

## Language of Love

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**Pairing:** Draco/Harry

**Rating:** R

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**Summary:** Harry and Draco try a little experiment with Parseltongue.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to my sister who gave this the once over for me as usual. When I started writing this it was supposed to be somewhat different, but it gained a mind of it's own and this resulted. As Soph said, more emotive than erotic I think

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A smile crept across Harry's face as he watched Draco slip off his underwear and climb languidly onto the bed. His lover had an incredible body and he never tired of watching him, clothed or unclothed. The faint reminder of the dark mark was obvious against Draco's pale skin as he arranged himself on the sheets and pillows that Harry had placed in position earlier. It still amazed him sometimes what Draco had risked during the war; how much his lover had been through to help bring about the final confrontation between Harry and Voldemort. Offering himself as a spy after Snape had barely escaped with his life; Draco had negotiated to secure his father's life, since Lucius was under threat of the Dementor's kiss if the Ministry ever recaptured the creatures, and then worked for the side of the light as if he was born to it.

Their relationship had come about later, after the war was finished. They had both barely been nineteen and yet they were veterans with blood on their hands. Meeting up by accident in a small town in the south west of England where they had both decided to hide for a while, they had taken the time to actually come to know each other. When they had chosen to return to public life they had done so together, much to the joy of the press who needed something more exciting than more award ceremonies to report on. That had been over a year ago and they were still happily living together, in of all places, Malfoy Manor.

"Are you comfortable?" Harry asked as he let his eyes roam over Draco's naked body.

"Of course," his lover replied with a smile that matched Harry's.

Draco's chest was completely hairless and rippling muscle gave a firm outline, tapering to narrow hips and, even if Harry was biased, a well endowed package. What was different this time from only this morning was the new wizarding tattoo running from between sculptured pectoral muscles, down and curling around Draco's navel. It was only a temporary addition having been created by a spell that would wear off in twenty four hours, but until then Draco had a large, gently undulating, green snake on his torso.

Harry could not help licking his lips as his lover shifted slightly and lifted one leg, bending it slowly and then letting it fall to one side onto waiting cushions. Almost lazily Draco ran his fingers down the inside of his recumbent thigh and then turned grey eyes on Harry, who found his breath catching in his throat. When his

lover felt like it, Draco could be more wanton with one look than Harry thought should be legal.

"Ready, Amant?" the pet name never failed to send shots of desire straight to his groin since Draco only ever used it during their sexual encounters.

{Always,} Harry replied in the sibilant hiss of Parseltongue that had a distinct affect on Draco.

It had been an entertaining conversation the first time his lover had admitted to being turned on by the language of snakes. There weren't that many things which could embarrass Draco, but this was one of them; however, Harry had spent the rest of that day talking his lover into a frenzy and proving that such kinks were an advantage not an embarrassment. Harry liked to see Draco in ecstasy and Parseltongue seemed to take the Slytherin that one step further than bliss.

His lover was already partially hard thanks to the eroticism of having stripped while Harry watched, but as he spoke, Draco's burgeoning erection jumped and grey eyes closed as a smile graced his lover's chiselled features. Very slowly Harry climbed on to the end of the large bed, still full clothed, and crawled towards his lover until he was poised between Draco's legs.

{Like that don't you,} he hissed quietly as his eyes followed the undulations of the snake tattoo.

Draco shivered at each word, his cock twitching as if the sounds were fingers playing with his body. This was a new game, something they had not tried before, but an idea they had both wanted to experiment with. Harry had whispered words of Parseltongue to his lover many times to send him that little step further over the edge into orgasm, but he had never tried to talk him to that point without touching him first. There did not seem to be an end to Draco's love of the language or his reactions to it; in fact over time the Slytherin seemed to become more addicted to it rather than boring of it, hence today's experimentation.

Harry let his eyes wander over his lover and had to resist the urge to swoop in and claim what was his; this was going to be difficult from his point of view. He could feel the stirrings of desire in his own body and just watching Draco was going to be torture.

{I love you, you know,} he began speaking quietly, letting the words fall off his tongue.

It felt normal to him to speak the language of snakes and although he had learned to know the difference when he swapped to Parseltongue it was still perfectly natural, as were the words he spoke. Draco moaned as the hisses flowed over him like caresses.

{I don't know how to tell you,} Harry continued to speak. {I can only say it when I know you won't understand.}

Breathing deeply Draco ran his hands up over his stomach, touching his naked body, but avoiding his stirring erection. Under Harry's hungry gaze his lover ran his tongue over his lips, eyes still closed, expression full of lust.

{You're still the epitome of Slytherin,} the words fell from his lips as he found he did not want to stop. {Would it frighten you away to know how I really feel? Love is a weakness isn't it, something for foolish Hufflepuffs and idiotic Gryffindors.}

With a moan Draco spread his legs further, pushing the other leg out as well as the first so that he was completely revealed to Harry. His lover was fully hard now and he had to squelch the need to reach out and touch Draco. Pushing down the lust he focussed on his thoughts instead.

{I know you can love,} he continued, watching as little shudders worked their way across his lover's skin; {I've seen it in your eyes when you talk about your family, but you hide what you feel. Do you love me back, or am I just a pleasant diversion?}

Draco arched his back slightly, throwing his head back and opening his mouth to let the air rush out in one long burst. Harry ran his gaze from neck to hips taking in the taut muscles, the slightly flushed skin, so perfect and so enticing. He loved this man, loved every millimetre of him, and every well of hidden depths that lived behind the cool Malfoy exterior. Only at times like this did Draco ever let himself go and Harry loved to watch him.

{It was a shock when I first realised,} he spoke slowly, pouring his heart out in the only way he knew how. {I didn't think I could love someone the way I love you. It crept up on me until one day I suddenly knew that I would never willingly let you go. Do you realise you'll have to kill me to get rid of me?}

The end of Draco's erection was glistening slightly now, showing the extent of his arousal and pale hands were moving up and down his torso stopping only centimetres short of touching himself. It was almost more than Harry could take as his body demanded he claim the man beneath him. He wanted to lean in and take Draco with mouth and hands and every part of his being; he wanted to taste and touch and show Draco just how much he loved him.

{I want to show you,} Harry continued to speak, modulating his tone in a way that caused Draco to arch even further off the bed. {I need you to know, Draco, but I'm afraid. I know you care, but do you love me?}

He could barely stop the words now as his feelings poured out of him and his lover began moaning at every sound. The fact that Draco was responding to every feeling he was expressing even though his lover did not know what he was reacting to, sent Harry's emotions into an upwards spiral.

{You mean more to me than life itself,} he said almost desperately as Draco spread his legs even further, moving his hips in a small circular motion. {I would give you the world if you'd let me.}

Each hiss brought a movement or a sound from his lover and Harry felt like he might explode as he watched Draco writhe on the bed.

{You're so beautiful and people think you're so cold,} emotion and thought mingled so that he really didn't know what was going to come out of his mouth next, {but I know how beautiful you are on the inside as well. They see you and they remember the spoilt child, but I know the man.}

Draco was panting and moaning now, his erection straining. He was close, Harry knew his lover so well and he knew the signs. When he was like this Draco was completely open, it was the one time he hid nothing and that meant more than Harry than he would ever be able to express. This was the time when his lover removed all his masks and Harry could truly see the man he loved.

{Come for me, Draco,} Harry all but whispered, {let me see you. Show me who you really are.}

With each word he moved closer to Draco, leaning over him fully without allowing any part of his body to touch the pale form. He felt possessive and protective at the same time, almost as if he wanted to shield his lover from the rest of the world.

{You are everything to me,} he hissed, {everything I have ever wanted and everything I will ever want.}

Draco was on the edge now, ready to go over with just the tiniest push.

"I love you," Harry said switching languages back to English without his conscious consent.

Bucking with shuddering moans Draco came, his hands snaking out and grabbing Harry by the front of his shirt. As most of his lover's body shook with orgasm grey eyes refused to let him go and Harry knew his soul was being devoured. Clinging to him Draco rode out his climax and then he dragged Harry down for a fierce and intense kiss.

**The End**