

Coming Together

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Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: R

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Genre: Slash

Summary: Draco finds out something about Harry James Potter that changes everything.

Author's Notes: Rated R for nakedness and kissing.

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"Hello, Draco."

The greeting was unexpected and the Slytherin was mortified to find that he could not hide the physical jump that the shock caused in him. Planning some sort of revenge, he turned slowly to find out who had spoken and then felt his expression betray him again at what he saw.

The boy lounging against the dungeon wall was definitely Potter: there were the glasses; the scar; the green eyes; the hair, but the Boy-Who-Lived had never looked anything like he did now. Potter was dressed from head to foot in black, he was insolently leaning against the stonework and he was leering.

"Potter," was the best comeback Draco's stunned mind could manage, "what do you want?"

"You," the dark haired youth said shortly and smiled in a way the Slytherin had never, ever thought to see on a Gryffindor.

The way the green eyes dragged up and down his body did not help Draco settle his thoughts neatly. On balance the blond youth decided that anger was probably the best reaction.

"Have you been drinking something, Potter?" Draco snapped pointedly.

"Nope," the other boy replied and pushed himself off the wall with a grace that Potter usually only showed on the Quidditch pitch.

The quiet confidence and raw sexuality of the Gryffindor was somewhat unnerving. It occurred to Draco that if he called for someone then Harry Potter would be in Slytherin hands, but an instinct held him back. This was not the normal Boy-Who-Lived and there was a vague danger about him.

"You should see, Pomfrey," the blond boy said firmly, "you're acting strangely."

"I'm always like this," Potter replied with another wicked smile, "you've just never met me before."

This was becoming stranger by the second and now Draco was sure the other boy was under the influence of something.

"You've lost it, Potter," the Slytherin declared sharply.

"Actually, Harry lost it a long time ago," the dark haired Gryffindor said calmly, "that's where I came from. You see poor little Harry has been mentally abused and physically neglected since he was very small and he couldn't cope, so he fractured. I'm James, by the way, I protect Harry from the things he doesn't want to know about. There were others as well but after he came here he had friends, he began dealing with things on his own, so he didn't need us. They all went away but I've been watching, only coming out occasionally. Then there was that stupid tournament, and that Hufflepuff got himself killed: Harry couldn't deal with that so I came back. He doesn't know about me of course, but he needs me. I was around all last year, but I've decided to live more now."

Draco didn't really know how to take Potter's speech: it was completely out of the blue and it sounded crazy.

"I've noticed you," the other wizard continued, stepping towards the Slytherin, "you watch Harry all the time."

"We're enemies, of course I watch him ... I mean you," Draco snapped back, resorting to the only way he knew how to deal with the Gryffindor.

The dark haired boy laughed and it was so unlike anything Draco had ever heard out of Potter's mouth that he almost believed.

"You don't want to be enemies, Draco," the complete stranger with the Gryffindor's face said with a purr in his voice, "neither does Harry, although he'd never admit it. He's a bit of a prude, you know. I, on the other hand, am not, and I am quite willing to act on both our desires."

"You're insane," was all the blond boy could come up with.

Potter's features hardened and Draco was suddenly aware that his companion could be a very dangerous person.

"Don't say that," the dark haired boy hissed, "never say that. I'm as sane as you are and just as ruthless."

When the Gryffindor stepped closer Draco took a step back: he hadn't meant to but this new side of Potter was frightening. Harry Potter was a hero: taunting and teasing him was easy: he was so noble that there was no danger. The wizard in front of the Slytherin was nowhere near as safe.

"I'm the part of Harry the sorting hat sensed when it almost put him in Slytherin," the Gryffindor said in no more than a whisper. "I'm not pure, I'm not a hero, and I do what I must and take what I want. Right now I want you."

"People don't always get what they want," Draco said, his voice even.

Too many ideas flooded into his head at the same time, from spells to potions and other plots. None of them really made sense and the Slytherin was at a loss to explain what was going on. Potter did another flip and the smile reappeared on his face.

"I do," he said and Draco felt himself pinned down by the green eyes. "I seduced Parkinson, you know. Just after the beginning of term: she seemed to like me."

She was fun for a while, but there's no point in drinking wine when you really want champagne. She wasn't very happy when I dumped her ; she couldn't believe the Boy-Who-Lived could be such a bastard. Of course she thought I was Harry which was fun as well: he had no idea why she dumped that potion all over him."

The Slytherin leapt to deny that there was any possibility that what Potter said was true, but small things fell into place and Draco realised the story was a plausible reason for them. Pansy had been extra vicious in her suggestions about Potter recently as well. Draco also realised that if what he said was true, Potter had revealed something to him that he had not revealed to anyone else.

"I think I like you speechless," the new and confusing Potter said lightly. "Draco, I want to kiss you, I want to be friends with you, I want to have sex with you. I want you."

Indecision ran through the blond youth like a knife: it was true that he had been infatuated with Harry Potter for years. The hatred had mutated to something else long ago and the Gryffindor seemed to be offering everything he wanted.

"Why?" he found himself saying.

"Because you're bad, but you're not evil," Potter said, moving in closer again. "You're handsome and you're beautiful. You're intelligent and brave, but not foolhardy like most of those Gryffindors. Every one thinks you're a Death Eater, but you're not. You have a wicked sense of humour and you are the only challenge in this whole place. You intoxicate me and you are the only human being I have ever wanted to reveal myself to."

It was all a bit much and for once in his life Draco's Slytherin mind abandoned him. The blond youth did not weigh up the facts, he did not analyse the words, he just acted. Snaking one arm up behind the other youth's head he pulled him close and kissed him soundly.

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Draco opened his eyes as he was nudged and he smiled at the green eyes looking down at him.

"Where were you?" the Gryffindor asked quizzically.

"Remembering when I first met you," the blond wizard replied openly and stretched his naked body.

They were in his room in the Slytherin dungeons as had become their habit over the last year and a half. James was very like Harry in some ways and so incredibly different from him in others. Draco was still not sure if he was in love with one or the other or both, but he was happy. James' visits were not regular, but he appeared quite frequently and then he would always seek out Draco. They were friends as well as lovers and some of the pranks they had pulled were legendary, and of course unexplainable since there was no way a Malfoy and a Potter would ever work together.

"You know I said I needed to speak to you earlier," James said calmly as he ran a finger along Draco's side.

"Hmm," the blond said as he enjoyed the sensation.

"It's about Harry," the dark haired youth admitted and when Draco looked at him he appeared somewhat conflicted.

They sometimes talked about the Gryffindor's other persona, but rarely, and the Slytherin knew this was important.

"He's found out about me," James said evenly, "I let him."

Draco sat up and turned to face his lover properly: this was not something he had expected.

"Why?" the blond youth asked as calmly as he could manage. "After all this time, why?"

"Because Voldemort will make his final move soon," James explained slowly, "because he needs me."

Draco did not understand: Harry had always needed James, but the alternate had never revealed himself before.

"You don't mean he just needs you to deal with it for him do you?" the Slytherin said as he thought about it.

The dark haired youth shook his head.

"Neither of us can deal with Voldemort," James said quietly, "we're missing too much. He needs me back, Draco, he wants me back: we need to be one again."

A cold feeling of shock went through the Slytherin and he wanted to tell his lover that he was being stupid, but he couldn't: he knew James was only telling the truth.

"So is this the last time?" Draco asked quietly. "Do I lose you forever?"

"Oh god, no," James said earnestly and took the blond youth's hand. "Draco I couldn't lose you: you're part of who I am. Harry and I have been talking, he knows about you, he understands and he wants you as much as I do. We won't be James and Harry anymore, but we will still exist."

Draco wasn't sure he could deal with this: becoming used to a fractured Harry Potter had been difficult enough, he wasn't sure he could handle an integrated one.

"But he's such a prude," the blond youth said, unsure how else to express himself.

"Actually, he's changed over the last year," the dark haired young man said with a slight smile. "I began slipping him dreams just after we got together. When he found out that we weren't a virgin he was incredibly pleased. He'd also been a bit worried about his lack of sex drive until he realised I'd been hijacking all our hormones."

At that a small smile graced Draco's face as well: it was rather funny. Then a thought occurred to the Slytherin.

"You're recombining already, aren't you," he said slowly.

"I've let him in to parts of my memories, some of the nicer stuff," James admitted with a nod, "but not all of them yet. He remembers several of our nights together. He's listening now as well: he wants to come out."

It was difficult to think about: James and Harry were as separate in Draco's mind as they had been in the other boy's. Harry was still difficult to fathom and he could be as annoying as hell, the Slytherin was not sure he knew how to deal with him.

"Please," the dark haired boy said quietly, "he wants to know you once before we do this."

Draco was silent for a long time, looking at his lover, but finally he nodded. It happened almost instantly: the sharp, all seeing gaze of James was replaced by the slightly confused, but very determined stare of Harry. The difference even in the same green eyes was startling.

"Hello, Harry," the Slytherin said evenly, well aware that he was naked on his bed with a boy he did not really know.

"Hello, Draco," the Gryffindor returned in the same vein, "thank you for letting me come."

They stared at each other for a while but the silence was not uncomfortable just contemplative. Harry did not hold himself with the same sexual confidence that James did, but there was still something very sexy about him. There was an innocence in him that his alternate had never had and it was alluring.

"It must have been a shock discovering that you are two people," Draco said eventually.

"Sort of," Harry said openly, "but I think I always sensed I wasn't alone. I think the biggest shock was realising I was in love with you and that's Harry-me, not James-me, if you were wondering. James has opened my eyes to a few things."

"You really want to be one person?" the Slytherin felt he had to ask and not just because he feared losing James.

The Gryffindor on the bed next to him thought about this for a moment and then nodded.

"It's going to be hard," Harry replied slowly, "but we need each other. I don't know what it's going to be like, but I do know I want you to be part of it. Do you think you could love an integrated Harry Potter, Draco? I know you think I'm an insufferable prat, but I think James will deal with some of that."

The dark haired boy opened his mouth to go on, but Draco placed a finger on his lips to stop him.

"Just kiss me," he said quietly, "and then we'll both know."

Harry looked unsure for a moment but then his features cleared and slowly he leant towards the Slytherin. Their lips met and the feel and taste of Harry's mouth was the same but he used it in a very different way to James. His kiss was not as hard and demanding as his alternate, but there was a gentle passion there that Draco could feel pushing them together. It was not like kissing another

person entirely, but it was definitely not the same. Draco found he liked it and his arm snaked out around Harry to pull him closer.

As the kiss continued the Slytherin slowly pushed his partner down onto the bed, pressing their naked bodies onto each other. Now Draco knew, now he understood, now he let himself believe that Harry Potter really was his destiny.

At some point during the kiss Draco felt James come back. The movements beneath him changed and strong confident arms wound around the Slytherin as his long-term lover returned to control.

"I love you," James whispered as he broke the kiss, "I will always love you."

Then the Gryffindor's embrace intensified for a moment and the dark haired youth buried his head in Draco's shoulder. The strong, supple body of his lover shuddered against the Slytherin's and Draco waited for the storm he knew was coming. It started very quietly with a tiny mew of a sound from the youth beneath him, then the Gryffindor began to shake with emotion and Draco pulled him as close as possible. The sobs came next, long, choking sounds that wracked the whole of his lover's body.

James had told Draco of some of the things from which he protected Harry: they were not nice. Reintegrating the two personalities meant that there was no shielding blanket anymore and the new person in the Slytherin's arms was a victim to it all.

"Shssh, it will be alright," Draco said, strangely capable and calm, "I won't let you go."

The End