite the enormity of the situation.

"In school, pointy," he replied, dropping into his best impression of overtly gay, "right now; I'd do him in a heartbeat."

Johnny grinned and then brightened again.

"Right," were his next words, "give me five minutes to freshen up, then I'm coming out and you can introduce me to this hot example of man flesh."

There was no arguing when Johnny said something in that tone, so Harry nodded and stood up.

"Okay," he said and picked up the necklace from the table and handed it to Johnny; "you have five minutes."

Johnny put it back on, fading to his human state instantly, but still smiling, which was good, so Harry bent down, gave his friend a peck on the cheek and then sashayed out, making Johnny laugh.

When he turned, having entered the living room and closed the bedroom door, he found Draco watching him.

"Potter, are you gay?" Draco asked, sounding perplexed.

Clearly his sashaying had been noticed.

"Not exclusively," he replied, throwing caution to the wind, "why, interested?"

It turned out Malfoy's could blush.

"You haven't improved," was Draco's less than stellar comeback.

Harry just smiled; he liked having one up on his old rival.

"Shouldn't you be off worrying about your father or the Aurors or something?" he asked, since now he didn't have Johnny to worry about it actually occurred to him who had attacked him.

"He's on his way back to St Mungo's with the Aurors," Draco said in an offhand manner; "we've had him locked up there since the spell first manifested four years ago. They've made a little headway and if some idiot hadn't shown him a Muggle newspaper so he saw you he never would have gone off on one. At the moment I'm more worried about you pressing charges. The Aurors will want to speak to you about the whole thing."

Harry hadn't actually thought about that; he had been so used to Voldemort taking pot shots at him when he had been in the Wizarding world that it hadn't occurred to him what someone might do under more normal circumstances.

"If he's under a spell I'm not going to try and have the book thrown at him, Draco," he said, understanding a little of Draco's waspishness now. "I'd rather the whole thing just go away quietly actually; I really don't want everyone to know where I am. I left the Wizarding world to get away from Harry bloody Potter and I'd rather he stayed where I left him and let James Black continue as if nothing had happened."

"I would love to help," Draco replied and it actually sounded genuine, "but I think it's already too late. My father was raving before some idiot let him escape and this was this morning's headline at home."

Draco pulled a small folded something from his pocket and resized it back to its former state, at which point Harry could tell it was the Prophet. There on the front page was a picture of him from just after the war and a Muggle one of James Black from what he assumed was a paper back home. The headline proclaimed: "Harry Potter and James Black, Same Person?"

"Fuck," he said very loudly.

"If you had chosen a less obvious name we might have been able to spin something," Draco said and handed him the paper, "but I think it's more than obvious what the truth is."

Harry just glared at his one time rival for that; he had thought about his name very carefully and he was proud of it. It stood for two of the most important people in his life even though he barely remembered one and had known the other for such a short time. Names defined people and he liked the one he had chosen for himself.

"Well I'm not going back," Harry said firmly; "this life is mine."

"Good for you," Draco said and Harry was very surprised to find that it looked as if Draco meant it, "just be prepared to mix them a little. The moment you set foot in Britain the people who cared about you are going to start showing up and the Ministry will undoubtedly want an explanation."

"The Ministry can suck my cock," was Harry's response to that; "all they ever did was make my life hell. If they set foot near me the first thing I will do is sue them for every penny they have for letting me have an abused childhood and allowing a Dark Lord to get anywhere near me."

Draco actually looked interested at that, almost impressed.

"Now that part might actually work," was the grudging acknowledgement.

"Yes, well I have had nearly ten years to come up with a backup plan," Harry told his companion. "I may be a Gryffindor, but I'm not stupid. My legal representatives have had the paperwork ready for six years, just in case."

Now Draco really did look impressed.

"Who'd have thought that you actually have a brain," was the backhanded compliment.

That made Harry smile just a little, but then he looked back down at the paper again. His simple life was over.

"Do excuse me for being late," Johnny's voice broke him out of his thoughts and he turned to see his friend exiting the bedroom; "you must be Draco Malfoy, pleased to meet you."

Draco shook the offered hand.

"Glad to see you're feeling better," Draco returned politely.

"Much, thank you," Johnny replied, the epitome of gentile politeness even though he did give Draco a once up and down; "I think I'm beginning to remember some things from this afternoon, but you'll have to forgive me if I'm a little vague."

"A double stupefy will do that to anyone," Draco replied with a nod.

"Double?" Johnny looked to Harry for clarification.

"Ohno and I both got to our wands," he explained apologetically, "and he's a surprisingly good shot."

Johnny just shrugged.

"Better that than me getting to Evan," was the practical response. "Is that you I see on the front page?"

Harry nodded and passed it over.

"It's the main Wizarding newspaper from home," he said with a sigh, "seems I'm busted."

Johnny seemed to be reading the article.

"No publicity is bad publicity, Jimmy," Johnny said, giving him back the paper and patting him on the shoulder gently; "you just have to know how to spin it. This could be good for your career, get you some Wizarding sponsorship as well as Muggle. Imagine how much money you could make selling the story of your reinvention, and we all know how expensive new skates are these days."

That rather made Harry stop and he blinked at his friend; he hadn't considered it that way. He was so used to compartmentalising the different halves of his life that possible pluses of mixing the two had never occurred to him. It was going to be a nightmare when he got home to begin with, but in the long run it could actually help him.

"I knew there was a reason I liked you," he said and grinned at Johnny, who, of course, basked in the praise.

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It turned out that Johnny was feeling better, but not on top form, so he needed to rearrange the interview he was supposed to be doing and just get some rest. Not really surprising after the morning's activities, so Harry dragged Draco with him after being made to promise that he'd reappear when Johnny called. It seemed that Johnny was afraid of facing Lysacek alone and he had begged Harry to be there for moral support. Of course he had said yes, even though he had his own things to sort out. It did mean, however, that he had time to talk with Draco alone and he took the Slytherin back to where he was staying.

"You're tidier than you used to be at least," Draco observed as he walked in to the small room Harry had been allocated.

"When you're pretending to be eleven and don't want any adults around, you get into the habit of keeping things neat and tidy yourself," Harry replied and threw himself onto the bed, letting Draco have the only chair; "I never grew out of it."

Draco sat himself down with all the grace Harry remembered him having on a broom.

"I've only ever heard of one person trying what you did," the Slytherin said, tone almost admiring, "and they managed to turn themselves into a hideous giant baby. How did you do it?"

It wasn't really an unexpected question, but Harry didn't have a very clear answer.

"The woman who sold me the spell and potion told me it was all about focus and want," he replied with a shrug. "I wanted it very badly."

"Quite Slytherin of you to vanish so completely," Draco pointed out.

That made Harry smile; it was a compliment indeed.

"No one was looking for an eleven year old," he replied, thinking back and remembering his flight from the Wizarding world; "it wasn't that difficult. I made all the financial arrangements before regressing myself and then I just stepped from one life into another. A few cosmetic changes, hiding the scar and I was all set."

He noticed that Draco was looking at him rather closely then.

"You do look very different," Draco finally said; "how did you tame the mop?"

Harry grinned and ran his hand through his hair; it was now straight and manageable, a long way from the untameable nest it had once been.

"The Muggles have some very inventive hair products," he replied and wondered what Draco thought of the two-tone he had it dyed at the moment.

It was deep red on top and black underneath in an asymmetrical style which had matched his costume.

"When I first disappeared I just used to dye it brown," he added, remembering the mess he had made of it the first time, "but when I started skating that just wouldn't do. Straight after getting my first pair of skates I was pointed at a decent hairdresser."

That had been a very eye opening experience; he remembered it well.

"Now that is a miracle," Draco replied with a smirk.

"So," Harry decided he'd answered enough questions for now, "what have you been up to?"

"Oh, nothing overly exciting," Draco replied with a shrug, "got married, had a son, got divorced, committed my father; the usual pureblood thing."

Surprisingly Draco sounded just a little tired and Harry had to wonder if maybe the Wizarding world wasn't hard on purebloods as well.

"Sorry it didn't work out," Harry said, feeling the need to say something supportive, even though he really didn't know Draco anymore.

Draco smiled at that. Harry was a little disappointed to find out Draco was straight, but then you couldn't have everything. The Slytherin was impeccably turned out and very pretty to look at, but Harry was beginning to think that was a Malfoy thing.

"It was working out fine," Draco said, looking ruefully amused and seeming to want to talk, "until the Prophet stuck their nose in. You leaving left a terrible hole in the market for gossip and so they started looking harder at we purebloods. When the pictures of Astoria and Pansy hit the front page, Astoria and I decided there was no point in continuing the sham of a marriage. We had, after all, achieved what we set out to do and produced an heir for both our families. Astoria still lives at the Manor, but we have separate lives."

"Astoria and Pansy?" Harry had to ask.

That sounded so completely risqué for purebloods and Draco smirked at him for the question.

"Seems our press were picking up bad habits from the Muggles," Draco replied. "They took pictures through Pansy's bedroom window; very juicy stuff. Pansy sued them for some very large amounts of money and I doubt anyone will try such a thing again, but by then the damage was already done; everyone knew that my marriage to Astoria was a front. Our divorce was headline news for a while and they hounded Astoria. Can you believe they actually thought I didn't know what my own wife was up to?"

Harry smiled at that; it did seem farfetched to him. Their entire generation was paranoid thanks to the war and Slytherins were paranoid to begin with and Draco Malfoy was the Prince of Slytherin which led to only one conclusion: Draco would have to have known everything.

"The Prophet was always staffed by idiots," Harry agreed from where he was lounging. "Any tips for dealing with them when I get home?"

"Keep smiling and sue them when they step over the line," Draco said with a wicked grin.

Harry had not failed to notice that Rita Skeeter's name was all over the article about him on the front page and he relished the idea of suing the annoying woman. He let himself enjoy the thought for a little while.

"By the way," Draco said suddenly, breaking him out of his thoughts, "the answer's yes."

Harry frowned; he had no idea what Draco was talking about.

"Gryffindors," Draco said and rolled his eyes, "the attention span of a Puffleskin."

Harry gave Draco his best affronted look.

"Slytherins," he replied with a very dramatic sigh, "always expecting other people to understand their neuroses."

From the way he smiled, Draco liked that comeback and Harry was quite pleased he had had ten years to sharpen his tongue. When he had left the Wizarding world he had not seen Draco at all since school, but he was beginning to think they might have grown into being friends had circumstances been different.

"Am I interested, Potter," Draco said, with exaggerated slowness, as if talking to an idiot, "the answer's yes."

That did shock Harry into properly paying attention.

"Well you did ask," Draco said, clearly pleased at having surprised him; "if only we'd known at school, we could have had a much more amenable relationship."

For a moment Harry's brain tried to rationalise that and came up with a huge mess, so decided not to bother.

"Thank god," he said, leaning back against the wall, "I thought my gaydar was off."

Draco actually laughed at that.

"You're much more dramatic this time round, Potter," Draco said with a smile; "I think I like it."

"Black," Harry corrected, "or James, not Harry and definitely not Potter."

One thing he was completely sure of was that he was never being Harry Potter ever again.

"And I've been associating with figure skaters and coaches for eight years," he added with a grin, "it rubs off."

He would have loved to have continued the conversation, but something made a noise, a clear bell like note and Draco reached into his pocket. What Draco pulled out looked like a small leather photo frame, only he appeared to be reading it.

"Sorry, P...James," Draco said, standing up; "Mother needs me to assist with some things to do with father. I have to be going."

Harry stood up as well.

"What is that?" he asked curiously, looking at the device, since he had never seen one.

"This is a Weasley Communicator 2009," Draco said and then waited for his reaction.

"You're using something from a Weasley?" Harry asked, shocked.

"The whole of Wizarding Britain is," Draco replied and Harry realised how out of touch he really was. "Hermione married Ron and then they both went into partnership with that blasted brother of his and they started bringing out these two years ago. I believe they work like Muggle ... um ... email, is that right? No up to date wizard or witch will be seen without one these days, even Mother learnt to use one when I gave her one for Christmas. They are a lot less messy than owls or firecalls. I think they're about to go global."

Harry was amazed; the Wizarding world was entering the twenty first century. The Communicator made a sound again and Draco looked down at it.

"Those idiots," was Draco's response. "Sorry, I really must go."

"Of course," Harry said, sorry to see the other Wizard leave when he was just getting to know the man again.

"Goodbye, James," Draco said and offered his hand, "sorry that we met again under such trying circumstances."

"Not your fault," Harry replied and shook Draco's hand; "thanks for your help."

Draco just nodded and pulled out his wand. It looked as if he was about to disappear, but then he paused.

"Would you care to join me for dinner tomorrow night?" Draco asked and rather took him by surprise again. "I know a nice restaurant not far from here."

For a moment Harry just stood there and then he smiled.

"I'd love to," he said.

"Shall we say seven for seven thirty?" Draco asked and he nodded.

Draco looked pleased and then he was gone with a crack. Harry threw himself back on the bed and laughed; it was turning out to be a rather enjoyable day.

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Harry felt a little awkward being dragged into Lysacek's room behind Johnny, but his friend had a death grip on his hand and was clearly very nervous so he couldn't exactly abandon him.

"You brought backup?" Lysacek did not sound ecstatic about the idea.

"Moral support," Johnny said, anything but his usual confident self.

Harry just gave a small shrug at Lysacek and allowed himself to be shoved into a chair. He noticed that Lysacek's room was larger than his even though it was a single as well; clearly there were perks to being well known.

"Sorry about earlier," Johnny said rapidly before Lysacek could ask anything else; "you weren't supposed to find out that way."

"But I was supposed to find out?" Lysacek asked, sounding surprised.

Johnny sat down with a dramatic sigh, right in Harry's lap since there was still only one chair in the room even if it was bigger. Harry didn't object since Johnny wasn't heavy, but it was very odd being treated like a piece of furniture.

"You may have noticed," Johnny said, looking a little embarrassed, even from the angle Harry could see him, "that I've been turning up around you more than usual over the last couple of days?"

"It was hard to miss," Lysacek replied; "you don't do subtle."

That earned the man a small smile at least.

"That was me feeling you out," Johnny explained, warming slightly at the fact that Lysacek did not seem to be annoyed about this truth, "seeing if you might be interested, even a little bit."

"You know," Lysacek said, sitting down on his bed, "most people actually believe I'm straight."

"Have you checked the internet lately?" Harry asked; he couldn't help himself.

Johnny gave him a look.

"Sorry," he apologised and went back to being moral support furniture.

"Let's just say I was hoping and leave it at that," Johnny said and gave Lysacek a small smile.

"Why?" was the flat response.

Johnny glanced at Harry again looking nervous and Harry sent back a look he hoped meant, 'just tell him'.

"This is going to sound clichéd," Johnny said, looking back at Lysacek, "but you're my perfect man."

Lysacek looked as if he was caught between total disbelief and laughing his arse off.

"You once said there was nothing special about me and we'd never be friends," the gold medallist pointed out.

Johnny winced.

"I lied," Johnny said pointedly; "I'm an idiot, okay? It was for the cameras and you've said some spectacularly stupid things for them too. I didn't choose this to begin with; it's biological and it came on suddenly and it made me look at you and realise I'd actually refused to view you as a person. When I began looking I realised how much of your press I believed without actually seeing you and then I started seeing what was under the charade and well ... it's not just biological anymore."

"And today was?" Lysacek asked, clearly not sure how to take the confession.

"That bit was biological," Johnny said, sounding embarrassed again. "Vampires can find someone who is their perfect match biologically speaking..."

"Perfect match how?" Lysacek asked, interrupting Johnny's flow.

Harry didn't need to be able to see more than Johnny's back to know that his friend was worried about that question.

"Blood and sex," Johnny said quietly and kind of fast.

"You want to bite me?" Lysacek sounded scandalised.

The way Johnny hung his head and stayed silent didn't help matters and Harry was suddenly glad he was there.

"Don't knock it until you've tried it," he said and all but glared at the other skater.

That was the problem with the Wizard/Muggle divide, neither side really understood the other. At least Lysacek looked a little abashed by his comment and Harry nudged Johnny to continue.

"When I realised what I was feeling about you I tried to stop it, I didn't think there was any way it could work," Johnny said quietly, "but I couldn't and the more I learned about the real you the more obsessed my vampire side became. I started wearing the necklace off the ice as well as on it when I almost jumped you at a meet early last year. This morning was my vampire side not wanting to take no for an answer. If you're anywhere near I can only take the necklace off behind some very strong shields."

There was silence for a little while.

"What happens if you get to me without the necklace on?" Lysacek asked, barely showing any reaction at all.

"I bite you, I molest you and I try and get you to have sex with me," Johnny said rather brashly, clearly not enjoying the conversation at all.

"And if I didn't want to?" was the next question.

"I don't know," Johnny said kind of desperately, standing up and beginning to pace, "why do you think I keep this damn thing on all the time?"

"And it's just your vampire half that wants this?" Lysacek said and Harry thought the man was fishing for something.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back it seemed and Johnny rounded on the other skater.

"Haven't you been listening?" Johnny all but demanded. "That's the biological bit; that's what started it all off, but no, it's not just my vampire half. I'm in love with you, you oversized mongoose and I can't say it any plainer than that."

Then Johnny fled with what Harry thought was unintentional dramatic flair for once, leaving a shell shocked Lysacek behind him. The other man clearly didn't know what to do and looked at Harry kind of helplessly.

"He's in love with me?" was the rather pathetic question.

Harry nodded.

"Hook, line and sinker," he replied with a small shrug; "has been for months from what he told me the other night. I think I should go and make sure he's alright."

Lysacek just nodded, quite obviously having no clue how to react. Harry stood up and went to the door, turning just before he opened it.

"You could do a hell of a lot worse," he said and then slipped out.

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Harry had found Johnny pacing his room with a very stoic expression on his face, but the moment he had seen Harry the rather overwrought skater had burst into tears. This was not Johnny being dramatic or over emotional, this was abject misery and Harry wrapped his friend in his arms and tried to ride out the wave.

It was half an hour later, after Johnny had cried himself out and Harry had done his best to help his friend not look as if he had been sobbing for twenty minutes, that there was a knock on the door. Johnny looked aghast, because they both knew there was no way someone wouldn't know exactly what he had been doing if they clapped eyes on him, and ran into his bedroom. Harry went to answer the door.

To his surprise, on the other side was a rather confused looking Lysacek.

"Is he here?" Lysacek asked.

Harry nodded.

"Come on in," he said, hoping that this wasn't about to get worse; "he's in the bedroom."

Lysacek stepped in and then stood there awkwardly and Harry went over and opened Johnny's door. His friend was standing just on the other side where he would not be seen and appeared terrified.

"You can't stay in here," Harry said simply.

"I can't go out there like this," Johnny protested, tear streaks still clear on his face.

Normally Harry might have agreed, but he thought it would be a good idea if Lysacek saw just how upset Johnny was about the whole thing. He didn't give Johnny a choice and grabbed him gently by the arm and pushed him into the main room. If Johnny had had longer hair, Harry was pretty sure his friend would have been trying to hide behind it.

Lysacek looked shocked at Johnny's appearance and didn't bother covering it. Harry just hoped that the man realised he had Johnny's heart in the palm of his hand, because he was not above kicking some gold medal winning arse if necessary. This had changed from being a game to test the waters to something much, much more and he was pretty sure Johnny had only realised that when talking to Lysacek earlier himself.

"Okay," Lysacek said, breaking the silence, and as far as Harry could tell the man seemed to be mentally preparing himself for something, "I am attracted to you, have been for a while, but I never intended to act on it."

Johnny sat down on the couch with a bump and Harry didn't blame him. That really wasn't how he had expected Lysacek to make his opening gambit.

"I've never had a boyfriend and the one and only time I ever tried anything with a guy it was such a disaster that I decided girls were just easier," Lysacek continued, seemingly defending himself and, given Johnny's stance on such things, Harry could understand why.

It was more honesty than Harry had expected, but then again he really didn't know what the relationship between Johnny and Evan was actually like. The pair had known each other for a long time, but it was beginning to look as if they had never really known each other at all.

"What are you saying?" Johnny asked quietly, voice carefully neutral.

Harry felt like he should leave, but he didn't want to break the moment, so he stood there and pretended to be invisible.

Evan looked a little lost then and for the first time Harry actually felt true empathy with the man. He also realised that the gold medallist had taken the step from Lysacek to Evan in his head thanks to his honesty.

"I don't know what I'm saying," Evan said appearing confused and apologetic at the same time, "but I saw how upset you were and I don't know what to do, but I had to tell you the truth. I'm not good with new things, I'm not spontaneous like you, I don't know how to deal with anything like this."

Johnny laughed then, a broken little sound and Harry could see tears back in his friend's eyes.

"It takes a lot of planning to be spontaneous," Johnny said in an almost self-derogatory tone.

They were both so thrown by the whole thing; the morning's incident had dumped them both in it and neither seemed to know what to do. He was sure Johnny was trying not to push and Evan just didn't seem to know what he wanted.

"Why did you come here, Evan?" Johnny asked, drawing in a deep breath and sitting up straight even though Harry could tell all his friend wanted to do was curl up and be hugged. "I don't know what to do unless you tell me."

Evan frowned at that.

"Will it go away?" Evan asked.

Johnny's expression was a mask, Harry could tell, a mask that had slipped very carefully into place.

"I'm not sure," Johnny replied, voice calm and tone clipped, "maybe, eventually, in a couple of years when I'm not around you anymore."

It was only the truth, from what Harry knew this obsession was like an addiction and the only way to get rid of it was to be far away from the source.

"Years?" Evan asked and had much the same expression as when Harry had asked him to go at least a mile away.

"It's not something I can just turn off," Johnny said, as if commenting on the weather.

Harry had a little idea of the effort it took for Johnny to hide his emotions, but he was pretty sure Johnny was dying inside.

"You're really in love with me?" Evan seemed to find that idea totally unbelievable if his tone was anything to go by.

Johnny just gave a tight little nod; it had cost him a lot to admit that, Harry knew. There were many things Johnny revealed to many people, but things like this he kept inside, that much Harry was very sure of.

"Why?" Evan really was stuck on that it seemed.

"You want a list?" Johnny asked with a false smile.

Evan frowned again at that.

"But you don't even like me," the gold medallist protested.

"Didn't like you," Johnny said in a quiet little whisper, "past tense. I let myself be fooled by the image you like to portray."

"It's the only way I can survive," Evan said, almost as quietly and sat down.

Harry hoped that was a good sign.

"You want to play straight," Johnny said, voice not betraying any emotion, "I get it."

"No," Evan said loudly and then looked confused, "I mean, that's not it: if I actually thought I'd be happy with a guy I'd go out there and tell the whole damn world; I'm not that shallow, I just don't know if I can do that."

That caused an expression to appear on Johnny's face, one of surprise and more than a little incredulity.

"I know how to relate to women," Evan said, clearly trying to explain something he wasn't quite sure about himself; "I know how relationships work. I have no clue about anything else. I've never let myself think that way about a guy."

At last Harry saw something like understanding on Johnny's face and he really did consider quietly making for the door.

"I think it's about the same," Johnny said, sounding nowhere near as cold and controlled anymore.

The pair looked at each other for a little while.

"Could you even like me?" Johnny asked eventually in a tiny little voice, all confidence gone.

"I don't think I know you," Evan replied looking directly at Johnny.

"Would you like to?" was Johnny's next question.

The silence after that seemed to go on for hours rather than seconds and Harry held his breath. If Evan said no he was pretty sure Johnny's shutters would come slamming down again and he had no idea how long it would take to put Johnny back together. He had helped cause this; he had made Johnny actually do something about it, upsetting the status quo and he was beginning to realise just how big it actually was.

"Yes," Evan said and Johnny looked like he was battling to retain some semblance of calm, "I can't promise anything," Evan ploughed on, "I don't..."

Johnny reached out and put his hand over Evan's.

"I know," Johnny said, smiling just slightly, a tear escaping from his eyes, "you don't know the real me. It's more than I have a right to ask for, thank you."

Evan looked down at the hand on his and then slowly turned his over and took hold of the much more delicate fingers. Harry couldn't help it as a smile burst over his face; it was so much better than he had expected.

"Double date," he said as the idea just burst into his head.

Johnny looked over at him while wiping his eyes with the back of his free hand.

"What?" Johnny asked as he gathered his composure.

"Tomorrow night," Harry said, thinking fast, "I have a date with Draco at a restaurant."

Johnny looked surprised and pleased all at once.

"I was going to tell you later," Harry said since he had been meaning to mention it, there just hadn't been the right time. "I was thinking, knowing Draco it's a very nice, discrete place and we could make it a double date. Avoid all the awkward silences when someone can't think of something to say. We could give Evan the 101 of the Wizarding world at the same time."

"And Draco wouldn't mind?" Johnny asked.

"I'll get in contact with him," Harry replied, liking the idea more and more; "he'll just blame it on the whole Gryffindor thing and probably tease me about being insecure for the rest of my life, but I can handle that."

Johnny looked at Evan, clearly asking for his opinion, but Evan was still looking a bit overwhelmed by the whole conversation and it took the poor man a little while to come up with an answer. What came back was half a nod, half a what do you think kind of shrug and Johnny seemed to take that as a firm yes.

"Okay," Johnny replied and actually managed a real, full on, Johnny smile.

Harry grinned; things were looking positive.

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Of course it was only when he had left Johnny and Evan alone to have a quiet talk that he realised he had no idea how to get hold of Draco. They moved in different worlds, literally, and Draco didn't have a mobile phone. It took a good hour and a half and several phone calls and lots of explaining before he finally managed to get a message through via a friend of a friend who knew someone who could get a note to where Draco worked. The note had a partial explanation and his phone number and he only hoped Draco would be able to ring him.

An hour later his mobile went off.

"Hi," he said as he answered it, "James here."

"Harry?" said a rather unsure voice from the other end.

"Draco," Harry said, brightening instantly, "thank god, I thought I'd never reach you, thanks for calling."

"Yes well I'm borrowing a phone in the Muggle office next to mine," Draco replied and seemed to be finding the whole thing unsettling. "What was it you needed to speak to me about so urgently?"

Harry only hoped he wasn't about to offend Draco with his suggestion.

"This is probably going to sound bizarre, but would you mind if we made tomorrow a double date?" he asked, deciding that beating around the bush just wouldn't work.

There was silence from the other end.

"Let me guess," Draco finally said, "your vampire and his mate."

Harry wouldn't have put it in those terms, but it amounted to the same thing.

"Yes," he replied, hoping he hadn't just blown it; "let's just say there's been some drama here since you left and I'd really like to make sure there isn't any more. I'll make it up to you."

That drew a laugh from Draco.

"You're a hopeless romantic, aren't you?" Draco said, sounding amused, which made Harry breathe a sigh of relief, "Are you sure you shouldn't have been a Hufflepuff?"

"The hat mentioned Slytherin," Harry replied, beginning to relax, "but never Hufflepuff."

"Oh Merlin, you'd have ruined my house," Draco responded in a very dramatic tone; "your Gryffindor tendencies would have infected everyone. Thank god the hat had some sense."

Harry actually laughed; it was funny how something that had been so serious at school felt so insignificant now.

"So we're still on for tomorrow then?" he asked, just to make sure.

"Yes, Harry," Draco replied and Harry decided now was not the time to remind Draco he was James now, "I will ring and change my booking. Just make sure the colonials do not embarrass me."

Harry laughed again; he was almost sure Draco was only joking.

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Harry didn't see Johnny again until mid evening, when he received a text message about meeting up for coffee. When he arrived at the little café in the village he found it was a group gathering and as well as Johnny, Evan, Ohno and Celski were there too. Johnny looked much brighter and together than he had last seen him, which was very good news.

"Jimmy," Johnny saw him and waved him over.

It seemed there was already a drink on the table for him.

"I ordered for you," Johnny said and gave him a huge smile before linking arms with him and dragging him into a seat.

Harry took one look at Evan and Johnny and realised that the two were carefully not touching and Harry realised Johnny was using him as a substitute. They were in the middle of a public café so he didn't object.

"So is everyone okay now?" Celski asked with all the earnestness of youth on his side.

It was amazing what difference a few years made; the rest of them were all a lot more jaded.

"Getting there, I think," Johnny replied, a little too brightly by Harry's guess, but then Johnny had had a very hard day. "I wanted to thank you all for your help today; it could have been disastrous."

"Why were you trying to get to Evan?" Celski ploughed right on without seeming to realise the territory he was stepping into.

"J.R.," Ohno said, smiling a little at his friend's complete lack of tact, "I think that's a personal question."

It was clear Ohno had not explained to Celski what Harry knew the skater had worked out earlier and was leaving it to Johnny. His respect for the man went up a little more.

"No, that's okay," Johnny said with a little smile, "you deserve an explanation. It's why I ... we," Johnny corrected himself and looked at Evan, "asked you to come."

Evan appeared a little embarrassed, but then he didn't strike Harry as the emotionally expressive type, at least not in company.

"Like I told Evan," Johnny said quietly, "he's my perfect man."

For a moment J.R. looked shocked, Harry gave up thinking of him as Celski, because the shocked expression made the young man look about twelve and then he grinned. Young men were not known for their touchy feely talk about emotions habits, but J.R. didn't really seem fazed by the admission.

"So you two are..?" J.R. asked and did a little pointing motion between them with his fingers.

"We're getting to know each other properly," Johnny said, smiling a little more, "then we'll see."

"But you guys have known each other for years," J.R. pointed out and looked confused.

That made Harry smile.

"We've never been friends."

Surprisingly it was Evan who spoke this time.

"It's a lot different than just bumping into each other in the locker room," Evan said simply and the way his eyes flicked over to Johnny, Harry thought that the distinction was a very good thing.

He had no idea what Johnny and Evan had talked about after he left them, but there seemed to be a quiet acceptance between them now that made him think everything might work out.

"So what would have happened if you'd got to him this morning?" J.R. asked, stepping where angels feared to tread.

From the looks of it Ohno wanted to bang his head on the table.

"J.R.," Johnny said with a wicked smile, "you know what you and Apolo were doing when I knocked on his door this evening?"

J.R.'s face flushed beautifully and the poor young man glanced at Ohno nervously. Clearly J.R. didn't think everyone knew.

"Hate to break it to you," Ohno said, nowhere near as embarrassed as J.R. it seemed, "the whole team has had us figured out ever since we 'celebrated' after the 1500."

J.R. actually looked shocked, which was all kinds of cute in Harry's book.

"The whole team?" J.R. clearly had no idea how obvious the pair had been being. "Oh god, does my mom know?"

Apolo put his hand on J.R.'s arm before the young man could panic.

"J.R. your mom sat me down and gave me the 'you hurt my son and...' speech two years ago," Apolo said gently; "she's been waiting for us to finally get together for a while now."

J.R. eyes were huge and round.

"Why didn't you tell me?" was the instant demand.

Harry looked at Johnny and they both grinned; young love was so sweet.

"I didn't want to push you into anything," Apolo said, putting his hands up in surrender.

From the looks of things this could be a bigger blow up than the whole wizard thing.

"Guys," Harry said, deciding to step in as a neutral party.

They both glared at him.

"Public place," he said in his own defence.

J.R. did not look happy, but there were no immediate ramifications.

"We are having a very long talk about you deciding not to tell me things," was J.R.'s final word on the matter.

Harry would have given money to be a fly on the wall for that one.

"You two are so cute together," Johnny said as the pair turned back to the rest of them and it became clear that Apolo did have a blush reflex after all.

Big strong speed skaters clearly found being called cute embarrassing.

"So you two are cool now?" Apolo asked, looking at Evan and Johnny and not being too subtle about changing the topic of conversation back to something other than him and J.R..

"We're cool," Evan said before Johnny could reply and caused Johnny to beam at him cheerfully.

Evan was turning out to be somewhat different to how Harry had expected.

"And you Jimmy," Apolo asked, much to his surprise; "everything okay after the whole someone trying to kill you thing."

Harry's hand went to his throat automatically, even though the charm had put everything back to just about normal.

"Draco's dad is locked up again, under proper guard this time," he replied, keeping his voice down, "and I have a date with Draco, so yeah, everything is okay."

That made Apolo's eyebrows lift to almost his hairline.

"You have a date with the son of the guy who tried to kill you this morning?" Apolo said a little incredulously. "Aren't you two supposed to be enemies or something?"

Harry supposed it might have seemed odd to some, but he had decided to leave his previous life behind and that was part of it.

"Well if he tries to poison me at dinner you'll know who to point the Aurors at," he replied and grinned.

He was feeling good about things again, even if his life was going to be different from now on. His date was going to be interesting if nothing else and he liked the feeling of camaraderie that seemed to be growing between him and the little group around the table. It would be interesting explaining to his GB team mates why he seemed to be hanging out with lots of Americans.

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Harry and Johnny had spent the afternoon shopping after Johnny had spent the earlier day with the Sundance film crew out and about. Johnny had been adamant that he needed some things or he would not be ready for the date. Harry thought it was just an excuse to blow off some steam and they had headed into the depth of Vancouver's shopping district and spent money neither of them could really

afford. Johnny had found a shirt he thought would look delightful on Evan and promptly bought it and Harry was very unsurprised when Evan turned up to the date wearing it. Johnny had been right, it looked very good on the tall skater.

"What's that?" Evan asked when Harry held out a small silver circle that had been delivered to his room earlier in the day.

"A complimentary diners' portkey to take us directly to the restaurant," Harry said with a grin; "Draco had it sent round."

"The restaurant has portkeys?" Johnny's eyes were open in shock and Evan just looked confused.

"Draco only dines at the best establishments," Harry replied, rather enjoying Johnny's reaction, "and before you ask, no, none of us can afford to eat there, but Draco insists on paying. He said, and I quote; 'I have to spend the family fortune on something and it might as well be apologising for the mess my father created yesterday'."

Johnny looked thoughtful for a moment, but then smiled.

"Do you have a sugar daddy, Jimmy?" Johnny asked sweetly.

Harry found himself blushing furiously; he had never thought of it like that. In his head he and Draco were the same age, but on the outside Draco was ten years ahead of him.

"Portkey," was all he said and the other two touched it as well.

The tugging sensation was as unpleasant as ever and Harry would have landed on his arse if it hadn't been for a very efficient member of staff, clearly in position to stop such things happening to the diners, but the expression on Evan's face when they arrived was worth the whole trip. Johnny was of course perfectly balanced and had stopped Evan from falling over, but Evan's face looked like he had just got off a ride at Disneyland.

"One day I will learn how to take a portkey and not fall over," Harry promised himself after he thanked the man who stopped him landing on his behind.

"Just think of it as a double axel," Johnny said helpfully.

"Gentlemen, if you would come this way please," the Maitre d' said with a smile, "Mr Malfoy is already at the table."

Harry straightened himself out, grinned at Johnny and followed the smartly dressed man down a small corridor. To his surprise they did not end up walking into a larger restaurant, in fact they were shown into a private room where Draco was waiting for them. Draco stood up as soon as they came in and Harry was very impressed by what he saw. Draco was wearing a very chic suit which was

beautifully tailored to fit him and everything about him screamed rich and good looking.

"Good evening," Draco greeted with a smile, "it nice to meet you all without a crisis going on."

"Thank you for inviting us," Johnny said with all due politeness, even though they all knew it hadn't quite been like that.

"Please," Draco replied, "have a seat."

Since there were only four chairs it wasn't really difficult to decided where to sit; Harry took the spot to Draco's right and Johnny to the left and Evan opposite. The table was decked out with the finest linen and silverware and Harry felt just a little underdressed. It wasn't as if he had expected to need posh clothes at the Olympics apart from when he was on the ice.

"I've ordered some sparkling wine to start," Draco said and nodded at the waiter who was standing unobtrusively in the corner; "I find it gets the appetite going, but you're most welcome to order something else if you'd prefer."

Harry wasn't a big drinker, but he accepted some of the wine when the waiter came to pour it, as did both Johnny and Evan. They were then all handed menus, menus which did not have prices on which gave Harry another clue as to how exclusive the place was.

"So, Johnny," Draco said as they all browsed the menu, "I hope you're fully recovered from yesterday's unfortunate incident."

"Completely, thank you," Johnny replied, taking a sip of his wine and smiling, "I think I shall relegate it to the not-memories section of my brain like certain other events in my life that are mortally embarrassing."

"You looked very apocalyptic coming up that hallway," Evan commented with a strange little smile; "I was impressed."

For a second it looked as if Johnny wasn't sure if Evan was making fun of him or not, but he must have decided not because he smiled.

"I'll have to remember that," was the playful response.

"Anyway, we've all had our embarrassing moments," Harry decided to get the conversation going; "I mean Draco has the Ferret incident and we won't even go into the whole Cho kissing fiasco for me."

Johnny looked delighted.

"Those actually happened?" he asked and Harry knew he was on to a winner.

They had covered many things when they had talked after the men's competition, the embarrassing bits hadn't been on the list.

"Oh that damn woman managed to get all the really dubious bits correct," Draco said dryly; "it was some of the other things she had wrong. Did you read that epilogue? What was she on when she wrote that?"

And that was it, the ice was broken and the conversation began. They spent the evening talking about the wizarding world, the ice skating circuit and all sorts of other things while drinking very expensive wine and eating wonderful food. As it turned out Draco was witty and charming and could give as good as he got with any verbal interplay and Harry was very pleased he had said yes to the date. The years since they had last seen each other had changed Draco as much as they had him and he really enjoyed getting to know his one time rival again. Evan, it seemed had a very dry sense of humour, which, once the shock had worn off, started to show and Harry thought that Johnny might be in for more than he had bargained for. Evan might be more of a slow burn than the firecracker that Johnny was, but that didn't mean Johnny was going to get things all his own way.

By the time they had had dessert, an event that had been quite entertaining in itself since Johnny had ordered something completely decadent and then proceeded to make obscene noises as he enjoyed it, they all seemed happy and relaxed. Harry did not fail to notice how Johnny and Evan were leaning very close together and that Johnny's hand was somewhere under the table and out of view. Evan didn't look as if he was trying to cover anything up, so Harry was pretty sure nothing base was going on, but he was also pretty confident Johnny's hand was on Evan's knee and Evan was not objecting.

Alcohol helped mellow people out, not that any of them were more than a little happy, but it still helped. It had been a stressful couple of weeks, what with the Olympic competition and the whole vampire in heat episode as it would be labelled in Harry's head forever and ever, and it was good to unwind.

In the end they Apparated back to Harry's room, since they could be sure there was no one there, with Harry taking Johnny as a slide along and Draco taking Evan. Harry was not sure where Evan and Johnny were going when they left, but he was sure they were going in the same direction. It was really sweet how they were avoiding holding hands, but didn't seem to realise they were walking closer together than was usually normal.

"I give it two days before Johnny has Evan right where he wants him," Draco said as Harry closed the door.

"He already has him," Harry replied confidently, "they just have to realise it."

"Quite," Draco replied with a smile and gave Harry a very obvious once up and down. "So, are you going to offer me coffee or are we just going to catch up on what we've been missing?"

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, so that's how it is, is it," he said with mock indignation; "you buy me dinner and now you expect me to put out?"

Draco just smirked at him.

"Well I can always go home to Astoria and cry on her shoulder how I was spurned by Harry Potter," Draco replied and stepped closer.

Harry was pretty sure someone had just turned up the heat in his room.

"That would make me look very ungracious wouldn't it," Harry replied and moved in himself.

In his old life Harry would never have dreamed of this. It was so far away from how Harry Potter had been that he really almost was a completely different person, but he wanted it now. Relationships weren't something he tried very often, but he had the feeling he would not be able to get rid of Draco very easily. He wasn't sure what they were embarking on, but he liked the idea of the possibilities that arose.

"I saw your free program," Draco said and caught him by surprise.

"How?" he asked since the Olympics was not a big wizarding thing.

"I borrowed one of those PC things," Draco replied, moving in very close and breathing over his ear; "from the Muggle office where I used the phone. I saw one of them watching something on ... um ... Y-tube..."

"Youtube," Harry corrected, more than a little impressed that Draco had been anywhere near a computer.

"And they showed me when I asked."

Harry gave a little whimper when Draco nibbled his ear.

"You're very flexible," Draco whispered in a very sultry tone.

The inference and the way it was said went straight to Harry's cock and he reached up, grabbing Draco's hair and demanded a rather desperate kiss.

"I can put my leg behind my head if I want to," he said between needy kisses.

It wasn't as if he was undersexed, but he had a burning need to be fucked until he could barely walk. The collision of his old life and his new life had upset his balance and it felt like there was a gulf between the two that could not be bridged and he wanted to seal it. Somehow being there with Draco felt like doing that and he realised he needed it a little more than he was willing to admit. Maybe

something had been missing in James Black and he was being offered the chance to put it back.

"Fuck me," he said running his hands over every bit of Draco he could reach, "please; as hard and as fast and as soon as you can."

Draco pulled back a little at that, but after a moment seemed to come to some decision and Harry didn't really care what his one time rival was thinking, because he found himself being pushed backwards towards the bed.

"Whatever you want, Harry," Draco said and for the first time since his real name had been revealed he didn't care that it was being used, in fact it made him tremble inside.

There was so much between them, so much past that was being left unsaid and it didn't matter. At the moment his old life and his new life were hurtling together and he didn't care about anything else.

"As hard and as fast and as soon as I can?" Draco asked, pushing him back onto the bed.

Harry landed flat on his back, feeling the sexual tension crackling through him.

"Yes," he said, almost giving Draco a challenge.

Draco just stood there and smiled before drawing his wand. It wasn't that Harry had forgotten Draco was a wizard, it was that that he was more used to having sex the Muggle way and he hadn't really thought about how Draco might fulfil his request. After one spell he was naked and his clothes were piled neatly in the corner; after another he felt empty and completely clean; after a third he felt his anal muscles relax as if loosened by long play; and after a fourth there was the familiar slick feeling of lubrication in all the right places. He moaned at the delightful sensations.

Then Draco threw off his jacket, undid his flies, pulled out his cock, cast protective charms on himself just like a Muggle would have pulled on a condom, lifted Harry's legs up and apart and pushed all the way home in one thrust. Harry literally howled as he was completely taken and his nerves fired all at the same time. Even with the preparatory spells he wasn't really ready and it burned, but in a way that set his body on fire.

Draco seemed to know exactly what he wanted, what he needed and gave him barely seconds to recover before he was moving again. Long, deep, hard thrusts emptied him and filled him with punishing repetition and he loved it. The two completely separate parts of his life were crashing together and he needed to be able to feel, to know that this was real and not some bizarre dream. This new Draco he really didn't know was replacing the old one in his head, making that memory grow and become an adult, allowing him to bridge the gap that he had pushed to the back of his mind as insurmountable.

He didn't really care what he was doing, what he was saying or how loud he was being as he twisted his hands in the sheets and hung on. He could have been revealing his innermost secrets for all he knew as he lost himself in the delirium of sex and memory. He had been a shell when he had reinvented himself, an empty man whose problems and relationships and pain he had left behind, refused to acknowledge for so many years and now it was coming back. James Black was happy, well adjusted, strong and a fighter, but he had been missing a large part of himself and Harry had to let that back in. Only the feel of Draco kept him grounded, stopped him flying apart in the frenzy inside of him.

When he came it was with a cry of heartbreak and pain, but hope and joy as well. He could never have explained it; it was too complicated, too fundamental to him and for a little while he didn't really know what was going on. Too much adrenaline, too much sensation, too much everything took the world away and when it came back he realised he was crying and he was cradled against a firm chest.

He didn't really know why he was crying, he didn't know what he was feeling at all actually, but it felt cathartic.

"You're back," Draco said in a way that made Harry think his lover understood somehow.

"Sorry," he said quietly, pretty sure this was not what Draco had expected when they came back from the restaurant.

"Don't," Draco said in a firm, but gentle; "it's happened to us all."

Harry looked up into Draco's face then; he didn't understand.

"It was the war, Harry," Draco said and he realised that Draco really did understand; "it scarred us all, took away parts of our childhood. I broke down in my mother's parlour just after my twenty first birthday; everything hit me all at once and I just collapsed. My mother put me to bed and brought me hot tea and my favourite cakes and told me fairy stories until I was ready to face the world again. You ran away, remade yourself, but it's been waiting for you hasn't it?"

He just nodded then. His tears had stopped and he felt kind of refreshed as if he had needed to feel all of that to be made new.

"I think I ruined your shirt," he said as he realised that Draco's pristine white shirt was as covered in tears and snot as he was.

"Yes, well," Draco said and handed him a handkerchief that seemed to come from nowhere, "you can buy me a new one when you win your first gold medal."

That made Harry smile; new life and old coming together.

"It's a deal," he said with a little laugh.

"You don't know how much it costs yet," Draco warned and made him laugh harder.

His emotions were still a little wobbly, because it took him a few seconds to get himself back under control.

"Will you be there when I come home, please?" he asked, knowing he had no right, but needing someone who understood.

Draco gave him an enigmatic smile.

"I'll even fly home with you on that abominable Muggle contraption if you want me to," Draco replied and Harry felt his heart beat faster.

They had connected on a level they had never had as children. Their world had been damaged by a madman, destroying lives on both sides of the battle and Harry felt a kinship with Draco that he had never really understood before.

"Thank you," he said and he meant it from the bottom of his heart.

He wasn't sure where this would lead or what it meant, but it gave him some peace.

"Now," Draco said, moving them both into a sitting position, "I think you need to sleep. Let's get cleaned up and into bed and then in the morning we can get back to the sex."

It took Harry a few seconds to work out what that meant, since his brain was a little fried, but then he smiled; Draco intended to stay.

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The Olympics were over and, wow, had it been a mad time. Harry wasn't really sure quite how he was going to be received at home, given that the truth was out, but at least he wasn't doing it alone. The fact that Draco seemed to be slotting into his life was weird, but good and he only hoped he didn't do something to wreck the burgeoning relationship. He hoped Johnny could work it out with Evan too, because he knew it was weighing on Johnny's mind.

Vancouver airport was going to be a nightmare and people were leaving in staggered, organised chaos. Johnny's flight was leaving before his, so Harry had left his luggage in his room and come down to see his friend onto the bus that had been laid on the ferry people to the airport. Taxis were like gold dust, so everyone was happy there was a bus. The first thing he noticed as he walked into the area that was being used as pick up was that Evan was there as well and was standing a few feet away from Johnny. The pair weren't exactly ignoring each

other, but they weren't talking either. There was no press in the village, but they still seemed to be playing it safe.

Over the last couple of days they had been spending large amounts of time with each other, but mostly in private. Harry was still waiting for them to get a clue and realise there was no going back, but he couldn't live their lives for them, so he had to leave them to it. He knew they were both going to be in L.A. soon, so he refused to be worried.

Apolo and J.R. were saying goodbye to Johnny and Harry trotted over to join them. That was something that had surprised him; Apolo and J.R. seemed to have him in the friend bracket now. It was a random set of circumstances that had lead them to talk to each other the first time, but, even though the short track had still been going on and all the skaters were busy with training, J.R. had looked him up at least twice and he'd bumped into both skaters more than once. He was pretty sure he knew half the US team by now given who he'd been hanging around with.

"Got everything?" he asked brightly as he bounced up behind Johnny.

He refused to let the fact that he didn't want this to end show through. Harry was really sad to say goodbye and he knew the Worlds weren't far away, but he was going to miss Johnny a lot. When he had arrived in Vancouver he never could have guessed what good friends he would make. They had each other's phone numbers and email addresses and just about every other method of communication known to Muggles and Wizards, but Harry still didn't want to go home.

"Every item on my list is ticked," Johnny replied clearly trying to be cheerful, but not wanting to leave either, "better get it on the bus I suppose."

Harry picked up Johnny's suit case, since his friend had his carry on as well and almost put it down again.

"Good god, what do you have in here?" he asked; it weighed a ton.

"Just everything I need," was the straightforward answer, accompanied by a sweet smile.

Harry shook his head ruefully and lugged the dead weight towards the coach, putting it in the hold. He turned back just in time to see Evan walk over to Johnny and tap him on the shoulder. What happened next would go down in Olympic history, at least among the athletes, because as Harry had learned, what went on in the village stayed in the village.

When Johnny turned, Evan grabbed him by the front of the jacket, dragged him close and then bent down and kissed him. At first Johnny's body language screamed shock and then, right there, in front of everyone, Johnny climbed Evan like a tree, wrapped his legs around Evan's waist, grabbed handfuls of hair and

began kissing back like the world was about to end. Harry was impressed that Evan stayed on his feet, but then again strength and balance were among a figure skater's most important qualities.

After the stunned silence of everyone around the bus, which went on for a good twenty seconds, there came the first wolf whistle and some cheering when it became clear Johnny and Evan were not about to stop. When people began clapping and shouting out scores, Harry wandered over to where Apolo and J.R. were standing.

"Do you think either of them is going to remember they have a bus to catch?" he asked in a conversational tone that he knew full well the intertwined couple of figure skaters would be able to hear.

"Not unless we get a hose," J.R. replied, beaming from ear to ear.

The young man had very pink cheeks, which, from the way Apolo was looking at him, Apolo found adorable.

"They're at it already?" came the dry comment from behind them and Harry turned to find Draco standing only a couple of feet away. "And here was I coming to say a civilised goodbye."

"You expect the colonials to be civilised?" Harry replied with a laugh and got punched on the shoulder by Apolo for the quip.

"I heard that," Johnny said, finally breaking the kiss and turning to give him a raised eyebrow look.

"You were supposed to," Harry replied, but was shocked into silence before he could say anymore when Draco walked up beside him and pecked him on the cheek.

Draco, not known for his public displays of affection, just smirked at him.

"Can't be out done completely by our US cousins," Draco said, as if it explained everything.

"No fair," he heard a female voice bemoan, "all the cute ones are gay."

And several people laughed.

"As if you didn't all know that already," was Johnny's comeback, as he gracefully dismounted Evan.

Johnny was beaming from ear to ear and literally glowing with happiness and, surprisingly, so was Evan. It seemed that a decision had finally been made and Harry was very pleased with the outcome. People didn't seem to think Evan was the sharpest crayon in the box, but one thing Harry could tell was that once Evan

had made up his mind about something, it appeared, he was dedicated to it. Harry knew Johnny did not discuss his relationships in the press, but Harry was pretty sure this was one Johnny wouldn't mind getting out.

"Bus," he said, giving Johnny another big hug for good measure.

"And tomorrow you'll learn that C is for cat," Johnny replied when he pulled back, still grinning, but with just a hint of tears in his eyes.

It was sad to be going home.

"I'm going to miss you," he said, refusing to cry even for Johnny Weir; "make sure you email me as soon as you get home so I know you are safe."

"Yes, Mom," Johnny said with a cheeky grin.

It was silly; he'd only known Johnny a couple of weeks and yet he felt as if he was sending off his best friend to places unknown. They were going to be seeing each other soon anyway, but Johnny had really gotten under his skin.

"I think everyone else wants to get to the airport," he said, since he couldn't think of anything else to say.

Johnny just smiled at him and then gave him a peck on the cheek.

"See you soon," Johnny said and then turned to his discarded bag.

Harry looked over at Evan who seemed somewhere between incredibly pleased with himself and somewhat embarrassed about everyone seeing everything. It was quite sweet really.

"Good luck," he said and stuck his hand out towards the other man.

He was quite surprised when he found himself dragged into a warm, although very manly hug.

"Thanks," Evan said and Harry didn't think it was just for the well wishes.

He nodded and then stepped back, letting the two skaters head for the bus. Heaven knew what was going to happen next, there were so many variables for all of them, but Harry had high hopes. As he waved some of his new friends off, standing next to two others, he couldn't help but wonder about his old friends at home. It was not going to be easy to see them again, but he knew he had to and the part of him that was not quaking at the thought was kind of looking forward to it. He wondered what they would think of James Black; he hoped they'd like him.

The End