

The Stability of Three

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Pairing: Harry/Neville/Draco

Rating: NC17/18

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Warnings: double penetration

Summary: Two vampires have found themselves a lost soul and they intend to make him theirs.

Author's Notes: I tried to get in as many of the requested kinks as possible, but some of them seemed to be impossible to combine :), I do hope you like the result irana.

Word count: 5,509

Special requests from the giftee: Hmmm, what to choose. Anything you want to write from the following: somnophilia, double penetration, orgasm denial, rent!boy fic, subtext, verbal seduction, voyeurism, dirty talk, rimming, first time, frottage, wanking, hurt/comfort, fucked and fucking (someone in the middle)

Draco watched the familiar figure walk across the dingy pub and fall into a booth with a weariness that the man's years did not suggest. It had been quite a while since Draco had seen the owner of the tired eyes and he seemed to have aged decades rather than years, yet Draco could see the vitality still there, hidden under the layer of doubt and recrimination.

"I told you he'd be here."

Draco looked up and smiled at his lover as he slid into the booth next to him, placing two glasses of firewhiskey on the table. He'd seen a similar look in his lover's eyes when he had first found him after the end of the war, which was why he had been unable to deny the dark haired man his wish to come here.

"I never doubted you," Draco replied, and he meant it, "but are you sure?"

"I always had a bit of a thing for him at school," his lover said, swirling the whiskey around his glass, "and I know you did too no matter how hard you deny it. It was that innocence; it got to us all."

Draco looked at the only other person he had really loved and studied him for a while. The sincere eyes and beguiling expression were what had first attracted him and he knew why they were here.

"He'll be dead soon if we don't do something," his lover said, glancing across the room at their focus of conversation; "he's ready to give up. A third will make us stronger and I think we can love him."

He was almost sure what to do, but Draco needed to be sure so he reached out and caught his lover's arm, bringing it towards him while looking the dark haired man in the eyes. Letting his fangs descend he put the wrist to his mouth and bit very gently. Blood dribbled into his mouth until he used the tip of the tongue to stem the flow, drawing a groan of pleasure from his lover. The blood joined them the way nothing else could and he felt the need in his partner; this was very important to his lover, possibly more so than either of them had realised.

For a moment he felt the vampire in him rise up in jealousy, but he squashed it easily; this was not about being abandoned for another it was about bringing a third into their circle. Some vampires were solitary creatures, but there were different clans that the humans knew nothing about and Draco had been made by a member of one of them. Voldemort had killed his maker when he realised he couldn't control the elder vampire, but Draco had been freed by his maker's sacrifice. He had composed a letter to the Ministry telling them everything he knew and then he had left the country. Since his information had been instrumental in bringing an end to the war he had been given a complete pardon.

"All right, My Love," he said with a small smile; "let's go and get him."

The smile that lit up his lover's face was blinding.

"I should make you happy more often, Nev," he said and leaned forward to capture a kiss, "you are stunning when you smile like that."

Harry stared at his drink the same way he always did with the first one. He came here at least four times a week and he didn't think it would be long before it was everyday. The patrons didn't care who he was or what he'd done and his money was as good as anyone else's. There wasn't a single shop on Diagon alley that would let him pay full price for anything, and everywhere else people always wanted to shake his hand and tell him how wonderful he was. What he was, was a common murderer and it had been eating away at him since the day he had cast the last curse at Voldemort.

It turned out that Harry's special power was that because of his connection to Voldemort he had been the only person able to destroy the Horcruxes without them trying to kill him. The final battle had been pathetic really; he'd been faced with a feeble creature barely human and Ron always told him that he'd just put the Dark Lord out of his misery. No one seemed to understand that he had not felt like a warrior on that battlefield, but rather an executioner.

The fact that no one in the Wizarding world would let him forget what he had done was driving him slowly insane. It had been so bad at one point that he had almost left it all behind, but magic was in his blood and he had known he could no longer survive without it.

He was just about to pick up the drink and start on his ritual of getting drunk when two people slid into the seat on either side of his table. His heart almost went through the floor and he prayed that they were about to try and shake him down rather than destroy his sanctuary with praise. When he looked up at the one on his left he was more than shocked.

"Malfoy," he said before he really had time to think about it.

"Hi, Harry," the voice that drew his attention from Malfoy was even more of a surprise and he whipped his head round to stare at someone he hadn't seen in years.

"Neville?"

It was all a bit much and if he had actually had a drink already he might have thought someone slipped something into it. No one knew about this retreat but him, none of his friends even suspected, because this was the only place he ever let the mask down, so no one could have told Neville where he was.

"You're looking tired, Harry," Neville said with a gentle smile.

"You're not," was the only thing Harry could think to say.

Last time he had seen Neville had been after the last battle; Neville had given up fighting after school and had turned to raising plants for the potions needed to heal the battle scarred. When Harry had watched Neville disappear off into the night after they had both crawled into a bottle together he had thought he might never see his friend again. No one had known where Neville had gone and the only reason no one thought he was dead was because he faithfully sent his grandmother a letter every two months.

"I found something to help," Neville said in the same earnest tone Harry remembered from school, "and I found Draco, or rather he found me."

Harry looked back at Malfoy and saw a small smile playing at his one time enemy's mouth; it was not an expression he had ever associated with the Prince of Slytherin before. Before he had turned he had been playing all sorts of ideas over in his mind about why Neville could be in the company of Malfoy, but that one look on the blond's face said far more than Harry had ever heard in words.

Ever since Dumbledore's death Harry had become a great believer in what was not said rather than the words so many people just threw around without thinking and Malfoy's face expressed so much. Harry found that it almost hurt to see such complete devotion and he had to look away, but glancing at Neville was no better.

"What do you want?" he choked out, the connection he could see between the two men making his own pain feel so much deeper.

"He sees it," Malfoy sounded almost incredulous.

"I told you he would," Neville replied and Harry tried to breathe through the thoughts he was drowning in.

"Talk to me or leave," he demanded, turning some of his pain to anger in the only way he knew how.

Neville and Malfoy shared another look and Harry bit his lip so hard it felt as if he was about to draw blood. Here his masks were down and his defences were low; he wanted to leave, but the two had him boxed in.

"We're here to offer you what we have," Neville said in a perfectly reasonable tone. "To be complete we need a third; it is in our nature and we believe you are what we are looking for."

For a moment Harry just looked at his one time friend and tried to figure out what Neville was saying. When his mind attempted to give him one scenario he couldn't help it; he laughed because it sounded crazy even in his head.

"It is not a joke," Malfoy said in a calm even tone; "this is real."

"What is?" Harry asked, becoming annoyed again; "I don't know what you're talking about."

"This, Harry," Neville said and there was something odd about his old friend's voice and when Harry turned he almost shied away.

Neville's eyes were glowing gently and as soon as Harry was focused on him he opened his mouth and showed off his fangs. Harry was looking at a vampire, but not one like any of the Dark Arts books had told him about. He looked back at Malfoy and the blond was in a similar state to Neville.

"You have given up on life, Harry," Neville said, voice back to normal and when Harry switched his attention again the vampire's eyes were not glowing anymore either, "and we want to offer you something else. We will love you for eternity if you will let us."

Harry was close to deciding that he had finally gone crazy because this was just insane.

"You're mad," was all he could find to say, but he thought it might be him who needed locking up.

"You know nothing about the true vampire race," Malfoy spoke slowly and in a rational tone that stopped Harry from just shoving the table across the room and leaving. "We are sensual creatures and we seek those who are dying inside. You called to us and we have come to take you with us."

"You barely know me," Harry protested.

"I was like you, Harry," Neville said quietly, "when Draco found me I thought it was nonsense too, but the truth is in the blood. We are attracted to you and love will come from that; it is our nature."

Harry wanted to stand up and just walk away, but, before he could move, both the vampires moved. Malfoy grabbed one of his wrists and Neville the other and their grip was so sure and strong that he had no chance. He felt fangs pierce the skin on the underside of each limb and magic flared into him. A small startled cry was the only reaction he was allowed and then the pub faded from his vision into blackness.

Harry woke gradually and the first thing he felt was someone nuzzling at his neck and slowly moving against him. At some instinctive level he knew he had this person's complete attention and it felt good as whoever it was rubbed his body up and down against Harry's and kissed gently where his shoulder curved up. It had been longer than he cared to admit since he had had someone's attention so firmly on him, no one, since he had walked away from Ginny for the second time, had so much as touched him.

He allowed himself to drift in the haze of half wakefulness as the man carefully rutting against him moved, and it did not remotely worry him that his partner was male. Only as where he had been and what had happened crept back into his mind did he wake properly and realised that the person against him had to be Neville or Malfoy.

"Draco," a voice said in his ear even before he could throw his eyes open, "I think it would be best if you would call me Draco."

Harry tried to move away, but strong arms held him in place and he turned his head to see Malfoy looking back at him from only centimetres away. The vampire's eyes were glowing softly and it gave Malfoy an almost angelic look.

"I am no angel," he said with a devilish smile.

Panic tried to take over Harry as he realised he was naked in bed with a vampire and he could not escape.

"We're not going to hurt you, Harry," Neville's voice would once have given him comfort, but all it did now was cause his panic to rise as the other vampire settled on his other side. "We've tasted you so we can read your mind and the last thing we want to do is hurt you."

"You kidnapped me," Harry pointed out, just about holding on to his rationality.

Malfoy's hand traced over his chest and down over his abdomen and he tried his best to ignore it, but he had been without human contact so long that, even if his mind quailed, his body gave a small jolt of lust.

"You would never have come with us," Malfoy said, still tracing imaginary lines over his chest, "and we had to show you we were serious."

"But say it's over, Harry and we'll let you leave, no questions," Neville said with an earnest expression. "We want you to be with us, but if you feel you can't then this would never work."

"We cannot force you," Malfoy whispered quietly as the vampire began to nuzzle his neck as before he properly woke up, "it would kill us all. Think of it this way; you were enjoying it before you came to your senses and if you don't want it when the time comes, at least you have felt something again."

"How long has it been, Harry?" Neville asked, kissing him gently on the cheek. "Let us at least love you. You have my oath that we will not do anything without your consent."

Harry felt the magic in the words Neville spoke; it was a real Wizard's oath and the forfeit on such things was very high. As Malfoy's hand dipped lower than his waist and skirted his groin he heard himself whimper and he realised that his body wanted this even if part of his mind was wary.

"Love me?" Harry wasn't sure he understood what that meant any more.

"We can show you what it means," Malfoy spoke quietly, but the vampire had stopped moving, "and when you understand you can choose."

"You are a wonder, Harry," Neville said and Harry felt himself going cold inside, "and not because of what you did that day. You have always been a wonder and you deserve so much more than you were given in this life."

Harry remembered all too well that when Neville set his mind to something he could be bold and he looked down at himself as Neville's hand moved slowly down his body. When those fingers wrapped around his hardening cock he knew his decision was made.

"Yes," he whispered, for once in his life listening only to what he wanted at that second.

Almost instantly there were more hands on his body and he groaned as fingers belonging to Malfoy and Neville teased him. Malfoy went back to slowly rubbing up and down and Neville stroked his cock in time with the movements and Harry let go and sunk into the sensations.

"You are beautiful, Harry," Malfoy whispered so quietly that Harry had to strain to hear.

"But you are full of such pain," Neville's voice was just as small and seemed to ghost over his skin as the vampire spoke. "Give us your pain, Harry and we will show you life."

The pain defined him now and Harry did not know if he could let go of it properly for even a second, but those hands kept touching him and they were hypnotising. Even as he allowed himself to drown in the contact, he could still feel the guilt and the darkness lurking inside him.

"I can't," he said and he had never regretted anything more in his life, not even raising his wand and killing the murderer of his parents.

"Yes you can," Neville said and Harry opened his eyes to see the vampire smiling at him, "we'll show you how."

What happened next surprised him: while Malfoy continued to slowly break down his defences by touch, Neville backed away, eyes never leaving what was occurring on the bed. Under the watchful gaze Harry felt suddenly exposed and it

caused a stirring in his belly that he had not felt before. When Neville curled into a chair next to the bed Harry looked at Malfoy in confusion.

"He likes to watch," the blond vampire said with a smile, hand dipping to where Neville's had been only moments before. "He was watching us before, when you were asleep; he watched as I touched you."

Harry felt his breath coming in shorter gasps as the erotic nature of what he was being told shot little messages of pleasure all over his body. Sex had never been a big thing for him and he had definitely never experienced anything like this seduction before.

"You made the most delicious noises in your sleep," Malfoy continued to tell him, "such sweet little sounds as I ran my hands all over you and rubbed against you."

As if to illustrate Malfoy moved against him again and Harry found himself moaning quietly.

"Yes," the vampire said with a smile, "that's it."

Harry could not be passive anymore and he reached back, needing to touch the person touching him. It seemed Malfoy could make delicious noises too if the low hum the vampire made as Harry tentatively ran his fingers over the pale, muscled chest were anything to go by.

"I'm going to make you sing, Harry," Malfoy whispered to him, voice full of passion, "and when you are ready Neville will come back to bed and we will take you together. We will worship your body."

And Harry believed him.

As clever fingers languidly stroked his cock he turned on his side and leant forward, kissing the places his hand had just been. He had only really kissed Ginny before, but Malfoy tasted entirely different, somehow male and there was also a spice of difference that Harry could only assume was the vampire. Without allowing himself to think about what he was doing he lowered his mouth to one nipple and licked experimentally. He took the noise in the back of Malfoy's throat to be appreciation and did it again.

"Ever the Gryffindor," Malfoy said, breathlessly, "willing to leap into anything new."

Harry was not allowing himself enough thought to reply to that so he simply continued what he was doing. Malfoy reciprocated in kind and for a while Harry let himself be lost in the touching and being touched. He almost forgot why he was there, but eventually Malfoy pulled away and without the distraction his mind tried to start turning again.

"Switch to your other side, Harry," Malfoy instructed breathlessly, "so that Nev can see you properly."

Harry moved to comply eagerly, anything to stop the darkness from creeping back into his thoughts, but Malfoy moved further away as he turned and Harry

felt strangely bereft. It was such a relief when that warm body pressed up against him again that it almost frightened him how much power Malfoy already had over him.

"Relax, Harry," the vampire told him gently, "you have been alone too long."

He looked at Neville then and his one time friend's eyes were glowing now as well. Neville was lazily stroking his cock as his luminescent eyes watched every move that was being made on the bed and Harry focused on the feelings of arousal this sent through his body. He had fallen so far down the pit of despair already and he did not want to fall the rest of the way.

"Put your top knee forward," Malfoy said, stroking his leg and urging him into position.

Harry moved without resistance even though his stomach fluttered at what he knew Malfoy wanted; this was a position he had definitely never been in before. Without really realising it, he had tensed up, but Malfoy's clever hands stroked all over his back and then down to his buttocks, slowly easing the tension with every move. Harry watched Neville giving himself pleasure and allowed his body to relax into the touches from Malfoy.

It was only when one finger began to play down the crack in his arse that Harry realised he had missed when Malfoy had slicked his hand. It was a strange sensation, but he could not say he did not like it as Malfoy gently teased him, allowing him to become used to the feeling. That didn't stop him tensing when the finger was pushed in though and he gripped the sheet under him as a small knot of fear gripped him.

"Ssh," Malfoy whispered, using his other hand to rub circles into Harry's back, "just relax."

Harry tried, but it took him time and Malfoy's gentle ministrations before he began to settle down again.

"You should see what I see," Neville said, drawing Harry's attention, "you are so beautiful like this, Harry."

It was just words and Harry did not want to believe them, but Neville's voice was so sincere. He had never been beautiful and he did not think he ever would be, but Neville made him feel as if he almost was.

When Malfoy eased in another finger Harry gasped, but this time he did not tense and was rewarded with a kiss at the base of his neck. As he was stretched there was a slight burn, but it eased quickly. This was new and strange, but it was erotic and engaging and when the fingers in his arse slid gently over a specific spot he did forget for a second. For an instant there was nothing but sensation and for the first time he began to believe that Malfoy and Neville might know what they were talking about.

"We have the secrets of the ancients," Malfoy whispered in his ear, reading his mind again, "and we will show them to you."

Harry moaned as Malfoy worked him looser and he let himself go. Each time those fingers brushed that spot inside he lost a little more of the thoughts that had been dragging him down and he wished it could last forever. He did not know how long Malfoy spent preparing him, but when the intrusion was removed he felt empty and wanting.

"Turn over again, Harry," Malfoy told him and he obeyed.

He was eye to eye with the blond vampire when the bed dipped behind him and another body moved in close. Harry knew he was sandwiched between two vampires, but at the moment he did not care. Intellectually he knew what was going to happen, but he refused to think about it and when Malfoy moved in for a kiss he accepted it gratefully. Malfoy's arms wound around him and he leant into the embrace, opening his mouth to Malfoy's tongue and Neville moved in close behind him.

The initial push made him grunt into the kiss, but Malfoy did not let him break away and both of his bed partners continued to touch him until he was so full of different sensations that the slight pain in his arse was irrelevant. Only as Neville pushed into him all the way did he pull back from Malfoy, panting at the burn and feeling of fullness.

"I've got you, Harry," Neville said, sounding breathless himself.

All Harry could do was murmur in reply and clutch hold of Malfoy's shoulder as if that would save him. Part of him wanted the intrusion gone; it was too much, but the rest was slowly adjusting and when Neville finally moved he thought he might die. Malfoy pulled his leg firmly up and held it with one hand as his cock was encircled with the other until the two vampires were moving in a rhythm that blew Harry's mind.

There was nothing now but the sex and the feel of two bodies touching him and Harry felt free for the first time in so many years. He wanted it to go on forever and he panted and mewed and moaned as he was taken to the edge and back again so many times he lost count. When Neville finally pulled out Harry wanted to demand him back, but he had no coherent voice.

"We want you, Harry," Neville whispered in his ear, "do you want us?"

"Yes!" Harry had no other reply and as Malfoy rolled onto his back and Neville urged him up he went.

All he wanted was to be filled again; he needed that closeness and he let himself be guided as he straddled Malfoy and Neville pushed them together. He sank onto Malfoy's cock with a heart felt groan, but he was not allowed to move as Malfoy pulled him forward. He did not understand what was happening until he felt Neville lean over him and fingers touched his arse. This time it did hurt as Neville pushed a finger in beside Malfoy's cock and Harry tried to pull away, but a firm hand held him in place.

"Relax," Neville said, voice full of arousal; "it won't take long to feel good."

Harry was not so sure, but he remained still as Neville slowly worked his finger in and out, drawing moans and gasps from both him and Malfoy. Once again Neville was right, it did not take long before his muscles gave and it did begin to feel good.

When the second finger was added it was okay, but the third caused him to groan in pain and it seemed to take forever for his body to accept the intrusion; so much so that when Neville moved in close behind him he knew it was going to really hurt.

"Breathe through it," Malfoy told him as Neville pushed in, causing all his nerves to scream in agony, "it will pass."

Harry clung to Malfoy and tried to do as he was told as he was stretched more than he could have imagined. It was very much a pleasure/pain thing now and he did not know if he could take it. When Neville actually started to move he wanted to pull away and take away the pressure, but he couldn't and he willed his body to surrender. Neville thrust in and out slowly and Harry felt his body loosening with each move, but it still hurt; this was beyond anything he had felt before.

However, it was a pain that he found curled round his gut and made his cock throb and as it went on it drew groans and moans out of him rather than exclamations of pain. Malfoy held him gently but firmly and Neville never stopped touching him, coaxing the pleasure to the surface. Harry was far too strung out to take any active part and when the two vampires changed their position again, sitting up with him in between he just went with them. His mind was falling away and when Malfoy's fingers wrapped round his cock once more he mewled in overstimulated need.

He found that he wanted this and he wanted Malfoy and Neville, no Draco and Neville. They had freed him in a way he had never imagined and he wished to stay free so badly it hurt. They were loving him, not some symbol or some stereotype, but him and he did not want to let that go.

"We can feel what you want, Harry," Neville told him breathlessly as the vampire held him close while Draco took up the movement for a while, "but you must tell us. Will you stay with us, will you be our third?"

"Yes," Harry all but whimpered, "yes, yes, yes..."

Both vampires were in him so deeply that he thought he might split apart when they leaned in close and at the last second he understood what they meant to do. Draco bent his head to the left and Neville to the right and both bit him at exactly the same time. He could not contain the scream that ripped through him as power flooded into him even as his blood was ruthlessly sucked out. Millennia seemed to pass in seconds, or it could have been seconds becoming millennia, all Harry knew was that his soul was ripped to pieces and aching slowly reformed.

Parts of his being were rearranged and two others were slotted into spaces in his heart that he had not known were there. He felt himself destroyed and remade by the power that he allowed into his body and it was terrifying and wonderful at the same time. He knew it would have driven him mad but for the two presences that settled in him and grounded him through the entire experience. He felt love and

joy and such power as he had never imagined as his magic rose, was embraced and then changed.

Then he felt that he sensed surprise from the other two as well and then his mind simply shut down.

Consciousness returned to Draco slowly, but it did not take him long to remember his shock at what had happened. He opened his eyes to find Harry sprawled across him and Neville lying to one side, and both of them were still deeply unconscious, but he could feel them like presences at the back of his mind. He had known that taking a third would balance both him and Neville and that as a unit they would become more powerful, but he had never expected this.

Vampires of his clan were drawn to be three, but so few found their third, someone who would fit with the first and second perfectly, that triads were rare. The power they had touched when they took Harry was nothing short of terrifying and Draco had no understanding of why. They were all powerful wizards, most of their generation seemed to have been prepared for war at birth, but this was more than the sum of three, this was a gestalt.

A murmur from Harry drew Draco from his musings and he carefully moved his lover into a more comfortable position on the bed between him and Neville. When bright green eyes opened and looked at him he saw the life there; the spark that had been gone before and he could not help smiling. Harry appeared confused, but otherwise relaxed.

"What happened?" the Gryffindor asked quietly.

"We made you our third," Draco replied, even though he knew it was an evasive answer.

Harry's hand went to his neck and then his mouth and he looked even more confused.

"But I didn't drink," he said with a frown, "I know I didn't drink and in DADA..."

"That is only for some of the lesser clans," Draco said, stilling Harry's words with a finger to his lips. "With us the act of drinking mixed our power with yours and because you accepted it we were joined. Blood sustains us, but magic controls us."

He felt Harry's power clumsily reach out, like a newborn lamb trying to walk, and it amazed him again at how powerful Harry was. He did not know if the power gain he could feel in himself was to do with how incredible Harry's magic had been to begin with or if they had just found the perfect match, and it did not really matter, but he made a mental note to find out.

The out-spill of magic and vampire power drew a groan from Neville and Draco felt his lover wake up. It was a new experience to be so aware without having initiated a temporary blood bond and Draco found he liked it.

"Is it always like this?" Harry sounded slightly in awe.

"Not before," Neville said, slowly sitting up, but seemingly having come to the same conclusions as Draco very quickly, "but it feels good."

Harry looked and felt stunned and his expression was so endearing that Draco leant forward and kissed his lover on the nose. It took him precisely two seconds to realise what he had done.

"Oh Merlin," he said as Harry blinked at him in a surprised manner, "I've turned into a bloody Hufflepuff."

Harry just stared at him for another moment and then an outright giggle escaped the new vampire's mouth. This changed into a chuckle that morphed into a full belly laugh and Draco felt the warmth of it flood through him. He looked at Neville who looked back and he knew to the very core of him that they had done right. This was how it was supposed to be.

The End