

## The Power of Two

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**Pairing:** Harry/Draco

**Rating:** NC-17

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**Warnings:** This story is set post OOTP and therefore has SPOILERS. Bondage. Bloodplay

**Summary:** Harry finds himself in a very awkward predicament involving a naked woman and a naked Malfoy.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta (don't know what I'd do without her :)). Answer to the [Fit to Be Tied \(bondage challenge\)](#) at hpvamp.

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Harry opened his eyes and peered at the world around him in a very groggy fashion. He felt as if he had the universe's worst hangover and he ached from head to foot; not the most pleasant way to return to the world. It took him a few more seconds to realise that surprisingly, given the fact that he had just been unconscious, he was not lying down, and he could not move. When it became apparent that he was tied, or rather chained to what felt like a pillar of stone, he began to wake up a bit more.

"He is awake," a pleasant female voice said from somewhere and Harry looked around as well as he could without his glasses, trying to find the person who had spoken.

Wherever he was, it was circular and he was slightly off centre in the space that was surrounded by darkness, whether man made or organic, he couldn't tell the way his eyes were and his head was feeling. He could not locate the owner of the voice and had to assume that whoever it was was stood behind him, out of his field of view.

"Who are you?" he asked, his voice coming out in a rasp, causing him to cough.

Wracking his brains he tried to remember how he had come to be wherever here was, but all he could come up with was following Malfoy out of the castle. He had been on his way to the kitchens, he remembered it clearly, and he had seen Malfoy acting suspiciously and sneaking out of Hogwarts, so he had followed. Now he was aware that this had been a stupid idea, but there was not a lot he could do about it. He had followed the Slytherin towards the forbidden forest, into the tree line, and that was all he remembered.

"Give him water, child," the female voice said calmly, ignoring his question.

Waking up in a strange place tied to a pillar had been a shock, but what he saw next made it pale somewhat in significance. A very familiar figure appeared beside him, and grey eyes looked at him blankly as pale hands offered a goblet to his lips. He drank reflexively as the liquid hit his mouth, but unadulterated surprise almost caused him to choke, as he took in the figure of Draco Malfoy.

Malfoy had been growing his hair for the past year, ever since his father had been incarcerated as far as Harry could tell, and he assumed it was some pureblood

statement. However, he had never seen Malfoy wear it as it was now. The Slytherin's long blond hair was braided back from his face, twisted with silver somethings that Harry couldn't make out, so that it fell down his back in a mixture of white blond and silver tresses. That in itself was odd, but what was stranger was the fact that the ornament in his hair was the only thing Malfoy was wearing; other than that, the pale Slytherin was completely naked.

"Malfoy?" Harry asked, desperate for some idea of what was going on, but his adversary did not so much as blink at the enquiry, and appeared to take the question simply as an indication that Harry had had enough water.

He tried to see where Malfoy was going, but the way his arms were fastened above his head meant that his view was obscured and he lost sight of the Slytherin quickly. There were many things he expected of Malfoy and many things he could see the Slytherin being involved in, but this was just so far outside any of his imaginings, that he did not know how to deal with it.

"Beautiful, isn't he," the female voice spoke next to his ear and he jumped, turning to find dark, glittering eyes only a few inches from his own.

The woman standing beside him was even paler than Malfoy, her black eyes staring out of a fine-boned face with skin the colour of white marble. She was beautiful in an ethereal way, which spoke to a part of Harry he had never really been very aware of. It had tried to make itself known when he had pursued Cho, but had never really had a chance and ever since he had been more interested in staying alive than anything remotely sexual. Now he knew what Seamus was always on about when his Irish dorm mate looked through the smuggled porn magazines, as something in him stirred. It brought a blush to his cheeks, but he could not help himself. The woman smiled at his reaction and revealed long pointed fangs, which perversely did nothing to abate the sensations that were running through Harry.

"Such innocence," she said in a delighted tone.

Her hair was as black as Malfoy's was white, but hers fell free around her face and shoulders, only being partially braided with one silver tress over the top of her head. Mindful of what looking at her face caused in him, Harry did not dare look anywhere else because the quick glance he had taken had shown him very clearly that the woman was also without a stitch of clothing.

"Who are you?" he asked, trying to keep his voice perfectly steady.

"My name is Medea," the woman replied quite openly, "but that really has little importance, I believe the question you would rather have asked is 'what am I'."

The fangs were unnerving as she smiled again.

"Your kind would probably label me a vampire," Medea told him lightly, "although I would be offended if you thought me one of those common creatures your books talk about."

Harry had seen vampires in pictures during DADA and he had to agree with his captor; she did not appear anything like any images he had seen. That, however, did not stop her being just as dangerous, although he was finding it very hard to be afraid: hormones were very useful in distracting the fear centres of his brain.

"What have you done to Malfoy?" the fact that the Slytherin was his enemy did not change the situation, and if someone was in trouble, Harry would do his best to help them, even if that person would not give him the time of day.

"Nothing I have not done before," Medea said sweetly. "He was right about you, nobility runs through you; I know you and Draco are not friends. There are many times he has spoken of you, although I never expected to have a chance to meet you face to face."

Harry was confused, and his headache was not helping him think.

"He was coming here?" it was the only conclusion he could find in his addled brain.

Medea reached up and stroked her fingers across his forehead and then down one side of his face. The power that ran through that touch seemed to soak straight through his skin and he could not help himself as he groaned. His reactions were completely beyond his control as his eyes closed and his head lolled forward into the contact.

"Better?" Medea asked as she withdrew her hand.

Harry blinked and stared at her stupidly for a moment as he realised that the headache was gone and the pains in the rest of his body were receding as well. It felt somehow odd to thank someone who was keeping you prisoner, so he nodded his reply.

"Draco was a little over enthusiastic in subduing you," she told him with a smile. "When he is under my influence he can be quick to react, but to answer your question, yes, Draco was coming to me. He comes when I call and has done since his sixteenth birthday."

"Why?" Harry could not help himself, he had to know and Medea did not seem to be reluctant to explain.

"He comes for the ritual," she said simply, "so that I may feed. A pact was made many centuries ago between his family and myself; each generation they come to me, from their sixteenth birthday until their eighteenth they are mine. They allow me to grow strong, that I may continue until the next one comes as the magic in their blood draws them to me. In return they gain power, and beauty for the rest of their lives; the ritual assures that."

Medea spoke so sweetly and so softly that it was difficult to be afraid of her, but Harry could not ignore the fact that he was chained very firmly to stone. This woman, or whatever she was, had an air of danger that excited and repelled him in equal measure. It was strange that he could see anything from Malfoy's point of view, but Harry could understand why the Slytherin would come to her.

"Why am I here?" he asked slowly, well aware that Medea could have just left him at the edge of the forest, or killed him for that matter.

That he was alive and being given an explanation meant that there was a reason for all this.

"Draco has always been the vessel for my lover," Medea said, moving closer; "he is usually where you are now. My lover is wild and can never be allowed to be free, but when another is possessed by the spirit I may feed and the power may

be transferred into me. The more powerful the vessel, the more energy is transmitted to both myself and the vessel. I can feel the power in you, Harry Potter, and I know that you need more. There is another ritual that I have not felt in generations, a ritual of two. I may possess another and feed through them, combining their magic into the cycle, increasing the power ten fold."

Malfoy appeared behind Medea, blank stare looking at Harry calmly.

"You want me to be the vessel for your lover and Malfoy to be yours," it was not a question, and he found his eyes roaming all over the naked Slytherin.

His body reacted to the sight even as his mind tried to cope with the ideas running through it. His observation earned him a smile from the vampire. Part of him was scandalised by the very idea; part of him could not believe it had just been suggested he have sex with a man; and the seventeen year old, hormonal virgin was scared out of his mind, but more than a little eager about the whole idea.

"I cannot force you, Harry Potter," she said with an honesty that shocked him, "but I offer you power, maybe enough power to fulfil the task for which destiny has chosen you."

"And if I say no?" he asked with the same openness.

Another smile answered that question.

"I shall wipe your mind of ever having been here," Medea told him, "and Draco will return you to the school. I am not evil, Harry Potter; I am simply not of your kind."

He was surprised by the answer, and strangely he believed her, but that left one more thing.

"Why does Malfoy look like a zombie?" Harry wanted to understand everything before he agreed or declined; he was not about to rush into this.

"He was a little upset by your presence," Medea said calmly, "and through the pact I have sway over him; I chose to calm him. He seems irrational as far as you are concerned and I did not wish him to injure you."

"So you're giving him no choice?" this was the part that made him uncomfortable.

The vampire viewed him steadily with her black eyes as if she was beginning to realise something.

"He is mine from his sixteenth birthday until his eighteenth," she said evenly, "I do not require his permission. That is the pact. Once he has the power the ritual of two will release he will not mind, anyway."

As much as Medea was probably right, Harry knew that he could not agree. The offer of enough power to defeat Voldemort was tempting, but he could not take that choice away from Malfoy. The fact that he had not refused instantly and that his eyes kept returning to his school nemesis whether he liked it or not rather surprised him, but if he was honest with himself he knew it was not that shock holding him back.

"Only if he agrees first," he said, knowing that he was venturing into territory he did not fully understand. "I can't say yes unless he is willing."

For the first time Medea seemed on the verge of losing her sense of humour and the playfulness had left her features. Now Harry knew that he should be afraid.

"You are a strange child, Harry Potter," she said slowly.

She turned her back on him and for a moment he thought that she had changed her mind about the ritual, but then she waved her hand over Malfoy's eyes.

"Awake, Child," she intoned, and Harry saw the moment Malfoy's features flicked back into life.

A sneer adorned the Slytherin's handsome features almost instantly.

"Potter," Malfoy spat as if the name was a swear word.

"Be still, Draco," Medea said firmly, drawing her charge from whatever he was going to say, "he does not deserve your scorn."

The completely stunned expression this put on Malfoy's face would have made Harry smile if he had not been so anxious about what was happening.

"I wish to perform the ritual of two," the vampire continued calmly, turning so that she could see both wizards, "but he will not consent unless you do."

The surprise was not leaving the Slytherin and Harry found himself the centre of his adversary's attention before Malfoy looked back at Medea in incomprehension.

"You are mine to command until your eighteenth birthday, Draco," she said evenly, and then looked at Harry, "however, in this you may choose."

It was obvious that Malfoy knew what the ritual was and it was Harry's turn to be surprised as all the anger seemed to flow out of his adversary. Grey eyes met his own for a few moments and then Malfoy turned back to the vampire and bowed his head.

"My body is yours," he said in a formal manner, "do with it as you wish."

The smile which lit up Medea's face was breathtaking. Harry almost smiled at her infectious happiness, but managed to catch himself before he let his guard down quite that much. It was beginning to dawn on his rational brain what he had agreed to, but something about the presence of two naked people was short-circuiting any reaction his more sensible brain could work up to.

"Do you consent, Harry Potter?" Medea asked in a very precise manner.

This was it; Harry knew that this was the point of no return.

"I consent," he agreed before his logical side had a chance to catch up.

Those dark, glittering eyes pinned him down then and the vampire placed a hand on his chest. She spoke two words which Harry did not catch and he felt his skin prickle all over before the slightly colder night air touched his suddenly naked body. It was so quick that about all he managed to think was that it was surprisingly warm in the clearing and then he heard Medea begin to chant and

separate ideas became impossible. The sound of the woman's voice was hypnotic and Harry could do nothing except stare into her eyes. There was no room in his mind for anything but the barest amount of embarrassment and he found himself unable to move for a reason that had nothing to do with his bonds.

The heat started in the soles of his feet, a vague, burning sensation, as if he was sitting slightly too close to a fire, and it slowly began to spread upwards. It was not particularly unpleasant, but he began to sweat as it seemed to flow up his veins and arteries into his thighs. It was a little overwhelming and his instinctive reaction was to resist it.

"Just relax, Potter," Malfoy's surprisingly calm voice broke through his sudden fear, "let it happen. You can't stop it now and it won't hurt."

Harry had not expected support from his school adversary, but he found the words surprisingly comforting as the heat moved from his legs into the rest of his body. As the fire flowed over his buttocks and down his cock he gasped and his head dipped forward as his already partially hard erection reacted instantly to the stimulation. Medea's chanting was not enough to keep him focused any more as the sensations from his body overtook his thoughts' fascination with the vampire's voice. He had never been so aroused in his life and he pulled against his bonds, desperate to relieve the aching that settled in his loins.

"Breathe," Malfoy's voice pulled him from his struggle once more, "it won't be long now, Potter."

It was harder to follow the simple instruction than Harry wanted to admit, but the heat was moving faster now, as if fuelled by his arousal. It flowed up over his chest, into his neck and shoulders and then fire erupted in his brain. His head flew back and his half lidded eyes opened fully as he screamed into the night as something wholly alien and wild invaded his mind. Ecstasy filled every nerve as his thoughts opened to the conquering force and his will melded with the creature inside him.

His entire universe narrowed down to one thing; the woman in front of him, and yet as his vision flashed with the fire dancing in his mind he did not really see Medea; he saw the energy flowing under her skin. As she removed her hand from his chest he reared away from the pillar trying to maintain the contact, straining against the chains. Magic flowed through his system like water as it joined with the fire in his blood and Harry wanted nothing except to touch the elemental creature he could see and feel in front of him.

When Medea moved further away, the combined being that was now Harry was not happy and he lunged against his bonds. They rattled ominously, but they did not give. When Malfoy moved between the two, Harry was even more unhappy and he bared his teeth; he wanted Medea and he wanted her now.

Words were whispered by her beautiful voice and as he watched she placed a hand on each of Malfoy's shoulders. Now she was touching Malfoy instead of him and that was simply wrong in his way of thinking. As he yelled his fury and pulled on the chains yet again they moved this time.

"Patience, My Love," Medea and Malfoy said in perfect unison, "I am coming for you."

As Harry watched, the lovely energy that called to him and fascinated him began to move from one body to the next. He could see it swirling around Malfoy and

calling the Slytherin's magic to the surface. It was mesmerising and he hung from his bonds as Malfoy's moans filled the clearing. Only when all that was left in the female body was a tiny spark and the energy that was Medea flowed freely through Malfoy, did grey eyes look directly into Harry's, glistening like silver. He smiled and revealed long pointed fangs.

"Can you feel the power, My Love?" Malfoy's voice asked seductively. "Can you feel me?"

It took all of Harry's will not to growl his response mindlessly as the wildness in his soul screamed out for release.

"Yes," he managed to hiss through his teeth, "come to me."

The creature that was both Malfoy and Medea smiled again.

"Of course," he said and stepped away from the almost empty shell behind him.

As hands touched his naked chest Harry gasped at the sensations the simple gesture caused. Energy beat against energy and he felt himself growing stronger, but more out of control by the moment. Malfoy pushed his body against Harry's and it was electrifying as the waves of their magic pulsed against each other. He pushed back, feeling the hardness of the Slytherin's eager body against his hip, and he wanted more. As Malfoy rubbed against him, his lover laughed; a joyous sound that filled the clearing.

"I have never felt the like before," the creature who was Malfoy and Medea said with something akin to awe in his voice.

Lips sucked gently at his neck as hands ran up and down his torso and Harry could do nothing but accept the touch. It was agony and ecstasy at the same time as it fed the fire, and yet was not enough. He moaned into the touches, moving as his bonds would allow, needing every moment of contact and wanting more and more.

Sharp teeth nibbled at his neck and then bit very slightly causing the most incredible shots of pleasure to run through Harry. His knees went weak as a talented tongue danced over the tiny wound and then Malfoy was drawing back.

"Later," he said and Harry could not tell if his lover was speaking to him or himself, all he really cared about was that the contact was gone.

He lunged again and the hands came back, easing him against the pillar. That firm touch moved all over his body and Malfoy stepped in close again; Harry could not think beyond that touch. When one of those magical hands moved down and took his cock in a firm grip he had no choice but to put his head back and groan out his pleasure. The wild abandon ripping through his body took no heed of the chains pulling on his limbs as he arched into the caress and he lost himself in the feeling.

Kisses and touches consumed him and the long hard strokes on his aching cock fanned the flames within him and coherent thought was impossible. He had no knowledge of time, no ability to understand anything except the rising passion in his body. When the caresses moved lower, focusing on his stomach and hips he finally opened his eyes and watched as Malfoy sank slowly to his knees. It was an incredibly intoxicating sight as he became once more mesmerised by the energy swirling beneath the Slytherin's skin.

The hand that was stroking him stilled, but there was no time for the fury to build as soft but firm lips surrounded his needy erection. Energy flowed through him straight to his groin as Malfoy began to suck and run his tongue over the sensitive head, while kneading gently at the delicate skin behind his balls. It was almost overwhelming and it did not take long for Malfoy to find a rhythm that had Harry moaning out his need for everything his lover could give.

Energy pooled in the pit of his stomach, moving ever lower, towards the point of contact and he knew he could not possibly last much longer. The zenith beckoned to him and Malfoy's talented mouth pushed him onward until he literally exploded. His seed spilled onto the waiting tongue and energy ripped through his lower body into the combined entity that was Medea and Malfoy, who in turn took everything Harry had to give.

And yet, even as he rode out his orgasm and the mind numbing power transfer tailed off, he could still feel the magic swirling around his body. Harry could barely stand and yet he continued to pull against the chains as the creature in possession of his body demanded yet more.

Malfoy moved back up his body, sliding, skin to skin until they were once again eye to eye. The grey eyes were almost completely obscured by red fire and there was a hunger in the Slytherin's face which was entirely not human. There was no need to speak, and under that gaze Harry felt the fire in his veins burn even brighter, but his body stilled. As his lover pushed against him, Harry put his head back in a gesture of perfect supplication and then fangs slid almost painlessly into his neck. It was like flicking a switch, or the top being blown off a volcano as the fire in his blood became a raging inferno and his body became nothing more than a conduit. The world just went away.

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The first thing Harry realised when he woke up was that he was still naked, the second that he was wrapped around a warm, equally naked body, and the third was that he was under some kind of blanket. He felt a little dopey, but a part of him had been expecting to wake up in pain, which was completely the opposite of the truth. In fact he felt better than he had done in a long time.

"Hello, Harry," a quiet voice said from behind him, and he looked up to find Medea watching him.

He was lying on the ground in the centre of the clearing where he had been chained to the pillar. There was a blanket of some kind under him and one over his as well, and most significantly, Malfoy was fast asleep in his arms. It felt strangely right and yet totally wrong at the same time.

"Enjoy the moment," Medea said with a smile, "he is not as strong as you and will sleep for a while longer yet."

Harry was not sure what he was feeling at all, but he chose not to move as Medea walked around so that they could see each other easily.

"What happened?" he asked quietly.

"The most incredible moment of my entire life," his companion returned with a smile, "and that, my dear child, is saying a great deal. I had always believed Draco to be a most remarkable young man, but the pair of you together is beyond all reason."



Harry looked down at the sleeping blond in his arms and gave up trying to convince himself that he was only not moving so that he would not wake his companion. He liked the feeling of another in his arms, and part of him liked that it was Malfoy as well. It was not something he could rationalise just at the moment, so he didn't try.

"He's going to hate what we did when he wakes up," he said slowly, knowing that whatever truce they had had would be over the moment Malfoy opened his eyes.

"Well he will pretend that he does," Medea said fondly and reached down to stroke a stray hair out of the Slytherin's face, "he has his pride after all. It will take him a while yet to see beyond what he has been taught to what he knows."

"There's not much time left," Harry could not help the bitterness which crept into his voice.

He did not understand what he was feeling or why he was feeling it, but he had found a little peace and he did not want it to end.

"He will never be Voldemort's, Harry," Medea said firmly and cupped the side of his face with her hand, "that much I will promise you. After last night I will not need to feed again for many years, but I will keep him to the pact never the less. While he is mine he cannot swear himself to another. You have power now, Harry, power you could never have imagined. Use it to destroy the despoiler and then come back for Draco. I have seen both of your souls and you have a destiny that has nothing to do with dark wizards and evil curses."

Looking into those dark, glittering eyes, Harry could almost see eternity and he felt as if he was falling. He did not know what Medea was trying to tell him, but he understood that it was bigger than any one human being.

"The sun is coming up," the vampire said, standing to her full height, still completely naked, "and although it will not injure me, I find it less than comfortable. Tell Draco I am sorry I could not stay, and do not let his tongue make you angry. Your clothes are behind the pillar. I hope to see you again, Harry, meeting you has been an incredible experience."

There were so many questions piling up in Harry's thoughts, but he had no time to ask any of them as Medea literally began to fade away. As he watched open mouthed, the very solid-appearing woman melted into nothingness. Only when Malfoy shifted slightly in his sleep did Harry realise he was staring into open space. Looking down at the relaxed face of his Slytherin rival he wondered what Medea had meant by destiny, but he had more pressing things to worry about, like how Malfoy would react if he woke up and found Harry's rather healthy erection pressing into his back. Refusing to consider what this all meant he climbed out from behind his companion and went to find his clothes; destiny could wait until he had dealt with Voldemort.

**The End**