

A Vampire's Love

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Warnings: PWP

Summary: Voldemort is dead, but he almost took The Boy Who Lived with him. Draco Malfoy has been assumed dead by the wizarding world for almost four years having been taken by a vampire, although Harry had always known where to find him, but this time Draco has found Harry.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for beta reading this for me as usual. This was written for the Vamp!Draco challenge over at hpvamp (happy birthday saladbats ;)). If you read Soph's (thwax) offering as well you may see a couple of similarities – it's the twin thing again; we didn't see what the other had come up with until we passed the finished fics over for beta, honest :).

Draco sat with his legs over the arm of the chair, his ankles crossed and Harry's relaxed profile in his line of sight. He had been sitting in the same position for well over three hours and he had still failed to come to a decision. Just lying there with the firelight playing off his features, Harry looked as if he was seventeen again, without the age four years of war had added to his features. Draco could almost imagine that this was their first liaison again, what seemed in the dark hours like a lifetime ago. It had only been fifty three long months and yet it felt as if Hogwarts had been a completely different life; Draco smiled to himself at that thought, for him it really was.

He had been home for Easter and fed up with the air of doom around the manor when, on a whim, he had decided to Apparate to Diagon alley and take a covert trip into Muggle London; a childish rebellion that had led him to a change in his life he had never imagined. Meeting Eliza had been at the same time the most exciting and the most terrible event of his life. Looking back, acting like a foolish child had completely changed his destiny, and as he focused once more on Harry he had to admit that some of it had been for the better. He had never imagined where that one choice would have led him.

Eliza; definitely one of the more exciting people he knew, and one he would never allow near anyone he cared about. She had found him, seduced him, had sex with him and then drained him to the point of death before feeding him with her blood and remaking him into something that wizards, for all their books, really knew nothing about. Vampires were not what DADA said they were and being a wizard meant that he was not hampered by many of the problems a Muggle vampire would have. There were charms for protecting one's skin from sunlight and allowing light sensitive eyes to see in normal daylight and Draco knew them all. He was a very fast learner when he had to be.

He knew every thing there was to know about being a vampire; he knew his limitations and what advantages his condition gave him. He also knew what it had cost him and the pros and cons turned over and over in his brain as he gazed at the profile of the man who had once been his enemy and was now his lover.

Eliza had created him, played with him as if he was a new toy for a few weeks and then abandoned him. She reappeared at irregular intervals to see if her creation was still alive, but he had never allowed her back inside his emotions. Her understanding of responsibility ranged from limited to non-existent and she never seemed to comprehend why he didn't want to instantly jump into bed with her, or run off and have some fun in an exotic place, but then Eliza was a very uncomplicated person and even those who had hated Draco most of his life had to admit that he was the complete opposite.

Which was probably the reason he was sitting in his bedroom with Harry Potter laid out on the bed, trying to decide what to do. Their relationship had started in hate, but it was now deeply seated in love, and Draco had to admit to himself that he was afraid. He did not want to lose Harry and if he chose action there was a fair chance that he would, but then again, did he really have him now? In the fire light Harry's still features looked warm and alive; Draco could even imagine that he could see them move occasionally, but it was all illusion.

The final battle with Voldemort had nearly destroyed The Boy Who Lived and the best minds in the wizarding world had nothing to help him. That was why just over three hours previously Draco had walked into St Mungo's, calmly stupefied anyone who might have seen him and then walked back out with Harry in his arms. Such a change from the first time he had carried Harry's unconscious body.

He cast his mind back, trying to put off the difficult decision and lose himself in the memory for just a while longer. When he had been with Eliza, Draco had all but disappeared from the wizarding world, but as soon as she had abandoned him he had returned to his mother at the manor. Narcissa was a practical woman, after all she was a Malfoy, and she had set up everything so that her son could continue to benefit from the Malfoy estate without appearing to be alive to the majority of the population. Slipping back into his normal existence would just not have worked, but his mother had seen to everything. For a short time Draco had lived on the estate, but he had been unable to settle into a quiet life at the manor.

When Lucius had been informed word had come from his father that he should offer his services to Voldemort, after all powerful vampire wizards were rare and could be of great importance to the Dark Lord. However, if Eliza had taught him one thing it was that authority was not always to be trusted and Draco had not liked the tone of his father's secret correspondence. Having read quite a lot on vampires by this time he had realised that it was possible Voldemort might feel his blood was more valuable than he was, since it could be used as the base for many potions, and he had decided not to take the risk.

In his infinite wisdom he had decided that if he eliminated Harry Potter, or dragged him before Voldemort in chains then he would have proved his worth and assured his place in the new hierarchy. Hence he had decided to go after The Boy Who Lived himself and it had been an amazingly simple plan: technically he was still a student at Hogwarts, and so the wards would not alert anyone to his presence, leaving him free to ambush Harry as he returned from Quidditch practice and then drag his unconscious body down to the dungeons.

Draco allowed himself to sink deep into the memory, reliving it in every detail as his perfect vampire memory pulled it all back...

"Wakey, wakey, Potter," he said viciously and threw the icy bucket of water over his adversary; a quick Enervate would have done the same job, but Draco liked the idea of making his enemy as uncomfortable as possible.

The Golden Boy's head came up and the groan that escaped the idiot's mouth was most gratifying, but it was nowhere near as satisfying as the momentary fear that passed over Potter's features as the Gryffindor realised he was chained to the wall. The myopic twit's pathetically Muggle glasses had been lost somewhere between the pitch and the dungeon and so Potter squinted at him.

"Malfoy?" his captive asked incredulously.

"How observant, Potter," Draco drawled back with a superior smile. "Miss me?"

The confusion was clear on Potter's face; so Gryffindor; so obvious.

"Everyone thinks you're dead," his prisoner stated what Draco already knew; "they found traces of blood in the back of that club."

The idiot really was bewildered and Draco let himself enjoy the moment for a while longer, before wandering over towards the helpless Gryffindor.

"Well, technically, I did die," he whispered quietly into Potter's ear, "only I didn't stay that way."

The whole closeness seemed to be putting the Golden Boy on edge and Draco allowed himself a little laugh at his captive's expense: this was far more fun than he had thought it was going to be. He'd known he was going to enjoy it, after all revenge was a dish best served cold, but he had had no idea what a thrill seeing his nemesis chained to a wall would be it.

"There are so many things we think we know, Potter," he continued, swapping to whisper in the Gryffindor's other ear, "so many lies our little world tells itself. Did they figure out I met a woman in that club; that I let her seduce me; that she wasn't really a woman at all?"

Potter was staring at him as he pulled back and at this distance Draco knew the myopic twit could see him properly; he wanted to be in clear focus for the next bit.

"Probably not," he said, enjoying every second of superiority. "Do you know what she was, Potter? Shall I tell you?"

His captive was growing more agitated by the second, but Potter was not struggling against his chains, which was a bit of a surprise. Draco had expected at least a whimper for mercy already, and although he could smell the Gryffindor's fear there had been no whining yet.

"She was a vampire, Potter," Draco said with a laugh and allowed his features to change.

The long fangs and hypnotic eyes were really only required for feeding, but they could be very intimidating as well and he enjoyed the expression of shock and fear that crossed the Golden Boy's features. He leant forward to see if Potter would try and back through the wall, but he was surprised and annoyed to witness the fear dissolve.

"You're still playing games," Potter said evenly; "you died, but you're still playing games. Malfoy, if you want to kill me just get on and do it."

His temper was a little difficult to control these days; vampires were not the most even keeled of creatures and the rage swelled up in Draco's chest at his captive's words. For a second he was so angry that he almost did what Potter wanted, and with a snarl he lunged at the Golden Boy's neck, but at the last moment he pulled back.

"No," Draco said, and he was not quite sure if he was admonishing himself or his captive.

He glared at Potter and tried to understand how he seemed to have lost control of the situation. What was it about the Gryffindor that always seemed to bleed all his Slytherin training away.

"I'm not going to kill you, Potter," he said pointedly; "I'm going to drain you until you are too weak to move, and then I'm going to present you to the Dark Lord as a gift."

A fleck of fear was back in his captive's eyes at that pronouncement, but Potter's overall reaction seemed to be distaste.

"Why?" it was not the question Draco had expected.

It was a stupid question; there was so much hate between them, what else did the idiotic Gryffindor expect?

"Why do I want to see you suffer, Potter?" he said acidly. "I would have thought..."

"No," the interruption annoyed him so much that he thought about hitting his captive, but then Draco's mind caught up with what Potter had said and it intrigued him.

"What?" he found himself asking.

"I didn't mean that," Potter said and he sounded suddenly tired, which confused Draco somewhat; "I meant, why are you giving Voldemort a present at all?"

"He's the Dark Lord, Potter," Draco said and went for a tone that would tell his prisoner exactly what kind of an idiot he was being; "vampire; dark magic; family of Death Eaters; any of this ringing a bell?"

Potter pulled himself up on his chains and laughed, which was thoroughly vexing.

"And who told you to run to him, your father?" the Gryffindor said as if the whole thing was amusing. "Lot of good Voldemort has done him; from respectable pureblood to Azkaban resident."

Draco growled in the back of his throat and lunged at Potter, pinning the Gryffindor to the wall by his neck. Potter's head hit the stonework with a loud thump, but those green eyes did not look away.

"Last I heard," his captive strained against his hold to speak, "Voldemort had approached the vampire community and they had told him where to stick it. Are you going to be his token blood sucker?"

That brought him up short and Draco definitely didn't want to believe it.

"You're lying," he said pointedly and almost convinced himself it was true, "how could you know that?"

"I'm fighting this war," Potter said, for the first time showing real anger, "I'm not playing games. I know things that would make your pureblood toes curl. Voldemort wants a vampire army; he knows that the DADA books don't really tell us anything about them and he recognises how powerful vampires actually are. Don't you realise that this makes you free?"

Draco stepped back; this was confusing; Potter should not be saying these things he should be screaming insults or cowering in terror; this was not how it was supposed to be at all.

"Shut up," he said pointedly and turned his back.

"You don't have to fight this war anymore," Potter said earnestly, "Voldemort would never touch you for fear of alienating the rest of your kind; you don't have to play by his rules."

Draco had had enough and he whirled to face his captive, letting his eyes burn with fury.

"I am a Malfoy," he said firmly, "and I have a duty; something you would never understand."

"And that's why everyone still thinks you're dead," Potter spat back. "Your wonderful family told the world about the status of their prodigal son, surely? Don't try and tell me you haven't been home yet."

The anger consumed him, and Draco lunged, this time not pulling back. As his fangs sank into his victim's flesh the coppery flavour set his mouth alive, burning away the words that tried to dagger into his brain. The only sound Potter made was an almost silent gasp as Draco drained his life's blood.

It was only as he felt Potter's head loll against his shoulder that Draco stopped and he stepped back staring at his handiwork. His victim was still breathing, more by luck than judgement, but without the sweet blood filling Draco's senses, Potter's words came back. He tried to banish them by concentrating on his task and he pulled out his wand, casting the spell to release the manacles. He would take Potter to the Dark Lord and take his rightful place beside Voldemort as the son of the Malfoy line should. As soon as the restraints released Potter fell to the floor in a heap, and Draco was halfway to picking him up when he just froze.

Potter groaned and tried to move; there was pain on the Gryffindor's features and for just a moment Draco did not see the hero, he just saw a boy. His victim could not even open his eyes properly and yet Potter was still fighting. It was an image that hung in Draco's mind's eye and suddenly there were only eight words he could hear: 'Don't you realise that this makes you free'. Before he knew what he was doing he was running, away from Potter and away from service to the Dark Lord.

Draco let Harry's feature flow back into focus as he pushed the memory away again. That had been the most confusing time of his life, but Harry had been right; even

though he had defied his father and not gone to Voldemort, the Dark Lord had never tried to coerce him. There had been offers of friendship, bribes, promises of great things, but none had been what Draco had wanted.

He sighed and moved his legs off the edge of the chair, sitting forward, closer to Harry. It had taken him months to realise what he really did want all that time ago, and then he had returned to Hogwarts in the dead of the night and sought out Harry. How Harry had explained away being found in the dungeons, mostly unconscious, Draco had never asked, but there had been no precautions against vampires around the castle when he had arrived. That second meeting had been almost stranger than the first; Harry had seemed so unsurprised to see him. They had talked. It wasn't until his fourth visit that they kissed; the fifth that Harry offered him blood and the seventh that they became lovers. To this day the number of people who knew that Draco Malfoy was alive could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Standing up Draco moved over to look down at his lover properly. Harry's features may have looked young, and they may have been relaxed, but this was not the man Draco had fallen in love with. That man was trapped inside a broken body and there was only one way to bring him back. Turning resolutely to the door, Draco picked up his cloak and made his way out; this was going to take a lot of strength; he needed to feed.

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When he returned to the bedroom Harry had not moved at all, but then Draco hadn't expected his lover to. If the medi-wizards were to be believed Harry had not made a voluntary movement since his battle with Voldemort. It took Draco less than ten seconds to throw his cloak over the chair and cross the room to the bed.

Very slowly he pulled the covers back from his long term lover and could not help the grimace that crossed his features. It was hard to look on Harry's body so broken and twisted and it pained him to think of what his lover must have been through to end up in such a state. The fact that St Mungo's could do nothing for Harry spoke of the extent of his injuries and Draco could almost feel his lover's pain. Knowing that he wanted to bring his Harry back as fast as possible he shed his clothes and then carefully climbed onto the bed beside his naked lover. Lying down he curled his body to Harry's side, pulling the cover up over both of them, and he came to rest partially leaning over his lover.

Harry had asked him to do this, had even provided documents to that effect in case it did not work and Draco was found by the Aurors and had to explain his actions, but the risk was still there. Not every conversion was successful, especially when the damage to the initiate was so great. Harry might reject the powerful vampire magic and then the Boy Who Lived would be the Man Who Died and Draco would have lost him forever.

Once upon a time he would have rejected the idea that he could love someone enough to risk everything to bring them back from the edge of death, but Draco had known for a long time that Harry was one of those people. If his lover died, no matter what the evidence, the wizarding world would condemn him for his actions, but he was willing to try.

Very gently he bent over and slipped one arm under Harry's shoulders, lifting him slightly off the bed and then Draco let his fangs descend and leant closer to his unresponsive lover. It took only a fraction of a second for the sharp points to break

through the delicate skin of Harry's throat and his mouth filled with warm, coppery blood. He drank deeply taking the essence of his lover into himself, letting the feel of Harry, which this intimacy brought, to flood through his system. For this to work he had to align his own energies to Harry's or in his current state the shock alone of vampire power would kill his lover.

Draco was used to the feeling of Harry, they had been partners for years after all, but this time he had to be perfectly in sync and he sank into the connection between them with complete focus. Harry's heartbeat thudded through him as if it was his own and he sped his own slow heartbeat to match his lover's. The blood in his veins, energised from his earlier feeding, sang as he took in the fundamental nature of Harry. Only as his lover's heartbeat began to slow down did he bring the flow of liquid to a halt, using his saliva to seal the puncture marks.

This point was far beyond where he would take a normal feeding; those he enticed and drank from when he could not be with Harry would wake up with a light head and pale, but if left in his current state Harry was now far beyond that point; in only a few minutes he would die.

Pulling away from Harry slightly and lowering his lover back to the bed, Draco lifted his wrist to his mouth and used both fangs to gouge two large holes. Part of being a vampire was a unique physiology and complete control of the cardiovascular system, so the wounds did not bleed profusely until he opened Harry's mouth and pushed the wrist against the opening. Swallowing was a reflex reaction and even unconscious Harry's throat moved as the liquid hit it and Draco massaged the muscles carefully. Almost instantly he felt an even more intimate contact open between them and he could sense the damage to Harry's body. The ravages of dark magic were clear to his supernatural power and the strong, primeval section of his nature moved to counter the damage. It did not exactly hurt as energy surged out of his body with the blood, but it was part of his essence leaving his physical shell and the pull was not exactly comfortable.

It took long minutes as he regulated the blood flow so as not to choke Harry, but eventually he had to pull his wrist back; weak from the amount of himself he had given to the man beside him. Draco knew he had probably pushed too hard to allow this process completely safe for himself, but he could not think of failure; he wanted his Harry back.

Moving close again he leant in and kissed away the blood staining his lover's lips. The taste was strange; a mixture of himself and Harry and he savoured it as he gazed into the relaxed features of the one person in the world that he truly loved. Such a beautiful face; unmarred by the injuries on the rest of Harry's body; a face that had lost most of its boyish qualities, leaving behind sculptured, strong features.

When Harry had been sixteen he had looked like a child and then, in a time that Draco remembered as almost overnight, Harry had turned into a man. He recalled watching even then; ever obsessed with The Boy Who Lived, and he watched again now, knowing that this could be the last time.

"I love you, Harry," Draco whispered as he pushed a stray hair out of his lover's face, "don't sleep forever."

Slowly he lowered himself so that he was lying against Harry's chest, his head over his lover's heart. He could still feel Harry's heartbeat inside himself, but now he could

hear it as well and it was comforting in a way. All there was to be done now was to wait; only time would tell.

It did not take long for Harry's heart beat to begin to slow even more; it was like listening to the life draining out of him and Draco held tightly to his lover, waiting for the moment when it would be completely gone. Becoming a vampire was not exactly about dying; it was more a matter of rebirth, no matter what the books chose to say. A vampire was not dead, but neither was a vampire human anymore, and that change required the relinquishing of life for a moment. That was the point where the rebirth could fail; when a moment could become eternity.

At the end Harry's heart showed all of his Gryffindor fighting spirit; twice Draco thought it had stopped, only to hear it flutter and beat again in defiance. It was so truly Harry that it made him smile; even though as life finally fled he felt a terror so deep that it almost consumed him. Draco froze, as silent and still as his lover beside him, and then he begged the universe to give him Harry back.

That moment when there was nothing but silence in Harry's chest; when life had been extinguished, felt like eternity. In his despair Draco almost gave up hope, and then he heard it and felt the tremor through his own body; a strong, slow, even beat. It was such a wonderful sound that he actually laughed, but his work was not finished and he put aside the near hysteria.

Moving up the bed slightly once more he propped himself up on one arm and took Harry's chin in his free hand.

"Harry," he said firmly, waiting for any reaction, "Harry, open your eyes."

At first there was little more than a twitch, but Draco pressed close to his lover and pushed just a touch of his power down the connection between them.

"Open you eyes," he insisted.

Long black lashes fluttered at that, but it took a few moments before Draco could see green irises from behind heavy lids. As the joy burst in his heart he felt as if this was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.

"There you are," he said, his voice catching in a very un-Slytherin like way, "I was beginning to think you never wanted to see me again."

A little frown marred Harry's smooth forehead and the new made vampire tried to move, but Draco leaned in and kissed the frown away.

"Don't try and move, My Love," he said, slipping his arm under Harry's shoulders, "you are not healed yet. That will take a little more time."

Harry's eyes flicked shut and then opened again, and they were very tired eyes, but there was the spark in them that Draco had always loved, even when he had hated their owner.

"I must drink again," he explained patiently even though he and Harry had discussed this many times recently; "it will feel different now that you are like me. Then I will feed you again and you will become stronger."

Those intelligent, enchanting green eyes looked up at him with perfect trust and Draco smiled slightly before bending down and pulling Harry close. This time the blood that flowed down his throat carried its own power and Draco opened himself to the new creature that was Harry. A vampire's energy could heal most things; few injuries would kill one of the blood drinkers, but Harry's body was badly ravaged and it would take more than the simple bite to heal him. Sharing blood between vampires was like sharing themselves and Draco allowed the power of the newborn into him as he would return his power to Harry when he had consumed his fill.

The moan from his lover's mouth was somewhere between pain and pleasure as Draco took what he needed, and then he drew back, fangs still bloodied and eyes still burning with vampire power.

"Show me who you are, Harry," he instructed firmly, looking directly into his lover's eyes. "Show me what lurks beneath the surface."

He could feel the power running through Harry's body, now it was time for the new vampire to use it. Harry's head lolled back for a moment and those powerful eyes were hidden for a moment, but Draco sensed the shift in his lover. Sensual lips pulled back over long white fangs and when Harry looked back at him, Draco could see supernatural fire within the depths of even greener eyes.

Possibly it would have been easier for him to offer Harry his wrist again, but it felt somehow wrong, and he shifted them both into a half sitting position. Then he gently rested Harry against his chest, guiding his lover's head to rest on his shoulder.

"Bit me, Harry," Draco said quietly, "take me back into you."

The sharp penetration of fang into flesh was the most wonderful thing Draco had ever felt. He could not suppress the shudder as he felt his life being drawn out. This was the most intimate thing a vampire could do and it was a heady mixture of pain and pleasure. As Harry drank, cradled in Draco's arms he felt as if he was being born again for a third time.

Slowly Harry's grip became stronger, one arm which had been limp and useless, curling round Draco's back to hold him close. Piece by piece, mouthful by mouthful, Harry was coming back to him and Draco revelled in the knowledge and in the feel of his lover. Power hummed through his body, intoxicating him as he sensed the healing and hunger in Harry. He wanted to give his lover everything that he was; transfer all of his strength into giving Harry back his life, but there was only so far he could go before instincts took over.

Draco's vampire nature was to survive and at a base level to take and his fangs ached as Harry drank. He held the instinct to complete the circle as long as possible to give Harry as much healing energy as he could, but eventually he had no choice but to succumb. Bending his head to the exposed neck of his lover he bit once again and blood flowed into his mouth. It was like joining two halves of a broken talisman and fusing it into one powerful entity once more. Power flooded back into Draco and he felt himself shudder violently against Harry.

It was a feedback loop as energy circled between them using blood as a medium and Draco could no more stop drinking than he could stop breathing. Harry clung to him and he to Harry as power pulsed through them both, building and building as it circled, making the real world less and less important and leaving only the pair of

them locked together. It was as if the rest of the universe was ceasing to exist and all that remained was their bodies, crushed together in an embrace of blood.

The power spiralled upwards, seemingly in a never ending pattern of more and more; but of course, nothing could be infinite and eventually it had to end. It was as if they suddenly reached the powder keg having been the flare running along the line of gunpowder and to Draco it felt as if existence ended in a huge, white explosion.

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The first thing Draco felt was a heavy weight shifting on top of him and he blearily opened his eyes to find out what was going on. He was greeted by equally bleary green eyes looking back at him and then his memory kicked in.

"Harry," he all but yelped and without considering anything else reached up and dragged his lover down for a passionate kiss.

When he finally released Harry, his lover looked somewhat confused and more than a little dazed, but seemingly quite pleased with the kiss. It appeared that they had fallen with Draco underneath and Harry on top and Harry had been trying to shift off of Draco when he had woken up. As it was Draco had no idea how much time had passed, or exactly how long they had been feeding on each other before that, but one thing was obvious; Harry didn't really know what had been going on.

"How do you feel," Draco asked, helping his lover off of him and onto the bed.

Harry's movements were a little uncertain, but there was definite strength in him which pleased Draco no end.

"Different," was his lover's enlightening response.

"Well you are different," Draco said sarcastically and rolled his eyes, "considering the fact that you were an invalid in a coma and now you're a fully fledged vampire. Care to be any more specific?"

That caused Harry to look startled and then glance down at himself; he really did appear very confused. Draco found it quite endearing and could not help leaning in and dragging his lover close for another kiss.

"What's the last thing you remember?" he asked much more gently when he released Harry this time.

"I went to Hogwarts for a meeting," his lover admitted after a moments thought; "I don't remember what we talked about."

It was not surprising that Harry was missing time, after what his lover had been through Draco would not have been surprised if he had lost more. From what he had found out after the final battle the meeting Harry was talking about had occurred the day before the defeat of Voldemort.

"I wasn't there you understand," Draco said calmly, stroking the side of Harry's face with one hand, "but I suspect you talked about the ambush the Order was planning on a Death Eater stronghold in Devon. It turned out to be where Voldemort was hiding out and you, My Love, proceeded to be the hero you are and killed the bastard

for once and for all. That was a little over two weeks ago; you've been in St Mungo's ever since."

"I take it I wasn't about to wake up," Harry said slowly and from the expression on his face Draco had to assume that his lover was sorting through the differences he could feel in his body.

"They had tried everything," he explained honestly, "but the backlash had broken you. I didn't even know if I could bring you back."

Harry was silent for a while, his face serious with thought and then his lover looked Draco in the eye with such intensity that it caused his heart to skip a beat.

"Thank you," Harry said sincerely.

That caused Draco to smile and he ran his fingers through his lover's messy, black hair.

"You're welcome, Love," he replied warmly, "I don't think I would want to live without you."

Harry rested his head on Draco's chest in almost exactly the same way Draco had done to Harry earlier and his lover's strong grip pressed them together. It felt good and safe to have Harry's arms around him again and Draco was content to lie there in silence, enjoying the fact that he had the man he loved back with him.

"Did you just walk out with me?" Harry asked eventually, his fingers sliding up Draco's side in the most delightful way.

"Yes," he replied lightly; "it seemed the best way at the time. Of course they are probably going crazy trying to find you."

"They won't stop until they do either," his lover said quietly and Draco realised where this conversation was going.

They had spoken at length about him making Harry a vampire if something like this should happen, what they had never explicitly discussed was what they would do afterwards. Draco had been living away from the public eye so long that no one was looking for him anymore; to the world in general he was dead and he continued with his life how he wanted to. Harry on the other hand was very much the celebrity and he had many ties to the wizarding world; Draco knew that his lover would not just want to leave.

"They are all at Hogwarts," he said calmly, "for the celebrations. They are playing their parts like good little Gryffindors; I thought we might join them this evening."

Harry moved like lightning, obviously startled and employing vampire speed without realising it so that he was on his hands and knees looking down at Draco almost faster than even a supernatural eye could see. Draco smiled up at his lover's shocked face and ran a finger down Harry's pale chest.

"But..." his lover did not seem to be able to articulate what he was thinking.

"They are your family, Harry," Draco said openly, "I could not expect you to give them up. They will love you no matter what you may be; that much I do know, even though it galls me to say it."

It was obvious that Harry had not expected this in the least and did not know how to react to it. Draco had no doubt that if he had asked his lover to disappear into exile with him Harry would have gone, but he also knew that it would have killed a part of the man he loved. The fact that Harry felt so deeply about people was part of what made him who he was and Draco did not want to rip that away. It would not be easy, Harry's friends were not going to like who the Gryffindor had chosen as a lover, but Draco had decided that hiding was over the moment Voldemort had died.

"Besides," he said with a smirk, "I want to see Weasley's face when he realises it was me who saved you."

Harry face remained serious for about a second after that and then he grinned. The fact that his lover's best friend was likely to spontaneously combust on the spot when he found out who Harry had been sleeping with all these years was a continual source of amusement for both of them.

"What did I ever do to deserve you?" Harry asked, his face so full of joy that Draco thought his lover's features might light up at any moment.

"Well I could make a list if you like," Draco replied irreverently, "but right at the top I'd have to put, you told me to be free."

The bright grin disappeared from Harry's face to be replaced by a much more serious smile as Draco looked right into his lover's eyes. How he had ever not loved this man, Draco could not think; it seemed impossible as he drowned in the depths of Harry's bright green eyes.

"Of course I'm such a unique and valuable catch," Draco decided to lighten the mood, "that you might still be in debt even after the Voldemort thing."

Harry laughed; a very boy like, delighted sound and Draco found himself grinning like a loon.

"Then I suppose I had better start paying up the rest as soon as possible," Harry said cheerfully. "Maybe there is something I can do for you to help redress the balance."

The wicked smile his lover sent Draco's way rather gave him a clue what Harry was thinking, but it didn't stop him moaning in pleasure as a hand slipped under the sheet and came to rest on his already hardening cock. Harry moving against him had made his anatomy sit up and take notice, but the rather serious conversation they had just had, had taken the impetus away; now it came back. Draco was forever going to be seventeen and his body reacted just like any other seventeen yearold's in a situation like this: quickly, completely and very enthusiastically. If the hardness rubbing against his leg was anything to go by as Harry lowered himself back onto the bed beside him, his lover did not need any help either.

"What should I do, Draco?" Harry whispered seductively and Draco moaned again as his lover's nimble fingers brushed his balls. "Command me."

"Love me, Harry," Draco replied, feeling the vampire in him respond to his lover in a way it never had when Harry was still human; "just love me."

"Always," was the earnest response and then Harry began to put his tongue to other uses.

Having been lovers for years they knew each other's bodies well and Harry let his fingers play lightly over Draco's cock and sack as he licked and nipped at first one nipple then the other. Draco was in heaven and he moaned out his pleasure, spreading his legs to give Harry better access. Harry had always had a clever mouth and it never ceased to surprise Draco what his lover could do with it. The sucking was never too hard or the nipping too painful and Draco wound one hand in Harry's hair and the other in the bottom sheet, totally at the mercy of that incredible tongue.

When Harry shifted from human form to vampire Draco felt it like electricity through his blood and every touch was somehow more vivid. He felt the trace of fangs on his chest being lazily drawn over his taut skin, but not pressing hard enough to break the surface. Circling nipples and tracing edges of muscles, Draco found himself becoming breathless with arousal. It was like nothing he had felt before, not even as Eliza had shown him dark delights, and he felt about ready to explode.

It was the most incredible feeling as Harry's hand worked firmly but gently on his cock and Harry's mouth teased and ravished his chest. Even as his lover paused for a moment in the middle of his chest, Draco was so distracted that he had no idea what Harry was going to do. Only as one fang firmly pierced his chest right above his heart did he realise that his lover was going to bite. It was not a deep bite, no more than a scratch really and he could have prevented it bleeding at all, but the sensation of Harry consciously connecting with his for the first time was enough to send him over the edge. With a shuddering cry Draco's whole body convulsed and blood spurted onto Harry's waiting tongue and Draco's seed shot all over his lover's moving hand.

When Harry brought up his come covered fingers and licked them leisurely; blood adorned fangs still descended and eyes still glowing, Draco was sure he had found to ultimate image of desire.

"You are beautiful," he whispered in a barely controlled voice, "and I love you so much."

Harry did not reply, his lover simply moved forward and kissed Draco, opening his mouth and allowing him to taste the blood and the salty flavour of sex. The vampire in Draco refused to be locked away anymore and his fangs lengthened as he tasted his own blood on Harry's tongue.

"Take me," Harry begged as they finally broke apart.

Who was Draco to refuse?

"Hands and knees," he hissed with vampire power in his tone; if Harry wanted to be taken then Draco was happy to oblige.

As Harry moved to obey Draco reached for the draw in the nightstand and pulled out a small bottle of oil. Moving behind his already braced lover he opened the container and the musky smell of the herbs in the contents permeated the room. Harry actually groaned before he was even touched and Draco smiled, remembering the effect of vampire senses on his first time after having been turned. Sometimes it was as if everything was normal, as if the brain compensated for the extra input, but

occasionally something would cause an overload and he knew Harry was probably remembering the scent of the oil from other encounters. It was amazing how the vampire mind could take a memory of before and impose vampire senses over it.

Draco did not put his vampire form away, knowing that with every touch he would drive Harry completely crazy. Leisurely he poured the oil onto his hands so that his skin was slippery and he placed the charmed bottle onto the bed; it was spelled never to spill and he did not bother to stopper it again. He thought about oiling himself up first, but he needed a few minutes to recover from Harry's ministrations and so with an evil smile he decided to torture his lover for a while to begin with.

"Keep your fangs out, Harry," he instructed, running one slick finger down the middle of Harry's back; "I want you to feel everything as much as you can."

That pronouncement was met with a whimper, but the power Draco had felt fading from his lover surged back to the forefront as Harry obeyed. Draco started with just the tips of his fingers, making small circles at the base of his lover's spine. The strong, healed, rejuvenated muscles twitched under his touch and Draco enjoyed the simple pleasure of watching Harry's now perfect body react to his hands. Enlarging the circles he took to massaging the tops of Harry's buttocks as well and that drew an appreciative groan, but the way his lover moved forward slightly, Draco knew Harry wanted more. Sometimes Harry could be the most incredibly patient lover, but it did not look like today was one of those days, but given his own performance, Draco could not blame him.

He was not about to give Harry all his own way of course, after all he was a Slytherin and it was his job to torture Gryffindors at every opportunity, and he moved on to massaging the cheeks of his lover's pert arse. He could see Harry's straining erection between his lover's spread legs and he let his fingers dance lightly over the inside of Harry's thighs, just barely touching the sensitive balls.

"Bastard," Harry moaned as Draco went back to massaging his lover's arse and so he did it again.

This time Harry's moan was wordless. Draco was quite impressed; Harry managed to put up with his relentless teasing for a good few minutes before he finally broke.

"Please," Harry begged, "just do something."

Smiling in triumph Draco showed mercy and with unhurried precision he slipped on slick finger into Harry's waiting entrance. There was no resistance at all where the massage had encouraged his lover's muscles to relax and the heartfelt groan of arousal was more than enough thanks for Draco.

"My, my, Lover," he said, slipping in a second finger just to be sure, "you really are ready for me, aren't you."

"Yes," Harry promised in a tone that suggested he was happily overloading, "oh, Merlin, yes."

That was the only invitation Draco needed and by now his own body had divested itself of any lethargy and was very much standing to attention again. Working his fingers slowly to keep Harry moaning in the most delightful way, he used his other hand to retrieve more oil and smeared it the length of his erection. Removing his

fingers and positioning himself quickly he pushed firmly against his lover and slid in like a hand into a glove.

"Merlin's rat infested beard!" Harry was definitely in a vocal mood and Draco had to agree as shots of sensation ran from his cock all through his body.

The feeling of Harry surrounding him, snug, but not restricting, was wonderful. Even having been satisfied once, Draco did not know how long he could hold on if he kept the vampire out to play. He felt the vampire in Harry fading and he knew the feeling; it was almost too much to keep his other aspect at the surface when there was so much sensation going on, but he wanted this.

"Stay with me, Love," he commanded, grabbing Harry hips; "keep it at the surface; it'll be worth it."

The groan that came from Harry almost became a whine when Draco began to move, but he felt his lover's supernatural nature surge to the surface again. Every time he hit Harry's prostate the noised coming from his impaled lover became more animalistic and Draco reached round to take hold of Harry's weeping cock. The snarl that escaped Harry's throat seemed aimed at the world in general and Draco continued to thrust deep into the highly sensitised vampire, fisting the firm erection in time with his movements.

Every muscle in Harry's body shuddered and went into spasm as he came, pumping Draco delightfully and pushing him over the edge as well. Unintelligible syllable after unintelligible syllable flowed out of Harry's mouth as wave after wave of orgasm pounded through his body and into Draco via his cock. It was so intense that Draco was incapable of speech and when Harry slumped forward he simply went with him, still locked together.

Neither of them moved for a good five minutes, Draco couldn't even find the strength to pull out and roll off; the experience had taken so much out of him. He had never, ever had sex like it, not even with Eliza; he felt like his bones had melted.

"Can you move?" he eventually mumbled into Harry's back.

"Depends how broad you definition of the word is," the muffled reply came back.

"I'll take that as a no," Draco said with a smile and tried to convince his arm that not trembling was a good idea.

With a concentrated effort he managed to push himself free and then he rolled onto his back beside his lover. Harry turned his head to face him, but otherwise did not move, but his lover's eyes were sparkling with amusement.

"What's so funny?" Draco asked with a quirk of his eyebrow.

"Us," Harry replied with a grin, "and the fact that these sheets are disgustingly sticky, but I can't be arsed to move."

"Shouldn't that be, can't get your arse to move?" Draco asked with a laugh which drew a sound from Harry that was suspiciously like a giggle.

"If I have to explain to my friends why I look thoroughly shagged out, I'm blaming it firmly on you," his lover said lightly and Draco found that even funnier; he could picture the look on Weasley's face at that one.

The End