

## Limits

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**Pairing:** Harry/Draco

**Rating:** NC17/18

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**Warnings:** explicit sex, hermaphrodite

**Summary:** Humour - Draco has found the line of what he will and will not do for the Dark Lord, so he has a plan.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta. Some of you may remember me mentioning a Veela humour fic that I was writing a good ... hmmm ... eight months ago. Guess what, I finally finished it :).

**Word Count:** 10,030

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There were limits to what a Dark Lord could ask of his followers and Draco was of the distinct opinion that Voldemort had just reached it. It wasn't that he didn't appreciate the effect that the Dark Lord's latest machinations had had on him, but he hadn't even been asked and what Voldemort wanted him to do was just plain icky. When he caught that thought skipping through his brain, he had to conclude that the potion forced down his throat had affected his mind as well; icky was not exactly a word he would have chosen before.

It had taken over a month, but, looking at himself in the mirror, Draco came to the conclusion that the changes were over. The Malfoys had a guilty secret, well actually every pureblood family had a guilty secret which was how the Dark Lord had convinced most of them to join him in the first place, but the Malfoy's secret went a little deeper than the esteemed ancestors having once been pirates or something similar along those lines. Somewhere up the Malfoy family tree there was a Veela and every descendant carried a little Veela in them.

Draco had never really noticed it and the only effect it seemed to have had on his person was the blond hair and bone structure that continually had people calling him pointy as a child. He had just about been growing out of that stage, but thanks to the Dark Lord he didn't have to wait anymore. He ran his eyes over his naked form one more time and had to hand it to Snape; the potion had worked very well indeed and brought out the Veela in him. In point of fact he was now gorgeous and unlike before, where he'd been a little on the skinny side, now he had filled out in all the right places. His hair had grown out and, if he thought about it, he now looked like a younger, stunning (even if he did say so himself) version of his father.

It wasn't that the Dark Lord had chosen to turn him almost into a full Veela that was the problem; he could even have lived with the discomfort of the changes

occurring if there had been a valid reason, but all the Dark Lord wanted to do was sleep with him, and that was just ... well plain icky. That word again made him shudder.

Finding out that male Veela/human hybrids weren't actually completely male, but were in fact hermaphrodites had been a bit of a shock when he'd woken up after spending three days with the worst stomach ache of his life to find he had extra bits down below, but he had coped. It wasn't as if he was overly fond of the female of the species and his new status meant he could deal with the small problem of an heir himself so it wasn't all bad. What was bad was when he had read the book on Veela/human hybrids someone had secreted under his pillow one day to find out that the first person to shag him would more or less own him. It had been since that moment he had been planning an escape.

The problem was that with their sexual appetites Veela were predisposed to being promiscuous and nature had balanced this by giving them a mate with whom to breed. This mate just happened to be the first person they shagged and if what the book had told him was correct, Veela of this day and age had a complicated coming of age ritual to get round the whole thing, but Draco knew without a doubt the Dark Lord was never going to let him do that. What it came down to was that Voldemort wanted a sex slave and it seemed Draco was it. Considering how icky (he was going to have to kill himself if he kept thinking that word) the Dark Lord currently was, it was probably the only way the wizard was ever going to get some.

Other than the matter of actually escaping, Draco's other problem was what to do once he had freed himself. He was almost a full Veela now with Veela urges and sooner or later, probably sooner, he was going to shag someone. He doubted very much that he would have time to reach a Veela community and the likelihood of them helping him if he did was very small; it wasn't as if he had a great reputation. That was why he had come up with a plan; it was a sketchy plan, but it was all he had.

There was only one person in the Wizarding World that he could think of who would not take advantage of him. One person who would undoubtedly shag him, Draco was under no illusion that he was not going to get away without that part, but who was noble enough not to put him on a leash and lead him around like a puppy. When the idea had first occurred to him, he had considered just killing himself there and then, but, as the potion had worked, his mental attitude had begun to change and he was quite fond of the idea now. As soon as he got away he was going straight to Harry Potter.

Of course, first he had to deal with the Dark Lord and the insane Wizard's ridiculous sexual advances. The Dark Lord was mentally strong enough not to fall prey to Veela charm, at least not completely, but Draco was relying on the fact that Voldemort really hadn't gotten any for a very long time and was hence pliable. He shuddered at the idea and banished the word 'icky' from his brain before it was fully formed and turned away from the mirror.

There was a robe on the bed and it was terribly embarrassing really; all the other Death Eaters had their black robes and their masks, Draco's robe was red silk, clung to his body and had slits up both sides to show off his legs. He wasn't even allowed decent clothes anymore. The Dark Lord really did have gaudy taste; he should have known really since the Dark Mark really was way over the top.

Pulling on his robe and doing his best to ignore how nice the material felt over his already hard nipples, he prepared himself mentally to take on the Dark Lord. It was going to take everything he had to get out of the insane wizard's clutches with his virgin status still intact, but he hoped it would look less suspicious if he turned up on his own rather than having to be summoned. The Dark Lord knew the potion was about done changing him and Draco had been playing as being eager ever since the changes had really started to become apparent. He seemed to be a natural at pretending to be a brain dead moron; he'd been quite surprised.

He considered himself in the mirror and then pulled the robe off one shoulder for good measure. There was enough flesh showing to make people look, but not enough to be indecent, well not too indecent anyway. It wasn't as if everyone he met hadn't been staring at him since he'd begun to change anyway, even frigid Aunt Bellatrix had drooled at him more than once, but that could just have been the insanity; it was so difficult to tell with her.

Picking up the carafe of wine from the table he poured himself half a glass and took a sip and felt his body reject the potion he'd added to the liquid almost instantly. That was another plus point of being a Veela; it was a little known fact that the species was immune to a very large number of common Wizarding potions; this one happened to be a sleeping draft with added wormwood that would make it appear to be an aphrodisiac. Draco knew if he tried to poison the Dark Lord he'd be dead before he came within ten feet of his Lord and Master, but this potion wouldn't set off any alarms.

Swinging the carafe carelessly from one finger he pulled himself to his full height and swaggered out of the room, sipping his wine as he went. He smiled winningly at the Death Eater moron outside his room who was there for his protection according to the Dark Lord, but was of course his watch dog. The man smiled back rather stupidly as Draco turned on the charm and then followed him down the corridor like the lap dog he was. It was always fun to have pets.

He waltzed into Voldemort's chambers without bothering to make his presence known; the Dark Lord seemed to be of the opinion that there wasn't a brain cell left in his head, which worked rather nicely and he had total access.

"Ooh pretty," he said as he caught sight of the glowing map that was hovering above the table around which several members of the inner circle were sitting.

He watched the little red dots on the map sparkle for a bit before he managed to drag his eyes away from them. It wasn't his fault if he was attracted by pretty things these days and it did add to the illusion of being a brainless idiot.

"Draco," the Dark Lord's tone was surprised, but calm; Voldemort had yelled at him once for interrupting and he'd turned into a blubbing wreck and made sure it took hours to calm him down, so the Dark Lord didn't threaten him anymore.

There were major advantages to being thought of as a bimbo. No self-respecting Death Eater would cry in front of their Lord, but Draco had no problem turning on the water works and that seemed to put the Dark Lord on the wrong foot every time.

"Why are you here, Draco?" the Dark Lord asked with what Draco thought was probably supposed to be a reassuring smile. "Aren't you supposed to be sleeping?"

"It's done," Draco announced brightly and all but bounced across the room, "and it woke me up so I came to see you."

He stopped a few feet from the Dark Lord's high backed chair and let himself look worried.

"You don't want to see me do you?"

He let his lip quiver as he spoke and made his eyes big and round.

"Of course I want to see you," the Dark Lord said immediately and Draco scored himself another point in the wrapping the most evil man in history around his little finger game he'd been playing for a few weeks now, "but we're a little busy."

"Oh," Draco said as if the thought had never occurred to him.

He turned to the table and looked at all the inner circle who were looking at him.

"Daddy," he all but squealed when he recognised one of the faces under the hoods.

The inner circle did not wear their masks at these meetings, but they did keep their hoods up. Lucius had been out of Azkaban for about a week now and this was only the second time Draco had seen his father. It was after he'd put his wine down, embraced his parent, given him a quick peck on the cheek and returned to where he had been that he caught up with what he was doing. So possibly it wasn't all an act.

"Draco," Lucius eventually greeted, clearly uncomfortable, which was exactly how Draco liked him.

Lucius was far easier to manipulate when the man was unclear about exactly what was going on. Draco loved his father, but he wasn't a Slytherin for nothing.

"Draco, we're having a meeting," the Dark Lord's tone was colder this time.

"Don't mind me," Draco replied brightly and picked up his carafe again, pecked Voldemort on the cheek as if it was nothing and plopped down in the wizard's lap.

No one in the room seemed to know what to do including Voldemort.

"Draco, are you drunk?" the Dark Lord finally asked.

Draco grinned and leaned in close.

"No," he whispered in the Dark Lord's ear, "but there's something in the wine. I think someone wanted me before you so I came as soon as I realised. You should have some, it's really good stuff."

And he wiggled his behind against Voldemort's lap just to make his point.

"We will continue this tomorrow, my faithful," the Dark Lord said as if he'd been intending it all along.

No one argued with the Dark Lord and Draco waved as the inner circle bowed and hurried out the door. Once they were gone Draco offered his glass to his companion who looked at it dubiously.

"It really is good," he said, licking his lips, "I've been hard for half an hour."

For a male Veela, getting an erection was about as straightforward as breathing so Draco hadn't needed charms to fake anything. When Voldemort looked down it was quite obvious Draco was as hard as he said he was; red silk did have a few uses. The Dark Lord might be icky, but his power alone was enough of a turn on for Draco to pretend to be infatuated. He gave Voldemort a puppy dog look that had never really worked before his change, but now had the devastation of a small hurricane. The Dark Lord took the glass and downed what was left in it.

Draco began to count in his head and hopped out of the Dark Lord's lap to sit on the table above which the map had been hovering. For a normal wizard it would take about five seconds so he reckoned that Voldemort would probably keel over in about twenty.

"It takes about a minute to kick in," Draco said, flicking his hair in a coy manner. "Whoever made it is good, not as good as Severus, but definitely good."

"Are you ready to be mine, Draco?" the Dark Lord asked, casting the glass aside almost absently.

Draco had to contain the grimace as the expensive crystal smashed against the floor into little pieces. The Dark Lord really had no taste at all; the glass had been from a beautiful set and now it was ruined. Good crystal should only ever be smashed to make a point, not through sheer carelessness.

"Of course," Draco said with as girly a giggle as he could manage; he was impressed even if he did say so himself, "My Lord."

He sort of just purred Voldemort's title. That, however, may have been a mistake because the Dark Lord stepped towards him looking very keen.

"Such a beautiful boy," his wannabe lover said in what Draco suspected was supposed to be a seductive voice.

In his mind Draco was screaming words such as 'back-pedal' and 'oh shit', but he showed nothing on the outside even as the Dark Lord began to paw at his robe.

"Don't you want to wait for the potion to work?" Draco said as if he was a confused airhead, giving Voldemort a wide eyed innocent look.

The only description in his head when the Dark Lord began to open his robe for him was 'icky' and for once he didn't care.

"I don't think it'll be a problem, Draco," Voldemort told him before throwing either side of the robe open so that Draco had nothing left to hide behind.

Draco just began to count frantically, praying that the potion would kick in any second.

When Voldemort unbuttoned his own robe and slowly peeled it back in what Draco had to believe was an attempt to be sexy, it took all of Draco's acting skills not to be ill there and then. Even as the Dark Lord moved in, Draco lost all mental composure and began praying that he wouldn't care what Voldemort looked like once he was nothing more than a pet.

When the Dark Lord's eyes rolled back into his head and the terror of the Wizarding world collapsed into a heap on the floor, Draco almost whooped for joy. He was so never relying on smuggled, hurriedly mixed potions ever again.

Draco nudged Voldemort with his toe and waited, when nothing happened he nudged again and then slowly began pulling together his open robe; that had been very close, but it appeared the Dark Lord was out for the count. With Voldemort dead to the world, Draco let his eyes run over the room and zeroed in on the chest in the corner. The other thing Draco had realised when making his plan was that, no matter how noble Harry Potter might be, the boy was as likely to trust him as Snape was to dance through Diagon Alley naked, so he needed a peace offering. Now he didn't know what a Horcrux was, but he did know that the Dark Lord had several and had gathered them all together and was keeping them safe. He also knew they were in the chest which Voldemort never let out of his sight; he'd overheard something about setting up false traps and things in other places, but he wasn't sure what that was all about.

Walking over to the chest he opened it and was quite surprised to feel no magic on it at all. It was another five minutes before he stopped looking at the shiny

pretty objects nestling on blue satin and then he just gathered all of them into his arms. To him it looked like an odd, if shiny, assortment of junk, but then he wasn't a dark lord and dark lords had very strange taste.

Voldemort had an emergency Apparition point in case the need ever arose for him to escape, which Draco had found out about because of his airhead status. Carrying what he hoped was his ticket to the Light he walked to the carefully hidden alcove and set his sights on Potter.

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For a few seconds Harry just stood there and stared because he seriously thought he was hallucinating. A gorgeous looking (and he would deny that he had thought that to anyone who asked) Draco Malfoy appearing in his relatives' garden just under an hour before midnight, carrying what looked suspiciously like the horcruxes he had been researching all summer just wasn't likely to be real. For a start Malfoy was not gorgeous, he was pointy, and did not tend to wear revealing red robes and secondly, the remaining horcruxes were supposedly spread all over Europe according to anything the Order could find out.

"Potter," his hallucination said in a voice that did sound very much like Malfoy, "I need your help. I brought these as a peace offering."

Harry had had enough of hearing voices in his second year, even if the voice had turned out to be real. Maybe the universe had decided to give him a birthday present a little early and send him round the bend so he didn't have to deal with the whole Voldemort business. Maybe it was something that was supposed to happen to the current Chosen one because that would really have explained a great deal about Dumbledore.

When his hallucination reached out and touched him, he jumped back with a most undignified squeak.

"You're real," he said, pulling out his wand as his instincts finally caught up with the fact that this was reality.

"Of course I'm real, Potter," Malfoy replied. "Do you make a habit of hallucinating me or something?"

"No," Harry replied feeling the familiar annoyance that usually came with trying to have a conversation with Malfoy. "What the hell are you doing on my Aunt's lawn in the middle of the night and how did you find me in the first place?"

"I need your help and the Dark Lord has had this place marked for weeks, but no one could get in," Malfoy replied, clutching his burdens to his chest. "I took the chance that the wards let through people who mean you no harm."

Harry found that his eyes had drifted to the significant amount of leg that Malfoy was showing on one side and he dragged them back to Malfoy's face as quickly as he could.

"Why would I help you, Malfoy," he asked and tried to sound convincing, but part of his brain had already decided that Malfoy looked far too much like a damsel in distress for his Gryffindorish tendencies not to kick in, "and why do you look like a girl?"

"I don't look like a girl," Malfoy all but squawked, "I look like a male Veela. That's why I need your help and I brought these. The Dark Lord was hiding them in a trunk and talking about decoys so I assumed they were important. They are important aren't they, because I didn't have time to bring anything else?"

Malfoy's eyes had gone big and round and Harry could have sworn his one time enemy was about to cry.

"Yes they're important," Harry said, his don't-make-girls-cry impulses kicking in, "and you're right about the wards. Let's get inside before someone sees you. My relatives are away for the week thank god or my aunt would be screaming at you already."

That he would ever be leading Draco Malfoy into his Aunt's house was not something Harry had ever thought he would be doing, but it seemed that the universe had a sense of humour.

"Put them on the table," he said as they entered the kitchen-come-dining room.

Surprisingly Malfoy did as he was told and Harry couldn't quite believe it; there in front of him appeared to be what he needed so badly to find. Of course they could be fakes, but he could feel something from them that was making his scar ache, so he was siding with probably not at the moment.

"What do you want, Malfoy?" he asked, somehow knowing that he was probably going to regret asking.

"You to shag me," was the response that made him think that his hallucination theory was actually still likely.

It was a very solid hallucination, but the possibility of Malfoy standing in his Aunt's house and propositioning him was just so ridiculous an idea that it all being a figment of his imagination was the only real possibility.

"Potter, are you alright," Malfoy asked; "you look like you've been hit with a Confundus charm."

"Did you just say what I think you said?" Harry finally had to ask, because this was just too mind-boggling to not try and sort out.

"I want you to shag me," Malfoy repeated.

"And 'shag' means the same to me as it does to you?" Harry said. "It's not some weird pureblood euphemism for something I don't know about?"

"Shag, have sex, give me one, screw me senseless, fu..." Harry put up his hand before Malfoy could come up with anymore different ways to express the same thing.

"I need to sit down," is what Harry eventually said and sank into a chair.

His life was never normal, but this was completely in a different league.

"Look, Potter," Malfoy said as Harry tried to gather his scattered wits, "the Dark Lord gave me a potion which activated my Veela ancestry; I am now a male Veela. I have female bits down there as well as male and the person who takes my virginity is going to own my arse. The Dark Lord wanted me as a sex toy and he's just far too icky," he noticed that Malfoy grimaced as the Slytherin said that, "for me to even contemplate that. You on the other hand are a noble Gryffindor and I'm betting that you won't turn me into a pet. So how about it?"

It took Harry a while to comprehend what he had just been told and finally things began to make sense. Possibly the whole scenario which he was now living was not as completely impossible as he had thought.

"What makes you think I want to shag you?" he asked, needing to firmly establish his sexuality even if he did keep looking at Malfoy's legs.

"You're a teenage boy," Malfoy replied as if it was obvious, "and have been walking around with a hard on since puberty really started to bite; why wouldn't you want to shag me?"

Malfoy had a point, but then again Malfoy was a boy too and Harry had never remotely considered boys; well except those wet dreams he had had about Cedric and the couple he refused to remember about Malfoy the previous year. After about five seconds arguing with himself Harry gave up, he was kidding no one, not even himself; he was quite willing to shag Malfoy.

"When?" he asked, since that was really the only question he had left.

"Now?" Malfoy asked and was already reaching for the belt on his robe. "The sooner we get this out of the way the sooner I find out how much of my brain I have left when it's done."

Harry couldn't fault Malfoy for wanting to know that and he'd been hard as a rock since he'd first seen all the skin Malfoy was showing so he didn't care. Of course that didn't mean he was one hundred percent sure what to do; he had a vague idea about slot A and peg B, but it wasn't as if his experience with sex was very large.

"So are you a complete virgin or just with the new bits?" Harry asked in what he hoped was a conversational manner.

At first Malfoy looked affronted and then the Slytherin just looked nervous.

"I almost got there with Pansy," was the unexpected confession, "but Snape caught us and I was too busy after that to try again."

It was an awkward moment and the Slytherin in the core of his soul told Harry to let Malfoy suffer and pretend he was more experienced than he was, but the Gryffindor part pointed out that Malfoy was likely to suspect the truth almost instantly and it was better to get this out in the open.

"Yeah, well that makes two of us," he said eventually, "so we'll figure it out together."

It wasn't as if he hadn't had enough conversations with his dorm mates about sex and Seamus was definitely not a virgin anymore. At times Harry had been of the opinion that the world would be a far less disturbing place if Seamus was not so into sharing his experiences, but now he was quite glad.

"Um, but I don't have any protection," the idea suddenly occurred to him that he was woefully ill-prepared for having sex.

Malfoy looked confused.

"Condoms," Harry elaborated and Malfoy looked even more confused. "Okay," he tried again realising that maybe purebloods had other methods, "what do wizards use to prevent pregnancy?"

There did not seem to be a light dawning in Malfoy's eyes and for a moment Harry considered that maybe his companion had lost a few brain cells in his conversion.

"They don't," was the eventual answer; "a union between two magical beings won't produce a child unless both want it. There are potions available to make you want it, but that's neither here nor there really."

Harry was quite honestly shocked and had to wonder why no one had given him this information before. The low numbers of children in pureblood families was suddenly beginning to make sense.

"So," Malfoy said, shaking him out of his thoughts, "where shall we do this?"

The idea of his room flashed into his head for a moment, but Harry discarded that idea quickly; the last thing he needed was a confidence deflator which he was sure Malfoy bitching about the state of his room would be. It was then that a rather wicked thought entered his mind and he couldn't help the little smile that played at his mouth.

"The sofa in the living room is comfortable," he said, enjoying the idea more and more as he thought about it.

If his aunt ever found out she'd probably die on the spot and then come back from the dead just to burn the sofa.

"Potter, you look positively demonic," was Malfoy's surprised comment on the matter.

"Well my relatives like to think of themselves as normal, which in their small minds definitely means homophobic," Harry said with relish, "and they'd probably implode if they knew I'd done it on the sofa with another wizard, well almost wizard anyway."

Malfoy looked unsure whether to be insulted by the "almost wizard" comment, and then went with impressed instead.

"You're full of surprises, Potter," was the Slytherin's comment.

Harry allowed himself a grin at that and then Malfoy undid the belt on his robe, dropped it to the floor and stood in front of him naked. All moisture vanished from Harry's mouth in a second and all he could do was stare. He'd seen the naked male form on many occasions, but he'd never seen Malfoy, and definitely not an aroused Malfoy, and there was no doubt about the last part. Malfoy had a very healthy erection and Harry couldn't take his eyes off it.

It was in those few moments that he came to the distinct realisation that yes he did indeed like boys as well as girls, because he had thought he was hard before, but the throb that ran through his cock then seemed to drag the blood away from every other part of his body. Who would have guessed that this summer would be so enlightening?

"Like what you see, Potter?" Malfoy asked and perversely sounded much more confident being now naked.

"Harry," he said with what he could gather together of his scattered thoughts, "call me Harry. Potter's a bit formal now, don't you think? Oh, and hell yes."

Malfoy looked half pleased by the reaction and half unsure.

"Okay," the Slytherin said eventually, "call me Draco then, and P...Harry, you're wearing too many ugly clothes."

The 'ugly' comment actually made Harry smile even though he was incredibly nervous. Of course he was Gryffindor at heart and he'd never found any situation he was too afraid to face and he began pulling at his clothes quickly. In a matter of seconds he had shed everything he was wearing and he was surprised to see

Draco's eyes go large and surprised. Harry looked down at himself and wondered what he'd done wrong now.

"What?" he asked, pretty sure there wasn't anything dreadful; he'd only had a shower an hour ago.

When he looked back at Draco, the Slytherin's eyes were very firmly rooted on his crotch and Draco appeared nervous and excited at the same time.

"I heard the rumours, but I never thought they were true," was Draco's answer, which really didn't help Harry to understand at all.

"What rumours?" he asked, confused.

"That Harry Potter might have started off a skinny runt, but he ended up the best endowed boy at Hogwarts," Draco said, and the Slytherin's grey eyes were still very much fixated.

Harry felt himself blushing, but there was nothing he could do about it; that was one rumour he had never heard. He knew he was bigger than Ron, but it wasn't as if he'd compared with anyone else. At least it seemed to have broken the ice and the nervous energy coming from Draco was definitely outweighed by just as the Slytherin walked towards him.

"Mind if I...?" Draco asked and Harry was pretty sure he knew what his companion was asking and gave his consent.

Draco slid to his knees in a sinfully graceful move. From where Harry was standing the Slytherin really did look completely fascinated, but he forgot to care when soft, warm lips engulfed him. He forgot about just about everything in fact and thinking joined things like the idea of him and Voldemort settling their differences amicably in the completely impossible section of the universe. Draco might have been new at the whole sex with a man thing, but there was definitely natural talent there.

In an embarrassingly short amount of time, Harry had to reach down and rather frantically tap Draco on the shoulder. When that didn't work he grabbed a handful of hair and literally pulled the engrossed Veela off of his manhood. Draco looked rather disappointed.

"Don't want to go off prematurely," Harry said when his soon to be lover gazed up at him with a rather hurt expression.

That turned Draco's hurt look into a smug one.

"I could, um, ah, return the favour?" Harry suggested hesitantly.

He wasn't sure what he was doing, but that had never stopped him in the past. Sex might not be quite like charging into the Chamber of Secrets with only Ron

as backup, but it couldn't be any more dangerous, could it? Harry was pretty sure if he got something wrong in this situation the worst that could happen was Draco clouting him.

"Nice idea," Draco said, standing up once more, "but no need; I think I'm about as ready as I'm ever going to be. I may have female bits, but I still seem to be as hardwired as a male."

Harry bit his lip; it seemed it was now or never then. This wasn't quite how he had envisioned his first sexual encounter, but, if the rest of it was as good as the blow job, he was in a very happy place. The universe seemed to like hitting him for a six, but at least this time it was pleasant as well as eye opening.

"The sofa then?" Harry asked, not quite sure what to do next.

Draco gave him a confident smile that wouldn't even have fooled Ron when it came to its genuineness and sat down on the beige sofa cushions.

"If you turn sideways a bit," Harry suggested, feeling ridiculously awkward, but also incredibly aroused as Draco did as requested and he caught his first sight of what was hiding behind Draco's balls.

It seemed that Harry had something for boys, girls and hermaphrodites since his erection twitched with great interest. He only wished he was as confident as his anatomy seemed to be. Trying to appear as secure in his position as Draco was trying to appear, he stepped up to the sofa and moved to climb on. When Draco spread his legs Harry decided that the last of the blood had left his brain, as every impulse in his body seemed to be concentrated in his groin. He knelt between Draco's legs and then leant forward so that he was over the reclining Slytherin.

"Um, should we, um, kiss?" he asked, not sure that just going for what he wanted was polite.

Draco raised an eyebrow at him.

"I'm not a girl," his soon to be lover said, "and I'm not a Gryffindor, just get on with it."

Harry was pretty sure part of the brusque tone came from the fact that Draco was even more nervous than he was, but he knew better than to say so. Positioning himself as well as he could, having never had sex before and not really being sure he was in the right place, he pushed forward a little. There was warmth and wetness, but too much resistance for it to be right.

"Forward a bit," Draco said helpfully and Harry did as he was told.

It was quite obvious when after a little shifting around he finally had it correct. He pushed into the warm heat and did not bother trying to stifle the moan this

caused to bubble out of his throat. He had thought Draco's mouth had been good, but this was just incredible. There was a moment of resistance, but Draco was very wet and, even as the Slytherin grunted, Harry slid home. What Harry wanted to do was pull out and push back in to experience that wonderful sensation again, but he was too much of a gentleman just to take his pleasure, even if his partner was Draco.

"You okay?" he asked, looking down at the sprawled Slytherin beneath him.

Draco did not appear very sure either way and Harry had a sudden flash of inspiration and he reached between them to Draco's neglected cock. He gave it a firm stroke and took the way Draco's eyes rolled into the back of his head to be a good sign.

"Move," Draco said shortly after Harry had given Draco's cock some much needed attention and Harry had never been happier to hear anything.

Bracing himself on the sofa, he slowly pulled out and equally as slowly pushed back in; it was quite honestly one of the most wonderful sensations he had ever felt and Draco seemed to be on the same page now as well. As he continued, he gained in confidence and he put a little twist of his hips into his movements, which from the groan Malfoy gave he thought was the right thing to do.

Quite frankly his whole world had narrowed down to his cock and no matter his intentions it was not long before he was moving on instinct rather than with any thought to how well Malfoy was doing out of this. He could feel his magic pooling in his loins as well as all his brain power and by then he couldn't have stopped if his life depended on it. Part of him realised that this probably had something to do with Draco's Veela side and the noises Draco was making seemed like encouragement enough.

In the end Draco clamped strong legs around his waist and pulled Harry in close and that was it; he exploded like a cannon. He felt his magic leap out of him at the same time and it was quite literally mind-blowing. All ability to move coherently left him as he surrendered motor control to the most incredible orgasm he had ever had and he couldn't stop himself falling forward.

By the time he finally gathered enough of his scattered brain cells together to form a thought, he had enough strength to push off where he had fallen on Draco. As he pulled back, he realised that Draco had recovered faster and was now looking at him both adoringly and expectantly. It took Harry a few moment and a glance down to realise why Draco was looking at him in such a way; Draco was still rock hard and it became clear why the part-Veela was not in the same state he was.

"Oh," Harry said somewhat apologetically as he withdrew from their intimate embrace, "you want a little help with that?"

Rather than the sarcastic comment he was expecting that earned him an eager smile from Draco. Since Harry's experience with getting other boys off was as detailed as his knowledge of sex, in other words very small, he decided to go with what worked previously and took firm hold of Draco's glistening erection. The purr in the back of Draco's throat suggested to him that the idea worked for Draco as well and he felt something in him shift at the connection.

It occurred to him as he slowly moved his hand that he felt wiped and happy from his orgasm, but not quite fulfilled and that, the more he worked Draco, the closer he seemed to be to that elusive feeling. The part of him that had been trained by Hermione in analytical thinking came to the conclusion that he was not going to feel content until Draco was in the same state he was. Having figured this out, he renewed his efforts and set about trying to drive Draco insane with new vigour.

Nearly half an hour later Draco was still sprawled on the sofa, still hard as a rock and Harry was out of ideas. It had started as a hand job and when that hadn't worked he'd resorted to a blow job, when his jaw had been aching so much he couldn't go on, he'd tried more encompassing manual methods including putting his fingers places he had never imagined putting his fingers before. Draco remained unfulfilled and Harry just didn't know what to do. Teenage males were supposed to come at the drop of a hat, but Draco seemed to be holding out for a medal or something.

"I don't know what else to do," he finally admitted as he pulled back from trying to suck Draco off while doing interesting things with his hands at both of Draco's lower orifices.

Draco looked as frustrated as he felt and so he could not bring himself to blame it all on the part-Veela. He had a nasty suspicion this was something magical and he had no idea what to do about it; he'd even tried ordering Draco to come, which had resulted in some very peculiar facial expressions and complete panic until he'd withdrawn the order. He was hard again himself by now which wasn't helping him concentrate.

"Um," he looked up as Draco spoke and the Slytherin looked as if he was afraid to voice what was on his mind.

"If you have an idea I'm all ears," Harry said without trying to be coy or sexy in any way, "because this is as frustrating as hell for me as well."

"I think," Draco said, still looking awkward, "I need to be inside you."

That really wasn't what Harry had expected and his eyes drifted to Draco's engorged cock. He knew what Draco was suggesting, he wasn't as slow as some people tried to make out, but there was no way that was going to fit there.

"Um, I'm not sure..." Harry started to say.

"I researched it," Draco interrupted before he could refuse; "when I realised that I might have to do ... um ... well have sex with Voldemort any way he wanted me. There are spells to make you relax and cope with the lubrication problem and everything."

Harry looked at his companion dubiously. Draco's eyes went big and round and silvery and Harry promptly gave up.

"You'll need my wand, right?" he said and felt ridiculously pleased with himself when Draco smiled and nodded.

He was pretty sure Draco had told him he would be the one in charge once he'd relieved his lover of his virginity, but somehow it didn't feel like that at all. Rummaging amongst his clothes he found his wand and passed it to Draco. He had been intending on doing a little magic once he turned seventeen, but that had kind of gone out the window.

"Hands and knees," Draco said as Harry failed to do anything once he had handed over his wand; "so I can see what I'm doing."

Harry still wasn't really sure he could do this; yes he was frustrated, yes he had this rather annoying desire to make sure Draco was seen to, as it were, but this was a little bit too far.

"I could turn on the charm, if you like," Draco suggested, seemingly empathising with Harry's predicament which was not something he had ever thought could happen in a million years. "I know you can throw off Imperio so you can probably throw off Veela charms, but if you didn't try it might work and then you wouldn't be so nervous."

It was a suggestion that would have once filled Harry with alarm, but, with everything that had already happened, he just shrugged and nodded. The evening couldn't really get much stranger. So far Draco has appeared out of thin air in a place where the wards were supposed to stop things like that; Draco had been wearing red silk; Draco had arrived with an arm full of horcruxes; Draco had propositioned him; he had said yes; and they had had sex. Voldemort topping himself in the Ministry entrance hall as a dramatic gesture about the plight of orphans wouldn't have surprised him now.

He knew the moment Draco used his Veela charms, because Draco went from really rather good looking to the centre of the universe for all things gorgeous in a heartbeat. Harry's logical brain screamed at him that he was being manipulated, but his teenage hormones leapt up to silence the thought pretty fast when he refused to take any notice.

"Wow, Draco," he said, suddenly very happy to be exactly where he was, "you're gorgeous. Did you know I'm the Chosen One; I'm going to save the whole world. I got top marks in DADA and I'm going to turn Voldemort into a red smudge on his hideout floor."

"Yes, Harry," Draco replied with what Harry thought was a hundred mega watt smile, "I know. Now just move onto you hands and knees for me."

Harry smiled in what he hoped was a winning way and did as he was told. He felt at least two spells hit him, possibly three and the most wonderfully strange sensations ran through his arse. Then again, if it was Draco doing it, they could have been terrible and he would have borne the agony for the sake of the centre of his world.

"That's kind of nice," he said absently. "I'm pretty flexible so I can take up any position you want. Quidditch was good for that. I'm a really good Seeker, you know, I can fly rings around most of the people at school. Of course I'm not better than you, but I'm great in comparison to anyone else."

"That's nice, Harry," Draco said and Harry took that as a cue to shut up. "I'm going to make sure you're ready for me now, tell me if anything hurts."

"You won't hurt me, Draco," Harry said cheerfully, "you're the best."

"Just remember to tell me, okay," Draco replied, sounding just a little bit nervous.

"Yes, Draco," Harry replied, wondering what Draco could possibly have to be nervous about.

When someone was perfect in every way, why would they worry about anything?

Fingers touched him, gently flicking over his entrance before one was slowly pushed into him and he moaned wantonly. Harry knew he had been right then; Draco was perfect, because that felt better than he had ever imagined. When Draco began to move his finger slowly in and out of him, Harry thought he might have gone to heaven. Just when he thought it couldn't get any better, Draco's finger brushed a spot inside him that was like fireworks going off all over his body. There was no thought about it after that, Harry was completely positive he was in Nirvana.

If Harry hadn't been quite so strung out as Draco kept up the Veela charm he might have been nervous, but he didn't have enough thoughts left in his head to do anything like that. His entire reasoning process had migrated much further south and was enjoying the sensations of Draco preparing him far too much to care about anything else. He was a very happy camper and at that moment was of the opinion that this was the best birthday present he had ever had.

"I think you're ready for me now," Draco said eventually and Harry just hummed a vague consent; he thought he'd been ready since time immemorial.

When Draco's cock lightly touched his entrance, he didn't bother waiting since he knew what he wanted and he knew what Draco wanted; he pushed backwards. It

hurt a little, but he was far too relaxed and happy to take any notice of that, and Draco's startled squeak was very endearing. He moaned long and hard and relaxed, opening up and taking everything Draco had. In his opinion they went together perfectly as hips met arse.

"Bloody hell, Potter," Draco all but gasped out, "are you trying to kill me?"

"Of course not, Draco," Harry replied brightly, "I'm trying to get you off. Isn't that what you want?"

A somewhat incoherent moan was the only reply, and Harry thought that was probably a yes. Draco started moving pretty soon after that, so he figured he was right, well for as long as he had brain power to do so anyway. It didn't take more than a couple of thrusts for his mind to shut down to a primitive level where his only concept of reality was 'sex is good, want more'. It was good, it was so good, and, at that moment, Draco could have done anything to him and he wouldn't have cared.

Harry's brain decided to start to switch back on while Draco was moving in and out of him with long slow strokes and whispering obscene things that he really couldn't hear very well. It still felt good and he was well on his way to sexual ecstasy, but he had enough brain power to realise what was going on and it occurred to him that Draco had either lost control of the Veela charm or turned it off deliberately. He wasn't in any state to be *compos mentis*, but he could recognise that much.

The feeling of discontent was becoming smaller and smaller and, with each reduction, he was climbing closer to orgasm. He assumed Draco was too. The way his lover was panting and moaning, he concluded they were both on the edge and ready to go over with the smallest of pushes. Harry decided that they were at the perfect moment.

"Draco," he said in a very shaky voice, "come now."

Draco made a strangled noise, similar to those he had made previously when Harry had tried to do the same thing, but this time the part-Veela slammed home and began shuddering uncontrollably. Harry had had no idea that Draco knew so many swear words as his lover came, cursing the air blue. He might have commented, but the knot inside him released and then his thoughts went away again as he had the second greatest orgasm of his life in under an hour.

His muscles felt like they had been turned to mush and his heart was hammering in his chest, but, even as Draco pulled out, he had to admit that sex was good. He wondered idly with the couple of brain cells he had that were still working if Draco would let him do that to him, since he wouldn't mind finding out what it was like from the other side too. It then occurred to him that he was considering having sex with Draco again, lots if possible, and he decided it was going to be really hard to explain to Ron and Hermione. He gave up thinking then; it was hurting his brain.

It was as he went to move off his knees that he looked up as he heard a noise in the doorway, since he still had instincts even if he seemed to have lost most of his mind somewhere. After the night's experiences, he was only mildly surprised to see Albus Dumbledore standing there looking shocked, closely flanked by Snape. It was at that point that the clock on the mantel piece struck twelve, he realised it was finally his birthday and it felt like a small neutron bomb went off in his chest and everything went away in a haze of pretty sparks.

It seemed things could get stranger after all.

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"Harry."

Harry was not overly pleased when an insistent voice interrupted his very nice dream where he was reliving Draco's talented tongue on his cock, but, once he'd noticed the voice, he couldn't really ignore it any more and he grudgingly began to wake up. Opening his eyes, it took him a while to focus, or at least focus as well as he could without his glasses and he found himself being looked at by a very concerned Albus Dumbledore.

"Hello, Professor Dumbledore," he said deciding that he really didn't have the energy to get annoyed at apparently having been left out of a big secret again, "aren't you supposed to be dead?"

"Yes, Harry," the headmaster replied in a grandfatherly tone, "sorry about that, but I did not dare tell you until after your maturity?"

"Oh, okay," he said and slowly sat up to find that he was wrapped in a blanket and had been lying on the sofa.

His answer did not seem to be what Dumbledore had expected and there was almost a look of surprise on the old man's face; he scored himself a point. Harry looked around and noticed something significant.

"Where's Draco?" he asked, as he realised that he and Dumbledore were alone.

"Don't worry about that, Harry," the headmaster said in a soothing tone, "he can't hurt you anymore."

Harry's brain was not working particularly fast and he didn't parse that sentence very quickly, but it finally dawned on him what had been said.

"Hurt me?" he asked in a bewildered tone.

"Yes, Harry," Dumbledore said as if he might explode at any moment, "Mr Malfoy was using his Veela powers to seduce you. We believe he was to take you to Voldemort once he had you subdued. Mr Malfoy is unfortunately Voldemort's pet."

Harry just blinked at the headmaster for a bit and then he laughed. Now he scored himself two points since Dumbledore really did look shocked.

"You think ..." Harry tried to speak around laughs, "Draco ... and Voldemort ... and then ..."

He couldn't help it; he thought it was hilarious.

"What about the wards, Professor?" he asked as he managed to bring himself a little under control.

"Mr Malfoy's power means you wanted him and hence he was doing you no harm," Dumbledore countered with what appeared to be the serene sage persona.

Harry laughed again.

"And you didn't notice the horcruxes on the kitchen table?" he asked in what he hoped was a reasonable tone.

"Kitchen table?" the headmaster asked.

Harry just pointed and Dumbledore looked completely lost.

"Where's Draco?" Harry asked, growing suddenly serious and seemed to shock the headmaster out of his daze.

"Professor Snape has him outside, stupefied," Dumbledore said and for the first time ever Harry felt like he really had the upper hand in a conversation with the old man, "we did not believe you would react well to seeing him once you regained your senses."

Harry just shook his head and swung his legs off the sofa, standing up with the blanket still wrapped around him. He discovered quite quickly that he was tender in places he had never been tender before, but with a little adjustment in his stance the discomfort eased.

"Draco isn't Voldemort's," he said and indicated the patch on the sofa where the evidence of Draco's previous virginity was starkly present; "he's mine."

And with that, he walked in the direction he had a feeling he would find Draco. Whether Professor Dumbledore was following him or not really didn't bother him; right about then, he was more interested in reuniting with his lover. He played the word over in his mind a bit as he stepped round the dining room table towards the back door and found that he rather liked it. Who would have guessed he would have had a lover before his seventeenth birthday? Being a teenage boy, he was rather pleased with himself.

He came across Snape standing in the garden over a figure similarly wrapped in a blanket as he was.

"Hello, Professor," he said, still managing a pleasant tone, since he was riding the high, "didn't expect to see you here."

"Get back inside, Potter," Snape snarled with the usual coldness, "it's dangerous for you to be anywhere near Mr Malfoy, you idiot boy."

Whatever Harry was on it was better than any of Madam Pomfrey's potions, or he was sure he would have been sniping back at Snape already. He could feel his anger and resentment of the man stirring somewhere at the back of his mind, but he wasn't really paying attention to it. What he wanted to do was get Draco and curl up somewhere warm and sleep for a while. Not an idea he would have thought he would have had at the beginning of the evening, but one that seemed very sensible now.

"You've got it wrong, Professor," he said in a slightly harder voice, but nothing that wasn't polite, "Draco..."

"Idiot child," Snap cut him off mid explanation, "you're bewitched."

Then Snape raised his wand: that was the wrong thing to do. Harry's annoyance at being ignored seemed to crack something in his head and all the resentment and anger flooded into his higher brain at the same time. He lifted his hand and his magic flared sending out a red light and crumpling Snape before the man even had a chance to do anything. Harry anger vanished as fast as it had come and he was left staring stupidly at Snape, then his hand and then Snape again.

"Oh dear," Professor Dumbledore said, walking up behind him, "you appear to have stupefied Severus, my dear boy."

"But I ... um ... Professor ... how?" Harry really didn't know what to think, even though his brain appeared to be making a gallant attempt to start working properly again.

"That was why we were coming to get you, Harry," the Headmaster said, seeming to have recovered from the earlier shocks; "we suspected something like this might happen."

Harry turned to look at the old man, forgetting about Snape for a while. He didn't think he needed to demand a further explanation.

"At seventeen, a wizard's magic settles," Dumbledore explained kindly. "Normally this only means that accidental magic does not happen anymore and certain spells become easier to perform, but, because of your connection to Voldemort, we were aware that it might be a little different for you. We believe that Voldemort's magic has been suppressing your own, somewhat, through the connection the two of you share, because his magic was mature and yours was

not; when you reached seventeen, that balance changed and your own magic reasserted itself. Like a muscle that has had to work very hard because of resistance, your magic has become very powerful. It was the imbalance between Voldemort and yourself that was the reason I could not tell you of our plans at the end of the year."

As usual Harry was the last to know and that ticked him off somewhat. At least this time he could see the reason for it, unlike the ridiculous desire the headmaster had had to protect him from the truth previously.

"I would suggest we rouse Severus and Mr Malfoy and proceed to Hogwarts where we may discover a method for disposing of the horcruxes," the headmaster suggested in his usual grandfatherly manner.

At first Harry opened his mouth to agree, but then he changed his mind. It was at that moment he decided he'd had enough of being led around by the nose. Since the headmaster's "death", he had been having to think on his own and he realised with a start that he was falling back into his old ways too easily. He wasn't going to let anyone tell him what to do anymore and he was going to deal with Voldemort himself, on his own terms. If he was so powerful he was going to use it and he wasn't going to wait for anyone else to tell him he could.

"You wake up our Slytherins, Professor," he said, feeling suddenly like he could do anything, "I'm going to go and annihilate bits of Voldie's soul."

He strode past the rather startled headmaster and headed back towards the kitchen. This was going to be fun, he could tell.

"Ah, Harry, my dear boy," he heard Dumbledore's uncertain voice following him, "that might not be such a good idea."

Harry just grinned to himself; if he happened to accidentally destroy his aunt's kitchen at the same time it would be such a shame. He'd be cut up about it for all of five minutes.

"Ah, Harry?"

Dumbledore really did sound a little bit scared; so much the better.

**The End**