

Blood-Ties

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Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: R

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Warnings: This story is set post OOTP and therefore has SPOLIERS.

Summary: Draco has a mission from Voldemort to finally kill The Boy Who Lived. He has been subject to Voldemort's ministrations to make sure he does not fail, but nothing is ever certain when Harry Potter is involved.

Author's Notes: Well this was a wild ride - it turned out nothing like I thought it was going to, but it was fun to write :). Thanks to Soph for the beta. Written for [Fangs for Frulie - The Feeding Time Challenge](#) at hpvamp on LJ.

Draco moved slowly and quietly through the almost silent school. In the middle of the Christmas holiday there were no other students wandering the hallways, especially so late at night. He had returned to Hogwarts the previous evening on the pretence that his mother was visiting relatives for New Year and he could not accompany her. It was somewhat unusual for pupils to return before the end of the holiday, since special arrangements had to be made, but for families like the Malfoys, nothing was out of reach.

The truth of the matter was that Draco had a mission. Only two days ago he had been taken by certain family friends to a meeting with the Dark Lord. With his father still incarcerated Draco was now the man of the house, and as such certain things were expected of him. Taking the mark while still at school was inadvisable, and hence his arm was still unadorned, but his father's master had large plans afoot and Draco had to take part in them to maintain his family's standing in the Death Eaters.

At home it had all seemed straight forward and completely obvious. At home, surrounded by Malfoy splendour, it had seemed the only thing to do. To accept the Dark Lord's instructions with the humble grace of a true follower had been the only possible course of action. However, now that he was here Draco was having second thoughts as doubts clouded his mind. His duty was no longer so clear as other possibilities filled his head.

He had been prepared for this mission by Voldemort himself, and he had specific instructions on what he had to do, but he could not help but wonder if there was another way. Creeping silently along the corridor he followed the sixth sense he had been given, to where he knew he would find Harry Potter. The sixth sense would last for a good few days yet, but if he fulfilled his mission it would be irrelevant in less time than that.

Turning a corner he came to the steps of the Astronomy tower and keeping to the deep shadows he began to climb. He knew without a doubt that at the top he would find the Boy Who Lived, and there he would fulfil his mission. Draco did not understand the Dark Lord's obsession with Harry Potter; as far as he could see Potter was simply an irritant, but who was he to argue with his father's master.

It had taken hours to prepare him for the task. Lord Voldemort would not allow for failure and Draco had been through a long, arduous ritual to make sure he would not be defeated by his enemy. He had never thought to resist and the power he had been given would stand him in good stead when he returned to the Death Eaters with victory behind him. He had been instructed to find Potter and then drain him of every last drop of blood; nothing more, nothing less. By the end of the night Potter was to be dead and the Dark Lord would have a weapon to win him the war which was brewing.

However, Draco found himself pausing at the top of the stairs as he saw his victim for the first time. Potter was sitting against one of the buttresses looking out over the school grounds, haloed in the light from the torch above him. His prey was wrapped in a black school cloak that made him almost disappear into the dark background.

The Boy Who Lived had been a serious, ghost of his former outgoing self since the beginning of the sixth year and Draco thought that alone, on top of the Astronomy tower, Potter appeared even more withdrawn. He could see the Gryffindor's profile, and Potter's face held far more age than his seventeen years. The green eyes that often held so much venom when regarding him were turned away, staring at the dark sky, but Draco could still see the overly pale skin and the tired grey bags under his victim's eyes.

For a moment he remained frozen, as part of him which was not the perfect Death Eater's son wondered why this thin, insomniac wizard needed to die. Potter was barely more than a boy and it struck him that it was a strange kind of war which pitted school children against each other.

"Hello, Malfoy," Potter spoke and startled Draco out of his reverie.

He was shocked and did not know what to do as a calm green gaze turned to him. Potter should not have known he was there; he had activated the concealing charms Voldemort had placed on him and he was standing in a dark pool of shadow with the hood of his robe pulled up.

"I've been waiting for you," Potter finished evenly.

Ideas of treachery and some strange test of his loyalty jumped into his mind and he froze under his nemesis' scrutiny. It was not possible that Potter had known he would be there, not unless he had been betrayed.

"You don't have to worry about someone ratting you out," Potter said as if this was a perfectly normal situation, "I just knew."

The green eyes turned away again, looking out over the grounds again.

"Voldemort probably didn't bother to tell you that I sometimes see what he's doing," the Gryffindor continued conversationally. "I saw the whole ceremony. Ever since he found out we were connected he's been tormenting me with nasty flashes and nothing useful, but his control slipped."

Draco just didn't know what to say; he really couldn't understand it all. His eyes darted from one end of the roof to the other, looking for Potter's protectors, but he could see no one except Potter himself. Surely if they had known he was coming, especially with the preparations Voldemort had put him through, then there would be Aurors waiting to prevent his actions. It could only have been

Dumbledore's bizarre sense of the dramatic which had allowed him access this far.

"We're alone," Potter said calmly, as if he was reading Draco's mind, "I didn't tell anyone. I meant it when I said I've been waiting for you. Did you know it caused quite a ruckus when your mother's letter arrived? Dumbledore has had people here, people no one was supposed to know about. Most of the pupils staying wouldn't know intrigue if it jumped up and bit them; except Stevens of course, but he's a very inept spy for a Slytherin; you on the other hand are an entirely different matter. Dumbledore had to move very fast to make sure no one was still here when you arrived."

This was probably the most bizarre conversation Draco had ever had with Potter, and considering their rivalry that was saying something. Usually they exchanged insults, but this seemed almost polite. Draco was not sure how to take it.

"If you saw the ceremony," he said slowly, "you know why I'm here."

It was an open ended question; Draco needed to know exactly how much information Potter actually had.

"You want my blood," Potter said calmly, "drained to the last drop. Did you know Voldemort already took quite a bit for his rebirth? Seems rather obsessed with it."

An idea was beginning to form in Draco's mind that perhaps Potter had finally gone over the edge. The way the Gryffindor was talking indicated an unhinged mind and this knowledge gave him a little confidence. Slowly he stepped out onto the roof and began to walk towards his victim. Potter turned when Draco was about half way there and looked him straight in the eye.

"Did you know that one in a million human beings has the natural predisposition to become a vampire when simply bitten?" Potter asked. "No need for the whole exchange of blood ritual."

At the mention of blood rituals Draco's mind immediately flashed back to the ordeal Voldemort had demanded of him. That Potter had seen the whole thing rather disturbed him, and the connection between them flared slightly as the memory caused adrenalin to flood through his system. It was a reflection of the connection his father's master had with Potter, but to listen to Lord Voldemort that connection had only ever been one way. He remembered the taste of blood on his lips, the Dark Lord's blood, and he remembered the spells cast over him to give him the advantage over Potter. Only now did the doubt at the consequences of the ceremony reach out to him.

"Do you really know why you're here?" Potter asked and pulled Draco back to the present.

"It is my duty," he replied evenly, after all there was no reason to play games now.

"Bollocks," his companion said pointedly, the most animated Draco had seen him since he arrived. "What is your reason; yours; not your father's; not Voldemort's; yours? You hate me, tell me why."

"I don't hate you," he heard the words spill out of his mouth before he really thought about it and he stopped in shock.

Draco was sure of most things in his life, but he had thought he was sure about his feelings towards Potter; however it seemed he was wrong. He had hated him for a long time, but since his father had been in Azkaban, Draco had found out many things of which he had been unaware. Growing up had been something that was forced upon him, and the hatred he had felt had seemed childish and a waste of effort. Potter could be annoying and the arguments they had whenever they met were very real, but the hatred had taken more effort than it was worth and had become little more than habitual dislike.

"You came here to kill me, Malfoy," Potter pointed out in a very reasonable tone, "don't you think you should hate me?"

"No," Draco said.

It was a bizarre conversation, but he felt that in some way he owed it to the Gryffindor. If a man was going to die, he deserved at least some honesty.

"You are my enemy," he gave his reasoning as calmly as he could, although the adrenaline caused by the situation was making his heart beat hard in his chest.

"That may change," that was not the response Draco had expected at all, and those clear green eyes had pinned him down again.

Potter's calm, almost disconnected manner was beginning to annoy Draco and he lifted his wand. This had to be some kind of delaying tactic, maybe Potter was waiting for his friends to arrive. The strength of Potter's mind was renowned and for this Draco wanted his victim helpless.

"Petrificus Totalis," he said firmly and sent the spell straight at Potter.

Everything happened so fast that at first he could not process it. One moment he was in control with victory in his sights and the next Potter was gone from in front of his wand and arms wound round him, pinning his limbs to his sides. The charmed vial he had been given to collect Potter's blood went tumbling to the ground, shattering into a thousand pieces as it hit the roof. A hand snaked down his arm and fastened on his wrist, squeezing until it hurt, and it was not long before his wand also rolled away from him.

"It will not be my blood which is shed tonight," Potter's voice whispered in his ear and for the first time Draco experienced real fear.

He could feel the power in the arms that held him and he could not move. Now he understood Potter's casual indifference to his presence; now he comprehended the talk of vampires and blood; now he realised that his enemy had never been in danger at all. Potter had only told him the truth. He had been waiting for him, waiting for a victim.

"You're going to kill me," Draco did not ask a question; with complete certainty he knew that he had met his fate.

It was strange, he had never thought to die like this, and yet somehow, it seemed right that he should come to an end at the hands of his nemesis. Potter gave a short, low laugh.

"Possibly," the Gryffindor said, but Draco had no chance to reply as stabbing pain took away his voice.

Sharp points sliced through the skin of his neck and Potter's mouth clamped around the wound. Draco stiffened, but as his captor began to drink he felt all control leave him and his muscles began to relax. Vampire power invaded his body and took away any will he had left and Draco found himself sagging against the form behind him, held by those strong arms.

The power of the Dark Lord with all his blood rites and spells was nothing compared to the unadulterated strength of Potter as he currently was. This was true power and Draco crumbled under its force.

In the instant when he had been grabbed his mind had conjured up many horrible possibilities, but the experience did not fit any of them. After the initial bite the pain faded and Potter's mental presence swamped him with feelings of desire and well being. He could not move and he could not fight, even as he felt his life being drawn out of him, and yet in only moments he could not find the will to want to do either.

The grip which held him loosened, so that it was gentle rather than vice-like, and he let his head loll back against Potter's shoulder. His mind sailed free of all care, almost like Imperio when his father had tried to train him to resist it. What his parent never realised was that he had taught him far too well to ever be able to resist; Draco's mind was trained to obey any his reasoning told him was superior, and he succumbed to that instinct now. Power flooded through him and it met little resistance.

When the mouth finally released its hold on him he felt himself being lowered towards the floor. His body felt like it was made of parchment and he could barely keep his eyes open as his head was rested on Potter's knee. Luminous green eyes looked down at him, studying his face and he could not even feel the fear of dying anymore.

"One of Dumbledore's visitors was a vampire from Europe," Potter said in a quiet tone, as if he was sharing a secret. "The headmaster makes sure I'm in all the meetings now, and I caught his eye. He found me later and seduced me. Didn't know I could fancy a man until him, but he was very beautiful, and dangerous; you'd have liked him. Lost my virginity and my humanity in the same night."

If the laugh that followed was anything to go by then Potter found that amusing, but Draco could do nothing except stare upwards into the earnest face of the creature which had just stolen his life from him.

"I realised that something was happening the morning afterwards," Potter continued to tell him, as if it was important to the Gryffindor that he know, "but Nicholas was busy and I couldn't speak to him. So I went to the library and looked it up; I knew Hermione's training would come in useful one day. Lucky I did really or he would have killed me. Did you know they did that? I had no idea."

Draco assumed that the question was rhetorical because there was no way he could answer.

"It took three days," the story continued and Draco found Potter's voice hypnotic, "I've been hiding in my dorm. There's so much they don't tell us about magical creatures in DADA; I never really thought about it until now. It turns out that humans who spontaneously become vampires are what they call master vampires; we have the power to control the others. The normal vampires will kill

turning master vampires before they can defend themselves, and Nicholas would have destroyed me like so much rubbish."

Gentle fingers reached down and stroked a stray hair off of his face and Draco just continued to look. Dying was kind of euphoric and he felt a strange desire to smile as the heartbeat in his ears became slower and slower.

"I didn't know what to do at first. I couldn't go to Dumbledore with Nicholas still here, could I?" the words flowed over him in the strangely hypnotic dance that had captured his mind. "Then I saw what Voldemort did to you and I decided that you would be my first donor. Taking back part of what he took from me seemed kind of right. We don't have to kill to feed, but you're really too dangerous to have running around. According to the book I could command an army of vampires if I wanted to; only the very old would be able to resist me, but I don't want an army of slaves, Malfoy. I don't want a war where hundreds will die; I just want a select few to help me."

The edges of his vision were beginning to darken and Draco knew he was close to crossing over. He could not quite understand why Potter was sitting there watching him; he had never thought that the Gryffindor was the vicious type.

"I know you like to win, Malfoy," Potter continued his insane ramblings, "only you never do against me. You're tenacious and devious, both qualities that would be really useful if you weren't so obsessed with defeating me. We shouldn't be fighting, Malfoy, we should be on the same side: that way we both win."

Draco blinked up at his captor, wanting to speak, but unable to say anything. His thoughts were moving too slowly and could not comprehend what Potter was trying to say.

"Join me," were the words that partially dragged him back from the precipice into which he was staring. "Gryffindors are all well and good, but without Slytherin cunning, bravery is useless," Potter sounded adamant. "I can't let you live as my enemy, Malfoy, you know too much now, but I would call you back as my ally."

It was becoming hard to breathe, and Draco tried desperately to make his mind work. Potter was offering him a choice, and part of him screamed that he could never betray everything he had been taught to believe in, but there was a growing cacophony in the back of his mind that spoke of power, and virtual immortality, and the hand of friendship which had been denied him so long ago.

"You will never be stronger than me, Malfoy," Potter said, but rather than ridiculing his tone was simply honest, "but you can be stronger than everyone else. All you have to do is drink."

His vision was almost completely gone now, but he saw the dark shape that fell over his face, and it was not long before he felt something warm drip onto his lips. Life would fade, or he could accept the power and supernatural life that Potter was offering; even to a Hufflepuff the choice would have been obvious. With the last of his strength he ran his tongue over his lips, tasting the blood lying there and he opened his mouth to allow more of the coppery liquid to be dribbled inside.

It did not taste dead and old like Voldemort's blood had, it was alive and fresh and carried the flavour of power. The moment he swallowed fiery pain started in his throat and the heat rapidly spread throughout his body. It hurt like nothing on

earth and every muscle stiffened, but he could do nothing except lie there as destructive energy lanced through every cell in his body.

He heard himself trying to breathe; a horrible choking sound that spoke of the end of mortal life, and his fingers tightened into claws as he felt the last of his life being stolen from him, to be replaced by something completely different.

"Sshhh," Potter's voice was distant and Draco could barely feel the gentle fingers on his forehead, "I know it hurts. It will be over soon."

Draco felt as if his whole being was subject to invasion, but there was nothing he could do to stop it. Mercifully, as he decided he could take no more, the world and the pain began to fade away. As his last breath fled from his tortured body he drifted into blissful darkness.

Draco woke to find that the world was not quite how he remembered it, and it was not just the fact that he was in a different place. He was now lying on a bed, surrounded by the familiar curtains of the dormitory four posters, only the curtains on this one were red rather than green, but what caught his notice was how vivid the red appeared. For a few moments he stared at it as the curtain almost seemed to glow. In fact he was so captivated that for a while it failed to dawn on him that not only was he lying in an unfamiliar bed, but he was also wearing unfamiliar clothes. He looked at himself and decided that yes, the oversized, ugly t-shirt and hideously gold and red boxers were definitely not his. Before he could react, however, the curtains parted slightly to reveal Potter standing beside the bed.

"Welcome back," the Gryffindor said with a smile.

Had it been a normal meeting Draco might have been worried about his dignity, but as it was all he could do was gape. Potter was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and he felt desires stir within him that he had never felt before. It was as if his mind simply refused to function in the presence of such power and captivating magnificence. In that moment Draco knew he would do anything that Potter required of him.

"Sorry about the clothes," his companion said conversationally and managed to break the spell, "I know they're not what you're used to, but yours were soiled, dying is messy, and I gave them to Dobby for cleaning."

Blinking and trying to gather his wits, Draco could find nothing to say as Potter sat down on the bed beside him. He could feel something between them, some kind of connection, but the overwhelming adoration he had felt was fading quickly. Everything about Potter was brighter than he remembered, but that went for the whole world around him as well, so it was not as distracting as it could have been.

"What... I... something..." Draco could find no words to express the confusion he was feeling. "What the hell just happened?"

Potter appeared uncertain for a moment.

"I bit you," the Gryffindor said with a slight frown, "and then I brought you to my dorm."

"I remember the biting," Draco said, becoming more than a little agitated, "I mean just now, when you opened the curtains. What did you do?"

The frown became a perplexed little pout.

"I didn't do anything," his companion said definitely, "I felt you wake up and came to see how you were."

"But you... and I..." Draco could not explain his reaction and he was mortified to find that his body had reacted as well as his mind.

He could not stop himself from looking down at his traitorous physical shell, and for the first time he was glad for the oversized t-shirt.

"Oh," Potter said in a knowing tone, "did you suddenly feel like I was the most desirable thing on the planet and you'd do anything, including getting down on your knees and begging?"

Draco just stared, with his mouth open; what was he supposed to say to that?

"Yeah, I felt like that the first time Nicholas came after me," the Gryffindor continued, and Potter was actually blushing; "I think it was something to do with the fact that he wanted me and was projecting it. Sorry, you looked rather edible when I opened the curtains."

Finding out Potter was a vampire had been strange; finding out that Potter wanted him as an ally was even stranger; but finding out that Potter wanted him in any other way was a little too much for Draco to deal with. The fact that Potter seemed quite so normal now was also a little hard to cope with: at that moment Draco would have preferred the philosophical creature he had met on the roof top.

"Potter, are you schizophrenic or what?" he demanded pointedly.

That drew a surprisingly bright smile from his companion.

"Occlumency," Potter said as if it explained everything, "I've been using it since I began to change to make sure Voldemort didn't figure out what had happened. Ron says it makes me a little odd, but since I have you now, and I can't keep it up forever, I stopped using it."

Draco was not sure he was comfortable with the casual way Potter claimed him. He was pretty sure Potter had not meant it quite the way it sounded, but it still made Draco squirm. It must have showed on his face, because Potter became serious again.

"I won't force you into anything," the Gryffindor said, looking him in the eye steadily, "but I will prevent you from siding with Voldemort. You chose life, and now you have to choose whether you are going to be a participant or a spectator."

A simple choice really, but one that threw up all sorts of scenarios into Draco's head, turning his back on Voldemort was turning his back on everything he had been brought up to believe; everything his father had taught him. It would mean trouble within his family, although with his father in prison he was the controlling factor at the manor.

[I could snuff out your will like a candle,] the force of Potter's mind on his made him gasp as he realised that the mental words were simple fact, "but I meant it when I said I did not want slaves. If you pledge your allegiance to me, Malfoy, you will have mine in return."

Looking into what to his new sight were luminous green eyes, Draco saw only truth. His instinct was to look for tricks and misleading information, but he could find nothing in what Potter had said or how he had said it. Potter was not purely Gryffindor; his behaviour and handling of his current situation was an exhibition of that. The way Potter had waited and schemed was almost Slytherin in its complexity, but Draco knew that he was dealing with the straightforward part of the Gryffindor's personality now.

"What would you expect of me?" he asked carefully.

"Stand with me openly," Potter said without hesitation. "If you returned to Voldemort now he would see what you are and use it against you. If you join my side others will reconsider where they stand and he will lose support."

"Nothing more?" Draco wanted to be very sure.

A flush came to Potter's features at that and for a moment those green eyes flicked away in embarrassment.

"I didn't mean to do that," Potter insisted, his gaze anywhere but on Draco, "but it's more difficult to control things like that now. It won't happen again."

His first instinct was to say 'good' and be done with it, but Draco found his eyes roaming over the uncomfortable Gryffindor. He had admired the male form before, but mostly out of adolescent curiosity; his tastes had always been for the female of the species, but something about this new Potter caught his attention.

"Do you really desire me?" he found himself asking. He had been going to say 'fancy', but it seemed far too childish and petty for the current situation.

"Yeah," Potter replied, clearly embarrassed, but not trying to dodge the issue, "I think vampires are a lot less backward about these things than humans. You'll find out soon enough."

Draco had the decency to blush as he recalled where his mind had been going, and the Gryffindor gave a little laugh. With if nothing else it was a damn sight more difficult to hide things from Potter now. His companion seemed to catch everything. Draco was still trying to decide what comeback to make, which was very unlike him, when the opportunity was removed.

"Are you hungry yet?" Potter asked, abruptly changing the subject.

For a moment Draco thought nothing of the question and then he realised quite what his companion was asking. He did not feel the way he did if he missed a meal, but there was something nagging at him, something that made him feel slightly queasy and left him with an annoying need at the back of his mind. Analysing the sensation he nodded slowly.

"I think so," he said slowly, no quite sure of himself yet, "I feel sort of sick, but not really."

It was a difficult experience to describe.

"That's the beginning of it," Potter said with a nod, "if you leave it, it turns into a burning ache."

Draco looked at his companion questioningly; he wondered how far Potter had pushed himself.

"You arrived a few hours too late to be on time," the Gryffindor said offhandedly. "From what I've read the first feeding is the most demanding and then vampires can go from two to five weeks between feeds, depending on the individual."

Potter was wearing a ratty old jumper with a large H on the front, quite a change from the dark cloak of earlier, and he calmly pulled up one sleeve. Almost as if it was a gift the Gryffindor offered his wrist in a gesture which caused a most alarming reaction in Draco. Part of him jumped at the offer and he felt his mouth actually begin to water, but his rational brain was rather scandalised.

"I drained you," Potter said calmly as Draco stared at the wrist as if it might bite, "so I'm, I think the term is, sated. It won't hurt me to let you feed and I don't think Dumbledore would appreciate you biting a random Slytherin."

It sounded perfectly logical, but Draco remembered being on the receiving end of a bite, and he was wary about the whole process. If he admitted the truth he was a little afraid that he might do something stupid and mess up the whole thing. Where Potter was concerned, his track record was not exemplary.

"If you leave it the hunger will eventually force you," his companion said as if he knew what was going through Draco's head, "at least this way you have some control."

Standing up Potter turned round and sat down right next to him, offering his wrist at a much easier angle. Green eyes observed him calmly and he had the most absurd notion to trust the Gryffindor completely. As he slowly reached out he absently noted that really he had already done that, after all he had let Potter bring him back from death.

Potter's skin was warm, just like a normal human's, but Draco could feel the power running beneath it as if his companion was a well of magic and supernatural power. It was intoxicating and he lifted the wrist to his mouth without really thinking about what he was doing. There was a slight ache in his gums as he felt his teeth shifting for the first time, but it could not distract him now that he was focused.

As his fangs sliced effortlessly into Potter's flesh there was a gasp from the Gryffindor, and Draco felt the vague connection between them strengthen as coppery blood burst into his mouth. It was the sweetest taste and as the liquid dribbled down his throat it had the same effect as some of his father's more exotic potions. His senses heightened even more and he felt reality slip to be edged with possibilities that only ever existed in an intoxicated mind.

Colours flashed at the edges of his vision and his body was flooded by the most delicious sensations. This was better than alcohol; it was better than any indulgence he had ever consumed; and it was better than sex. Every cell was alive with feeling and he could feel Potter's desire for him, stark against the confusion of emotions running through his own body. It was strange to realise that although he had always thought of himself as the controlled Slytherin and Potter as the out of control Gryffindor, in truth he was the chaos and Potter was

the order. There was passion there, but where his wants and desires shot off in many directions, Potter was focused. With a sudden insight he realised that it had always been this way; it was why Potter succeeded and he failed.

As blood continued to run into his mouth and down his throat, wave after wave of the core of his one time adversary flowed over him, and Draco came to a startling decision. He wanted to taste that certainty, to know the power that was Potter's will, and he pulled his fangs away from the wrist, running his tongue over the wounds in an instinctive gesture to close them. Then he moved, sitting up onto his knees and dragging Potter further onto the bed with surprising ease. Pushing Potter down he straddled him and came to rest looking into interested, green eyes.

"Show me what you really want," Draco said as he pulled his scattered desires into one need.

It was an amazingly liberating experience to just give in to the desire, and he could not help grinning as his heart beat wildly. He was high, he knew it, but he did not care and he wanted to be completely intoxicated on Potter, any way he could get him.

"Are you..." he put his fingers on Potter's lips to stop the question the Gryffindor was trying to ask.

He did not want questions, he did not want doubts, he wanted actions.

"Don't ask," Draco said firmly, "don't ask anything, just do it."

Never in his life had he felt so free, as he threw away the constraints that had been placed on him as long as he could remember.

"I'll stand beside you," he said, and he meant it, "I'll kill the bastard for you if I have to ..." something suddenly occurred to him and derailed his train of thought, "did you know Snape is a Death Eater?"

In his strung-out brain it suddenly seemed important to pass on that information.

"He's Dumbledore's spy," Potter said as if the whole conversation made perfect sense.

"Oh," Draco said, pausing as his thoughts barrelled out of control, and then he gave up and grabbed Potter by the front of his jumper, baring his fangs, "show me what this means."

The moment when Potter went from waiting to find out what Draco was doing, to participating in the action was blindingly obvious. The seventeen year old Gryffindor vanished in an instant to be replaced by something that was still Potter at the core, but was also ageless and powerful. Before Draco had a chance to catch up, he found himself flipped so that he was the one lying on the bed, and Potter's hands were roving under his t-shirt. Potter had come to rest between his legs, and Draco found himself sprawled, completely vulnerable to his companion's ministrations.

The T-shirt slowly rode up his torso as Potter played, every touch making Draco purr and shiver with delight. At that moment in time, all that he cared about was the contact between him and the Gryffindor, nothing impinged on his world except the sensation of touch. He had never felt anything like this before. It was

as if every nerve was twice as sensitive as it had been; his skin as enhanced as his sight or his hearing, and he was not alone in his enjoyment.

As Draco moved off the bed slightly into the touch, the T-shirt rucked under his arms, coming to a natural stop and this occurrence was greeted by a small growl from Potter. Opening eyes that had closed in pleasure, he looked up to find his companion looking down and staring at exposed flesh and immovable fabric. Draco was quite happy to sit up and remove the offending garment, but he rapidly found out that Potter had other ideas. Taking the neck of the T-shirt in both hands, the Gryffindor pulled and grinned brightly as his efforts were rewarded with a loud ripping sound.

"Been dying to do that for years," was Potter's satisfied comment and Draco's reply turned into a heartfelt moan when the Gryffindor leant down and fixed his mouth on the flesh he had exposed.

Potter might not have been experienced, but he seemed to have natural talent as he nipped at Draco's chest and swiped his tongue over one nipple. The shock of sensation that caused to run through Draco actually drew a whimper from him, and everyone knew that Malfoys did not whimper. Quite frankly, however, at that moment he couldn't have given a damn what Malfoys did or did not do because Potter started to employ his teeth to said nipple, nipping and suckling alternately and Draco was pretty sure he was going out of his mind.

His whole body was alive with sensation as if every nerve was connected to that one spot. Responsive did not quite describe how his body was reacting, and with his last bit of sensible brain power Draco decided he was going to die of pleasure overload. Then Potter pushed his body down rubbing boxer-clad groin to boxer-clad groin and Draco was sure his brain exploded.

Panting he opened his eyes to look up at Potter's flushed face as the Gryffindor sat back for a moment. Potter appeared pleased with himself, but the slightly glassy look in his eyes told Draco that his bed companion was about as out of control as he felt. Kneeling between his legs, Potter lifted the bottom of his ugly jumper and pulled it over his head, along with the T-shirt underneath, revealing pale, unmarked skin that Draco just had to reach out and touch.

Potter was still extracting himself from his clothes when Draco snaked out a hand and brushed his fingers over bare chest. It was gratifying to watch as Potter shuddered at the touch and almost lost his balance.

"Oh, Merlin," the Gryffindor all but moaned as he threw his clothes off the bed.

There was no time to say anything as Potter swooped down and claimed his mouth; hard and demanding. Draco had wanted to know what it meant to be a vampire, what it meant to be part of what Potter was creating and now he felt it. As the Gryffindor invaded his mouth, he felt Potter's innate power invade his mind. At that moment he could have done nothing to stop anything that was happening, but he did not want to. He met Potter's searching tongue with his own, and as his companion ground their bodies together with unchecked abandon, Draco met thrust for thrust. Nothing could have stopped the snowball as it turned into an avalanche and Draco lost himself in the sensations running through his body until the inevitable happened.

Draco had had sex before, on more than one occasion, but he had never had an orgasm like the one that turned his whole body into a boneless sprawl. Everything else faded out of his awareness as the only thing he could

comprehend was the overpowering sensations that shook him from head to foot. His vision flashed silver, and he was pretty sure he screamed something incomprehensible, as his brain pointedly short-circuited.

When he finally came back down and the world began to make sense again through the buzzing in his skull, he found that Potter was still pressed against him. It made Draco feel a little better when he realised that the Gryffindor appeared as dazed as he was. Potter was resting on his arms so that he wasn't squashing Draco, but there was still a large amount of skin contact.

"Bloody hell," was Potter's succinct opinion on the matter.

"Mmm," Draco agreed, not feeling particularly eloquent himself.

His thoughts were ambling through his frazzled brain and he really was not sure if he could really follow what was going on. Potter had just dominated him completely, whether the Gryffindor had meant to or not, and yet Draco just lay there basking in the afterglow. He had asked for Potter to show him, but logic declared he should not have been comfortable with what had just happened, and yet he could not care less in a way that not even the blood high could explain. In the end he gave a mental shrug and decided it could wait for later.

He allowed his gaze to travel down the bed where their bodies were still in close contact and he couldn't help grinning.

"And we're not even naked yet," he wasn't sure why he found this so amusing, but in his semi-high, sexually stimulated brain, the fact that they had managed to blow each other's minds without completely taking their clothes off seemed very funny.

Potter gave him a look, but did not comment, although the Gryffindor did slowly climb off of him and collapse on the bed.

"Give me a minute and I'll do something about that," Potter said with a lazy smile.

They lay there in companionable silence for a while, recovering, and eventually the only thing in Draco's head was the thought that he really should remove the boxers he was wearing before they stuck to him. In the end he moved before Potter and slipped off the offending garment quickly, but he was still uncomfortably sticky.

"Wand's on the bedside table," Potter offered helpfully as he shifted to follow suit.

Draco stuck his head through the curtains of the bed without thinking and was surprised to find his wand and Potter's sitting together on the small cabinet beside the head of the bed. Picking his up he retreated back into the warmer air of the four poster and cast a couple of cleaning charms to rectify the sticky situation on both himself and his companion. It was only as he leant out to put his wand back on the table that he realised quite how much trust letting him have his wand showed on Potter's part. The enormity of it tried to barrel into his brain, but the euphoria was still with him and as he returned to the inside of the curtains once more he was greeted by the wonderful sight of completely naked Potter.

All other thoughts fled as he licked his lips at the vision of male perfection in front of him. The vampire in him sat up and removed all sensible consideration from

his brain as instinct and lust took over. The problem was that he couldn't decide if he was hungry or horny. Having partially satisfied both needs, his body did not seem to know what it wanted more as his fangs and groin throbbed with equal fervour.

Potter was lounging on his elbows and Draco felt green eyes run up and down his body.

"You're still hungry," was the Gryffindor's succinct opinion on the matter, and Draco found his eyes travelling to the wrist he had been offered earlier.

"For more than one thing," he found himself saying before his brain caught up with his mouth.

That earned him a laugh from his bed fellow and then Potter was reaching out and dragging him down on to the bed.

"Blood first, more sex later," Potter said firmly, "getting them mixed up could be painful."

The Gryffindor delivered the line perfectly deadpan and it took Draco's addled brain a moment to catch up, at which point he burst out laughing. Potter had a warped sense of humour; who knew?

When he recovered himself and looked back at his companion, Potter was grinning broadly, but as they regarded each other they slowly sobered. Draco was lying in Potter's arms and he realised slowly, that for the first time since Voldemort had returned from the dead and changed his father into a common criminal, he felt safe. The sensation made him feel vulnerable and he tried to push it away, but it wouldn't go.

"Drink," Potter said evenly, as if he knew something of what was going on in Draco's head, "you can worry about things in the morning."

Rather than offer his wrist, the Gryffindor moved his head to one side and Draco let his eyes fix on the pulsing blood vessel just below the surface. Too many thoughts tried to cram into his mind and he shoved them aside with the hunger he felt building at the offer before him. Pushing himself up on his elbows he moved up the bed and aligning himself with Potter he slowly lowered his head to the waiting neck. Strong arms wound around him and held him close as he let his fangs pierce the soft skin and then he let his cares flow away with the heady taste of his lover's blood.

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The second time Draco woke up in Harry Potter's bed he found himself half draped over a warm naked body, but at least he was not surprised by his predicament. That, however, did not prevent the wave of memories from sweeping over him and causing all sorts of doubts to crowd into his head. He remembered the feelings of freedom and intoxication, and the voice at the back of his mind which was pure Slytherin tried to blame everything he had said and done on that, but, unusually, it was having a hard time convincing the rest of his thoughts that this was true.

Letting his eyes run over the half covered chest next to which he was lying, he mulled over his memories carefully. Passion was the one thing that always landed him in trouble, his temper was what always betrayed his carefully calculated

schemes, but this was a different type of passion and it had never felt like this before. Even as he remembered he felt the stirrings of desire again, far stronger than he recalled them being before Potter had changed him.

That was another thing which felt strange now. His mind had tried to insert Harry into his thoughts instead of Potter, and although his mind had corrected itself before the thought was complete it had felt oddly intimate. In fact, far more intimate than the physical act he remembered so clearly.

Potter was relaxed beside him, asleep and helpless. It would be ridiculously simple to end this now and return to the life he had had before. Voldemort would welcome a vampire wizard with open arms, especially one who had removed the threat of The Boy Who Lived, but Draco did not move. As his thoughts tumbled about in his head he was coming to one inescapable conclusion: he did not want to end this.

The whys of his reasoning were harder to track down in the jumble of his mind than the simple fact of the matter. Potter had given him something no one else had, which seemed to be at the core of his mindset. Potter had shown him trust. His father and Voldemort had expected things of him for years, but they had always bound him to do their bidding with spells or the threat of spies; Potter had taken his word. It was a very powerful feeling to realise this, and he contemplated it for a while.

There were other, less easily defined emotions and ideas flowing through him as well, but he did not try to pin them down. For now it was the trust that was important and he smiled to himself as he realised that his declaration of allegiance was true. It was like waking up from a dream as a new life and new possibilities blazed into being in his mind's eye. He couldn't help himself, he laughed. It was not going to be easy, but he relished the challenge and for the first time in a long while he found himself looking forward to the new day.

"Are you always this chirpy in the morning?" a sleepy voice asked from beside him.

Draco uncurled himself from over Potter and lifted himself up on to one elbow so that he was looking at the Gryffindor. He found himself strangely unembarrassed about the fact that he was naked and the fact that he was in bed with his one time nemesis. The old Draco would have been horribly uncomfortable to have woken up beside someone in such a vulnerable situation, but then the old Draco had not indulged in thoughts of sex with Harry Potter, or acknowledged that Potter was in the least bit shaggable at all.

"I've never had anyone say either way," Draco said with a smirk. "I was merely enjoying the possibilities of the new day."

That drew a knowing grin from Potter as well.

"Liberating, isn't it?" his companion said lightly and sat up.

Draco had to admit that, yes, it was liberating. He was unsure as to whether the euphoria would wear off, but he was pretty sure he would be in far too deep by the time it did to do anything about it.

"Close your eyes," Potter said as he placed his hand on the bed curtains.

It seemed like a strange instruction and Draco frowned up at the Gryffindor, not understanding.

"It'll be light outside," Potter said patiently, "and it will hurt like hell. I have a charm on my eyes so the light won't get in. Give me a minute and I'll get my wand and put the same charm on you."

"Oh," was the most sensible response Draco could manage as he felt a little embarrassed.

Closing his eyes he waited for Potter to move. When the curtain opened, even though he was not looking he knew about it. Without even considering his dignity he lifted the blanket under which he was lying and dived underneath. Even through his eyelids it was like someone was sticking pins in his retinas. Potter was laughing as Draco felt his companion shifting on the bed.

"It's not funny," Draco protested from under his shield of material, "you could have told me it would still hurt."

"Sorry," Potter replied, but he did not sound particularly repentant, "I didn't know it would be that bad. As soon as I realised what would eventually happen I looked up a spell that would help and cast it."

He thought he heard the curtains swing back into place, but Draco was not moving until he was sure it was safe.

"You can come out now," Potter said cheerfully.

Very carefully Draco peered out of his cocoon and was pleased to find that it did not hurt in the least. Giving Potter a hard stare for his oversight, he let the blanket fall away and waited for his companion to do whatever he was going to do.

"There are several spells that you'll find useful," the Gryffindor explained with a grin. "I don't know how Muggle vampires cope. Can you imagine being blind and blistering if you're out in normal daylight for more than a few minutes? I'll cast the one to protect your eyes and the one to protect your skin now, and I'll show you the book I found later."

Draco nodded and sat there, hoping that Potter would just get on with it. Only as his companion lifted his wand and cast the first charm did Draco realise what he was doing. He, Draco Malfoy, most paranoid of Slytherins, was waiting patiently for Harry Potter, most reckless of Gryffindors, to cast spells on his person. He had never, ever, deliberately let one of his peers cast a charm on him; the trust involved was something he was not capable of, and yet here he was, allowing it to happen. As he felt the power of Harry Potter's magic flow over him he could not keep the amazement off his face. It seemed that the trust idea worked both ways.

"Okay," Potter said when he was done, "you're fit to be outside. We've got a while before breakfast ends, one good thing about the holidays, so I'll show you where the showers are if you like."

The shellshock was beginning to wear off, but Draco still could not find anything sensible to say. When Potter opened the curtain this time and began to climb out, Draco just followed him. It was the new dawn of more than just a cold winter's day.

The End