

# Honesty Is the Best Policy

**Author:** Beren ([Beren@dtwins.co.uk](mailto:Beren@dtwins.co.uk)) (beren\_writes at LJ)

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

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**Warnings:** explicit sex

**Summary:** Draco has family heritage to deal with and an obsession who is completely immune to his advances. He's about ready to try anything, even honesty. (Harry/Draco)

**Notes:** Thanks to my beta for sorting out my hideous grammar, anything left is entirely my fault :). To my giftee, I hope you like it.

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Harry Potter might have been the Wizarding world's greatest hero and was described by many as brave, handsome, powerful and clever, but the word Draco would have chosen was 'oblivious'. Once upon a time Draco studied Potter to figure out his rival's weaknesses, these days if truth be told he did it for the same ends, but entirely different reasons. Post war Wizarding Britain was a happy place, mostly, and there were perks to being a war hero.

Having organised the defection of every Dark Lord supporter from his year in Hogwarts to the Light and then spilling everything he knew about the Death Eaters, Draco had been, somewhat reluctantly by some, accepted into the ranks of the good guys. Once he had been dragged to the Dark Lord by Snape he had been surprised to be able to move his mother to safety and he had made a very definite decision that his life would be longer if he changed sides. It had not taken much to convince his brethren of the same thing once Potter had made a reappearance after that summer.

That had been three years ago now and Draco was still viewed by some as a dark wizard. He did still have the tattoo on his left arm that marked him as a Death Eater, but he had also been beside Potter on the battle field at the end. He wasn't sure why Potter had decided to trust him in the beginning, but trust him he had and hence his name was among those honoured rather than reviled by the Wizarding world. Sometimes he still couldn't quite believe where life had led him.

Being veterans it had been decided that once Hogwarts reopened the surviving sixth years as had been would not return to the school for their N.E.W.T.s. Instead evening classes had been set up for all those who wished to finish their education, which meant that Draco had to give up his weekday evenings, but it also meant that he had a chance for regular contact with his current obsession.

Potter was doing something at the Ministry these days, but Draco had no idea what it was. No one seemed to know what Potter did except his closest friends, but Potter turned up to the lessons just like everyone else. Draco was busy trying to rebuild the Malfoy name to what it had been before his father's downfall, but he had decided that having his N.E.W.T.s was important in that as well. Not having his N.E.W.T.s closed a surprising number of doors and so he was studying as hard as he could even though it interfered with everything else he was trying to do.

It didn't help that once the final battle had come and gone he had run slap bang into a family secret he'd had no idea about before. It turned out there was magical creature blood in his family; so much for the pureblood rhetoric. It had started just after he had moved back to the manor with his mother. He'd woken up one morning feeling a little peculiar and when he'd looked in the mirror that day he'd been rather shocked.

Pretending that he wasn't good looking was not in his nature; he had matured nicely and had been the spitting image of his father at his age. However, that morning he had looked at himself and seen a face that was not quite his own; he had still looked like himself, but slightly more feminine, giving him a more androgynous look. That had been the first hint that all was not quite normal and he'd had himself checked out for every spell and hex known to wizardkind, but nothing had shown up.

A little change in wardrobe and hairstyle had distracted from the changes quite well so no one suspected much, but the second shock had been when he had caught himself admiring other wizards. Up until that point Draco had never remotely considered that he might appreciate the male of the species, but after a couple of days he had come to terms with the fact that he did now. With a little more research he had dug into the family vaults and found an interesting diary. It seemed that the Malfoy family was blessed with Veela blood quite a few generations back and it was only a dubious spell cast by an ancestor that meant they bred male at all. The spell it seemed had not eliminated all Veela traits when it came to some individuals and the diary had belonged to one such individual.

Draco had been glad to discover he was not going to suddenly become a real woman, but that his interest in the same sex as well as the opposite sex was very real. He also had a mild form of the Veela allure which had taken some practice, but of which he now had control. He didn't use it often because since he had met the reality of war he really had no taste for drooling, simpering cronies.

"Going to blow us up again next week, Potter?" he asked as they walked out of their Defence Against Dark Arts classroom.

Remus Lupin had them firing defensive and offensive spells at the moment that most of them knew backwards from the war, but for which they lacked finesse that the N.E.W.T. examiners would be looking for. Harry Potter had appeared from the summer after Dumbledore had died with a power level that, had it been

in anyone else, might have been scary. No one, not even Potter's closest friends seemed to know what had happened to Potter over that summer, but it had given the Gryffindor hero spectacular magic. When Potter had cast a Diffindo that evening, his target had exploded, giving everyone else a good laugh.

"If you ask nicely I might," Potter shot back, relatively cheerful as usual.

Draco had become used to a focused, serious Potter over the course of the war, but the boy-man had changed almost as soon as the Dark Lord had died. It had been like watching day dawn on a dark night as Potter had stood on the battle field bloodied and bruised and realised that the Dark Lord had fallen to his wand and was finally dead. For a while Draco had been concerned that the Chosen one had stepped off the edge of reality, but Potter was doing a good impression of sane even if the Gryffindor wasn't.

It was Friday night and their lessons ended at nine; on the first week, Seamus Finnegan had suggested anyone who wanted to should go out for a drink. Over the months they had been doing this, a pattern had emerged and there were a handful of them who headed into Wizarding London once they were finished on a Friday. They were going to Libera, a Wizarding club that catered to Muggles as well, for this evening's entertainment. Draco made it a habit to go every week and keep the connections with those he had become friends with during the war; it was fun and politically sound.

It helped to be able to study his obsession in a social situation as well, which was how he had come to the conclusion that Potter was oblivious. Every Friday he watched Potter slide in a booth or stand at the bar having a drink while everyone else danced. It was clear that many people, male and female wanted Potter, but Potter always refused any advances politely, seemingly embarrassed than anyone had asked him. Draco had come to the conclusion that Potter thought people only asked him to dance or more because of who he was and Draco knew that wasn't true.

As they walked to Hogsmeade so they could apparate to London, Draco watched Potter talking and laughing with his closest friends. There was still a lot about Potter that was a mystery even though he'd been studying the Golden Boy for months now, but he had figured out that his friends were the most important thing to Potter. To the casual observer Potter might seem like a very simple person, but Draco was anything but casual about what he was doing and Potter was far more complicated than at first glance.

Something else came with the Veela blood other than the allure, something that had taken Draco a while to recognise. Veela of past history had a mating season where they sought out a human male to act as a sperm donor and then held on to him for a few years until their daughter no longer required looking after. Veela mating cycles were between five and seven years long, but it was not unknown for one Veela to have several men and several children at the same time. These

days Veela tended to marry into Wizarding populations, or kidnap the odd Muggle occasionally rather than using the techniques of their past history, but it was still well known that when a Veela set her sights there was little that could change her mind.

The mating drive was present in the Malfoy line, just like the allure for the few whose blood was active, and it translated into an insistent desire to find a partner. It only kicked in when conditions were perfect for bringing up a family according to the diary which was why Draco had had no clue about his heritage until after the war. It was also why he had started to look at the male of the species; the spell on his line had translated his genes into male, but not the instincts. When he had started to go back to Hogwarts for the evening classes, he had discovered his perfect mate, well as far as his hormones were concerned anyway, and Potter was it; hence his rather obsessive behaviour.

It wasn't that he was being compelled to jump Potter as soon as the opportunity arose, but he was very interested and no one else seemed to attract him much since he had begun to fixate. Their world had been dealing with same sex unions for generations; they weren't common, but there were measures in place to make sure pureblood lines didn't die out if such unions occurred so he wasn't overly worried that his choice was male. What did worry him was that Potter never gave any indication if he was open to such things because, well basically Potter didn't give off any signals at all.

He found himself watching Potter's arse a little too closely as they walked and shook himself; it would not do for someone else to notice his fixation until he knew what he was going to do. What had been more of an acquaintance over the war had become a friendship since they had started the evenings out, but Draco still felt that he really didn't know the real Potter. At least once they reached the club he would be able to ogle Potter without anyone paying too much attention.

"So we'll meet at the club in half an hour?" Potter asked as they walked outside Hogwarts' boundaries.

"That's the plan, Oh Glorious Leader," Seamus joked and Draco noticed the way Potter's smile tightened just slightly at the playful salutation.

It was all too clear to anybody that looked that Potter was very insecure under the whole Gryffindor exterior and Draco found that he was not as happy about that as he once would have been. The Veela instincts were really rather ridiculous; he wanted to protect the most powerful wizard on the planet, even from himself.

"See you there," he said and with a wave apparated home.

He usually tried to go out on a quip of some description, but he was thinking far too hard about his object of affection to be sure he wouldn't say anything stupid.

Walking up the stairs from the entrance hall of the manor he headed for his room to bathe and change.

"Draco," his mother said, appearing at the top of the stairs, "are you going out again?"

"We're headed for a club this evening," he said walking towards her instead, "but I'd be happy to drop you somewhere first if you would like."

His mother had not been prosecuted as a Death Eater, but it was clear she had done some things that were not completely forgivable given her adult status and had hence been penalised. Narcissa had had her apparition licence revoked for five years and been fined heavily, both of which meant she could not travel as freely as she once had.

"Thank you, darling," she said with a smile, obviously appreciating the gesture, "but I was planning on staying in tonight anyway. I have a visitor arriving later and I was just going to warn you if you were staying in."

Draco nodded, but did not comment. Since his father had been killed in a bungled Death Eater raid after his escape from Azkaban, his mother had been in mourning, but after the war ended she had acquired a lover. She had been quite honest about it and Draco had known from the start, but they did not speak of it directly in respect for his father's memory. The visitor reference was their private code for the issue.

"I probably won't be back until very late," he said, as his mind flicked back to his own problem.

"Then I shall kiss you goodnight now," Narcissa said and stepped forward to peck him on the cheek.

He smiled at that; no one who saw them outside the house would probably believe how affectionate his mother really was.

"Mum," he said before he could turn away and change his mind, "you know the whole Veela thing?"

She nodded.

"There's something I didn't tell you," he admitted.

His mother had been the first person he had gone to when he had seen the changes in himself, but he hadn't shared with her everything he had found out.

"It's not just the allure," he said quickly, not wanting to lose his nerve; "I have the mating drive too. I seem to have fixated on Harry Potter."

There was shock on his mother's features for a moment, but surprisingly she smiled rather fondly after a moment.

"Oh, Draco," she said, reaching out and cupping his face with her hand, "you have been agonising over this haven't you?"

He nodded, after all it was true.

"You've always had good taste," his mother told him, "and Mr Potter would be your perfect match. I assume you are going to approach him tonight."

Draco's thought processes hadn't reached that far, but, when his mother said it, he realised that was what his subconscious was suggesting. He nodded as he made his decision.

"I wish you luck, my darling son, and I thoroughly approve," Narcissa said and gave him another peck on the cheek. "Bring him to breakfast tomorrow if you can entice him home, I would love to meet him properly."

And with that his mother turned and walked back towards her suite of rooms while Draco just stood there. Maybe his mother was more forward thinking than he had ever given her credit for.

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Draco arrived at the club wearing black from head to foot. He knew he looked stunning and he had styled his hair to play off the androgynous look he had now. Since he was going after his man he didn't want to look too masculine; if Potter really was as innocent as he expected he definitely didn't want to frighten him away. The others were already in a booth since he had taken a little longer than half an hour to get ready and he waved as he walked towards them. Finnegan at least gave him an appreciative up and down, but then everyone knew Seamus would shag anything with a pulse.

Potter gave him a warm smile, but didn't so much as blink as he sat down next to the Gryffindor in the only available seat left.

"You should wear black more often, Draco," Hermione said cheerfully from where she was sitting on the other side of the table, "you look stunning this evening."

Weasley began turning red around the edges at his wife's comments and the last thing Draco wanted was an explosion this early in the evening.

"Why thank you, Mrs Granger-Weasley, it's always lovely to receive compliments from beautiful women, even if they are spoken for," he said in his most charming voice.

That worked well since Weasley didn't seem to know how to react to his wife being complimented in such a manner. Draco turned on the allure just a little as well and saw it relax everyone, well everyone except Potter. Why his fixation had to be immune to his one advantage was something he would have liked to discuss with the universe, but he was sure fate was laughing far too hard to pay attention.

"So who needs another?" he asked and looked around the table to see what everyone was drinking.

At least he could distract himself until he had a chance to be alone with Potter, which came faster than he expected when he returned from the bar. Potter was sitting alone in their booth and glancing over at the dance floor he could see where everyone else was. The beat was fast and it was some Muggle tune, but magical folk and Muggles alike seemed to be enjoying it. On any other night Draco would have made his way onto the dance floor as well, but he wasn't going to unless he could take Potter with him this time.

"Been abandoned?" he asked, slipping back into his seat and leaving the tray of drinks in the middle of the table.

"As always," Potter replied with a slight smile, "given my two left feet."

"No one has two left feet," Draco said, leaning back and taking a sip of his drink; "people who think they have just haven't found a reason to dance yet."

Potter laughed at that.

"You've really never seen me dance then, well except at the Yule ball," Potter said; "I suck."

"Promise?" Draco said and raised one eyebrow before he thought about what he was saying.

The way Potter blushed was really very endearing.

"Wouldn't you like to know," Potter tried to joke back, but it was obvious that he was embarrassed.

Draco felt a lump form in his throat as he realised his opening was right in front of him not twenty minutes into the evening.

"Actually I wouldn't mind finding out," he said, letting the humour fade from his voice.

He had had plans within plans whirling around in his head as he showered and changed and now they were all in a pile around his feet. It seemed that Gryffindorishness was catching. For a few seconds Potter just looked at him.

"I'm flattered," were not the words he was really expecting, "but I'm not really into one night stands."

It took a while for Draco's brain to process that and he could see the insecurity in his target raising its ugly head again. How someone so powerful and so perfect could be so unsure of himself was beyond Draco, although given his hormonal state he realised his outlook could be a little biased.

"Who said anything about a one night stand?" he said eventually since there was no point in beating around the bush.

Potter looked a little surprised at that.

"Look, Po...Harry," he said, mentally relabelling his obsession as he made his play, "I don't know what you may have heard about me, but no matter what my image may be, I'm not a player, well not anymore anyway."

"I hadn't heard anything actually," Harry replied after a moment, "but why would you want anything more from me?"

Draco looked very hard at Harry then and came to the conclusion that Harry's insecurities ran even deeper than he had expected.

"You mean because I don't need your money and I don't need the prestige of an Order of Merlin first class because you made them give me one of those too?" he asked bluntly.

It was clear that subtle would not work in the current situation and Harry looked rather uncomfortable with the question.

"Harry, believe it or not, I'm interested in you for you, nothing that might come with your name," Draco revealed as straightforwardly as he knew how. "I've known you for a very long time, remember?"

"So have a lot of other people," Harry pointed out.

"I've watched you reject person after person for months," Draco said, leaning forward so that Harry knew he was serious; "you seriously undervalue yourself you know."

Harry looked away and Draco didn't like the way his friend and current lust object seemed to not believe him.

"People have only ever wanted me because of my name," Harry said in a tone that was only just about audible above the music of the club.



"Possibly," Draco replied because he was not about to dig into that whole minefield, "but I promise I have no interest in your name, more your arse and what's hidden under that ugly shirt."

One of the things Draco was going to have to do if he and Harry were going to have a future was take his obsession shopping; Harry really had horrible taste in clothes. It was as if Harry had never had a chance to choose clothes and so just went for the first thing he found.

Harry was going a lovely pink colour again, but the bashful Gryffindor did turn back.

"Why?" Harry asked and it was clear it was a genuine question.

"Because you may have terrible taste in clothes," Draco said honestly, "but underneath you're gorgeous and so incredibly innocent that people would kill to attract you."

He knew he was being mushier than he normally would have been, but Harry seemed to bring that out in him. His inner Veela was purring in appreciation of every advance he made towards Harry. The way Harry looked down at himself and frowned was not settling, but so far Harry wasn't running away.

"I do not have terrible taste in clothes," Harry protested and Draco felt like hitting his head on the table.

"Yes you do," he said very definitely, "trust me on that one. We are going to have to educate you on that at some point no matter what, but that really wasn't my point. I have very good reasons for being interested in you that have nothing to do with who you are or what you may have done."

Harry still didn't look convinced. For the first time Draco considered the fact that Harry might actually be incapable of believing him.

"Harry," Draco said after a few moments, "I'm going to tell you something, something that is possibly the biggest secret my family have, but I think you need to know."

At least Harry looked surprised about that.

"I have impeccable taste," Draco said, trying to make light of what he was about to say, "but I also have other instincts to back it up."

Literally no one outside of his family had any idea about his heritage and the Slytherin part of him didn't want to mention it now, but the Veela was urging him to do everything that was necessary and honesty was definitely important to Harry. He was completely torn, but if there was one thing he knew without a doubt was that he trusted Harry. Harry would go to the line for anyone he called

friend, Draco knew it personally because Harry had defended him on many occasions even before they were more acquaintances than friends. He moved closer so he could speak more quietly.

"You may have noticed I've changed somewhat," Draco said, starting his opening gambit.

Harry gave a small nod.

"It wasn't just the end of the war then?" Harry asked quietly.

Draco smiled slightly and shook his head.

"That is what I've been pretending," he revealed in a conspiratorial tone, "but no, it's a little more fundamental than that, although it did happen because peace was declared."

The expression on Harry's face was rather adorable as the Gryffindor looked at him with a little frown of concentration.

"My family has been hiding something about our heritage," Draco said, allowing his voice to drop as he leaned in close to Harry; "we have Veela blood in the line."

The fact that Harry didn't look as shocked as he had expected led Draco to believe that Harry really didn't understand why that was significant.

"Veela always breed female if the traits show," Draco said, hoping to give Harry some context, "except my family. One of my ancestors had the same dubious taste in spells as some of my relatives and overrode the female prerogative. I'm male, but I have Veela traits."

It was quite clear that Harry still didn't understand quite why what he was saying was important.

"My Veela side woke up because everything is calm now," he continued to explain, "and Veela have a mating drive. There's nothing like Veela instincts for picking out the perfect match and mine is you."

Harry looked rather taken aback by that and his little frown became deeper.

"So you're interested in me because you're at the mercy of your instincts?"

Draco almost did hit his head on the table then; Harry really knew how to take a psychological flaw that one step further than everyone else.

"I'm not at the mercy of anything," Draco said and made a small cross his heart gesture. "If I was I'd have jumped you by now. Ask Hermione if you have to, but

she will confirm that Veela instincts are about the best you can get. The crux of the matter is that I like you for you and would be very interested in pursuing a relationship if you would do me the honour."

Harry face was a picture and Draco had to wonder if Harry really was as clueless as he appeared. It was endearing, but a little annoying at the same time.

"Come and dance," Draco said as he glanced away and saw Finnegan returning to the booth, "what do you have to lose?"

"My dignity," he heard Harry mutter, but when he moved to get up he could not help feeling pleased when Harry moved as well.

Finnegan looked surprised as Draco walked passed with Harry in tow and it took quite a lot of effort for him not crow his success to the whole club. It wasn't quite where he wanted to be, but Harry was actually following him.

"I feel ridiculous," Harry said as Draco took his companion's hand and pulled him into the throng of bodies.

"Just go with the flow," Draco replied over the music, "you're a Gryffindor, you lot are good at that."

Harry really didn't look so sure, but Draco was not about to let his prize go now. The beat was hard and thumping through the dance floor like some manic heart and Draco found them a small space, turned to face Harry and let himself absorb the rhythm, closing his eyes as he did so. When he had the feel of it deep in his core as he liked he opened his eyes again and quickly lent forward to place a quick kiss on Harry's lips. Almost instantly after that he started to dance.

Dancing to this kind of beat was not about thinking, it was about feeling and he just let himself move. It wouldn't do to pounce on Harry too fast or he might scare his prize away, so he danced, aware of Harry close to him, but not trying to pull Harry into anything yet. Losing himself in the music he let the Veela out to play forgetting who he always pretended to be and revealing the reality. What he did not expect when he dragged himself back to the real world was to find Harry standing in front of him just staring. It brought him to a gentle stop as Harry's incredibly green eyes seemed to drain the energy out of him.

"What?" he mouthed since they were so close to the speakers that hearing properly was impossible.

Rather than trying to reply Harry took his hand and led him off the dance floor towards the back of the club, away from the noise and away from the booth they had taken. For once in his life Draco had absolutely no idea how to handle the situation. Harry came to a stop and then turned to face him looking very unsure.

"Kiss me," were not the words he thought he was about to hear.

For a moment Draco just stared and then he decided that he wasn't about to say no to that opportunity. Since Harry looked like he might bolt at any second, Draco decided it was now or never, but he moved in slowly. Somehow Harry had ended up slightly taller than him, but standing up straight was also something he was going to have to teach Harry so when he stepped up to his target they were nose to nose. Harry didn't seem to be quite sure what to do so Draco took the lead. Placing a hand gently on the back of Harry's head he turned slightly and pushed his lips carefully against Harry's.

At first there did not seem to be any response so he nipped lightly at Harry's bottom lip and then let his tongue dart across the somewhat dry surface. When Harry finally responded it was to reply to that move and Draco felt the slightest tingling when their tongues met tentatively. It didn't take them long to get into it after that and it turned out that Harry did in fact know how to kiss and kiss very well at that, however, Harry didn't seem to have much of a clue what to do with the rest of him.

When Draco ran his other arm round Harry and draped his hand over Harry's arse, giving it a gentle squeeze, there was a moment when he thought Harry might draw back in shock, but instead Harry moaned and leaned further into the kiss. Things were looking up and up, so Draco let himself enjoy the kiss without analysing it. Only when they finally drew back did he kick his brain into gear again.

"You're gorgeous, you kiss incredibly well," Draco said before Harry could voice an opinion on what they had just done, "what is there not to love?"

He shut his mouth very quickly as he realised what word he had just uttered; how to scare away a prospective partner in one easy step. Perversely Harry just kept looking at him without the slightest hint that he was about to run away.

"Is this just about sex?" Harry asked very seriously.

"No," Draco said without the slightest hesitation.

Draco desperately wanted the sex, but, over the months he had been observing, he had come to realise he wanted all that was Harry as well.

"Then I think," Harry said, pausing in just the wrong place, "I might be interested."

The smile that burst onto Draco's face was completely outside his control and thankfully for his dignity his Veela was only madly jumping up and down on the inside.

"I think I'd like to dance now," Harry said simply and taking his hand led his back onto the dance floor.

Draco decided that he could live with that.

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They had to have danced for a good hour and, despite his earlier protests, Harry did have rhythm. Harry also didn't seem to mind in the slightest when Draco moved in close; it wasn't quite having sex with their clothes on, but it was close and Harry seemed to enjoy it as much as Draco. When they returned to the booth laughing about the reaction a small group of women seemed to have had to their dancing it was not until he slid into the seat after Harry that he realised their friends were looking at them rather hard, or rather looking at him rather hard. It seemed the Gryffindor inquisitorial squad had landed.

It was not as if Draco hadn't expected a certain type of reaction from Harry's friends; they were a very protective set of people. It was just that in the heat of the dancing and starting to get what he so wanted he had forgotten it.

Finnegan, Weasley, Hermione, Longbottom and Smith, their token Hufflepuff were all concentrating on him as if he'd just grown another head.

"Don't," Harry said before anyone could say anything.

Draco was rather glad when all eyes shifted from him, he was beginning to think he knew what the Dark Lord might have felt like at the final battle.

"You and Malfoy?" Weasley finally had the guts to say something.

"Me and Draco what?" Harry said and Draco was quite proud of Harry's completely innocent expression.

"We saw you dancing, Harry," Hermione pointed out, Draco just raised his eyebrow when she looked at him.

Harry's grin almost made him lose his cool Slytherin exterior.

"Yeah," Harry said cheerfully, "that was fun."

"Neville saw you kissing too," Hermione added.

"That was fun too," Harry said without the slightest hint of remorse. "I am a big boy, y'know."

For a moment Draco thought Hermione was going to disagree with that, but she didn't. It appeared that Harry's friends were as aware of Harry's lack of experience as Draco was.

"Hermione," Draco said, breaking the silence as he came to a decision, "could I have a word please?"

He indicated a space just past the bar. Hermione looked dubious for a second, but then nodded and Draco stopped any protest from Harry by squeezing Harry's leg under the table. He stood up and walked away from the booth, not stopping or turning until he was in the spot he had indicted, then he spoke before Hermione could ask a question.

"I'm part Veela," he said simply, "an active part."

He watched as the light dawned in Hermione's eyes.

"Oh," was all Hermione said, "I see."

"I would appreciate it if the information didn't go any further," he told her, "and I have mentioned it to Harry."

He knew Hermione would know exactly what he was talking about since they had researched together during the war. Hermione had a formidable brain and more information stored than he cared to think about; he had no doubt she understood perfectly.

"Right," Hermione said with a nod, "that makes more sense now, but just so we're clear; if you side step your instincts and hurt him in any way I will have your balls for earrings."

That's what he liked about Hermione; she could be nice and polite most of the time and just tell it like it was when she wanted to.

"Perfectly clear," Draco said.

They headed back to the table and slid back into their seats. It was clear the others had been waiting and had not spoken much since they had been gone.

"None of our business," Hermione said very firmly and Draco watched all of the men open their mouths to protest and then shut them again when she glared at them.

Sometimes it was very useful being friends with Hermione Granger-Weasley.

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"The look on Ron's face was priceless," Harry said, laughing as they wandered down the road to the nearest floo point; "I can't believe you convinced Hermione so fast."

They were both rather drunk and had left the others still partying in the club. Apparating was not recommended for drunk wizards so the floo point was their only way home. Being open to Muggles, the club itself didn't have one.

"I just told her the truth," Draco replied, linking his arm through Harry's. "Hermione is a bright girl; I didn't have to explain anything."

"Brightest witch of our generation," Harry agreed as they headed for the all night café that only magical folk could see.

They wandered in and Draco paid the witch behind the counter for two lots of floo powder, one of which he gave to Harry.

"Thanks," Harry said, looking at the tiny pouch rather thoughtfully. "It's been a fun evening," Harry began again after a while, "I haven't had that much fun in, well, ever."

"Me either," Draco replied and it wasn't just a line; his Veela part was a very happy magical creature at the moment and it was not just the alcohol that was giving him a buzz.

Harry leant forward and gave him what he assumed was a good night kiss.

"Aren't you going to invite me home so we can finish it properly?" Harry whispered in his ear as they pulled apart.

For a split second Draco was shocked beyond belief and then he decided that maybe under the insecurities Harry was a red blooded male after all.

"I didn't want to push," he said quietly, "but I would love you to come to the manor if you would like to."

"I would like to," Harry replied and blushed, which made Draco's Veela want to scoop Harry up and take him home to protect him from the entire world.

His inner Slytherin wanted to put the Veela down for its own good, but at the moment didn't have much say in the matter.

"I'll go through first," he said, wondering why his stomach had suddenly decided to do flipflops for no discernable reason he could fathom; "give me five minutes to set the floo so you can come through and then step in."

"See you there," Harry said with a wave as Draco stepped into the floo and spoke the name of his home.

The Malfoy floo connection was the best money could buy and could be set to receive only family members or people registered to it. As soon as he stepped out he set it to allow all visitors and then tried to stem the sudden attack of nerves

he seemed to have developed. He was getting what he wanted, what he'd been dreaming about for months and yet his Slytherin cool seemed to be deserting him. He put it down to sexual tension and refused to look at it any closer.

When Harry all but fell out of his fireplace he caught him before he could head butt the marble floor.

"One day you are going to have to learn to floo gracefully," Draco said, more to cover his nerves than anything else as he stood Harry upright.

"You've been doing it since you were a child," Harry complained in a good natured tone, "I never had the chance. The day I don't fall on my arse when I come out of the floo system will be the day hell freezes over."

Draco added that to his mental list of things to teach Harry as he closed off the floo again.

"Welcome to Malfoy Manor," he said brightly once he was finished, "my suite's this way. Would you like something to drink?"

"Suite?" Harry asked as Draco led the way out of the reception room.

"The house is so big mother and I shut a lot of it up unless we have guests," Draco explained as they headed for the stairs. "We both have a suite of rooms we mostly live in, although we do use the dining room for meals. I have a bedroom, a bathroom, a lounge and a study that are purely for me."

"You could get my whole flat in the room we just left," Harry said, but he didn't seem to be complaining, more observing a fact.

"Ever considered a bigger place to live?" Draco asked, since the nervous pit in his stomach seemed less large when they were talking about trivialities.

"I suppose I could," Harry replied, "but I've never really thought about it; I don't need much space. I have enough trouble keeping what I have tidy."

"House elves, Harry, house elves," Draco said with a laugh.

"After Kreacher I think I'd rather not bother," Harry revealed as they climbed the stairs.

Number 12 Grimauld Place had been a base for the Light during the war, but it had been destroyed when Kreacher had somehow sent word to the Death Eaters and revealed its location. No one was completely sure how it had been done since Dumbledore as secret keeper was dead and it should not have been possible to reveal the location except for Harry who was the legal owner. Hermione's only theory on the subject had been to do with house elf magic interacting with the



secret keeper spell, but there was no clear evidence as to what had happened since Kreacher had gone down with his ship as it were.

"Then a house keeper," Draco said reasonably, "it's not like you can't afford one."

Harry looked rather surprised by that idea.

"Y'know that never occurred to me," Harry said and Draco opened the door to his rooms and indicated Harry should go first.

Harry stopped just inside the door and simply stood there.

"Wow," seemed to be Harry's honest response.

Draco knew he had lived in the lap of luxury all his life, but he didn't think his lounge was that impressive. It only had two Chesterfield sofas, a couple of chairs and a few pieces of art in it.

"Harry," he said, not wanting to make a big thing of it, "you're blocking the doorway."

"What? Oh sorry," Harry said, moving straight away. "I don't think I've ever seen a living room so grand."

"My mother is a superb decorator," Draco said, removing his jacket and lying it over the back of one of the sofas. "Now, you never did tell me if you'd like a drink."

Harry walked around looking at everything and seemed completely oblivious to the question.

"Harry?" Draco prompted gently.

"Sorry," Harry apologised again; "um, no, I think I've had enough thanks. In fact, could I use your loo please?"

Draco grinned; he too was feeling the after effects of too much liquid.

"Through the study, into the bedroom and the bathroom is on your right," he directed.

With a quick thank you, Harry disappeared and Draco was pretty sure it was nerves getting the better of his companion as well. Being alone he had time to think and his nervousness kicked back in as well so he walked through to the bedroom to wait for his turn in the bathroom while trying to calm his thoughts.

"I'll only be a moment," he said when Harry reappeared; "make yourself comfortable."

He quickly closed the door to the bathroom and used the facilities before washing his hands and bending over the sink to try and collect himself. It really was ridiculous what he was feeling; it wasn't as if he was new at this. Before he had fixated on Harry he had had time to try out the male of the species, since his Veela heritage had made him rather sexually focussed for a while. Once he had picked Harry that had gone away, rather as if he had been trying out what was on offer until he found what he needed, but he had had more than one encounter before that.

Splashing water on his face he did his best to will away the erection that was making itself known at the thoughts going through his head and then he turned back to the door. What he did not expect to see when he walked back into his bedroom was Harry lying on his bed propped up on elbows.

"Well you did say make myself comfortable," Harry said with a grin that was so full of false bravado that it could have been stuck on.

Realising that Harry had to be about a hundred times more nervous than he was, he took a deep breath, pulled himself together and went and sat on the edge of the bed. Clearly that had not been what Harry was expecting.

"Harry," he said, trying to keep his voice completely calm, "we don't have to do anything if you're not comfortable with it. We have plenty of time and you don't have to rush into this because you think I want it. For the record, I do want it, but I can wait."

Harry looked at him and then slowly crawled over to him and sat down on the edge of the bed next to him.

"I'm that obvious?" he asked, clearly embarrassed.

"I can tell you're nervous," Draco said, not wanting Harry to feel any worse, "and that's understandable for someone who hasn't done anything like this before..."

"How did you..?" Harry started to ask and Draco just gave him a look.

"Harry, you are a veteran when it comes to evil wizards, but I didn't need to be sensitive to the subtleties of you body language to know you haven't done this before," he explained, hoping that he would not embarrass Harry further. "Have you even slept with a girl?"

Harry went a lovely shade of red and shook his head.

"Thought not," Draco said, "and that's not terrible, Harry, honestly; you've been busy, but this won't work if we're not honest with each other. Rushing in where angels fear to tread may be a Gryffindor thing to do, but in this case you don't have to. I don't mind."

For a while Harry stared at the floor seemingly thinking.

"No," Harry finally said and looked back at him, "I want to do this. I'm just ... that is ... I'm not really sure how."

Draco smiled at that; the trust Harry was giving him made him very happy.

"Well to start with there are a couple of spells that we can get out of the way," he said, enjoying the idea of teaching Harry the joys of sex. "Then, whatever we decide to do later we'll be ready for. They're hygiene and protection spells."

Harry just nodded and Draco pulled his wand from the wrist holster he was wearing. The spells were very simple and he cast them on both of them feeling the familiar sensation of being clean inside and out as well as the gentle sensation of the protection spells sinking into his skin. From the look on his face, Harry found the sensations very odd, but Harry being Harry did not complain.

"Is that it?" Harry asked as Draco stood up and put his wand on the bedside table.

"Yes," Draco replied, "I'd be happy to teach you both spells when we are not otherwise occupied."

Just the idea of what Harry was hiding under the truly hideous shirt and ill fitting jeans had him hard and there was no willing away this erection.

"Why don't we start with a little kissing?" he suggested and released the first few buttons on his shirt. "I know first hand how good you are at that."

Harry seemed to relax a little at that suggestion and although Draco had to make the first move it was not long before Harry was putting as much into it as he was. After he was almost skewered in the temple by Harry's glasses he pulled back.

"How much can you see without your glasses?" he asked, considering his next move.

"Enough," Harry replied seemingly on the same page as he was, so he smiled, took hold of the frames and threw the glasses onto the couch on the other side of the room.

That was much better.

When he found himself flat on his back with Harry leaning over him, hands wandering all over the place, he could only conclude that Harry had picked up some tips from when they had been dancing. As Harry's hand slipped under his shirt, he was very glad that Gryffindors could be trained.

For quite a while Draco let himself enjoy the kissing and the touching, but his erection soon began to make it known that it was being ignored, especially when Harry's hand almost touched it. It was time to step up the game a little and so Draco decided to take charge again. He pushed Harry onto his back and then began undoing clothes; he was very, very glad to move the hideous shirt out of the way.

"I really ... am ... going ... to ... have ... to ... teach ... you ... to ... dress," Draco said, as he kissed his way down Harry's chest, "but ... for ... now ... I'll ... stick ... to ... undressing."

Any protest Harry might have made was lost when Draco did not stop with the shirt and continued his releasing of buttons on Harry's jeans as well. Even the baggy clothes could not hide the fact that Harry was definitely interested in the proceedings. At least there was no problem with getting the clothes off since they didn't exactly fit and Harry didn't seem to mind when Draco urged him to lift his hips. Harry blushed beautifully when Draco took one look at the Gryffindor's underwear and lifted a questioning eyebrow. Boxers covered in little teddy bears hadn't been what he had expected to see.

"Hermione gave them to me for Christmas," was Harry's only excuse.

Draco just shook his head in despair; he was beginning to think he was going to have to incinerate Harry's entire wardrobe and just start again; couldn't have a new member of the Malfoy family walking around in such terrible clothes. Catching that thought he mentally back peddled; his Veela was getting ahead of the game.

With great relish he whipped the boxers off and threw them into the corner of the room, hopefully never to be found again by human hand; Harry could borrow some of his and the house elves would dispose of the offending garment. The boxers were quickly forgotten when his eyes alighted on the prize he had revealed. Harry was very much standing to attention and to Draco his lover looked to be just the perfect size. Of course he was biased since his Veela was all but crowing at him, but he didn't care.

"Oh, Harry," he said, licking his lips; "what have you been hiding?"

He let his eyes run all over the delightful body he had just revealed. The baggy clothes really didn't do Harry justice, because whatever mysterious job it was Harry did in the Ministry it definitely kept him in shape. The little voice at the back of his head that seemed to have turned into a mother hen when it came to Harry pointed out that his lover could do with eating a little more, but the muscles under the pale skin were definitely sculpted.

"You have no idea what I want to do to you," Draco said with a mischievous smile.

"Then tell me," Harry's voice was husky and uncertain, but by the way the Gryffindor's erection twitched, Draco got the message.

"Do I detect a kink, Mr Potter?" Draco asked, leaning over Harry and running a finger up Harry's leg, past his lover's groin and coming to rest in the centre of Harry's chest. "Would you like me to tell you every little thing I'm going to do?"

Harry just swallowed very hard as he looked the Gryffindor in the eye and then Harry nodded almost imperceptibly. Things were becoming more and more interesting, who knew how many other kinks Draco would find lurking behind Harry's innocent exterior.

"First of all I'm going to tease you," Draco said, quite happy to play up to what Harry wanted and letting one manicured nail wander over Harry's chest as he spoke. "I'm going to touch you slowly, just using my fingertips and nails to make pretty patterns on your lovely pale skin."

He started doing as he had said, watching carefully to see Harry's reaction to each glide of his fingers. The way Harry's breathing sped up every time Draco let his hand descend below Harry's navel made him do it several more times than he had at first intended.

"Look at that, Harry," Draco began again as he watched the effect his ministrations were having on Harry, "is that for me?"

He reached down and danced one finger over the now glistening head of Harry's erection, eliciting the most delightful noise from Harry.

"Spread you legs for me, Harry," he said, slowly running the same finger down the underside of Harry's engorged cock.

It pleased him no end when Harry did as he was told without hesitation.

"I want to hear you moan some more, Harry," Draco said as he ghosted his fingers over Harry's balls and onto the soft skin behind. "I'm going to stroke you and squeeze you and make you moan really loudly. Then I'm going to take your cock in my warm, moist mouth and suck slowly on the head, running my tongue up and down, just so."

He let his tongue dart onto his lips and saw Harry's eyes zero in instantly.

"I'm going to have you begging to come, Harry," he continued, starting his assault by cupping Harry's balls and ever so gently squeezing, "and then," he said, moving slowly down the bed as he gave Harry's cock a firm stroke, "I'm not going to let you."

Harry whimpered beautifully at that announcement so Draco set about doing just as he had promised. Everything about Harry was delightful to him and once he

had Harry's cock in his mouth he almost pushed Harry too far because he didn't want to give up his wonderful treat. Some magical creatures were addicted to blood, Veela, it seemed, were addicted to something else and he had to force himself back before he took Harry all the way over the edge. It wouldn't do not to carry through on his proclamations.

He sat up, still stroking Harry gently to survey his handiwork, and he was pleased with what he saw. Harry was sprawled on the bed, one arm thrown up above his head and legs spread wide to give Draco access. Harry didn't look so innocent now.

"If I had a quill I think I would write 'Property of Draco Malfoy' right along here," he said, letting his thumb run from the head of Harry's cock to his lover's ball sac.

Harry muttered something then, but it wasn't exactly coherent and the only word Draco caught was 'bastard' which made him smile broadly.

"In a minute, Harry," Draco said, crawling up onto his hands and knees so he was leaning over his lover, "I'm going to go over there," he pointed to the chair next to the bed, "and I'm going to take the jar of lube out of the bedside cabinet. I'm going to make you watch as I slowly stretch myself until you're all but falling off the bed wanting to touch me. Then I'm going to push you down on the bed and ever so slowly lower myself onto you until you can barely stand the tight heat. After that Harry," he said, lowering himself so they were almost nose to nose, "I'm going to let you fuck me until I scream your name."

Harry's bright green eyes opened in shock at that and Draco could tell that Harry rather liked that idea.

"But first," he said, once again snatching the illusion of control from his lover, "I'm going to do something I know you'll like. On your hands and knees, lover."

For a moment Harry looked a little worried, but quickly seemed to get over it. The way he moved though, he was having a little trouble with sensible motor control that gave Draco a nice smug feeling at his accomplishment.

"Just relax," Draco said, moving up behind Harry and running fingers over his lover's arse, "you'll enjoy this."

He had no intention of describing what he was about to do because half the fun of this would be Harry's reaction. Stroking gently he spread the cheeks of Harry's arse and then he lent in. The first stroke of his tongue against that little puckered entrance caused Harry's arms to collapse, but Draco didn't really mind because it actually gave him a better angle.

"Draco," Harry panted out his name almost like a prayer and so he rewarded his lover by lavishing more attention on the same spot.

Harry didn't seem to know whether to moan, groan or say something, which resulted in the most interesting selection of sounds Draco had heard in a long while. He was more than happy to continue until he had Harry begging for mercy. It didn't take much time at all ultimately as Harry literally trembled under his touch.

"Please," Harry begged, trying to push back against him for the hundredth time.

"Please what, lover?" Draco asked, withdrawing his attentions completely.

"Please let me come," Harry said, his inhibitions clearly overwhelmed by arousal.

"Not quite yet," Draco said and swiped a finger over Harry's already sensitive entrance to make his point.

Harry groaned and rolled over when he was pushed so that he was lying on his side and Draco climbed off the bed very aware he was the centre of Harry's attention. His clothes were a little dishevelled, but he had yet to remove anything, so he sauntered over to the chair making sure to wiggle his arse as he went. He decided he might as well let the feminine side out a little since this was as close as he was going to get. Considering how tight his trousers were he was feeling very male at the moment, but that didn't stop him wanting to put on a show.

Almost as if he could still hear the music from the club in his head he began to strip, moving slowly but deliberately to a regular beat and making sure he had Harry's complete attention all along the way. Harry didn't seem to know what to do with himself. As he stripped off his last garment, he opened the drawer in the bedside cabinet and took out the bottle of lube he had purchased several months ago. Then he smiled coyly at Harry and sat down on the chair beside the cabinet.

Spreading his legs, he lifted one and placed it carefully over the stuffed part of the arm of the chair. He wanted to show Harry everything he was doing to let Harry know that this was for him. He was for Harry now and it was important for Harry to understand. In this moment he wanted to give everything he had to his lover and he slowly dripped the scented lube onto his fingers.

He watched Harry watching him as he moved his fingers down, feeling backwards until he found his entrance and slowly pushed one digit in. It was not a new sensation to him, but it had been several months, from October all the way to February since he had pursued anyone else or done this to himself and it took a second to adjust. He relaxed quickly, but even though he was determined to put on a show, now that he was actually touching himself, he felt the need to connect with Harry properly growing. He stretched himself as quickly as he dared making sure that Harry was watching every move.

One finger soon became two and he moved then in and out of himself savouring the sensation and trying to hold off the need that was forcing him onward. His

muscles were relaxing easily; he wanted this and it was easy to urge his body in the correct state.

Harry wanted to climb off the bed and come to him, it was very obvious and as he pushed three fingers into himself he let his eyes fall closed and a moan pass his lips for the first time. The slight burn was familiar and welcome and urged his arousal higher. His cock was throbbing with need, but he had no intention of touching himself there. For once both sides of his nature were in perfect alignment, human and Veela, male and female and he pulled his hand free, climbing to his feet knowing that he was ready.

All he had to do was look at Harry and his lover lay down on his back in the centre of the bed waiting for him. It took him no time at all to climb onto the bed and straddle Harry. This was the moment he had been waiting for since he had first laid eyes on Harry at the evening classes; this was the completion of what he had been working for and, he hoped, the beginning of so much more.

Taking hold of Harry's cock, he manoeuvred them into position and carefully lowered himself onto it, feeling them join millimetre by millimetre. It hurt a little, but Draco really didn't care as he gave himself to Harry and the arousal this knowledge caused in him coursed through him, removing everything else. It was wonderful and the feeling of completeness it caused in him took his breath away in equal measure to the sexual high he was experiencing.

He sank all the way onto Harry, taking everything Harry had to give and then for a moment he sat there, head back, eyes closed and just revelled in the sensation. They remained in perfect stillness for several seconds and then he looked down at Harry.

"Make me scream your name," he said simply, and he meant it.

Harry did not need any further instructions and, proving that all the muscle Draco had admired earlier was working, Harry lifted his hips, bringing them even closer together. Now Draco let himself moan, releasing the reins of control to his lover as Harry slowly pulled back and then thrust up into him again. He had felt this before, this sensation of being filled and taken, but it had never been like this before. This was not just the satisfaction of some physical need, this was so much more.

As they moved Draco felt himself coming alive in a way he had never imagined before and every touch seemed magnified. He moved against Harry as Harry moved into him again and again, but it was not enough. He wanted more and deeper, but their current position would not allow it.

"Harry," he said, voice full of the longing, "I need more ... please."

He need not have worried since Harry was moving almost before he spoke. They pulled apart and he moved onto his hands and knees, spreading his legs quickly



so that Harry could move in behind him. He did not like the sense of loss he felt as Harry pulled out and he moaned his appreciation as soon as he had Harry back. This was better, Harry had more leverage and when Harry pushed in this time it was harder.

Draco wanted to lose his mind in the sensations; he wanted Harry to have everything he had, even his sanity and he didn't care about anything else.

"Harder," he begged as Harry pulled back and pushed into him a second time.

He could feel that Harry didn't want to hurt him, but he knew that wouldn't happen; he was ready for this like he had never been ready for anything in his life. He pushed back when Harry thrust into him and they came together with a slap of flesh on flesh; this was what he wanted, what he needed and he forced them into a brutal rhythm.

He had found heaven and he was reaching for bliss.

"Oh god, Draco," he heard Harry say, "I can't ... I'm going to..."

But Draco didn't need Harry's words he could already feel it and he was almost there as well. He didn't even need to touch himself as his body surrendered to Harry's and found ecstasy.

"Harry," he all but screamed as he felt the beginnings of his orgasm and they came together one last time.

Harry, his Harry shuddering into him was all it took to force him over the edge and he felt his body begin to shake. Then something shifted. Draco didn't know what was happening; he felt something that was so overpowering that it was caught between pleasure and pain, and the orgasm that had just begun to rip through his system paled into insignificance. The room around him disappeared and all he could see was a golden light as he fell forward, blackness engulfing him in its warm embrace.

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"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, please don't be dead."

The terrified words seeped into the comfortable blackness drawing him back towards the waking world and Draco slowly opened his eyes to find that he was being cradled in Harry's arm. Harry was rocking back and forwards slowly repeating a variation of the words that had dragged him back, over and over again. Harry was obviously distraught.

Trying to move, Draco discovered that every muscle in his body ached, but he couldn't feel any permanent damage.

"Harry," he said and found his voice a little uncooperative, "I'm okay."

The rocking stopped, but Harry was still holding him tightly.

"I'm sorry," Harry said, voice muffled since it felt as if Harry had his face buried in Draco's hair.

"It's okay," Draco tried to reassure his lover even though he had no idea what had actually happened.

"I didn't know it would happen," Harry sounded so distressed that all Draco wanted to do was comfort him.

The Veela in him and the man wanted the same thing on that point.

"Please let me up, Harry," he said, speaking as if to a child, since Harry seemed quite out of it.

When he was released, he sat up, his body complained a little, but it was not too bad and he immediately turned to Harry. His lover was sitting in the middle of the bed with his head hung low. The first thing Draco did was reach out and made Harry look at him.

"I'm fine," he said, making sure to look Harry directly in the eye as he was speaking. "Please tell me what happened."

For a few moments Harry did not speak and Draco was worried his lover was going into shock.

"My shields broke," Harry finally spoke, "I'm so sorry, I didn't know. I let go and they broke."

Harry wasn't making a great deal of sense.

"Harry," Draco said, making sure to keep Harry's full attention, "what did I feel?"

"Fawkes," Harry said shortly.

That didn't make any sense.

"I don't understand," Draco admitted; he did not know what Dumbledore's phoenix could have had to do with anything.

"Fawkes is in me," Harry said, pointing to his chest. "He came to me the summer after Dumbledore died; he spoke to me in my head. He was so sad and I could feel how old he was and he was tired. He didn't want to go on any more, he had seen too many of his friends die. The only way for a phoenix to die is to give their essence to another so that they won't be born again from the fire. Fawkes offered

his to me, but he warned me his power would be difficult to control. I thought I'd controlled it a long time ago, I didn't know it would break free."

Draco did not know what to say or do; it was the most incredible thing he had ever heard. There were legends about Phoenixes choosing to give their magic to a mortal, but no one seriously believed they were anything but stories for children. The Phoenix was the most magical of creatures and the pure power that Harry had to be carrying around inside of him was staggering. It was then that Draco realised that that magic could have eradicated him with barely a thought.

"I'm sorry," Harry said again, seeming to take Draco's silence as rejection, "I should go."

"No," Draco said, catching his lover's arms before Harry could get away, "I'm not letting you go that easily."

"You were so still," Harry said, but not struggling to get away, "I could have killed you."

Draco took Harry's face in both hands.

"I know," he said firmly, "but I think I know what happened and I think I know why it had to happen."

Ideas were falling over each other inside Draco's head as his memory dragged up every bedtime story his mother had ever read to him about Phoenixes. That kind of power in the wrong hands was a scary thought and Draco's Slytherin mind was putting the pieces together.

"Harry, do you realise how pure of spirit you had to be for Fawkes to come to you?" he asked, needing to make sure Harry understood. "Power corrupts most people and things, Harry, but Fawkes judged you and saw that you would never abuse it. I think that maybe the power in you had to make sure that no one close to you would try to abuse it either."

Harry was looking confused, but a little less like he was about to fall apart at any moment.

Draco wasn't sure he liked the idea of being judged, but he wasn't dead or otherwise incapacitated so he seemed to have passed at least to some extent. He was also practical and he could see quite clearly why that judgement was necessary. A Dark Lord with the power of a Phoenix would be more than just devastating, it could be apocalyptic. At least now he knew why Harry had never told anyone what had happened that summer.

"I had no right," Harry said, clearly condemning himself.

"You didn't have a choice," Draco replied letting his left arm fall away from its current position.

It was only then that he noticed and he looked down in shock. The laugh that bubbled out of his throat was slightly hysterical, but he caught hold of himself quickly; now was not the time to fall apart.

"Besides," he said, lifting his arm and showing it to Harry, "I think you approved."

The faded dark mark that labelled him a Death Eater was gone. The mistake of a terrified sixteen year old boy had been wiped away and the implications hit him like a ton of bricks. It seemed he had been judged good. His inner Veela was jumping up and down and cheering like a loon, but his human side was more than a little stunned. He might have been fighting for the Light in the war, but he was very far from being anything but grey, at least he had thought he was.

"It's gone," was Harry's rather obvious response.

Draco couldn't help himself this time he laughed again, leaning forward and placing his forehead against Harry's.

"I love you, Harry," he said, surprising himself with his words.

He had rationalised that he had been observing Harry like a predator with prey, but he knew now that what he had actually been doing was falling in love with the reckless Gryffindor. The Veela in him was smugly enjoying what it seemed to have known all the time as his human side came to terms with the fact that Slytherin or no Slytherin he had been caught in a trap of his own making.

"I don't expect you to love me back," he said before Harry could reply; "but please don't run away from me because you think you might hurt me. If you don't want this tell me and I'll leave you alone, but I will do anything you ask to give us a chance."

Declarations of love and completely unconditional statements were not usually Draco's style, but when faced with the almost apocalyptic force that was Harry Potter he could not really be considered responsible for his own actions. At least that was his excuse and he was sticking to it.

As he pulled back, Harry was just sitting there looking at him with a rather shell shocked stare; possibly his declaration had been one shock too many.

"Okay," was what Harry finally decided to say.

Draco just blinked. No excuses, no long winded speeches just one word; it couldn't be that easy. He re-examined the memory just in case and could find no loophole in it at all. Part of Draco wanted to bounce up and down on the bed like an eleven year old, but his mature, sensible side managed to curb this to grinning

like an idiot. Not really knowing what to say he leant forward and caught Harry in as passionate kiss as he could manage.

"Do you want to try the sex without the mind blowing power surges now?" he asked as the kiss reignited his desire to reduce Harry to a quivering heap on the bed.

"I think that might be a good place to start," Harry replied, still a little shocked by the sounds of it, but warming up to Draco's plan.

Draco smiled as he began to think of things he wanted to do to Harry, or have Harry do to him. It began to occur to him where his Slytherin upbringing could be useful in this relationship and for once his Veela nature was not trying to overrule it.

When they finally fell into bed to actually sleep, Draco was very pleased with himself and with Harry. Stamina didn't seem to be something they were going to have any trouble with and Draco curled up against Harry feeling incredibly content. It was just as he was drifting off to sleep that he remembered his mother's words from earlier that night.

"You will stay for breakfast won't you," he mumbled into Harry's chest, "Mum said she wanted to meet you."

There was silence from Harry and Draco lifted his head to look at his lover; he was almost positive that Harry was not asleep and the glance confirmed it.

"You told your mother you were bringing me home tonight?" Harry asked as if he was having trouble with the notion.

"I told her I was after you and she assumed the rest," Draco said, putting his head back down and relaxing again; "shocked me too."

"Oh," Harry replied, sounding a little unsure, "okay then."

Draco smiled against Harry's chest and let his eyes drift shut.

"She's not going to grill me about my intentions towards her one and only son is she?" Harry asked, just as Draco was falling asleep.

"No," Draco said without bothering to move.

He then counted to twenty in his head.

"Well not much," he said in an offhand voice; "and she only sets the house elves on people she really doesn't like."

His Veela pointed out that he was being mean to Harry, but his inner Slytherin had to have some fun or he'd end up in a funny farm.

There was silence again for a while.

"Draco..."

**The End**