

Passion Play

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Summary: Draco has become the victim of a Death Eater plot to assist Voldemort's rise to power. There is only one way to save him, and Harry is it.

Author's Notes: Thanks go to my sister who gave this the once over for me as usual. This is another one of those fics that popped into my head demanding to be written, so I followed the muse. I do hope you like it.

Taking a deep breath, Harry looked around the room and tried to steady his nerves. This was not how he had pictured his first sexual experience at all and quite frankly he was terrified. In his mind he had definitely pictured a bedroom or at least something resembling a bed; definitely not a stark room covered in ancient symbols that he had spent the afternoon helping to create. He had also expected to be alone with his choice of partner, but that wasn't about to happen either. This whole situation was so bizarre that part of him did not really believe it was happening.

When Snape had returned to Hogwarts from a Death Eater meeting and reported that a small group of Voldemort's followers had a plan to provide the power their Master needed to finally push into open war, Harry had never dreamt what that would mean. The fact that the members of the Order sent to prevent this new initiative had returned to Hogwarts with a symbol covered, partially insane Draco Malfoy had been a shock to everyone, but especially Harry and Snape who were both privy to one fact: Draco was not a Death Eater.

"Are you ready, Harry?" Remus asked and snapped his back to the present.

He was far from ready, but he had little choice; Draco's life was in his hands. What the Death Eaters had done to Draco was not truly dark magic, although it was highly illegal, since the way they had done it was definitely against all decency and stepped well into the area of assault. Sex magic, so Harry had recently found out, was an ancient and seldom used form of magic legal only between consenting adults and very dangerous in the wrong hands. As far as the Order had been able to find out, Draco had been kidnapped only two days after returning to his home for the Christmas holidays and over the past week had been subjected to humiliating rituals which had turned him into a delirious, very powerful conduit for power.

As Harry understood it, there was to have been a final ritual where the head of the conclave of Death Eaters would have relieved Draco of his virginity and funnelled the resulting release of energy into an amulet for Voldemort.

"I'm ready," Harry said quietly as he bolstered his courage.

Remus gave him an encouraging smile and gently guided him further into the room. It was a smile he had thought he might never see again when he had confessed his relationship with Draco. Six months previously Harry and Draco had

called a truce. After a very difficult Occlumency lesson Harry had collapsed in the dungeon as he tried to leave the classroom and while Snape had been trying to help him Draco had chanced upon them. Now even before their relationship had changed, one thing Harry had known was that Draco was not stupid and the Slytherin had not believed Snape's explanations. Two weeks later Draco had gone to his head of house, confronted him over his role as spy, and offered to change sides himself. It seemed that with his father still in prison and his only other role model a spy, Draco had reconsidered his allegiances.

Secrecy had been at the forefront of the paranoid Slytherin's mind and Draco had allowed only two people to know the truth, one of whom, much to his shock, was Harry. The fact that they were mutually attracted to each other had taken three months of secret meetings and hushed conversations (to which not even Dumbledore had been privy) to discover, and their relationship consisted mostly of hurried kisses in locked cupboards. The amount of information available to Draco was far larger than to Snape thanks to his father's position and he had passed a great deal to the Order.

Why Draco had been chosen for the role of sexual conduit could have been to do with Death Eater suspicions, but it could just have easily been that his father was not there to protect him.

Harry glanced over to where his boyfriend was being tended by Snape. Most of the time Draco was incoherent and for the majority of the coming hour the decision had been taken to keep him stupefied. Hence Draco was lying completely still under a thin sheet which shielded his pale, symbol-covered skin from Harry's watching eyes. There was not an inch of Draco's body which was not adorned with some form of deep red markings, even under his hair, and if this worked how it was supposed to work, Harry would soon be in the same state.

Finding out what was wrong with Draco had been a matter of confronting Snape and demanding answers; even the Potions master had been unaware of quite how close Harry and his protegee had become. The rituals performed on Draco had been purification and focusing rites, preparing him to be the perfect vessel for magic as his virginity was sacrificed. The underlying idea was not evil, had he been a willing participant, power was just power, but the intent and the purity of the other participant in the ritual was a big factor in the results. At a basic level Draco was now an open channel that anyone could use to drag large amounts of power into the world. The only way to counter what had been done to him was to complete the ritual.

There had been talk of locking Draco in St Mungo's for his own safety until some way to undo the damage was found, but that would have been torture for Draco and highly dangerous for the side of the Light if anyone managed to reach him. Once Harry had managed to drag the details out of Snape it had been very clear that the only way to guarantee Draco would return to normal and the magic released would be light and pure was for the ritual to be completed by a similarly purified virgin who bore no ill will. Harry had thought the whole thing through for a good two hours and then walked into the hospital wing and volunteered. When he had explained in words of one syllable that he and Draco were more than friends and he wanted his boyfriend back sane, those aware of the situation had reluctantly agreed.

A whispered conversation with Draco in one of his lucid moments had gained his consent and for the past two days Harry had been doing nothing but reading and preparing. The traditional ritual required four people; two participants and two seconds. One of the participants could be male or female, but the other had to be

male according to all the texts, since physical penetration of a very particular sort was required to complete the rite. The seconds were there to prepare the participants using the purification and marking rituals and traditionally this would be done for both at the same time. Draco had been subjected to more than one purification ritual and more than one marking ceremony to increase the power yield, which had resulted in his barely sentient state. Harry did not want to think what his boyfriend must be going through because by all accounts he would be finding it hard to control himself by the time he had been prepared, so what Draco must be feeling was beyond imagination.

"Slip off your robe and climb into the basin," Remus coaxed gently as Harry found himself pausing nervously,

He knew everything he was required to do and his mind was willing, but he was anxious and afraid. This was one of the most significant steps in his life and Harry was scared as hell; in one hour's time he would have lost his virginity in front of an audience no less, and if the books were right he and Draco would have channelled enough power to light up the room. That is of course if he didn't do something stupid and mess the whole ritual up.

Taking another deep breath he unbelted the loose robe he was wearing and slipped it off his shoulders. It pooled on the floor at his feet leaving him naked and feeling very vulnerable. His skin prickled and the hairs all over his body stood on end as the magic already in the room seemed to realise why he was there. Removing his glasses he placed them on the small table to his left and then walked forward, climbing the one step up to the plinth they had transfigured earlier that day and stepping into the shallow basin on top of it. Kneeling down he sat on his haunches and waited for the ritual to begin.

He had chosen Remus as his second because, since Sirius' death, there was no one he trusted more. Some of the things the ritual required were intimate and what Remus would see was beyond what could really be expected of any friend. That the werewolf had agreed had been a great relief to Harry and he did not think he would ever be able to repay Remus for this kindness. That Draco had chosen Snape was not a surprise and Harry perversely found himself less nervous about that than about Remus; after all Snape had seen many of the secrets in his mind already.

Coming to stand in front of him, Remus pulled out his wand and pointed it directly at Harry's forehead. With a whispered spell that Harry barely heard, but still understood from the research he had done over the last two days, the ritual began. As Remus' wand touched his face he felt the first stirrings of power and he felt something creeping over the skin of his forehead, curling round his scar and down over the side of either eye. When the wand was withdrawn the slithering sensation stopped, but it left Harry shivering as he tried to hold himself still.

"You have been found pure," Remus spoke evenly and firmly, looking him straight in the eye and Harry knew that the pattern on his forehead was that of a sign of three.

Had he not been a virgin the pattern would have been a sun disc and the purification ritual would have had to have been altered to acknowledge this fact. There were many facts about him that the rite would show to any who saw him, but it was a small sacrifice to save Draco's life.

In response to his second's affirmation he lowered his head and waited for the first stage in what was going to be the most thorough washing of his life. Just

thinking about it made him want to curl into a small ball and ask for someone else to do this, so he firmly pushed what he knew was to happen from the front of his thoughts. All that was important was now, and he knew himself well enough to know that he could cope with the present as long as he didn't think about it too hard.

"Water to wash away the past," Remus intoned evenly and ice cold water trickled down from the top of Harry's head, over his neck and back as his second tipped it over him.

It was so cold that it felt like tiny little knives digging into his skin and he shuddered uncontrollably, grabbing for the side of the basin to prevent himself flinching away. Remus' hand gently touched him on the shoulder, steadying him and Harry took a deep breath, pushing himself back into his original position and releasing the side of the basin again.

The next liquid to touch his skin was warmer and it tingled lightly as it flowed over his scalp. It was a light cleansing potion which he had watched Snape prepare the previous day and he could feel it cleaning his skin as it trickled over it, but he felt it even more when Remus began running a comb through his hair, spreading the potion through the thick locks as well. This was about physical cleanliness as a symbolic route to spiritual cleanliness and opening the body to the power that would be channelled.

With painstaking care Remus poured more of the potion over Harry and he knelt very still as his second rubbed it into his skin. Soon he was tingling all over his back and then Remus lifted one of his arms, covering it from shoulder to finger tip, leaving no millimetre of skin untouched. After his second had given the same treatment to the other arm Harry sat back without the need of being asked. There was a sequence to Remus' progress and Harry kept his mind firmly on what he had to do, not what he knew his second was going to do.

As Remus' efficient fingers moved over his chest and his already sensitive nipples he could not prevent the quiet gasp that slipped between his lips. So far his fear had prevented his body from betraying him by reacting to Remus' calm touches, but as his second's hands brushed over the small erogenous nubs he felt a throb further down. Harry could only thank Remus' calm, good sense as his second completely ignored his reaction and continued what he was doing as if Harry was not in the least stimulated.

Once Remus had cleansed to his waste in a time that seemed like an eternity, Harry sat up and forward so that his legs were exposed. His second started with his buttocks and then moved down over his thighs, lower legs and feet. At each point Harry moved as he was supposed to, allowing access to whichever portion of his body was required. Only as Remus finished his legs did his nerves really make themselves known, since there were only two placed left.

As required Harry sat back, legs slightly apart and fixed his eyes firmly on his unconscious boyfriend across the room. This was for Draco; he could do anything for someone he cared for and he concentrated on this thought without letting his mind wander to anything else. When Remus' firm grip took hold of his semi-erect penis he breathed out hard through his nose and bit his lip, refusing to look away from where Draco was lying. The tingling from the potion was stimulating to say the least and although Remus' fingers were fast and professional, the sensations they sent to his brain as his second rubbed the potion into his shaft and balls caused more than a slight reaction.

Harry felt himself hardening even though he willed himself not to and bit his lip hard enough that it hurt. It distracted him for a moment, but it did nothing to dispel the arousal in his body. When Remus moved around behind him once more he leant forward again, gripping the side of the basin with both hands. The cleansing ritual for conduit: Draco and catalyst: Harry was the same and what was to come filled him with a feeling of dread.

He could not prevent the shudder as fingers gently parted the cheeks of his behind and ran down his cleft, massaging in the potion, but he held himself as motionless as possible. Then those fingers stopped moving where they were spreading him, leaving him feeling vulnerable and humiliated. He shut his eyes, squeezing them tight shut as not even the sight of Draco helped anymore, and then he felt it; the touch of something small, hard and cone shaped pushing insistently against his entrance. It was slick and not very large so it slipped in easily, but while it didn't hurt it was a very unsettling sensation. Then before he had time to adjust he felt warm, viscous liquid forced into him and he was tingling on the inside as well as the outside.

Biting into his lip so that it bled was not enough to stop the whimper which escaped his throat, and he desperately fought the urge to beg for this to end. He was aroused and embarrassed and he wanted this to be over so badly that only the thought of Draco being forced into this by strangers over and over again, kept him from asking it to stop.

The nozzle was withdrawn and then Harry just tried to think of anything else as with Remus' help his body divested itself of the invasive fluid. By the time it was over he felt very clean, but not in the least cleansed, and he could not look Remus in the eye as the washing finished and they moved on to the next part of the ritual.

"It's alright, Harry," the werewolf whispered quietly as his second positioned himself in front of him, "you are doing very well."

As Remus pointed his wand directly at his forehead once more, Harry could not help the momentary fear which curled in his stomach. It was an instinctive reaction which had nothing to do with his nervousness or what was yet to come and was all to do with the trained response within him to never be on the other end of a wand without being armed himself. The feeling dissipated quickly, but the strength of it shocked him for a moment.

In little more than a whisper Remus spoke the words of the incantation for the focusing phase of the ritual. Harry was already aroused, but he knew that it was about to become a whole lot worse. The creeping sensation on his skin began almost immediately and he bit his already bloody lip to keep any sound from coming out of his mouth. He could feel the markings on his forehead growing and spreading; up over his scalp, under his hair and down over his face. It was a torture all of its own.

It seemed to take forever as the patterns of force being created on his skin oozed slowly into place and it felt terrible and wonderful at the same time. He closed his eyes, unable to resist the pull of each sensation as, like gentle fingers trailing across his skin, invisible brushes marked him for power; and his magic began to shift within him as the designs wrought themselves on and under his skin.

By the time he could feel the charm working down over his neck onto his chest he was panting. Desire and power stirred in his body with equal measure; two ancient forces vying for position within him and drawing him closer to frenzy of

the ritual. Remus continued to chant, but Harry could no longer concentrate enough to make out the individual words; his whole world was the creeping, crawling sensation of power along his skin and the response from his own magic and body.

The design continued to form itself down over his chest, back and arms, leaving no part of his torso untouched. Patterns were traced down his backbone; over his nipples; under his arms; around his wrists; even to the tips of his fingers, and each millimetre of marking increased his sense of power and arousal. As two long lines shot from just above his waist, down each side over his hips and onto his legs right to his ankles, he could not hold back the moan that took over his throat.

Just like the washing there was an order to the creation of the power markings and as the lines which had just finished curling around his fingers started their agonisingly slow progress back up his arms, the markings which had so rapidly sped down his legs split sending lines down over his feet and back up towards his knees.

Harry was literally alive with sensation and there was no room left in his mind for fear or trepidation; all there was, was desire and power. He felt more aware than he had ever felt in his entire life and it was so difficult not to throw himself at Draco and demand completion.

They were at war and there had been no time for him to really understand what he felt for Draco. Theirs was a relationship that defied explanation; from enemies to lovers in a way no one could have predicted, but as his body filled with lust and desire it concentrated his mind on what he was about to do and he realised something. This was not about helping out a friend and oft times kissing partner; this was not about doing the right thing to save a comrade in arms; as Harry felt the markings looping up his legs and curling around his navel he knew there was only one reason he was doing this: he was in love. This recognition fed the flames of desire and power that were already blazing inside him and he could not help collapsing forward as his whole body throbbed with emotion and need.

He ached to reach out and find Draco, to finish what had been done to them both, but the ritual demanded he control himself. The stone of the basin bit into his hands and he grasped at it desperately. This had to be right; everything had to be perfect to save the grey eyed Slytherin who had stolen his heart.

Painfully hard and shivering from head to foot he held on, refusing to give in to the rampaging desire and pulsing waves of magic in his body. The markings were almost complete, but it felt like they were taking forever as the lines on his stomach slowly twisted their way downwards and those on his legs trailed their way across the inside of his thighs and up over his buttocks. It was so hard to hold still and he no longer cared what sounds fell from his mouth; all he knew was that he wanted to fill Draco with love and power and take him to a place beyond reality.

As he felt the lines sweep over his tail bone and down the cleft of his arse from behind and loop round the base of his erection, encircling his balls and shifting quickly up the shaft of his penis, Harry thought he might come there and then. Only the tightening of the design around his cock, as if it were a ligature of some description, stopped him and this time he collapsed forward without being able to stop himself at all. If Remus' strong arms had not caught him he probably would have knocked a few teeth out on the basin.

"Almost there, Harry," his second whispered quietly, "almost there."

Opening his eyes he put every thought he had into keeping himself steady as Remus helped him off the plinth and onto the floor, but he would have fallen if the werewolf had not been there to help him. It was quite obvious why this ritual required seconds; Harry knew he could not have done this on his own. Remus was half carrying him as they walked the few feet to where Snape and Draco waited and his second lowered him back into his kneeling position close to his boyfriend's covered feet.

All Harry could see was Draco as the arousal and magic pounded through his body demanding to be released, but it was not quite time. It was almost impossible for him not to reach for Draco, but the ritual had planned for this and as Remus released him his second cast a full body bind, freezing him in place. Then Remus moved to the opposite side of Draco to Snape and knelt down himself.

If he had been able to, Harry would have moaned as Snape removed the sheet from the still unconscious Draco. The markings on his boyfriend's body seemed to pulse before his eyes and he could not be sure if they actually did or if it was an effect of the spell they were both under.

Gently, almost like a father with his child, Snape first took Draco's left hand, pulling it above the stupefied Slytherin's head and tying it to a loop of stone with a leather thong, and then did the same with Draco's right. With a flourish, Snape then produced his wand cast the counter charm to the hex holding Draco under. The change was instantaneous as the pale body covered in red markings arched away from the floor of the room and Draco pulled at his bonds with a desperate moan.

"Be still," Snape commanded in a tone that begged no argument and, as Harry watched, his boyfriend's movements became less pronounced, but Draco was incapable of obeying completely.

Harry so wanted to reach out to his boyfriend and finish this, to slide into Draco like a lover should and join their bodies together, but he was held motionless. His muscles were frozen, but the power and desire still moved through him, demanding release.

It had taken Draco only seconds to become hard and his boyfriend's erection was weeping as Harry dragged his eyes up and down the prone body before him. He wanted to cry out in protest and scream that only he had the right to touch Draco as Snape and Remus both gently took a leg and raised Draco off the warmed floor. Snape pushed a small pillow under the Slytherin's arse, speaking to Draco all the time at a level Harry could not make out.

Snape had performed the necessary cleansing rites while Remus had been dealing with Harry and as he watched with baited breath Snape dipped his fingers in a small bowl to his right and gently moved them to Draco's exposed entrance. As the Potions master's digits touched Draco the Slytherin writhed and moaned, causing magical and physical responses in Harry that his frozen muscles could not obey. The grip Snape and Remus had on Draco was however enough to keep the Slytherin in place and as Harry tried to concentrate on breathing he watched Snape slowly rub his slick fingers over Draco's arse, spreading his cheeks and easing round the tight muscle.

When Snape slipped one finger inside Draco keened, and the need in the sound daggered straight through every part of Harry. He needed to touch; needed to be with his chosen; needed to complete this, to be with the one he loved completely. He wanted Draco so much that it was agony to be held away from him and to see his boyfriend needing him just as much.

It felt like agonising hours as Snape worked gently, slowly and dispassionately with first one finger, then two, and finally three to loosen Draco ready for Harry. He felt as if he might die if he wasn't released soon and the sounds coming from his boyfriend were driving him mad. Magic demanded an end to this, desire demanded an end to this, and love demanded an end to this.

Remus moved towards him as Snape continued his ministrations on Draco and he knew it was almost time. When his second dipped his hand into the same bowl Snape had been using and coated Harry's cock in slick warm liquid the spell almost wasn't enough to hold him in place. Even as Remus moved back to his place beside Draco, Harry strained against the enchantment holding him still and he felt the magic in the room respond. He knew without a doubt that if he was not released soon he would be releasing himself.

When Snape finally withdrew his hand and Remus pointed his wand at Harry muttering the release charm, he all but lunged at Draco. He came to a halt between his boyfriend's legs, poised over Draco, looking down into his lover's tight shut features. They were so close and for a moment time seemed to stop as Draco slowly opened his eyes and their gazes met. Under the haze of desire and lust Harry saw what he needed to know, saw what completed the knowledge in him and caused his magic to surge like a tide: he saw love returned.

This was not really about sex, it was about primal forces meeting and they were vessels for those forces to meet and join. Following instincts that came from more than just his need Harry positioned himself and pushed into Draco with one thrust. His lover's body did not resist at all as power beyond either of them used their forms to complete a cycle that was ancient and never ending. Harry was barely aware of what his body was doing as sensation beyond the simple coupling of two human beings took away his mind.

As he thrust repeatedly into Draco power joined with power and their markings aligned, joining body to body as they meshed where the catalyst penetrated the conduit and a gateway was formed. As his orgasm hit, Harry heard Draco screaming his name and felt the muscles surrounding him shuddering, but all that dimmed away as power, the like of which he had never felt before, flooded from Draco, through him and into the room. The world simply went away.

Harry opened his eyes slowly and found that he was tingling from head to toe; he was also sprawled in a very uncomfortable position and his face was squashed against the stone floor. It took him a while longer to figure out that he was still in contact with Draco and was in fact lying half on top of his lover where he must have fallen as they completed the ritual. It was impossible to know how long he had been lying there, but his arm that was under his body had gone numb, so it had been some time. This led him to wonder why Remus and Snape had not tried to separate him and Draco, or at least move them into a more comfortable position, and with this in mind he decided that moving was a definite need.

It was more difficult than he cared to admit as he tried to shift without further squashing Draco, and there was a groan from beneath him as he attempted to

move. It was only when he managed to get his good arm under him and pushed himself up slightly that he realised something; he was not just still on Draco, he was in him and what was somewhat more unsettling was that Harry could not pull away. Most of the markings on himself and Draco appeared to be gone, but as he looked down he could see some still trailing along the centre of his lover's chest and towards where they appeared to be stuck together.

As he tried to figure this out the tingling in his body, which was not to do with muscles coming back to life, began to shift and it didn't take him more than a few seconds to realise exactly where it appeared to be headed. Very quickly his groin was doing more than gently buzzing.

A quick glance around showed him why no one had attempted to assist either him or Draco as his eyes settled on Remus lying flat on the floor and not moving. Panic threatened until he caught sight of the werewolf's chest rising and falling in a regular manner; Remus was breathing normally. Looking the other way he found Snape in a similar state and was thoroughly confused; this was not supposed to have happened, something must have gone wrong.

When a louder groan came from beneath him he was incredibly relieved as well as becoming somewhat nervous, after all he and Draco were in a rather awkward position and his lover had been barely sentient during the ritual. He looked down, trying to hold himself as much away from Draco as possible to give his companion a little space, but he did not have much room to manoeuvre.

"Harry?" Draco asked sounding confused, but to Harry's relief, in full control of his faculties.

His lover's voice did nothing to stop the tingling in his lower regions, but at least it gave him something else on which to focus.

"We're stuck," Harry said, completely unable to think of anything else to say.

Draco blinked as he stared down and suddenly his lover laughed; Harry really didn't know how to react, but the movement sent some very interesting sensations along his cock.

"It's not funny," he tried to protest, but found himself smiling; it was rather absurd.

"Bits of me are numb," Draco said without responding to his comment, "and this floor is going cold; warming spell must have worn off."

"Remus and Snape seem to be out cold," Harry explained, trying to ignore the sudden desire to move.

When he had woken up he was pretty sure he had only been semi-hard, but now he could feel the blood thumping through his fully erect cock, which was snugly slotted into Draco. The tingling was building slowly and was pumping life back into his tired limbs. He wanted to move; the desire was almost irresistible, but he did not want to alarm or embarrass his lover.

"Are you tingling?" Draco asked as Harry locked his arms in an attempt to stay still.

He nodded, as the sensation went up a notch again.

"And I want to move," he confessed rather desperately.

Draco's hand curled round the sides of the rings to which they were still tied and he looked Harry straight in the eye.

"Then move," his lover said in a much more gentle tone than Harry had expected. "I don't think this is quite finished."

There was just a touch of something in Draco's face that disturbed him, a hint of pain that was not physical, and Harry was reminded sharply of what his lover had been through to bring them to this point. It caused a lump in his throat and he held himself still for just a moment longer. Then, leaning down he placed his lips on Draco's and gave his lover a gentle, almost chaste kiss.

"I love you," he said in little more than a whisper, "nothing will ever change that."

The look in Draco's eyes when he pulled back was somewhere between amazement and disbelief; it seemed that what his lover had known deep down when pushed to the very edges of sanity, Draco could not fully accept when in control of his mind. Harry had expected nothing less of his Slytherin lover, and he knew it would take time before Draco completely believed him, but he needed him to know.

He tried to hold still just a moment longer to allow Draco to recover from his shock, but it was too much; unable to control himself he pulled away as far as their connection would allow him and pushed back in. This sent the most incredible sensations from his groin all over his body and drew identical groans from him and Draco. After that he couldn't stop and his muscles seemed to have minds of their own as he rocked and thrust without any conscious consent.

"Harry," Draco moaned, thrusting his hips up to meet each movement as Harry buried himself deep into his lover with every stroke.

The tingling increased until he felt as if his whole lower body was one moment encased in ice and the next in a roaring fire. It almost hurt, and the expression on Draco's face was a mixture of agony and ecstasy so he had to believe his lover was in the same state. His magic was stirring again and it joined with the arousal in a heady cocktail; nowhere near as mind blowing as before, but somehow more consuming because he had a chance to really feel the sensations in his body this time. Draco's legs locked around his waist demanding that he thrust deeper and deeper with each stroke, drawing gasps and moans and incoherent pleas from his lover as he moved.

His abdomen brushed Draco's hard and weeping erection as their bodies writhed against each other and it was only a few minutes before Draco arched up towards him and came, shuddering and shouting incomprehensible words. Harry was only a fraction of a second behind him and along with the hot seed rushing through his cock he felt magic erupt from his body; his magic this time, not something being channelled by either of them and Draco's innate power answered. White light erupted from between them, flowing over Draco and onto the designs on the floor, illuminating the marks around the room in a radial pattern from where they were, until the whole place was ablaze.

It was the most incredible feeling and Harry found himself gasping as it took his breath away. It felt beautiful, and pure, and cleansing, washing away all the feelings of embarrassment and awkwardness that he had experienced during the ritual and he finally understood that this was what it was all about. This was the

true aim of the rite of passage they had completed; this was why what the Death Eaters had intended was so wrong; this was not an experience which should ever be corrupted.

He came down from the incredible high very slowly, but eventually Harry found himself looking into Draco's eyes and he saw understanding there. The disbelief was gone and for a moment he felt himself known before Draco released his legs and Harry realised he was free. The suction like connection he had felt when he first tried to move was gone, but it was with great reluctance he pulled out of his lover. He knew without a doubt that this was an experience he would never have again; he and Draco would make love together, he was sure of that, but they could never recreate this and he did not want it to end.

Without having to be asked he reached up and released both of Draco's hands, at which point he found himself the subject of a tight embrace. It was an awkward position, but he did not try and pull away as Draco clung to him.

"Thank you," his lover said quietly.

Wrapping one arm around Draco and pushing himself back with the other he brought himself to a kneeling position and his lover to a sitting one, and they remained that way until a groan interrupted them. It was Snape who was waking first, but Harry could not find in within himself to feel embarrassed even under the scrutiny of the head of Slytherin as the man slowly sat up. There was something about the final stage of the coupling between himself and Draco which had totally removed his ability to feel shame about any of it, even though he was naked in front of the man who had made every potions lesson a living hell.

Surprisingly Snape did not speak or take the opportunity to make any sort of snide remark; he didn't even sneer, he simply picked himself up off the floor. Remus chose that moment to also wake up and as Snape retrieved a robe for Draco; his second did the same for Harry.

"We need to get both of you to Madame Pomfrey, just to be on the safe side," were the only words spoken the entire time as Snape saw to Draco and Remus to Harry.

Harry found that he felt very safe and cared for as his second gently dealt with everything.

It took over forty five minutes for Madame Pomfrey to be satisfied that neither Harry nor Draco was suffering any ill effects from their experiences. They were both left with a faded, but never the less visible scroll effect design around their navels of all places, but there did not seem to be a lot Madame Pomfrey could do about those, and since they did not respond as if they had magical properties they were ignored for now.

Then she moved on to Snape and Remus who both protested, but acquiesced when Harry ratted them out about the whole passing out incident. Snape gave him a glare of death, but he weathered it stoically since he really was a little worried by the fact that both seconds had been knocked out by the magical shock wave. Madame Pomfrey ushered both men behind separate screens like the ones she had already pulled around Draco's bed and proceeded to do around his and subsequently Harry heard her have a loud discussion with Snape about taking off his clothes, but the protests died out in only a few minutes.

Madame Pomfrey had left him with instructions to sleep, and Harry was rather tired, but he could not seem to find a comfortable way to lie in the small bed. He was clean thanks to several spells the healer had cast over him, he was sleepy after all the activity and he was surprisingly content with the outcome, but no matter how he snuggled into the warm covers he could not settle. Something was bothering him and he could not put his finger on what.

He had been tossing and turning for a good five minutes when he heard the sound of bare feet on stone and one of the screens moved. The sight which greeted him as he turned to the noise was a rather sheepish looking Draco; suddenly Harry knew why he couldn't sleep and his far more perceptive lover appeared to have figured it out before he had. Shifting over in the bed Harry lifted the covers and Draco climbed in quickly, snuggling down and wrapping himself around Harry as if they were made to be that way. Madame Pomfrey would probably kill them both when she found them in one bed, but it felt so much more comfortable that way that Harry could not find it in himself to worry.

As Draco relaxed beside him he found himself doing the same and it took him only a few minutes to drift into a peaceful sleep.

Harry woke to the feeling of fingers tracing across his stomach and he opened his eyes to find that the covers had been pushed down, his pyjama top had been pushed up and Draco was tracing the scroll pattern around his navel with two finger tips.

"Having fun?" Harry asked, blindly reaching for his glasses with one hand while looking at his lover with the other.

"It's beautiful," was Draco's rather absent response and when he slipped his glasses onto his nose Harry found grey eyes studying him thoughtfully. "I vaguely remember Snape telling me that you he and Remus were reading everything you could find in the Restricted section about the ritual; I don't suppose it mentioned our matching reminders about the whole thing?"

With a shake of his head, Harry replied; as far as he knew all traces of the markings they had both worn should have faded with the completion of the ritual, but then the books hadn't mentioned round two either.

"I wonder how much power we channelled," he said quietly as Draco turned his face away and went back to tracing the pattern on Harry's abdomen.

It tickled slightly, but it was a very pleasant feeling that he decided he could become used to if Draco felt the need.

"More than they were expecting," his lover replied as he continued his ministrations. "I think you and I make rather an explosive combination."

That made Harry chuckle.

"From the moment we first met," he said lightly and Draco favoured him with a smile before returning to what he had been doing.

On impulse Harry moved his hand to the blond head lying on his chest and gently stroked the fine, soft hair. Draco murmured his approval and they fell into a companionable silence for a while, simply enjoying each other's company. Harry

was not sure what Madame Pomfrey would make of the sight if she chose to come and check on them, but he did not really care.

"Harry," Draco said eventually, in a rather nervous tone, which was not like him at all, "how do you know you love me?"

That was not something he had expected his lover to bring up right at that moment and it threw Harry for a while. Logic and thoroughly thinking through the problem were traits of Slytherin house, although members tended to be a lot more emotional than the Ravenclaws who also exhibited those qualities, and Harry had thought they might end up having a conversation like this at some point, but not quite yet. 'I just do,' was not an answer which would satisfy Draco so Harry thought hard about his response.

"I don't think I could live without you," he said eventually. "If you weren't here anymore it would be like a part of me was missing. When I found out someone had hurt you it made me more angry than I can explain, but I didn't realise why until the ritual. When I could feel the magic and the desire setting my blood on fire; that was when I knew; when it all made sense: I wanted you, all of you, not just your body but your heart and your soul. I've never felt like that before, but I understood."

"Even knowing what they did to me," Draco's voice was very quiet and hesitant; "what they wanted me to be; what they made me?"

Harry stilled as he realised what they were really talking about and then he reached down with both arms, pulling Draco close in an instant.

"I will love you no matter what," he said firmly. "What they did to you was despicable, and what they intended was so wrong it makes me sick just thinking about it, but it was not your fault and it changes nothing between us. If anyone ever touches you without your consent, ever again, I will kill them, with my bare hands if necessary."

The vehemence with which he spoke rather took him by surprise and he had no idea quite how hard he was holding on to Draco until his lover shifted. As soon as he realised he lessened his grip and Draco moved to look at him again. There was a vaguely amused and yet somehow sad smile on his lover's face and his grey eyes were suspiciously bright.

"You're so completely Gryffindor, aren't you," Draco said quietly and reached up to touch the side of his face. "What am I going to do with you?"

"Teach me how to use my Slytherin side," Harry whispered back and leant down for a kiss.

The moment was tender and he wanted it to go on and on, but it couldn't last forever and eventually they broke apart and Draco placed his head back on his chest. Where they would be going from here was anyone's guess, but as long as they did it together he would be happy. As they were lying there in comfortable silence once more, several things occurred to him at the same time and he shifted rather awkwardly as he realised something that might make Draco feel a little more comfortable about the situation. If there was one thing that Harry knew about Draco it was that his lover liked to be in control, and the events of the last week had taken that from him completely. Harry had an idea of what could give it back.

"Um," he just wasn't quite sure how to ask, "Draco, would you like to ... I mean once we get out of here ... that is, I'd like you to ... would you like to make love to me?"

When grey eyes searched his face Harry found himself blushing furiously, which considering what they had done was rather silly, but he couldn't help it. Draco appeared surprised, amused and touched all at the same time.

"You don't have to offer, Harry," his lover said slowly, "it's a big step. It isn't as if we had much choice today and I don't mind if you'd like to slow down a bit."

It was quite obvious that Draco believed Harry had spoken from some sense of responsibility, which, given his agitated state, was a valid assumption, but that wasn't why he had done it at all.

"I wouldn't have said anything if I didn't mean it," he said, in a much more composed manner. "I'm just not very good about talking about these things."

Draco frowned thoughtfully and eventually smiled.

"You can volunteer to have sex with me with two of our professors watching, but you can't talk about you and me sneaking off somewhere and exploring each other for a while," his lover teased.

"I never claimed to be logical," Harry replied, blushing even harder. "Um ... so do you want to?"

Draco crawled up the bed and placed a kiss on the end of his nose.

"I would be honoured," Draco said lightly, "my bashful, embarrassed, Gryffindor."

The smile that burst onto his face almost hurt as Harry did not even try and hide his joy at the whole idea.

"Do you think Madame Pomfrey will let us out of here soon," he asked expectantly; "or maybe we can sneak out when she's not looking?"

Draco laughed and snuggled back down again.

"Ever eager," he commented cheerfully. "I knew there was a reason I loved you."

The End