

Caged

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Giftee: veiledndarkness

Pairing: Harry/Draco/Snape/Voldemort

Rating: NC17/18

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Warnings: light bondage, mild non-con, rimming, sort of blood play, multiple partners

Summary: When Harry became a vampire against his consent he made a decision that changes his life completely. He went to the Dark Lord and the Dark Lord did not kill him.

Author's Notes: Thanks to my beta - she did a really great job in very little time. Any mistakes left are purely my fault. To <lj user="veiledndarkness"> I hope you like this, I tried to get as many of your requests in as possible and it's definitely kinky :).

Word Count: 6,237

Original request:

3-5 favorite pairings: Draco/Harry, Severus/Harry, Voldemort/Harry

Special requests (kinks/wish list/prompts): anything goes, the kinkier the better. I definitely have a thing for rimming, mild bondage is great. Bloodplay, withholding an orgasm for a certain period of time, sensory withdrawal, mild non-con. Lol, I wasn't kidding when I said anything goes. I usually prefer Harry to be the bottom, but I do enjoy a good Top!Harry story every now and then. I'm not big on fluff, but I can read and write it. Angst and sex is more my area.

Harry walked into the lowly lit chambers, padding almost silently through the small sitting room and into the bedroom beyond. He had been summoned, so he was surprised when he found the room empty, but then one didn't question the will of the Dark Lord. There was a fire burning in the hearth keeping the room warm, but he didn't really care. It was one of the perks of being undead; he didn't feel the cold. Good thing too really since the Dark Lord liked him bare foot and naked most of the time.

He slipped off the white robe he was wearing and placed it over the back of one of the chairs in the room. One of the Dark Lord's little jokes was dressing him in white, since he was probably one of the least pure of his master's followers. The night he had been bitten had changed his whole life and the Wizarding World's Golden boy was very far from that now. He had killed the creature that turned

him, but not before it was too late to reverse the transformation and he had had to look at his future very carefully.

As he watched the flames dancing in the fireplace, he felt another presence enter the room, a powerful presence, but he did not turn. The Dark Lord did not like to be reminded that Harry was superior in anyway and acknowledging that Voldemort was there before the Dark Lord made himself known would do just that.

"As delectable as ever, Harry," the Dark Lord's familiar voice purred in his ear as he felt a hand run over his shoulders.

When he had presented himself to Voldemort, he had had an idea of what it might mean, but he had not really expected to end up quite like this. He had known Voldemort was obsessed with him, and once upon a time he never would have dreamed that the Dark Lord had been obsessed in this way, but by the time he had given himself up he had known enough to gamble that he wouldn't have been killed on sight. The collar around his neck combined with the cuffs on his wrists and ankles contained his power, keeping him docile like a good pet, but other than that he was treated well and the Dark Lord was a generous lover.

Vampires were sexual creatures and he needed the sex as much as the blood that was brought to him in a goblet every evening, so he had soon put aside the revulsion of sleeping with his one time enemy. The Dark Lord might have been strange to look at in his new body, but Voldemort knew how to use it as well as anyone who was completely human.

He went to turn, but the Dark Lord's hand stopped him.

"Keep looking at the fire, Pet," the Dark Lord said without explanation as usual; instructions were to be followed and the Dark Lord never told him why.

He would find out in time and he did as he was told; disobedience resulted in severe punishment and, being a vampire, his body could take a lot more than a human's before it would kill him. He had only shown any defiance once and he had been beaten so severely by a group of five Death Eaters it had taken him three days to regenerate. Now he obeyed without question.

Two more people entered the outer room, he felt their life forces as they came within his sphere of awareness, but he did not react. He knew who it would most probably be, although he could not be sure without looking. If what he suspected was true and the Dark Lord intended to share him, it would not be the first time; one body was as good for sexual release as another, so he had given up thinking about it. That the Dark Lord enjoyed sexual relations with his favoured Death Eaters had been a shock when he had first heard about it, but it no longer concerned him.

He looked down for a moment and caught sight of the inside of his arms. It was funny how he never really considered himself a Death Eater and yet he was branded just as they were and more. The Dark Lord had been making a point when he marked him and the Dark Mark adorned the inside of his left arm, just like the others, but there were three more snakes on the inside of his arm as well and the design was mirrored on his right arm as well. When his master had stamped his mark on him, he had done so in a very big way and he had just let it be done. He had had no choice ever since he had realised he had no other possible course of action.

His contemplations were shut off when a soft cloth was looped quickly over his eyes and he lifted his head as it was pulled on firmly. Keeping himself still after that, he waited for the blindfold to be tied in place, letting his other senses stretch out as his sight was removed. There were magical ways to cause temporary blindness, but this was not a new kink and the Dark Lord seemed to like to be able to see how he was depriving Harry of sight. Once the blindfold was in place he felt a spell hit it and all light vanished as it fixed in place; the Dark Lord believed in being thorough.

"You look so vulnerable standing there," his master said quietly, hissing the 's's just slightly. "Do you feel vulnerable, my Harry?"

"Yes, Master," Harry whispered quietly, letting his voice tremble just slightly, even though he felt very little at all.

It was a game, they both knew it, but the Dark Lord liked to play it, so they did.

"We have visitors tonight, Pet," were the next words his master spoke while running a hand down his back, coming to rest on one buttock. "Are you going to behave?"

"If you want me to, Master," he said, holding himself very still.

Sometimes the Dark Lord liked him to struggle as if he was trying to get away, fighting against what was happening to him and begging for protection from his master. There were some of the inner circle who liked to believe he was unwilling and the Dark Lord played to their fantasies. He already suspected who the visitors were and he doubted that was the game they would be playing tonight, but it was better never to second guess the Dark Lord.

"Good boy," his master said, giving his arse a gentle squeeze. "Our visitors are Severus and Draco, pet, I want you to please them."

"Yes, Master," Harry replied with just the right amount of submission in his voice.

He had long since given up the feelings of resentment for his position; he was alive and that was the most important thing. The old Harry, the one before the

vampire, was locked away along with his magic and he did not dwell on it anymore. If he had done he would have gone mad by now and he did not want to be insane.

His hearing was sensitive to begin with, but with sight removed it was even more so and he heard the rustle of fabric as their visitors entered the room. Killing Dumbledore had raised Severus to the Dark Lord's right hand man and his work in arranging it had lifted Draco to similar heights as his father had enjoyed before his incarceration. The two were very rarely apart by all accounts.

"Take him to the bed, Draco," the Dark Lord instructed and Harry felt his master moving away; "the two of you look so good together; darkness and light. You may play however you wish."

"Thank you, My Lord," Draco's voice was deep and resonant now, having finally matured from adolescence and Harry liked it.

Draco had been the easiest to accept as a sexual partner, after all, Harry had already been obsessed with the blond Slytherin and it had been easy to morph that into something else, given his vampire instincts. When a hand lighted on his arm he felt the familiar tingle of a magical lifeforce that was distinctly Draco and he moved when urged to do so.

"The bed is just in front of you," Draco said after a couple of steps, "climb onto it on your hands and knees."

Harry reached out blindly, bending his legs slightly until he felt the top of the bed. Moving slowly, using the cat like grace that came with his condition, he climbed onto the mattress, displaying his body the best way he knew how. When he was firmly situated in what he thought was the centre of the bed he stopped, spreading his knees slightly and letting his head drop.

"You know how attractive you are don't you, Harry," Draco said, running a hand lightly over his back and down the crack of his arse.

He shivered in response, allowing his instinctive reactions to the surface. When the same hand reached down to slowly squeeze his balls almost to a point where it hurt, he felt his arousal rising and gasped out his response. The familiar ache in his gums announced the lengthening of his fangs, not all the way, the magic in the collar and cuffs prevented that without explicit permission from his master, but they could not stop it completely. It was as natural a reaction for him as becoming hard.

"I'm going to make you come apart," Draco told him, climbing onto the bed behind him, "and you're going to beg me to let you come."

That was his cue to let himself lose control, up to a point that was; if he came before he was given permission, the consequences would be unpleasant. How unpleasant would depend on what mood the Dark Lord happened to be in.

"Do you think you will beg, Harry?" Draco asked.

"No," Harry all but growled back.

Draco laughed; there was nothing Draco liked better than to make him eat his words. They had done this enough times for Harry to know that it was a contest he was unlikely to win, but he had to try; that was how Draco liked it and he had been instructed to please the guests.

The first touch after that was almost so light he could have missed it if it hadn't been in such a sensitive area. The soft brush of one finger over his exposed entrance did more than a harder touch would have done and he shivered again. One thing about Draco was that his one time nemesis was very good at what he liked to do and it seemed Draco liked sex, at least that was the impression Harry always had.

When he felt Draco lean towards him, he was not surprised; Draco knew his own talents and this was one of them. Draco's tongue touched his entrance ever so lightly and he could not contain the tiniest of shivers. There was a pattern to Draco's attentions and Harry knew he was about to be teased mercilessly and he tried to steel himself against it. When that moist, warm tongue swiped over him forcefully, he closed his eyes behind the blindfold and kept the moan that threatened inside his throat.

His arousal was building slowly and if he let himself react so soon he would be undone far before this was over.

Draco played with him for a little while, touching him only briefly and lightly and the attack was timed randomly so that he could not predict and prepare for the next contact. Because of this when Draco's powerful tongue finally pushed against him properly, probing him and then butterflying against him, he was not ready and the whimper escaped him before he could stop it.

He felt Draco smile before continuing what he was doing and Harry gave up trying to be silent; he had already lost that battle. The alternate probing and teasing drove him almost mad as he failed to be prepared for any of it and Draco had him moaning at every touch before his tormentor finally showed mercy. It was with a confusing mix of relief and want that he relaxed slightly when the onslaught ended.

The respite did not last long as Draco replaced his tongue with one teasing finger.

"I have something special here, Harry," Draco all but purred, stroking him ever so gently, "I had Severus make it for me after the last time."

Something was dribbled onto the base of his back, something viscous that meandered slowly down the crack of his arse to Draco's waiting fingers. It made his skin tingle on contact.

"You're going to feel everything so clearly, Harry," Draco continued to speak, playing with him, but not slipping in a finger yet. "This lubricant is very unusual; it has a blood base."

With that, Draco pushed one finger into him, taking the lube with it and, as it touched the more delicate inner tissues, Harry found himself gasping for breath as his nerves lit up. To a vampire blood was the ultimate everything: aphrodisiac; food; drink; all things, and every cell of his body was keyed to react to it. He let his head drop further, whining in the back of his throat as Draco worked him very slowly.

"Not so confident now, Harry?" Draco commented with a laugh.

Harry just growled, not bothering to vocalise that he knew he was beaten; he would be putty in Draco's hands and there was nothing he could do about it.

Draco took his time and Harry was panting before his ex-nemesis even decided to use two fingers. He could literally feel every millimetre of intrusion Draco pushed into him, going agonisingly slowly from just the tip to Draco's whole finger and, when Draco deliberately brushed his prostate, one of his arms collapsed as motor control failed him.

"Very good, Draco," the Dark Lord's voice brought him back at least a little way as his vampire reacted to his master, but Draco still had most of his attention; "I have never seen our pet in quite such a state so soon."

"With your permission, My Lord," Draco replied, "I would like to push him as far as he can go."

The smell of sex in the room was becoming heavier and Harry's ears picked up the sound of skin on skin.

"Of course, Draco," the Dark Lord said in what sounded like a very good mood, "entertain us."

Draco returned to what he had been doing and Harry bit his lip to stop from crying out as the young Death Eater pushed two fingers into him. His nerves were screaming and his body thrummed with arousal, reacting to the sex and the blood.

"Such a beautiful body," Draco said quietly, working him looser; "who could have guessed at school what you were hiding under those terrible clothes, Harry."

All Harry could do was gasp as Draco added a third finger. His body surrendered without trouble; he wanted this, needed it now. The vampire power in him pushed against its confines, held in check by the will of the Dark Lord, but wanting to be free. Vampires were not placid creatures, but he had no choice except submission. The creature caged within him wanted to buck its chains and take what it needed, but the enchantments were too strong.

"You want me, don't you, Harry," Draco whispered to him; "you're already desperate for me aren't you?"

Harry breathed heavily through his nose, not wanting to be defeated so soon, but Draco moved his fingers again and he could not stop the almost sob of arousal.

"Tell me, Harry," Draco continued, showing no mercy; "tell me what you want."

He bit his lip, trying to stay silent, but it was hopeless.

"Yes," he finally gasped out, "please ... please fuck me."

He needed the contact; the connection to a human being, and he was not allowed to bite so the only way to get it was through sex. The part of him that was no longer human would do anything for what it needed.

Draco laughed at him then, the triumph clear as day.

"What will you do for me, Harry?" his ex-nemesis continued to taunt him.

"Anything," Harry admitted, any humiliation he felt dwarfed by the vampiric urges.

"Good boy," Draco said, removing his fingers as he spoke.

Harry whined at the loss, feeling empty and bereft as Draco moved on the bed. He could not see, but his other senses fed him so much information that he knew exactly where Draco was. It was difficult not to move to force his body closer to the human he could feel in such near proximity, but not touching him.

"Ready for me, Harry?" Draco asked, drawing out the torture.

"Yes," Harry made no attempt not to speak this time, "please."

When Draco pressed into him, Harry pushed himself up off the bed, arching his back as pure pleasure rippled through his body. Draco had clearly coated himself in the special lube and Harry could feel every last millimetre stretching him. He

hissed as his vampire fought against its cage and for just a moment he felt the room resolve in only the way it could when his vampire came out fully. The spell's bars holding him did not break, however, just flexed and it was only for a second.

He heard Draco groan at his reaction and then the young Death Eater slammed home in reciprocation, making him gasp and claw at the bed clothes. Sex was very rarely gentle in this lair and, as he submitted, Draco began to use him brutally, drawing out and pounding back into him in what became a fierce rhythm. For the Death Eaters, he was a thing to be used and yet his body responded to each touch as if it was from the most skilled lover. His ability to heal small injuries almost instantly meant that he did not break where a mortal might have.

The arousal coursed through him like a fiery wave and he desperately wanted to come, but he knew the rules and fought his body at every moment. If he came without express permission he would be punished.

It seemed Draco was feeling at least a little merciful and did not touch his cock; there were limits even for him and Draco seemed to know where they were. The burst of power he felt as Draco slammed into him one final time, shuddering in release, made him fall forward, crying out his need, but he held his body in check. It had taken the Dark Lord weeks to teach him how to control himself and they had been lessons he had learned well. The Dark Lord had wanted his pet well trained.

"Good boy, Harry," Harry's mind swam back from the almost overload as his master spoke to him.

The hand that ran up and over his back made him shiver with barely contained arousal.

"Draco looks very satisfied, Pet," the Dark Lord continued to speak to him, stroking the back of his neck gently; "it's a shame you can't see him."

Harry didn't need to see Draco to know; he could smell it and feel it and the evidence of Draco's completion was slowly oozing down the crack of his arse.

"Lie down and turn over, Pet," his master instructed him and he slowly moved to obey.

Every twitch of muscle tested his control as his strung out body demanded completion when he dared not allow it and he was passive as he felt his wrists being taken. To react at all could push him over the edge and he concentrated on breathing as his arms were fastened to the chains on the bed head. This was not a place for sleeping, the whole room was prepared for sex and Harry let himself be restrained.

They did not wait for him to recover any more and he whined as he felt his legs being lifted and another person insinuating himself where Draco had been. The hands that touched him hummed with a life force he recognised as Severus and he tried to buck away, knowing what was coming next, too soon for his strung out nerves. Severus did not talk during sex, the Potion's Master just took what he wanted without any games and Harry cried out as Severus pushed into him.

He could barely hold on as he was stretched by Severus' significantly larger cock and he pulled against the chains. He craved the touches, but this was too much, even for his vampire nature as his nerves seemed to shred.

"Relax, Pet," the Dark Lord said, stroking the hair back from his face as he stared into darkness, "let Severus have you."

"I ... I can't," Harry whispered desperately.

"Yes you can," his master said quietly, kissing his cheek in an almost absent manner, "I know you can, Harry."

When Severus finally moved Harry put his head back, keening quietly.

"So beautiful, My Pet," the Dark Lord told him; "now open your mouth for me."

Harry whimpered quietly, but did as he was told, allowing his head to be turned as his master leaned over him. The taste of the Dark Lord was familiar and filled his mouth as his master began to slowly fuck his mouth.

Severus' thrusts were slow and even, almost withdrawing all the way before pushing back in, spreading him wide with every push. His master's movements were much more shallow, but it was difficult to breathe as the Dark Lord used his mouth, almost choking him at times.

When nimble fingers pinched at his nipples he moaned wantonly around the intrusion in his mouth and clenched down on the cock in his arse unable to stop his reaction. He was being assaulted from three directions with sensations that wanted to remove his higher brain and surrender his whole being to lust and he clawed on to reality only barely. His bed partners had all the physical control and he submitted to them completely as they took their pleasure. By the time the cock in his mouth was finally removed he was so focused on the feelings of sex that he wanted it back, but his moan of protest was taken away as Severus sped up slightly.

He gripped the chains hard, using the pain this caused in his fingers to hold on to his rapidly fading control. Severus was close, he could feel it and he knew the Potions Master's release would undo him if he was not very careful. Having come this far that would be unforgivable and he squeezed his eyes shut, feeling tears of frustration leaking out from behind the lids. Severus' thrusts were no where near

as brutal as Draco's had been, but they were angled perfectly to stimulate him the most and he knew he was being systematically tortured.

When Severus finally cried out, bucking into him, Harry gasped as all breath seemed to leave him. He did not dare even scream this time as the power wave hit him, or he knew he would be lost and he had to stop the cry in his throat. He was too far gone to even know what was really going on anymore.

"Take off his blindfold," he heard the Dark Lord say as Severus pulled out of him and he blinked blindly as light entered his dark world.

He was quite shocked to find that it was Draco kneeling beside his head now and Severus' place had been taken by his master. It wasn't over yet, but he had so little control left and gave a choked little sob as the Dark Lord lifted his legs and agonisingly slowly pushed in his stretched hole. When his master wrapped cold fingers around his throbbing cock he thought he might die.

"Come for me, Harry," were not the words he expected to hear, but his body obeyed before his mind even caught up as the Dark Lord stroked him once.

With that instruction his control exploded into nothing and the orgasm that he had been holding off with pure will power reached up to claim him. His body flexed from head to foot and he cried out loudly as every muscle surrendered to the overwhelming spasms that for a moment wiped out his mind. Warm liquid spurted over his stomach and his arse clenched around the cock inside it, drawing a moan from even the completely controlled Dark Lord.

He barely noticed when his master started to move inside of him, using his body for his own sexual gratification. Harry was completely limp and he didn't care anymore what was being done to him. At that moment he was a toy being played with and he just let it happen.

"Look at me, Pet," his master's voice brought him back from where his mind had gone and he met the Dark Lord's red eyes.

Those eyes never blinked as his master forced into him for the last time and briefly shuddered his own release. Then Harry did scream as the power wave hit him. The Dark Lord was the strongest wizard in existence and the magical release to which Harry's vampire was sensitive was that much greater for it. For Harry everything went white as the power tried to take away his mind and for a long time nothing seemed to exist but that. He had no connection to reality as his mind sailed free of his body on the magic that was not his own.

By the time he came down, things had moved on, and he found himself free from the restraints and lying on his side when reality finally came back. It was almost like being reborn as his brain tried to realign with his body.

"Are you back, My Pet?" his master asked, stroking the side of his face gently.

Harry just blinked, unable to form coherent words yet. He looked up at the Dark Lord and did his best to reply with his eyes.

"You did well, Pet," his master told him with a smile that was almost gentle, "I will send a treat to your rooms as a reward, just before dawn."

The Dark Lord went to move away and Harry finally found the strength to force his body into action. He rolled over and reached out, placing a hand on his master's knee. There was one thing more he needed, one thing that he desperately wanted.

"Please, Master," Harry begged, head bowed and body as low as he could get on the bed, "let me taste you."

He begged for the same thing every time and he never hid that this was the thing he wanted most in the world. The collar and cuffs caged him, only allowing his vampire nature free when the Dark Lord allowed it and his body ached with the need. Drinking from a cup took away the thirst, but it did not take away the desire and even the promised gift would not dispel the need he had to taste his master. The Dark Lord had allowed him to bite other bed partners before now and he knew how to make it very pleasurable, but it was his master himself he really wanted.

"You ask me for the same thing each time, Pet," the Dark Lord said, lifting his head and looking directly into his eyes, "why does it mean so much to you?"

Harry knew his mind was being probed; the Dark Lord was a very powerful Legilimens.

"You are my master," he said, letting the overwhelming feelings rise up in him, "I need ... I need ..."

He let the desperation overwhelm him, begging with every fibre of his body.

"You are finally mine completely aren't you, Harry?" the Dark Lord said, still looking into his eyes.

"Yes, Master," Harry replied, ready to do anything for what he needed.

The other two in the bed were irrelevant now; all that existed was him and the Dark Lord. For long seconds the Dark Lord just gazed into his eyes, searching his mind and he had no will to resist.

"You may taste, Pet," the Dark Lord said eventually, "but only taste."

Harry actually let out a sob of relief as his prayer was answered; nothing mattered to him now, nothing more than this.

"Where, Master?" he asked, remaining crouched until he was given leave to move.

The Dark Lord was kneeling over him as he looked up through his fringe at his master.

"Here," the Dark Lord said, pointing to the side of his throat.

Very slowly Harry began to move, careful not to displease his master before he was allowed what he needed. He all but climbed the Dark Lord's body, moving as sensually as he knew how until he was flush against his Master's warm flesh. Licking his lips, he looked at the artery he could see pulsing slowly under the skin and he leant his head forward.

"Just a taste," the Dark Lord warned as he felt the control on his vampire nature weaken slightly, enough to allow his fangs to descend fully.

"Only a taste, Master," Harry agreed before opening his mouth.

He sank his fangs into the willing flesh and thick blood, much thicker than a normal human's, flowed onto his tongue. The taste was old and yet somehow very familiar and he flooded his master with pleasurable power. Only a taste, only a mouthful, but it was all that he needed. Even as he drew back, having taken all that he would be allowed, he could feel the connection forming between them and the spell buried deep within him burst into life. As he knelt away it was clear that Voldemort had felt it too.

"What is that?" the Dark Lord asked, curious more than alarmed.

"Your death sentence," Harry said in a perfectly calm voice.

Voldemort's eyes opened in shock.

"My blood made your new body," Harry explained without remorse, "and now I am taking it back. Being a vampire gave me the way to make a connection and there is nothing you can do to stop it. The Order has destroyed all the Horcruxes by now and when this body dies so will you."

Voldemort looked at his hands that were already turning grey and it was clear the wizard was in physical distress.

"Kill it," the Dark Lord hissed his orders even as he began to fall towards the bed as his strength left him.

As the spell flared within him, dragging back the essence of his life that had been used to make Voldemort live again, Harry smiled down at his nemesis.

"Why would they do that?" he asked, playing his final card. "They belong to the Light, Tom, they are with me, not you."

Voldemort looked between Severus and Draco, disbelief clearly written on his face. It was as if Voldemort just couldn't comprehend that this was happening to him, that his closest aids were against him.

"Betra..." the accusation died away as Voldemort's voice failed him as his body began to crumple in on itself.

Under Harry's watching gaze, the Dark Lord's skin turned black and began to flake away. It was as if he was being burned from the inside out and the magically made flesh was separating like the pages of a smouldering book. Almost agonisingly slowly the creature that had brought fear to the Wizarding world for longer than Harry had been alive died. Voldemort burned in an invisible fire and turned into nothing more than ash in a pile in the middle of the bed. Harry did not take his eyes off his enemy until there was nothing left and the spell inside him flared and completed. At that moment he felt a weight lifting from him, a weight that had been crushing him for so long that he had forgotten what it was to live without it.

He let one tear fall, one tear for the man behind the madness, the man he had glimpsed in just a few rare moments. Nothing else made it into Harry's mind as he stared, not until someone placed a robe over his shoulders and he looked around to see Draco standing beside the bed.

"It's over, Harry," Draco said, reaching out and undoing the clasp on his collar, "it's time to leave. We've sent the signal and the Aurors will be here soon."

Harry sagged as he felt his power surge as it was freed for the first time in months. Without the complete set of collar and cuffs, the inhibiting spell was undone and his other adornments became nothing but decorated leather. The feeling of magic running free under his skin was a dim memory and it took his breath away as what he had been denied was given back to him. He was free and he had buried the concept so far down in his mind that it blew away all thought as he realised the truth.

"We'll have to look after him," he heard Severus saying; "he's in shock."

When Draco helped him stand up, he went where he was urged, but his will seemed to be lost in the turmoil in his mind and magic. With Draco on one side and Severus on the other, they moved into the hallway and he walked, but he only went where he was led. The crack of the wards falling where Draco and Severus had sabotaged them made him jump, but it did not really wake his mind.

He felt light, almost as if he was floating and it was only as they neared the outside that he came down with a very big bump. Three masked and armed Death Eaters appeared in front of them and Harry sensed danger. Survival instincts that had been latent as Draco and Severus looked after him leapt into action and he moved without the need for conscious thought.

He had been kept caged and passive for months and vampires were not passive creatures and he exploded into motion. The first man never knew what hit him as he ripped out the pathetic human's throat with one swipe and the second went down as he punched his fingers directly into the man's chest. That left just one, one he recognised all too well even through the mask, and he almost laughed.

Without mercy he launched himself at Wormtail, pushing the wizard backwards into the wall and sinking his fangs into the vulnerable flesh of Wormtail's throat. Drinking the life out of the man who had caused the rebirth of the Dark Lord and so much pain in his life was sweeter even than killing Voldemort and he relished every mouthful. It was revenge, pure and simple, and it appealed to his human and supernatural nature. Wormtail struggled against him, getting weaker by the moment, but only as he felt his victim's heartbeat flutter and then die did he let go.

The lifeless husk slid down the wall into a heap and Harry watched with grim satisfaction. He felt strong; he felt whole, and for the first time in his life he felt completely free. Turning slowly he looked back at where Draco and Severus were still standing where he had left them. He could feel the blood on his face and his hands and he must have looked like a nightmare made real, but all Draco did was smile at him.

When he had first proposed the plan so many months ago, Draco had been the only one who had not objected. The Light had been losing and the Saviour of the Wizarding world had been turned into a vampire, but the Order had still wanted to fight as if nothing had changed. Draco had stood by him as man and vampire; his lover and his friend and agreed that their only hope was to destroy the Dark Lord from the inside.

Now it seemed that Draco approved of his final solution and he walked back to Draco, wiping his face on the sleeve of his robe before leaning in and taking a kiss. Draco responded in kind and leaned into him, winding one arm around him to pull them close together.

"If you are quite ready," Severus's voice cut through the pleasure after only a moment, "we need to leave."

Harry broke the kiss and looked over at the Light's greatest spy and smiled a very fangy smile.

"Most impressive, Mr Potter," Severus said in a tone that suggested he was not impressed at all, "but irrelevant. I believe this would be of more use."

The Potions Master handed him a very familiar object and he took his wand. The magical warmth brought him back down off the blood high and he nodded. It was time to take his life back and, as his sharp ears picked up the sound of close combat, he linked his hand with Draco's and prepared to do just that. The hard bit was done, now it was time to look to the future.

The End