

A Potter Special

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Gift for: Sabrina

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC17/18

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Warnings: explicit sex

Summary: Harry is chasing a series of what looks like nasty magical murders which have something to do with vampires. He has a suspect and an informant, problem is he didn't know his investigation was compromised. Now he's really in trouble.

Author's Notes: Written for the help_nz charity drive, for Sabrina. Thank you very much for your donation, Sabrina, I hope this is the kind of fic you were after. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Harry knew waking up was not going to be good, mostly because the reason he had passed out in the first place was someone had hit him over the head. That guaranteed two things: firstly he was going to have a killer headache and secondly he was going to open his eyes where he really didn't want to be. He had the sharpest reflexes in the Auror department when it came to shielding from spells, but not so much, it seemed, when it came to people wielding blunt objects.

Mentally bemoaning the fact that the Auror training program was missing a few details, he steeled himself and opened his eyes. The expected headache immediately made itself known, but that was the least of his worries. Standing directly in front of him was Malaise Prufro, the woman he had been trying to catch for six months now.

He was also naked, chained to the wall and the one other person who had known about the meeting he was going to was also in the room and not moving.

"Hello, Auror Potter," Malaise said and smiled at him, "it's so nice to see you again."

"Wish I could say the same," he replied, trying to work out what the hell was going on.

"You can stop hoping for help from young Mr Malfoy," Malaise said, still smiling, "he's rather indisposed at the moment."

Harry had noticed, but the woman moved out of the way so he could get a clear look. Malfoy appeared as naked as he was, but there was a conveniently draped cloth over the pureblood's midriff giving Malfoy at least a little dignity. It was nice to see that purebloods still looked after their own at least, some things never changed.

"What have you done to him?" he asked, because Malfoy was just lying there staring at the ceiling.

"Oh, Draco's come into the fold," Malaise said, "he makes a beautiful vampire."

That explained why Malfoy's usually pale skin appeared even lighter, all but translucent.

"He struggled of course, but did you know a new vampire's mind is completely open to that of their maker?"

Harry hadn't, but he didn't say so.

"Your plan was a very ingenious one," Malaise told him and honestly seemed to mean it, "but mine is better. You've been so close I was impressed."

"What are you doing?" he asked, since he figured if he was going to die at least he could answer that one question.

So far four young wizards had shown up dead with signs of vampire infection, but that wasn't what had killed them. It had looked as if something magical had ripped them apart from the inside, clawing through their skin to get out. The magical forensics had had no idea what it could have been.

"I'm creating my own little army," Malaise said and smiled at him again; she seemed pleased to be able to explain. "I did think vampires to begin with, but after the first day they're so difficult to control, so I thought of something even better. Joseph, darling, come to Mummy."

A young man standing by the door obediently walked over.

"Show him the fangs, Darling," Malaise said and Joseph obediently opened his mouth and let his fangs grow to their full length.

Harry wasn't overly impressed; he'd met more than one vampire.

"Now show him the demon, there's a good boy."

Joseph looked him directly in the eye and blinked, where there had been human, if vampire, eyes, there were lizard like slits, glowing a very unhealthy colour.

"Merlin's balls," Harry said, feeling horror creep up his spine.

No one with any sense messed around with demons.

"Isn't he special," Malaise said and sent Joseph back to his corner, "he's one of five so far. The ritual is a little hit and miss, sometimes the possession doesn't take, but when it works it's magnificent. Demons are very easy to control when you know their names, so my boys are the perfect little weapons."

Harry was disgusted and a little impressed at the same time. As mad schemes went, it was a good one, utterly insane, but then that went with the territory.

"And Malfoy?" he asked.

"Is ready for the ritual," Malaise told him helpfully. "When the moon reaches its zenith the sigils and symbols will invite a demon to possess him. That's why you're here. My babies are always a little hungry and destructive when they're first possessed and you'll make a nice snack."

"Not going to make me into one of your army then?" he asked, hoping to buy himself some time.

He could see the moon through the glass dome that made up the centre of the roof; it wasn't far from target.

"I considered it," Malaise said and ran a finger down the side of his face; "you are rather attractive, but you also have a nasty habit of twisting magic. I can't take the risk, so you have to die."

Just what he needed, a mad witch who'd been paying attention to his career.

"Don't worry about dying quietly; the room is sound proofed," she said as she sauntered over towards the door. "Oh, and if by some accident you manage to break free, the room will be magically sealed until dawn. Good luck surviving that long."

"Mad she-dragon," he muttered under his breath as the woman swept out of the room, her tame demon-possessed vampire following.

The door shut with a very resounding bang, leaving him alone with Malfoy.

He needed to break free somehow and soon, that much was obvious, the problem was, he was being held by chains. Without the key or his wand there was no way out of them. Casting his eyes around the room, he looked for anything that would help. As it was, all he came back to was Malfoy. Malfoy was not restrained in any way and looked far too relaxed to be in a full body bind, which meant Malfoy was being kept docile some other way. It could have been a potion, but there was a small metal oval on Malfoy's forehead, which Harry suspected had something to do with it. He'd seen something like it in the vaults. He seemed to remember it could only be used on magical creatures of a certain genus, vampires being one.

Glancing up, he could see the moon climbing higher; he was running out of time.

The way he was looking at it, his only chance of getting out of the chains was Malfoy and the only way for Malfoy to be of any help was to be mobile. That left him only one course of action.

Gathering his will, he stared at the device on Malfoy's forehead. What very few people knew, in fact no one except Hermione, was that Harry was working to develop his wandless magic. Very few magical people could do it, but Hermione had seen something Harry had done in a fit of temper and suggested he try. So far his success rate was very small, but it was worth a try.

It was teaching him an awareness of his own magic that he hadn't had before and he could feel the power moving under his skin. Actually making the magic do anything without a wand was just under impossible in his book, but it had worked once. He'd only been learning for a couple of months.

Out of the corner of his eye he could see the moonlight creeping towards Malfoy. Some of the sigils were beginning to glow gently and the magic in the room made the hair on his arms stand up. He stared harder and tried to make his magic do something.

Moving a small disc of metal should not have been difficult, except of course for the fact that he was missing his wand. It was all about focus and convincing his

core magic to jump to his bidding without a conduit. He had read the books Hermione had found for him, well, he'd been busy, he'd read half of one. He needed to use his mind like an arrow; he knew that much. Okay so he'd read one chapter and he was beginning to regret not trying harder now.

The main shaft of moonlight was slowly moving up Malfoy's body and soon it would be completely overhead. There was one large symbol drawn on Malfoy's chest and when the edges of that began to glow, Harry became desperate. He could see some sort of mist forming around Malfoy and he knew he was almost out of time.

Closing his eyes, he conjured up every hateful thing Malfoy had every said to him, every snide remark. It wasn't a lot from recent years, but their school days had plenty and he focused on it. His magic always worked better when he was angry and he did his best to relive every moment. The ferret had wrecked his operation. Malfoy had been caught; he never should have trusted him as an informant in the first place. The rest of the Auror team had told him he was crazy; they had been right. It was all Malfoy's fault.

It was childish and quite probably untrue, but with his mind full of childish things he made himself believe it. He opened his eyes again, as angry as hell at the mess Malfoy had made of his case and he felt his magic jump to his command. However, it was not just the small disk that moved, it was Malfoy himself. Just as the moon reached its zenith Malfoy slid sideways to be dumped unceremoniously on the floor the other side of the dais.

Harry's anger evaporated as he saw the faint outline of something very not human appear right where Malfoy had been. The thing put its scaled head back and screamed, reaching up an arm to try and shield itself from the moonlight. It very rapidly disappeared in an explosion of light that made spots jump in front of Harry's eyes.

So much for possession; now he just had to hope Malfoy was in a state to help him.

"Malfoy," he called out, not being able to see where the other wizard had landed.

There was no answer.

"Malfoy, are you mobile?" he tried again.

This time there was no response verbally, but a pale hand did appear over the edge of the dais. It was slowly followed by a pale head and torso as Malfoy pulled himself up.

"Malfoy, look at me," Harry only hoped his companion was not too dazed.

What he did not expect was for Malfoy to look up at him through pale hair and snarl, showing off fangs and silver glowing eyes. That was one thing Harry had not taken into account; Malfoy looked hungry.

"Malfoy," he said, keeping his voice steady, "get a grip, we have to get out of here."

Malfoy just glared at him before slowly stalking around the dais and straight towards him. That proved that Malfoy was just as naked as he was, because the cloth was now gone.

"We are going nowhere," Malfoy said, voice half growl as they came nose to nose, "at least not until morning."

That answered the question as to whether Malfoy had been aware of what was going on while he had been immobile.

"Could you at least get me down?" Harry asked, shaking his wrists to illustrate his point.

Malfoy reached up and placed a hand on one of Harry's chains and then stopped. Harry wasn't sure what was going on.

"Not yet," Malfoy said and smiled, not overly settling from Harry's point of view.

"What? Why?"

Harry didn't bother hiding his annoyance; the last thing he needed was for Malfoy to start playing childish games. When Malfoy moved closer so that they were almost skin to skin, Harry looked down and figured out that maybe the game wasn't so childish. Malfoy's cock was at half mast and hardening more even as he looked.

"I think I like you like this," Malfoy whispered in his ear.

"Malfoy," he replied in a warning tone.

That just made the other wizard smile wider.

"I'm a vampire, Harry," Malfoy said and Harry wasn't sure whether to be more interested in what Malfoy was saying or the fact his one time nemesis had used his first name, "I need blood and I'm made for sex. We're stuck in here until morning; might as well enjoy ourselves until then."

Harry wanted to point out why that was a spectacularly bad idea, but he had a weakness he'd so far been very good at hiding. That weakness happened to be six foot, silver blond and now a vampire. His cock betrayed him as one of his well buried fantasies was offered to him on a plate.

"Well, well," Malfoy said, looking down between them, "seems my instincts haven't been that far off these past few months. How long have you been holding out on me, Harry?"

Their situation was ridiculous; they should have been trying to escape.

"Years," Harry heard himself admit and mentally cursed his inability to control his own body.

"Just so we're clear, Harry," Malfoy said, smile growing ever wider, "I'm going to spread your legs, fuck you and then bite you while you're helpless to stop me. In fact I might do it several times."

Common sense said that was a terrible plan, Harry's cock on the other hand demanded all the blood from his brain. It was so not the time for sex.

"Just try not to kill me," were Harry's words of surrender.

He was an Auror, an adrenaline junkie and male; who was he kidding? It was the perfect time for sex.

"Aren't we lucky Malaise likes her boys oiled up?" Malfoy said with a laugh and reached behind Harry, where he couldn't see.

That explained the sheen on Malfoy's pale skin at least and Malfoy came back with a bottle of oil.

"Be a good boy and remember to scream for me," Malfoy said and gracefully slid to his knees.

"Oh my god," Harry said and put his hands round his chains, because he just knew his knees were going to go weak soon.

The way Malfoy looked at his cock and then licked those, pink, pouty lips made Harry tremble just a little.

"In a minute, I think," Malfoy said and looked up at him through long pale lashes.

He quickly found himself readjusting his weight as Malfoy lifted one of his legs, making him stand on the other. The lifted leg was placed on Malfoy's shoulder.

"Better."

Harry didn't have a chance to agree or disagree, because vampires, it seemed were fast and there was an oil finger probing at his entrance before he could really form a thought. Anything he had been about to say dissolved into a small moan. He hadn't been this turned on since Seamus had made him watch porn for eight hours straight with a no touching rule. Betting with Seamus was never a great idea.

"So, Harry," Malfoy said, oiled finger slowly pushing into him at the same time, "how long has it been since you last had sex?"

"Eight weeks," he said, realising belatedly that his brain to mouth filter seemed to be entirely off.

It wasn't his fault he could only concentrate on the finger working its way up his arse, or that he'd been too busy to find anyone to have sex with.

"And are you too good a boy to play with toys?"

When he didn't reply, Malfoy's finger stilled and Harry so wanted it to move again that he had no resistance.

"Too much to do recently."

He knew that Malfoy was a Slytherin and would no doubt use this information against him at a later date, but he was helpless.

"Then I had better do this properly, hadn't I, Harry."

Properly turned out to translate to agonisingly slowly, especially by the time Malfoy had two fingers in him and had unerringly found his prostate. Harry was a complete slut for things up his arse, he was well aware of this and Malfoy was rapidly finding out.

"If I'd known how much you like it, Harry, I'd have offered to fuck you ages ago."

"Bastard," was Harry's most coherent thought and that just made Malfoy laugh.

That also appeared to be the cue for Malfoy to start sucking on his cock with no warning whatsoever. What few brain cells Harry had left promptly melted and he was left with reactive responses only. He gripped the chains on his wrists harder and held on for the ride.

Malfoy proceeded to finger fuck him open and suck every thought in his head out through his dick. Then Malfoy pulled off with a pop, pushed his leg up and to the side with one free hand and sank fangs into the inside of his thigh. Harry howled, bucked and came, all at the same time.

He was not a guy who was usually into pain, but the combination of fingers up his arse and fangs in his flesh, right next to his very sensitive cock, just did it for him. Malfoy didn't seem to care in the slightest that he was covered in come as the vampire lapped at his thigh, making him shake at the stimulation as clever fingers pushed at his prostate, forcing him to give everything he had. By the time Malfoy pulled his fingers free and lowered Harry's leg to the ground before slowly standing up, Harry was something of a wreck.

Malfoy's eyes were bright and his gaze was piercing as he looked into Harry's.

"You taste delightful," Malfoy said, reaching onto his shoulder where a droplet of Harry's come had landed, scooping it up with a finger and then placing that finger into his mouth.

Harry wasn't the least bit surprised when Malfoy leant in for a kiss. He whimpered as he tasted blood and come and he tried to imagine if Malfoy could push anymore of his buttons.

"Now I'm going to fuck you," Malfoy told him as they pulled apart.

Harry didn't doubt it in the slightest. He couldn't take his eyes off Malfoy as the other wizard took the oil and slicked up what was a very impressive cock when fully erect. He had always suspected that Malfoy was packing some serious size under his robes, now he didn't have to imagine anymore.

It seemed that the weight of one human male was child's play for a vampire, because Harry found himself being lifted with ease. Malfoy was wiry with distinct muscles, but the way Harry was hoisted into the air spoke of supernatural strength. He was holding on to the chains and had his back against the pillar to which he was attached, but Malfoy was supporting most of his weight effortlessly. Harry had tried the against the wall trick with a previous partner and it had been awkward and difficult, but he had been lacking vampire strength.

Malfoy just manoeuvred him where he wanted him, lined up and started to push in. Harry groaned and willed his body to take the intrusion. It wasn't exactly the easiest position to make himself relax in, but he didn't have much trouble taking Malfoy's cock. It stretched him and pretty soon filled him, but he wasn't a blushing virgin or anything. In fact, when Malfoy stopped to let him adjust, he was having none of it.

"Dammit, Malfoy," he said, breathing hard and pushing down on the cock inside of him, "fuck me already."

He was sensitised from his orgasm and some of his nerves were still jangling, but he didn't care. What they said about vampires was true; once one got his hands on you, you never wanted to stop.

"If you insist," Malfoy said, voice tight with arousal and then promptly slammed home, sliding right past Harry's prostate and making him see stars.

Harry bit his lip and took it; this was going to be good.

It was too, as Malfoy began to make good on his promise. Each thrust was strong and true and Harry quickly gave up trying to keep his reactions inside. He moaned, groaned and swore until the air was blue, loving every second of it. In the end it was Malfoy who decided that he couldn't get enough purchase where they were and Harry discovered quite how easily his lover could have freed him before. When Malfoy pulled on them, the chains snapped and Harry hung on as he was carried over to the dais and placed on the flat surface.

Malfoy pushed his legs up and apart and then thrust right back into him. Harry could feel himself becoming hard again and he could feel his magic swirling under his skin; a sure sign that he was really enjoying himself. That was the other time his magic tended to make itself known; during sex. He momentarily considered mentioning it to Malfoy, but the thought was gone almost before it appeared as Malfoy bullseyed his sweet spot yet again.

Something else that turned out to be true was the legend about vampire stamina. Draco (his mental reference point changed somewhere along the way) had had him on the dais on his back, on the dais on his hands and knees, on the floor, on the chair in the corner of the room from beneath and on top, up against the pillar again and then bent forward over the dais before showing any signs of finishing. Harry had come three times now and he was pretty sure he didn't have anything else to give. He was a mess of arousal and sweat and magic by the time Draco pulled him upright, sank fangs into his neck and came.

Vampire magic slammed into his already strung out body and he discovered he could come again, but mostly it was magic that exploded out of him. He knew a gestalt effect when he felt it as his magic combined with Draco's, he had just had no idea that it could happen between a vampire and a normal wizard. The whole effect gave him about ten seconds to get used to the idea and goggle at the sheer power they were generating and then he passed out.

He came to wrapped in something and being carried in strong arms.

"Just relax," Draco said as soon as he tried to move, "the excitement's over. I expect your friends to be arriving any moment. With the magical beacon we put out I expect half of London to arrive any moment, actually."

Harry couldn't help noticing they were no longer in the ritual room, but no one seemed to be trying to stop their progress.

"What happened?" he asked, feeling more than a little fuzzy headed.

"I believe it will go down as another Potter special," Draco said and placed him on a rather comfortable sofa, for which his arse was very grateful.

It seemed he was wrapped in the cloth that had been over Draco when he had first seen him. Draco was still naked.

"This one has to be Potter and Malfoy, surely," he said, looking around what was a nicely decorated sitting room.

Draco smiled at him for that.

"Possibly, but I suspect it is down to your uncanny ability to warp magic."

Harry realised where Malaise had probably picked up that idea then.

"Our magic combined and attacked the room's inbuilt enchantments," Draco explained, pulling a table cloth off a nearby table and wrapping it around his waist. "The resulting magical explosion rendered every being in the house unconscious, except myself and most probably set off every magical alarm between here and Scotland. I have locked Malaise and her spawn in her cellar, oh and I found your wand."

He was naked and wrapped in a sheet, but Harry still felt better when Draco handed him his wand.

"The cavalry should be here shortly."

Harry nodded; an explosion like that would gain a great deal of attention.

"Good luck with the report on this one," Draco said, sitting down next to him and grinning.

Harry grinned back; it was going to be an interesting write up. Not that he didn't have the market cornered on odd reports already; his superior would probably just read it and file it without comment.

"So," he said, eyes running over Draco's pale frame, "what's it like being a vampire?"

"Inconvenient," was the offhand response and Draco didn't sound too put out; "but it worked alright for great uncle Horatio, so I'm sure I can make arrangements. Of course it would be far easier if I had a regular donor."

Draco didn't look at him, that would have been very unSlytherin, but Harry wasn't as slow as he had been at school.

"I hear they've managed to make blood replenishing potion twice as effective," he commented mirroring Draco's 'not particularly bothered' pretence and then waited.

Draco eventually turned to look at him.

"Are you offering, Potter?"

Harry smiled and sat up, ignoring the twinge in his backside.

"You know, Draco, I prefer it when you call me Harry."

The End