

Three Steps to Paradise

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Pairing: Harry/Draco

Summary: Harry didn't do what everyone expected of him and he became a professional Quidditch player, however, he still has a huge hero streak. When he does something reckless to save Draco Malfoy from a potentially fatal fall in a match it changes more than just Draco's attitude towards him.

Rating: NC17/18

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Warning(s): None

Deathly Hallows Compliant? Kind of – both twins are... intact. Some may consider this, therefore, not compliant.

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Author's Notes: Thank you to my beta. To enchanted_jae, I hope this is what you were after. I combined as many of your request as possible without it becoming silly :).

Certain things seemed to be expected of Harry after he defeated Voldemort and, in the end, he didn't do any of them.

No one really expected him to go back to school to finish his education, since he was clearly a great hero; he didn't agree, so he finished his seventh year just like all the others whose lives had been interrupted.

No one expected him to stand up in front of the whole Wizengemot and tell them that Draco and Narcissa Malfoy had saved his life and should be released, least of all the two individuals in question, but he had been fed up with the revenge the Wizarding world seemed to be trying to take and so he had put his foot down. The things he would never forget were Malfoy's face on the tower when Dumbledore had offered a way out, how reluctant Malfoy had been to recognise him at the Manor, and how Narcissa had lied to Voldemort and said he was dead. There were some people he believed deserved a second chance, so he had acted.

On the other hand, everyone expected him to become an Auror and fight dark wizards to keep them all safe. Instead he joined the first Quidditch team to offer him a job and went back to what he loved rather than what he had to do. The team manager had almost had a heart attack when he had shown up for practice.

Everyone had also expected him to marry Ginny and settle down and have lots of babies, but after living together for a couple of months they had amicably split. Ever since, Ginny had been trying to set him up with men, since it had become quite clear that his interest swung both ways.

All that had been four years and three teams ago and now Harry was playing for the Chudley Cannons, who were winning for the first time in years. It had something to do with him, but also the new coach that had been attracted when Harry had said yes to his current contract. Ron had been so delighted that it had taken all his powers of persuasion to make sure that Ron didn't swear a wizard's oath that their first child would be named after Harry. He had enough of those

already; complete strangers sent him pictures of their children who had been named after the Saviour of the Wizarding world. He felt a little sorry for the girls.

They were up against the Appleby Arrows, another team that was having a surprising run of success, most of which had to do with their new Seeker, one Draco Malfoy. Harry had watched Malfoy's career with interest. When his ex-Nemesis had first entered the Quidditch scene a little after Harry had, the papers had said that Malfoy had bought his position and had some bizarre ulterior motives, but it hadn't taken long to realise that Malfoy was actually good. In fact he was one of the few Seekers in the country that Harry knew he had to watch very carefully. He had been looking forward to the match all season.

The game had been going on for nearly an hour already and the Snitch had only made itself known once so far. It was raining and visibility wasn't the best, but Harry never let himself lose sight of the shock of white blond that told him exactly where Malfoy was. He was just about soaked to the bone and the scores were almost neck and neck; at the moment, if the Snitch came into play, that would clinch it for either side.

He circled a little to the left, letting his eyes slide over to Malfoy properly for a moment. Even soaking wet there was something regal about the other Seeker. The whole pointy thing Malfoy had had going as a teenager was gone and Harry could only describe the ex-Slytherin as willowy and fine boned. Dragging his eyes away, he mentally kicked himself for about the tenth time; he was beginning to think that Malfoy won so many matches for his team because rival Seekers were mesmerised by Malfoy's good looks. Time after time during the match, Harry had found himself not paying proper attention because he was staring at Malfoy.

He hadn't had much contact with Malfoy since school really. Somehow they had always managed to miss each other in matches and the only time he had ever really seen Malfoy was at a distance at the Quidditch conventions the league organised every now and then. He knew quite a lot about Malfoy from everything that appeared in the papers about his one time Nemesis, but they hadn't really spoken since school.

There was a flicker of gold above him towards the centre of the pitch and he saw Malfoy see it at almost the exact same time. Without even thinking about it, Harry placed himself flat over his broom and sped across the pitch as fast as he could. The crowd was going wild as he and Malfoy raced towards the Snitch. Playing some teams, he had actually let the Snitch go a few times to keep the game going for the crowd; some Seekers were almost less than useless, but with Malfoy, he knew he had to take every chance for what it was worth.

As ever, the Snitch hovered until they were almost on it and then it skittered away to lead them on a merry dance. They were already high above the pitch floor and the Snitch took them higher. It was exhilarating; Harry always felt so alive chasing the elusive little ball and when there was someone of Malfoy's skill at his shoulder it was even more exciting. His heartbeat thundered in his ears as adrenaline surged through his system, and he urged his broom slightly ahead of Malfoy's.

They went up; they went down; they weaved and Harry felt like laughing loudly, but then, as they were both reaching for the Snitch, he saw it out of the corner of his eye: a Bludger came hurtling out of the gloom as if from nowhere and Malfoy didn't stand a chance. There was the awful sound of cracking bone as the Bludger crashed into Malfoy and Harry saw his opponent unseated.

He reacted without a single thought for the game as he saw Malfoy begin to fall. It was a professional match; there was nothing between Malfoy and the ground and Harry turned his broom, forgetting about the Snitch completely. Now his target was Malfoy and he put his broom into a dive as the clearly unconscious Malfoy plunged towards the pitch floor.

The precious moments that it had taken him to turn meant they were only twenty feet or so off the ground when he finally managed to grab Malfoy's robes. He pulled up as sharply as he could, but with the weight of two and the awkward angle, he had little chance. He slowed them both down; he hoped enough to prevent too serious an injury, but the crash was inevitable. The last thing he knew was the ground being very stubborn in not moving out of his way as he twisted and did his very best to make sure he didn't squash Malfoy. Then he managed to hit his head and everything went black.

Harry groaned: he knew that smell and he opened his eyes to see the ceiling of one of St Mungo's private rooms. It wasn't the first time he had ended up in hospital thanks to a game, and he knew it wouldn't be the last.

"Harry?" said a familiar voice and he blinked a few times until Hermione's face came into focus.

She smiled at him as if she could tell he was looking at her properly.

"How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Like I have a concussion," Harry replied, since now he was awake, his head was beginning to pound.

He sat up very slowly and accepted the potion vial Hermione handed him. He knew the drill by now. The hospital staff would have healed any broken bones and dealt with most injuries and then left the potion to deal with the concussion. There were other methods of dealing with head injuries for more critical patients, but the potion was what was usually used.

"Thanks," he said after making a face at the potion's disgusting taste.

His head began to clear almost immediately and he was sore in several different places, but he knew that would pass as well.

"Feeling better, Mate?" Ron asked, appearing from behind Hermione.

His best friends were always there for him when he did stupid things, so he was not in the least surprised to see both of them. The pair were possibly the best known couple in the Wizarding world and he counted himself very lucky to have them as friends.

"Beginning to," Harry replied with a grin; "I should really learn not to do things like that."

"Would that be the heroics or flying into the ground?" Hermione asked dryly.

"Both," he replied and rubbed his head.

It didn't feel like he had broken too many bones this time; he wasn't aching quite as much as the last time he had been in an accident.

"We were really worried this time, Harry," Ron told him; "you and Malfoy were both covered in blood when they brought you in. Turns out it was just a stake of broom that went through both your arms though."

Harry examined his arms and saw the new little white scar.

"Another one for the collection," he said as his brain flashed a momentary image of when the injury had occurred. "How's Malfoy?"

"The Ferret is fine," Ron said in a dismissive tone, "and we won the match because both of you were out, in case you were wondering."

That wasn't really what Harry was interested in, so he looked to Hermione.

"Malfoy really is fine," she said, patting him on the hand; "he had the injuries from the Bludger impact and the broom spike in his arm, but you broke most of his fall. He discharged himself an hour ago; I saw him leaving."

For some reason he couldn't fathom, that made Harry feel a lot better and he relaxed back onto the pillows.

"Good," he said and smiled, "now do they have any of that great jelly around or am I going to have to leave before I can charm the healers into giving me some?"

Stumbling into his bathroom, Harry bent over the sink and splashed water in his face. He had been having weird dreams all night and while he appreciated mental images of Draco Malfoy naked, the whole flower theme had been a little too bizarre even for his subconscious. Why his dreaming mind had decided to throw thoughts of Malfoy covered in wild flowers at him he had no idea. In the dream it had made perfect sense, but reality made it seem just the wrong side of odd.

Standing up, he peered at himself in the mirror. Without his glasses everything was quite a lot out of focus, but it was better than looking at the bags under his eyes properly. Rubbing his hand over his face, he decided he needed a shave, but a shower was first thing on the menu. His boxers were uncomfortably sticky thanks to the aforementioned dreams and washing seemed like a really good idea.

He turned and reached for the shower knob before pausing as something tried to make itself known in his sleepy brain. It was one of those momentary flashes of clarity and unfortunately his mind was in no state to catch it. Slowly he turned back to the mirror and peered at his out of focus reflection; something wasn't right.

Picking up his glasses from the side of the sink, he put them on his nose and looked at himself properly. It was then quite obvious what was wrong: his hair looked liked someone had set up a nature ramble in it. A lot of it was still the usual black, but the rest was green and brown; lots of different greens and browns, like he was part tree or something.

"I'll kill them!" he all but yelled and went to storm out of the bathroom.

He came up short as he felt the uncomfortable stickiness again.

"After a shower," he muttered to himself and went back to what he had been doing.

It took him fifteen minutes to shower and get dressed before he Apparated to Diagon Alley. Weasley's Wizard Wheezes were going to pay for this, because he was absolutely sure this had to be something to do with them. Ron had probably left a sample in his flat or something and now he was a guinea pig. He walked straight to the shop and right up to the counter.

"Okay, who's fault is this?" he demanded, pointing to his hair. "I have exactly one hour to take retribution and I suggest the innocent don't get in my way."

George looked at him.

"Not us, we swear," Ron's brother said.

"Definitely not us," Fred added and Harry knew it was him because the twin's stance changed.

Fred and George Weasley were one of the Wizarding world's most talked about phenomena. Everyone had truly thought Fred was dead and gone after the Second Battle of Hogwarts, including George until George had started to exhibit signs of a somewhat split personality later that year. When the Weasleys had finally found out what was really going on, the twins had become one of the most intriguing phenomena known to Wizardkind.

As it had turned out, Fred's body was dead, but, at the last instant of life, the twin bond with George had proved too strong to break. Fred's essence had transferred to the next best thing; George's body. This it seemed had caused complete shock in Fred's mental functions and it wasn't until months later that his consciousness had begun to reappear. To some it would have seemed odd, but George had been so happy to get his brother back that it had never seemed to occur to him that sharing his body might be a problem. The twins had always been like one organism with two bodies and now they just had the one body and seemed perfectly happy with it.

Very few people could tell which twin was talking to them, but Harry was one of them. He figured it had something to do with being almost an adopted Weasley.

"I didn't turn my own hair this colour," he protested, and the only people he knew with the skill to do something like this were the twins.

"It really wasn't us," George told him, "but whoever did it, did a fantastic job. You look like you came out of a greenhouse."

Harry didn't really appreciate that comment.

"I know," he said pointedly, "and I want my hair back the way it's supposed to be. Is there anything you can do?"

The Twins appeared thoughtful.

"Come into the back room," Fred said after a moment, "we'll see if we can help."

It was usually not the safest thing in the world to enter the back room of the shop; a person could end up a guinea pig, but Harry didn't have much choice. He really hoped they would be able to sort him out, because otherwise he would be

ribbed about his hair for months. Quidditch players could be very unforgiving in their jokes.

"Potter!"

Harry almost jumped out of his skin and did manage to drop the towel that he was currently using to make sure he was dry before putting on his clothes.

"Nice arse, Potter," Malfoy commented as he bent over to retrieve his towel.

Normally such comments were brushed off as jokes in the locker room, but he found himself blushing and covering himself up. It was ridiculous behaviour for a place that was often full of naked men.

"Hair's interesting too; branching out from mop to bird's nest?" Malfoy asked, seemingly enjoying his embarrassment.

"Someone's idea of a joke," was all he could find to say.

His dreams were coming back to haunt him and even as he looked into Malfoy's haughty, amused eyes he was very glad of the towel. Hormonal overload wasn't doing much for his composure.

"And talking of jokes," Malfoy said in what Harry had decided was the other man's usual cutting tone, "I would like the one being played on me to end."

That at least gave Harry's libido time to calm down a bit as he was overcome with confusion.

"What joke?" he asked, since he had no idea what Malfoy was talking about.

"The one I'm sure one of your friends thinks is hilarious," Malfoy told him, not looking so amused anymore. "Contrary to popular belief, this gorgeous face is not all without effort and I do need sleep to maintain it."

If there was one thing that hadn't changed about Malfoy since school it was his arrogance. Harry was pretty sure that these days it was mostly an act, since there was none of the viciousness behind it, but it was a very good act.

"Malfoy," he said, deciding that he'd rather be able to get dressed in peace rather than worry about what Malfoy may or may not look like naked, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

For a moment Malfoy just stood there, seemingly trying to assess if he was on the level or not.

"The dreams," Malfoy finally said; "one of your friends must have cast a dream spell or slipped me a dream potion at some point and I want the cure because I haven't slept properly in two nights."

"Dreams?" Harry asked and tried to sound completely innocent.

"The ones of you, Potter," Malfoy said in an exasperated voice, putting his hands on his hips, "the ones with naked you and lots of flowers."

That was the point Harry began to worry.

"Flowers," he said in what he knew was a very insensible manner.

Now Malfoy looked annoyed.

"Look, the content is not the point," Malfoy said in a short tone, "I want them gone. Tell whichever friend of yours who thinks this is a great idea that I will hunt them down if I don't get some sleep."

Harry found himself admiring the very fine arse he was presented with as Malfoy turned and began to march away.

"Wait," he managed to say as he forced his brain into sensible motion, "Malfoy, I don't think it's one of my friends."

Malfoy turned back looking thoroughly unimpressed.

"I'm having dreams too, only of you," he admitted, making sure that his towel was firmly wrapped around his waist.

Now Malfoy appeared surprised.

"I think we may be the butt of the same joke," he said, since Malfoy didn't open his mouth. "Given my hair and the woodland theme of the dreams I think they may be connected."

For a few moments Malfoy frowned.

"But why would anyone target both of us?" was the very reasonable question.

"No idea," Harry admitted, since he really didn't have a clue. "Look, I know it's not one of the twins' jokes because I confronted them about the hair and they denied everything. They like a good joke, but they don't lie about them when they're caught. Now that I know the dreams are part of it I'll get them to see if they can figure out what's been done to us."

Malfoy didn't seem very impressed, but nodded anyway, for which Harry was very grateful, but he wasn't as pleased when the amused look came back into Malfoy's eyes.

"So, Potter," Malfoy asked, "if you didn't think the dreams were part of the joke, what did you think they were?"

Back in school he would have had no comeback, but he had been facing the press for several years now and he had learned to think on his feet.

"My deep, dark fantasies of course, Malfoy," he replied and was a bit too pleased when Malfoy laughed with genuine amusement.

"I think, Potter," Malfoy said, turning to leave again, "that you may have actually improved since school."

"Why thank you, Malfoy," he said with a grin, turning himself to walk back to his clothes, "you very well might have as well."

Harry spent the rest of the morning inordinately pleased with himself for actually talking to Malfoy in a sensible manner, but then he had been to see the twins. They had had no ideas about what could be causing the dreams or the hair, which was why he found himself in Hermione's office at the Ministry drinking tea and waiting for his friend to return from an errand.

"Hi Harry," Hermione said, breezing in, giving him a peck on the cheek in welcome and then placing the huge stack of files she was carrying on the desk, "sorry I took so long, I was deep in the file stacks when Jessica found me."

Jessica was Hermione's assistant and she fancied Harry something rotten, which was why he usually didn't visit Hermione in the office. It did, however, mean that there were chocolate biscuits on the table, of which he had already eaten three.

"I see Jessica has been looking after you okay then," Hermione said with a grin. "What is so urgent that it tempted you into the huntress's lair?"

"It's not just the hair," he said, putting his teacup on the table. "It's dreams too. Dreams about Malfoy and he's having them too. We think someone might have got us both."

"We?" Hermione asked and raised an eyebrow. "So you've been speaking to Malfoy off the Quidditch pitch then?"

"He came to see me this morning," he replied and rolled his eyes; every female in his life seemed to be interested in his love life. "Because the dreams mean neither of us is sleeping well."

Hermione gave him a small smile and he was sure she was plotting something; no doubt Ginny would be on his doorstep to find out all about him and Malfoy in the near future.

"And what is the nature of these dreams?" Hermione asked, turning back to the issue at hand.

That brought Harry up short since he just knew what she was going to be thinking if he told her.

"Flowers," he said, putting off the inevitable for a few more seconds, "and Malfoy ... naked."

"And his are the same with you naked?" Hermione asked in her very best professional voice.

"Yes," he said, completely positive that Hermione was doing a mental dance of glee, "and don't tell Ron, please."

"Of course not," Hermione said and patted him on the arm. "Ron still doesn't understand why you saved Malfoy in the match; I think we can leave this conversation until it's actually needed."

"If it's ever needed," Harry stressed; he wasn't about to outright lie and say he wasn't interested in Malfoy, but he had some things to think about before there was any possibility of him doing anything about it at all. "No meddling; I know what you and Ginny are like and just because I vaguely show interest in someone does not give you two carte blanche to set us up."

"We'd never do that, Harry," Hermione assured him, but he knew without a doubt that if they thought it was for his own good they would do whatever was necessary, "but just so you know; Malfoy is a very eligible bachelor these days. His charity work and other worthy endeavours have put him back in a good light in most eyes. He also rides both sides of the broomstick, in case you were wondering."

"That much was blatantly obvious even to me, thank you, Hermione," he said and realised that he was probably doomed. "But back on the point; any idea what could have caused the dreams?"

Hermione thought for a while and then shook her head.

"Nothing springs to mind," was her conclusion, "but I need to look a few things up. It might take me a couple of days, but I will find out what the problem is. Until then I suggest you go home via the apothecary and buy yourself a potion to make sure you don't dream; that should let you get some sleep until we figure out what is going on."

He nodded; it sounded like a good plan, but then it was Hermione's so it was bound to have merit.

"Thanks," he said, standing up; "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Visit a library occasionally probably," Hermione said with a smile. "Now just be careful when you run the gauntlet; I need Jessica to do some work this afternoon and if she corners you that won't be happening."

"I'll use all my Seeker reflexes," he promised with a grin and then leant forward to peck Hermione on the cheek goodbye. "I'll see you and Ron for breakfast on Monday."

Hermione gave him a brief, fond hug and let him go.

"Good luck with the signing thing this weekend," she said, before turning to her files.

"That's one thing I can do in my sleep," he replied and headed for the door.

If anyone could figure out what was up with him and Malfoy it was Hermione, so he set off feeling far more cheerful.

Harry walked into his room and threw himself onto the bed. He wasn't sure his right hand would ever work again; he had signed that many autographs. He really hated the appearance weekends the league sometimes organised, but it was in his contract that he had to attend if the management wanted him to and of course he was Harry Potter; they always wanted him to. The fact that he always had four times as many fans queuing for his autograph had not escaped those making the money and half of the people who came to see him weren't even Quidditch fans.

His team mates had gone to the bar, but he was far too knackered and he had no plans to do anything but sleep. They had another full day of smiling for the cameras and signing things the next day and he at least wanted to be awake for it. That meant sleep, but, even as he lay there, he knew he had a problem to deal with first.

Harry and his dick usually had a very pleasant relationship, but today it was misbehaving. The management had sat him one table down from Malfoy; why he had no idea, but his cock had sat up and taken notice instantly. He'd been hard most of the day and had had to escape to the loo several times just to stop himself squirming. It was embarrassing; he wasn't a teenager anymore, but his anatomy seemed to think he was.

Sitting up again, he began to strip off, throwing his clothes into the corner until he was completely naked. It was an indulgence he had never had until he had bought his own home, but he had found that when in need of relief, he liked to do it naked. That was quite possibly one of the very few facts that his friends didn't know about him, not even Ron.

Lying down, he arranged himself on the ample pillows carefully, spread his legs indulgently and then let his hand slide down over his stomach and around his waiting cock. It wasn't the first time he had been intimate with his hand that day, but it was the first time he could indulge freely without having to worry who might hear and so he let himself groan quite loudly. He spread his legs a little more, so that he could dip his hand further down and play with his sac a little.

Fondling himself kept his attention for a little while, but he really wasn't interested in long and drawn out. He needed some relief and finesse could wait for another day. Giving his balls one more gentle squeeze, he moved back to his cock, stroking it from root to tip and twisting his hips a little as if he was thrusting into something other than his fist.

The images of Malfoy from his dreams crept into his head and they made his whole body throb with arousal. He didn't think he had ever wanted anyone like the dreams were making him want Malfoy. Closing his eyes, he sank into the mental world that his subconscious had created and leaked into the rest of his mind. Malfoy was always just out of reach and he was always chasing the ex-Slytherin in his dreams, but with his conscious mind he could imagine what would happen when he caught Malfoy.

He imagined scenario after scenario where he caught his prey and dragged Malfoy to him, demanding repayment for such diligent chasing. Just the idea of kissing Malfoy added so much to his arousal that in only a few strokes he was coming. His mind blanked as white hot pleasure lanced through him and all he could feel were the shots of orgasm running through every nerve. He really didn't care what his body was doing or how loud he was being as he indulged and let go of all the tension that had been building all day. Quite frankly it was wonderful.

Lying back in the bed, Harry let himself stare up at the ceiling and enjoy the after glow. He'd clean up properly and put some clothes on to go to bed in a little while, but he was pleasantly tired now and what he needed was forty winks.

"Potter!"

An outraged voice made him start and he blinked, suddenly very confused. He had been having a lovely dream about pursuing Malfoy through a wood and to find that he was in fact in a hotel room was a bit of a shock. The fact that it wasn't his hotel room was even more of a shock, and the fact that he was naked with only his wand in his hand was about the last straw.

"What the hell?" he said to his surrounding in general.

"My thoughts exactly," said the voice that had woken him and this time he was with it enough to recognise it.

Malfoy was sitting in the bed staring at him. Not sure what on earth was going on, he glanced behind him and saw an open door, through which he could see his own room.

"Oh shit," he said in a very heartfelt way, "I think I just sleep walked in here. Sorry, Malfoy," he continued rapidly, wanting back into his own room as fast as possible, "I didn't mean to wake you."

He was all too aware that his dream about Malfoy had had its usual effect; he was hard and erect and this time he had no towel to hide it.

"Potter, don't you dare just walk back through that door," Malfoy all but growled, climbing out of the bed. "Sleep walking I could accept, but sleep spelling? That door was locked."

Harry froze and then looked at his wand; how was he supposed to explain this?

"I swear I don't know how I got in here," he promised; he would never live it down if Malfoy started telling everyone what had happened. "I fell asleep, I was dreaming one of those dreams and then I was here."

Malfoy's eyes gave him a quick up and down, settling for a moment on his erection before moving on. He did not dare flee, not with Malfoy in his current mood; he was likely to be hexed.

"I see the dreams have a similar effect on you as they have on me," were not the words Harry really expected to hear.

"Come again?" he asked, not sure he wasn't still dreaming.

"The dreams, Potter," Malfoy said, as if explaining to an idiot, "they make me hornier than a dragon in mating season and they appear to do the same to you."

Harry felt himself blushing, which was utterly ridiculous, but he couldn't stop himself.

"And?" he asked, wishing he could just step back into his own room.

"Let's stop beating round the bush shall we?" Malfoy asked, raising an eyebrow. "We obviously find each other attractive and, I don't know about you, but I need some relief. These dreams have me so worked up my hand is not really enough and, with the current schedule, attachments outside the team are virtually impossible. So what do you say?"

Harry wasn't into one night stands; his heart had to be in it or his body wasn't really in it either, but the crux of this matter was that the dreams made him feel like he knew a hell of a lot more about Malfoy than he really did. He'd been dreaming for days, the potion he had bought doing nothing to help, and it felt like he really had been with Malfoy every night.

"I don't ..." he tried to begin to explain, but he really didn't want to turn down Malfoy, so he couldn't say it.

Malfoy walked towards him.

"Don't forget I'm having the dreams too," Malfoy said in little more than a whisper. "I know what it feels like. Come on Potter, a little fooling around could help us both."

His resistance was low to begin with, but that just about shattered it. In his dreams he had been chasing Malfoy and now Malfoy was within his grasp, so he reached out and took what was on offer. He just about saw Malfoy look momentarily startled and then he dragged his one time Nemesis into the most scorching kiss he knew how to give.

There was resistance in Malfoy to begin with, but it melted away as Harry continued the kiss. He hadn't had that many relationships, Ginny called him picky, and he could honestly say that it was the hottest kiss of his life. It pulled his mind back to when he had first found himself attracted to Ginny; there was a clawing in his chest that urged him on. Only this time it was stronger and it was as if he had just freed the animal inside.

Following his instincts more than rational thought, he broke the kiss and threw Malfoy onto the bed, climbing on afterwards so he was straddling the ex-Slytherin. Malfoy didn't seem to be bothering to hide his surprise at this move, but neither was Malfoy objecting, so Harry carried on. He felt like he had something to prove, which was odd in itself, but he wasn't arguing with his libido tonight, not any more.

Malfoy was all pale flesh and Harry ran his fingers over his bed partner's torso, noting the very faint lines littering the surface. He remembered all too well where some of those lines had come from and the whole memory horrified him, but it didn't stop him. There had been a debt between them because of that act, but so many debts had been wiped out during and just after the war that it meant nothing now. He found himself overcome with the need to make it clear that everything like that was in the past.

"What are you ..?" was as far as Malfoy got before he hooked his fingers in Malfoy's waist band and pulled down the elegant boxers, which were the only thing Malfoy had been wearing.

He had to assume Malfoy had been having a similar dream to him, because Malfoy was already hard, which meant he really didn't have too much work to do. He knew what he wanted as clearly as he knew how to catch a Snitch and he swooped onto his prize with eager abandon. It was funny; he'd never been particularly fond of giving blow jobs with his two other boyfriends, but it was all he could think about right then.

"Oh Merlin's balls," Malfoy said very loudly as Harry wrapped his lips around the waiting erection and employed his tongue along the already wet tip.

What followed was a low hum of appreciation, so Harry was pretty sure he was getting it right. The taste of another male was not something he had ever managed to make himself like, but Malfoy; Malfoy was a different story; it was almost like he was sucking on the finest lollipop and never wanted to stop.

"Potter," Malfoy's tone was a little strangled, "never knew you were this direct."

It seemed that hadn't changed either; Malfoy apparently liked to have the last word. Since Harry had his mouth full, he didn't bother replying in words, he just hummed a little and felt Malfoy turning to goo under his ministrations.

He licked and sucked and fondled to his heart's content, enjoying every reaction he could elicit out of Malfoy, be it vocal or physical and he showed no mercy. He wanted Malfoy and so he took what he wanted, and Malfoy really seemed to be enjoying the experience. It really didn't take long before Malfoy was bucking under him and he had exactly what he wanted.

As Malfoy lay there gasping, Harry slowly climbed up his bed partner's body until they were face to face. Seeing the contented look on Malfoy's features filled him with a deep seated pleasure that he found difficult to explain, especially since his own erection was still very much in evidence. Malfoy's eyes were closed and the ex-Slytherin looked thoroughly debauched; lips pink from the kissing and expression so sinfully sated that if anyone else had been able to see it there would have been no doubt in their minds about the cause. For a while Harry just let himself look.

Eventually grey eyes opened to look at him, and the fire in his belly and the raging in his chest flared up again from where they had gone to being quietly stirring. For once it seemed Malfoy didn't have any words, only actions and, as he was pushed onto his back, Harry went without resistance. It became very obvious very quickly that Malfoy was intent on returning the favour and Harry wrapped his fingers in the bed sheets and gasped as warm, moist lips encircled the head of his cock.

"Oh god, do that again," he managed to stutter out as Malfoy did something with his tongue that sent Harry into ecstasies.

He had been very aroused before Malfoy started, but he was still one hundred percent positive that no one had ever sent him hurtling towards orgasm quite so fast. He felt the pressure in his groin building so rapidly that it literally took his breath away and all thoughts of staying power vanished from his head. It was like he was being pushed on and pulled on and in every way forced towards his sexual zenith and male pride just didn't come into the equation. It was like he just had to come and it was the most important thing in the world to him.

Exactly what he shouted when he came he wasn't sure, but he did know it was probably obscene and very loud. He felt as if someone had just connected him to the mains and some distant part of his mind that wasn't wholly occupied by the wonderful physical sensations noticed something else as well. His magic reacted and it was only a small thing compared to the overwhelming orgasm, but, at the back of his mind, he knew it happened. It left him with a strange tingly sensation at the base of his skull, but most of him was too busy feeling blissed out to take any notice.

Now it was Malfoy's turn to climb up him until they were once again face to face and he just about managed to drag his eyes open. He was used to the feelings of lethargy after sex, but he seemed even less inclined to move than usual. When Malfoy leaned down and kissed him, he kissed back lazily and they shared a soft, almost dreamy moment until Malfoy slowly rolled back onto the bed.

"That was better than I had ever imagined," Malfoy muttered in a very sleepy voice, "we should do that again some time."

Harry just murmured in agreement and let himself drift off to sleep.

On Sunday morning, Harry had woken up to find himself alone in Draco's bed. Having been intimate with him, Harry found he could no longer think of his ex-Nemesis as Malfoy. A note had explained that Draco had had an early breakfast meeting before the convention began again at nine, but to his disappointment Harry had found that the seating arrangements had been changed over night. He hadn't had a chance to see Draco up close all that day and if the dreams he had had that night were anything to go by, his psyche had not been happy about that at all.

Before his dreams had had plenty of naked Draco, but they had always been about titillation and pursuit; on that Sunday night when he'd finally fallen into bed at home, his dreams had made those look positively innocent. He was pretty sure that if he ever managed to get Draco alone, he would have no choice but to pin the other man to the nearest supporting surface. His dreams had been so encompassing that he had slept right through his alarm and hence was fifteen minutes late for his breakfast appointment with Ron and Hermione.

"Wondered where you had got to, mate," Ron said as he dashed into the café.

He, Ron and Hermione had a standing bi-weekly Monday morning breakfast date. They were all busy and they met up whenever they could at other times, but no matter what, they always had breakfast every other Monday morning.

"Sorry," he apologised, sitting down in his usual seat, "I didn't hear the alarm."

Ron looked surprised; Harry had never been the heaviest of sleepers.

"No problem, Hermione had to stop by the book shop first," Ron said, but Harry could tell his best friend was a little concerned, "she should be here in a minute of two. Was the convention rough?"

Harry grinned.

"Only as ever," he said, hoping that he could gloss over what he had done on Saturday night, "they should give us danger money; some of the fans are nuts."

"So, that why you missed the alarm this morning," Ron asked, "knackered?"

For a moment Harry considered the easy way out, but he was beginning to realise that he might actually want to pursue something with Draco and that meant explaining to Ron. They didn't have secrets; they were best friends and it was going to take some talking, but he was going to have to try and make Ron understand sooner rather than later.

"Not exactly," he said, choosing his words carefully, "I've been having dreams."

Now Ron looked really worried, the last time Harry had had dreams it was because of Voldemort.

"Not bad dreams," he added hastily, before Ron jumped to the wrong conclusions, "quite the opposite in fact. It seems to be related to the hair; we think it must be a spell or something. The dreams are so nice that most of the time I don't want to wake up."

"Nice how?" Ron asked and Harry couldn't help grinning just a little.

"Let's just say I'm having better sex in my dreams than I've ever had in real life," he said in a conspiratorial whisper.

Ron grinned broadly as well at that.

"And he's having similar dreams," Harry continued, still in the low tone, "so much so that we kind of hooked up Saturday night in desperation."

Not being attracted to the male of the species, Ron didn't look quite as enthusiastic about the whole thing after the explanation, but Ron was nothing if not a great friend and had long since turned the corner where Harry's wider scope in partners was no longer a problem.

"Doesn't sound like it's such a bad spell," Ron said with a suggestive wiggle of eyebrows.

"Except that I'm not getting any proper sleep," he replied with a small laugh, "you try spending most of every night having sex, even if it is in your dreams."

Ron gave a very hearty laugh at that.

"Hermione might have something to say about that," Ron joked back.

Flora, the proprietress of the establishment, chose that moment to walk up with their usual order of tea.

"Good morning, boys," she greeted with her usual warmth, "how are we today?"

The fact that Flora was a great grandmother allowed her to get away with calling grown men boys and Harry always thought of her as an older Molly Weasley. Both women would feed you if you failed to run away fast enough.

"We're fine, thank you," Harry said with a bright smile, "and Hermione should be here shortly. How are you this week?"

"Oh a few more aches and pains to add to these old bones," Flora said, but sounded as if she was talking about something much happier, "but nothing to complain about. Had the little'uns around yesterday and I think I'm getting too old to chase a three year old."

"Not you, Flora," Ron said in a totally disbelieving tone, "you can't be a day over thirty."

Since school, Ron had gained a smoother side that had never been evident as a teenager. It always amused Harry to see it and Flora laughed like a school girl at the compliment.

"I only wish," she said cheerfully. "Now I'll leave you boys to your chatting, just wave me over when the lovely lady has arrived and you're ready to order."

"Thank you, Flora," Harry said and went to pour the tea.

There was nothing quite like a good cup of tea and Harry felt himself waking up even before he actually drunk any.

"So," Ron asked once the tea was poured, "who's the lucky chap?"

Harry had just taken a sip of tea and almost choked on it; that was the more difficult bit of the conversation.

"Um," he said and pondered exactly what to say for a while, "put your tea down."

"Why?" Ron asked, but did as he was told anyway.

"Because this might be a bit of a shock," Harry replied, knowing that it was going to be a lot of a shock.

"Don't tell me you've hooked up with Krum," Ron said, sitting back. "I saw he was on the list for the convention."

"As great a physique as Victor has," he replied, "I don't think asking him would be worth the risk. Victor is a ladies man."

"Then who," Ron asked, clearly intrigued, "about the only person I can think of that is beyond belief is Malfoy; there's no way the ferret..."

Harry knew his face had given everything away when Ron stopped talking and began to look stunned. It was like all thought had drained out of Ron's head as his friend looked at him.

"You're pulling my leg," Ron said eventually and Harry was worried that his friend was a funny colour.

Harry shook his head.

"Don't think I haven't wondered what on earth I could be thinking," he said, trying to explain, "but he's really not how you remember him. We've all grown up a lot and he still has a hell of a tongue on him," that conjured up some interesting thoughts, "but you might even like him now."

"You and Malfoy?" Ron seemed to be a little stuck.

Harry nodded this time; he knew that it would take Ron a little while to really process the information, so all he could do was wait.

"I see you told Ron then?" Hermione's voice made him turn and she pecked him on the cheek and sat down.

"You knew?" Ron all but squeaked.

"Of course, Dear," Hermione said and gave her husband a quick kiss, even though Ron seemed too distracted to take much notice, "who do you think Harry came to when he realised he was under some sort of spell? I assume you're serious about it now then, Harry?"

He nodded again.

"I think I could be very serious about him," he said with complete honesty.

Hermione smiled at him.

"It's about time," she said with a smile, "now why don't you tell Ron and me exactly why, which I'm sure will clear everything up."

Harry loved Hermione, he really did; she always seemed to know how to sort things out. Taking a mouthful of tea, he sorted out his thoughts and then he began to talk.

The Manor looked completely different to how Harry remembered it, but then these days, by all accounts it was a place of charity garden parties and other worthy causes. Harry had looked in to how Draco was rebuilding the Malfoy name and he had been very impressed. Unlike his father after the first fall of Voldemort, Draco actually seemed to really be doing good rather than making it look as if he was. He wasn't sure he wouldn't be hexed off the premises, however, once he explained.

The house elf that had shown him in had appeared cheerful and healthy, reminding him somewhat of Dobby after being freed. He knew Hermione wouldn't approve, but the old pureblood families were not about to give up everything. Harry waited in the entrance hall and hoped that Draco would be available to see him.

He had gone to Hermione absolutely desperate, because sleep seemed to be impossible. It had been three days since his tryst with Draco and all he seemed to be able to think about was the ex-Slytherin. He was so distracted the coach had sent him home from practice because it was dangerous for him to be on a broom, which was when he had gone to Hermione for help. Hermione had cast a spell on him and revealed some things that had shocked him to the bone, but at least he had an explanation now.

"Potter," Draco greeted, appearing from one of the many doors, "this is a surprise. What can I do for you?"

Draco appeared as tired as Harry felt and he could tell they were both in the same predicament.

"I know why we're having the dreams," he said, since there was no point beating around the bush, "and it's not a spell."

That brought Draco up short.

"Come into the study," Draco invited; "we can talk there without being disturbed. Mother has guests today."

Harry followed Draco through a set of double doors into a comfortably furnished room with a large fire place, a grand desk and two chesterfield sofas.

"Have a seat," Draco invited, "I'll order us some tea."

Sitting down, Harry let himself look around and he decided that the room was very much Draco. There were books on various shelves and some were old and had pompous titles like History of the Pureblood Lines, but others were like Quidditch Through the Ages. Harry liked the balance. Draco summoned and spoke quietly to a house elf and then came and sat down opposite Harry on the second sofa.

"So," Draco asked, sitting back as if this was any other casual conversation, "if it's not a spell, what is it?"

"I'm trying to create a life bond with you," Harry had decided that he was not going to beat around the bush; this was too important to play games.

Draco just raised an eyebrow.

"What kind of life-bond?" Draco asked far more calmly than Harry had expected.

"Fae," Harry replied, trying to appear just as calm; "hence the hair. Turns out the Potter line has Fae blood and so does the Evans line. They're both very faint, but something about me made it active. When our blood mixed in the accident it initiated the first stage of the bond."

"Go on," Draco said and Harry couldn't tell what his companion was thinking at all.

"According to Hermione there are three stages to the bond," there was nothing for it but to explain; "the blood was the first; what we did on Saturday night was the second and if we'd had full on sex that would have been the third."

Draco just looked at him for a while.

"You don't strike me as much of a Fae," Draco said eventually, "from what I've read, aren't Fae supposed to be flighty and promiscuous?"

"Hermione said the same thing," Harry admitted; "and the only theory we have is that I only have some of the Fae traits. Hermione thinks I've been trying to find a life bondmate the whole time, which is why I've been so picky. I remember sharing blood with Ginny at one point, at the time I thought it was an accident, but now I think it might have been my subconscious pushing me into it. None of my partners thus far has gone any further; the blood bond failed so I drifted away from them."

"But not me?" Draco sounded surprised.

"No, not you," Harry said with a nod; "with you it stuck."

It was quite a thing to admit, but he had no choice; Draco needed to know what was going on.

"So, where do we go from here?" Draco asked, still seeming amazingly calm.

"I don't know," he responded; he wasn't about to lie, "but Hermione is looking into it."

Draco nodded as a house elf appeared with their tea.

"If you don't mind," Draco said as the elf poured the tea, "please could you tell me everything you know. We have an extensive library here at the Manor and I would like to look into it myself."

Harry nodded; it was the least he could do. This was, after all, all his fault.

Hermione had come through again; she had told him that there was little information on Fae bonds in the Ministry Library and it seemed to be something

only Fae knew, but she had produced a spell that would allow him to talk to a Fae; one of his relatives to be precise.

It wasn't the greatest time of year to be in a wood, kneeling on the ground, wearing only a pair of trousers, but that was what the instructions said, so that was what Harry was doing. Luckily, for once it wasn't raining, but it was really, really cold.

Taking the ornate knife Hermione had found him (it was supposedly a Fae blade) he pricked his finger and let one drop of blood fall onto the space he had cleared in the leaf litter. Then he recited the spell he had learned phonetically, because he had no idea what it meant and he didn't speak Celtic. He felt his magic shift a little as the words fell off his tongue, but there was nothing amazing to indicate whether it had worked or not. It wasn't a spell that required a wand and he wasn't used to magic like that.

He waited in silence for something to happen, but by the time a minute had passed he was beginning to think he'd done something wrong. It would be just his luck to have messed up a syllable and managed to do precisely nothing. He put the knife down and went to pick up his shirt and jacket; if he was going to fail he wasn't going to freeze as well.

"Oh don't do that," a male voice from behind him said and made him turn rapidly, "I was enjoying the view."

His heart was beating so fast that he thought it might come through his chest.

"Hell," he said, gathering his startled wits, "did you have to do that?"

"Of course I did," his new companion said; "it was amusing. I'm Raven and who might you be who called so sweetly and is so pretty to look at."

Harry blushed; Raven's eyes seemed to be all over him.

"Should you be thinking such things about a relative?" he asked, doing his best to cover his embarrassment.

"Oh we're only distantly related," Raven said with a grin; "and I haven't seen such a lovely human specimen in a hundred years."

Fae were very long lived, although not immortal as some people seemed to think. Harry took a look at his relative. The Fae was tall and slender with fine features, big brown eyes and long black hair that was tied back in a whimsical pony tail.

"I'm Harry," he said after a moment, "and I need a little help."

"Pleased to meet you," Raven said and held out his hand.

Harry took it and felt magic flow over him; for a moment everything went a little surreal and then flashed back to normal again.

"Oh bother," Raven said with a pout, "you're taken. You could have told me you were bonded before I got all excited."

"That's what I need help with," Harry said, slowly standing up.

Raven looked surprised at that.

"How can a life bond be a problem?" Raven asked, clearly puzzled. "A bond is the perfection we all seek."

Harry really, really wished that was true.

"This one happened by accident," Harry replied, doing his best to push down the feeling that Raven was right, "and we completed two stages before we realised what was happening. He didn't understand what was happening and I need to break the bond. Is it possible?"

Raven's expression went blank.

"You wish to break a life bond?" the Fae asked flatly.

"Not really," Harry replied, but his desire had little to do with it; "but he does and I can't force him into this."

Now Raven's expression softened into a sympathetic smile.

"Ah, you do this for love; I understand," Raven's attitude seemed to have completely changed and Harry could feel how seriously the Fae took this subject.

He was happier in his dreams than he had ever been in real life, even with his friends, but he could not push that on Draco. This had happened through an accident and there was no way Draco wanted to be saddled with him.

"You know, Child," Raven said quietly, "if you do this there will never be another for you. Your heart and body chose him; they will not choose anyone else."

"I know," Harry said; he didn't need to be told that, he could feel it, but it wasn't as if Draco would want him.

It had been a mistake and he would have to pay for it.

"Please tell me how I can break the bond," was all he said; he would not be talked out of it.

It felt so good to have Draco spread out underneath him, body accepting his slow even thrusts. It was so easy, like they were made for each other and Harry never wanted to stop. Sliding into Draco felt amazing and the moans Draco was making each time he thrust home were deliciously enticing. This was what sex should feel like ...

Harry woke with a start as the carriage bumped into the ground. After the ritual to summon his ancestor, he had been far too tired to Apparate or Floo, so he had ordered himself a carriage to get to Malfoy Manor. He had everything he needed to break the bond and he assumed Draco would be inordinately pleased for the whole thing to be over.

"Thank you," he told the driver as he did his very best not to fall on his face as he climbed out of the carriage.

He handed the man several Galleons more than he owed, ensuring the man's discretion and then headed up towards the front door. When he knocked this time, it was Draco who opened the door.

"I saw the carriage coming in to land," Draco explained and moved out of the way to let him in. "Let's go into the study."

Harry remembered the way, but waited and followed Draco to the room. His legs were feeling shaky and he needed sleep desperately, but he knew he wasn't going to get it before this was over.

"I know how to break the bond," he said, falling onto the sofa and opening the bag he was carrying.

He pulled out the knife, the bowl and the herbs and placed them on the table.

"We have to mix blood again," he said, going over the details in his mind before he muddled them, "only this time in a bowl. Then you light the herbs, drop them in and state that you reject me. The bond will break."

Draco had not yet sat down, but did so slowly, looking at the items on the table.

"I feel like I have known you forever," Draco said, lifting a grey-eyed gaze so their eyes met. "I've never felt that way about anyone before."

"I haven't either," he admitted, but he could barely force out the words.

His whole being wanted Draco and he was acting so quickly because he knew that, given time, he wouldn't have the will to do what was necessary. That Draco was drawing it out was almost unbearable. He reached for the knife.

"Shall we get on with it?" he asked shortly, not able to look at Draco and speak those words. "Maybe then we can get some sleep."

Draco did not reply and eventually Harry looked up to find that he had Draco's whole attention focused solely on him.

"You'd really do it wouldn't you?" Draco said, making Harry frown. "You would sacrifice yourself for me."

He really didn't understand now; he had thought Draco would want this over as quickly as possible.

"Sacrifice?" he asked, hedging because he wasn't sure what Draco was getting at.

"I told you we have an extensive library," Draco said, looking him directly in the eyes, "it seems one of my ancestors had a fascination with Fae; he lived with them for a time. You weren't going to tell me what this will cost you, were you?"

Harry looked down at the bowl.

"This is my fault," he said, feeling the guilt that he had been carrying around since he had found out what was going on, very clearly; "and you are caught in this against your will; there is no choice."

"Potter. Harry," Draco said and he looked up again, taken by the sudden softness in Draco's voice; "this whole thing might have been an accident, but it has reasons from both sides."

"Both sides?" Harry had been so worried about forcing Draco into this that he had not investigated it from both sides.

"Harry," Draco said, shaking his head, "yes, you had to choose me for this to happen, but my mind and my magic had to have found you just as attractive for it to go further. If I hadn't been interested, the dreams would have stopped. Delfinius Malfoy wrote about the whole cycle and it isn't like you have forced me into anything. My subconscious has been doing exactly the same as yours; I'm in this as deeply as you are."

Harry couldn't quite believe what he was hearing.

"You don't want to break the bond?" he really wasn't sure that was what Draco was saying, because his brain just wouldn't take it in.

Draco smiled at him and stood up.

"No, Harry," Draco said, walking towards him; "I don't want to break the bond; I want to finish it. We haven't had time to really get to know each other, but I feel I know your soul; the rest is just window dressing."

Sitting there like an idiot probably wasn't the best way to receive the news, but his higher brain wasn't really functioning at full capacity. That Draco felt the same way he did was a little difficult to comprehend. When Draco pushed him back against the sofa and climbed onto it, straddling his lap, he just about lost any thinking ability he had left. The kiss seemed inevitable and he found some of his weariness falling away as his system sparked into life at Draco's touch.

"But what about your family?" he asked breathlessly when they finally broke the kiss.

His mind was beginning to work again, if somewhat slowly, and he could not help thinking of some of the consequences.

"A life bond is the purest form of connection two beings can have; I checked the ancestral records," Draco said, fingers working at the buttons on his shirt almost frantically; "I'll go down as one of the great scions of the Malfoy line."

Most of Harry's mind was occupied, but enough was free to let him laugh even as he reached for Draco's fine clothes; it was so typical of a Slytherin to have more than one motive for something. That thought didn't stop him removing Draco's garments as fast as he possibly could.

It occurred to him that a study was not quite where he had expected something like this to take place, but the room was warm from the fire and he had already spotted what looked like a very soft rug right in front of the pleasant glow. They kissed and groped and divested each other of as much clothing as possible before standing up and removing the rest. Harry had never figured out how anyone made clothing removal part of the act of sex before; it had always been a matter of stop, take everything off and then go back to it in the past, but now he realised how it could be. He never wanted to stop touching Draco and it seemed Draco was of the same mind as they virtually scabbled to reveal as much skin as possible.

It didn't take very long before they were both naked and kneeling on the fur rug, which as Harry had suspected, was downy soft. He felt as if his whole life had been leading up to this one moment and he lowered Draco onto the rug with a

reverence that he felt in every bone in his body. He had no doubt about what he was doing, none at all; all he really knew was that this was what he was supposed to do. In the back of his mind he knew he was going to have to justify this to a world, half of which would probably never understand it, but he didn't care. It would affect his whole life, but he could deal with that later.

Draco was watching him with grey eyes that were dancing with the reflection of the fire and Harry wanted to be burned by the flames he was looking at.

"Just going to stare at me all afternoon?" Draco asked, cocking one eyebrow at him.

He lent forward immediately, plastering his body to Draco's and kissing the ex-Slytherin with as much passion as he could manage.

"No," he said as he pulled back, noting with pleasure that Draco looked a little dazed, "but I do reserve the right to enjoy the view."

Draco's erection was as proud and as hard as his; neither of them needed much foreplay and he reached for his wand. Long and drawn out was not really on his mind; they could do long and drawn out once they both had what had been driving them just about crazy over the previous week. A wand with a couple of useful spells was a very quick way to prepare where the Muggle way could be more fun, but took a hell of a lot more time. Draco reached up and caught his hand just as he was about to use the wand.

"What does this mean to you?" were not really the words he expected to hear, but Draco's face was quite serious.

Now he looked, he could see some of the insecurities that lurked under Draco's cool, calm exterior and it made him take a mental step back. They were hurtling towards this and they hadn't really talked about it.

"It is what I have always been looking for," he chose his words carefully. "I'm a Gryffindor, Draco, my heart drives me far more than my head. I've fallen in love with you in my dreams and nothing will ever convince my heart otherwise."

Draco gave him a very small smile for that.

"I think I knew that," Draco said in little more than a whisper and removed his hand.

Harry knew that he now had permission and very carefully he lifted his wand. The spells were very easy and he muttered them, moving his wand in the correct manner and aiming very carefully. When the first one hit, Draco wiggled his hips in a very alluring manner that almost derailed Harry's train of thought. On the second one, Draco moaned and Harry had great trouble remembering the words to the third one. The spells were for hygiene, relaxation and lubrication in that order and he had to think very carefully to remember the last one.

"You better be ready, Harry," Draco said as he tried to recall the spell, "or I'm going to have to jump on you."

That was all the encouragement Harry needed as the spell miraculously made sense in his brain and he cast it. The way Draco moved his hips and wantonly moaned at the same time should have been illegal. He just about managed to cast the same spell on his hand for more lube. When he had first started, Harry

had had every intention of casting the first spell on himself as well, since he was sure they were going to need it later, but he didn't have enough spare mental capacity to bother. He threw his wand over his shoulder, wrapped his hand round his cock and lubed himself up and then lifted Draco's hips a little, insinuating himself into the correct position.

His cock was so insistent and hard that he was pretty sure he could have drilled a hole in the floor. Every part of his body was focused so completely on Draco that the whole of the Chudley Cannons could have walked in and started giving him marks out of ten and he couldn't have cared. He helped Draco lift long seeker legs and then lined himself up.

Draco would be ready, he was sure; the spell never failed, but he was still cautious as he slowly eased himself in. The sensation was almost overwhelming; the tight heat that welcomed him and urged him forward.

"More," was the only word out of Draco, along with some very encouraging noises.

Harry wanted to point out that if he moved too fast this was going to be over far quicker than either of them wanted, but all that seemed to come out of his mouth was something of a moan. He pushed forward, millimetre by millimetre, savouring the feeling of sinking into Draco with complete concentration. It felt like coming home.

This was what he had been dreaming about for days; this was what every cell in his body had been yearning for and it felt so good he had no idea how to classify it. It was physical pleasure, but it was more than that as well; it was fulfilling a need that was so much a part of him that he had not even recognised it until he had found what he required. There was a pressure in his chest that he had always ignored and, as he slid home, it released and tore what was almost a sob from his lips. The whole moment felt so wonderful that he barely had the strength to continue.

"Harry," Draco's voice was tight with arousal and desire, but it was gentle too and brought him out of the mental meltdown happening inside his brain.

He opened his eyes, not having realised he had closed them and looked into Draco's face.

"Are you alright?" Draco asked, which given their position was almost a ridiculous question.

Harry shook his head; he couldn't explain, but neither could he say that everything was fine. The first wave was passing and now he needed more. The need to complete what they had just started; to finish the last stage of the bond was so great that all he could do was obey. He moved his hips, pulling back a little way and then slowly pushing back in to Draco's willing body. It was just like his dreams, smooth, easy and perfect. Draco was tight, but there was no awkward resistance between them and the concern in Draco's features melted away into pleasure as he slid home a second time.

He could have abandoned himself to the pleasure there and then, but he had just about enough self control not to do that. It helped that he felt a need to bring Draco just as much enjoyment and he reigned himself in as well as he could. If he was going to last at all, speed was not on the agenda, and so he began to move at a slow even pace. It took him only moments to find an even rhythm that

Draco seemed to enjoy as much as he did, especially when he changed angle slightly and had his lover panting and clutching at his arms, and he lost himself in the act of making love.

There were no words. The more Harry moved into and against Draco, the less such things seemed to be important and the only sounds were wanton noises of sexual gratification along with the crackling of the fire. For Harry it was like they were in their own little universe where all that existed was this single act.

He was trying to be so controlled, but it was a losing battle and his movements slowly became faster and faster. As the arousal in his body condensed into his balls and cock he knew he would not last much longer and he reached out to take hold of Draco's so far neglected erection. What he really wasn't expecting to happen was Draco to gasp loudly, buck against him and then come with a loud shout as if he'd just done something akin to the cleverest move in any sex manual ever written. He had just about enough time to realise that Draco must have been closer to the edge than he had thought before the clenching of muscles around his cock had his vision whiting out and his brain turning to mush as his own orgasm rocked him to the core.

He fell forward, just about managing to stop himself sprawling over Draco with arms that had all the strength of a new born and for a while nothing else registered at all. Not only was his whole body telling him all sorts of wonderful things, but his magic was moving as well. It wasn't a huge rush like a spell, more a slow flow, like cooling lava over the slopes of a volcano; burning and reshaping things in it's path, making new connections between what it touched and it's source. There was a moment of clarity so complete where he could see Draco in body and soul that it sent his mind reeling away as the knowledge threatened to wipe out his own sense of self. He felt the knowledge sink into the deepest part of him and then vanish from his conscious mind, reinforcing everything the dreams had already given him.

Staying in Draco and keeping as close as possible was one instinct he found it impossible to obey as he began to come back to himself and his limbs were shaking as if they would give out at any moment. The weariness that had been put aside by the excitement of finally being within touching distance of what every part of him wanted so badly, was back with a vengeance and he barely had enough strength to push himself to one side and collapse onto the rug. Draco seemed to be in a similar state if the way his lover's limbs flopped into random positions was anything to go by.

He felt so blissfully happy and sated that he could have just lain there forever looking at Draco's profile, but eventually Draco moved and grey eyes turned to him.

"Come here," Draco said and reached out to pull his glasses off his nose; he had been so engrossed that he hadn't even realised he hadn't taken them off.

There was only a little distance between them where Harry had fallen to the side, but he crossed it anyway. It took him longer than he thought it should, but his body seemed to be less than pleased to comply with his brain so he was just glad he made it. He took the invitation for what it was and arranged himself along Draco's side, relaxing as if it was the only place in the universe he had to be.

Draco snuggled into him slightly; not something he had expected from the ex-Prince of Slytherin, but definitely something he decided he liked a lot, and then

he found himself drifting off to sleep. For the first time in days, he closed his eyes and all there was was warm blackness.

"Master Draco, Sir?"

A squeaky, insistent voice dragged Harry back from deep sleep and he blearily opened his eyes to see a blurred shape standing the other side of Draco. As Draco moved beside him, he reached out blindly to find his glasses where Draco had discarded them.

"Mally, what is it?" Draco asked in a sleepy voice.

"The Master's Lady Mother is wanting to know if he and his guest will be wanting dinner, Master Draco," the house elf, which was now in focus, asked in a rather worried voice.

Draco turned to Harry as he slowly sat up.

"Hungry?" Draco asked as if there was absolutely nothing peculiar about having had sex on the study rug and then being invited to dinner with your lover's mother.

"I think I could eat a hippogriff," Harry replied, deciding it was best not to think about what Draco's mother might know or not know about the afternoon's activities.

Mally looked rather worried.

"He didn't mean it literally," Draco said, turning back to the house elf, "whatever you have planned for dinner will be fine and yes, we will both be there."

The fact that they were both naked and the house elf wasn't even batting an eyelid did make Harry wonder what this house elf has seen in the past, but he decided it was best not to dwell on that either.

He decided to move slowly, since he had been lying in a rather awkward position and, as Draco gave a few instructions about clothes and baths to the house elf, he stood up and worked out a few kinks. When he began paying attention again, he found that Draco was looking at him.

"As much as I like you naked," Draco said in a way that made Harry blush to the roots of his hair, "you're going to have to borrow some of my clothes for dinner. The ones you were wearing are a little casual for mother. I suggest we make ourselves decent, head upstairs to take a bath and then find you something from my wardrobe. It shouldn't take much to temporarily resize a few things."

Harry just nodded; it seemed like a very sensible suggestion. He retrieved his wand and cast a quick cleaning spell on Draco and then himself. It was only after he had done it that he realised you didn't normally cast a spell on someone else without asking first. The really odd thing was that Draco wasn't acting as if his behaviour was strange at all. Harry decided that was another thing he wasn't going to worry about as he slipped on his underwear.

While doing so, he glanced at the window where it was slowly getting dark.

"It's snowing," he said in surprise as his eyes caught sight of the white flakes lazily falling.

"Don't be silly," Draco said, turning away from the piled of clothes, "it doesn't snow this far south in December."

"It's snowing," Harry repeated and, throwing on his shirt, moved towards the window in delight.

He had never been allowed to play in the snow at the Dursleys on the rare occasions that Surrey had snow and so he couldn't help enjoying the seasonal weather. Even after being at Hogwarts where it snowed almost every winter he still loved snow. It reminded him of Christmas and joy and friends and it felt incredibly special that this incredible moment in his life was being marked by something he enjoyed so much.

Draco walked up beside him.

"Good god, you're right," Draco said and sounded just a little bit excited as well.

It had to have been snowing for a while, because there was a dusting over everything already.

"How long until dinner?" Harry asked as a seed of an idea began to germinate in his brain.

"About an hour and a half," Draco replied.

Harry grinned.

"Change of plan then," he said in delight; "let's get dressed, go outside, then we can shower and I can borrow some clothes and we can go to dinner."

Draco looked dubious, so Harry gave him a big eyed stare; it had been known to work on Molly Weasley who had had seven children, so he was pretty sure it would work on Draco.

"If you insist," Draco said in a put upon tone.

On impulse, Harry leant forward and placed a quick kiss on Draco's lips. It was only after doing this that he realised the gesture felt perfectly natural and he couldn't help smiling broadly again. It was amazing really; it really felt as if he and Draco has been together for years. Draco just rolled his eyes at him and turned back to where they had left the clothes.

"Just don't expect the big green eyes to work all the time," Draco said, revealing that his methodology had been observed; "next time you'll have to bribe me with sexual favours."

"I think I can manage that," he replied, walking back to his own clothes quickly. "Is three times a day too often? I wouldn't want to wear you out or anything."

Draco gave him an arched eyebrow look in return.

"We'll see who wears who out," Draco replied and went back to dressing.

Harry was too happy to bother arguing the point and climbed back into the rest of his clothes. As they walked for the door, Harry decided now was as good a time as any.

"By the way, Draco," he said, keeping his voice light, "you have a green streak in your hair."

Draco stopped dead.

"I have what?" Draco's voice was icy cold and Harry realised that maybe his fears were founded.

"Hair, green streak," he said, trying to sound as if it was nothing important.

Draco did not turn to him, just started moving again, stalking back towards the door.

"Merlin's balls," Draco said shortly, "you owe me, Harry. After dinner I am going to shag you so hard you won't be able to sit down for a week."

It was delivered as a threat and it took Harry's worried brain about ten seconds to catch up. That didn't actually sound so bad at all.

The End