

# The Unexpected

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**Pairing:** Harry/Draco

**Rating:** NC17/18

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**Summary:** Harry has jumped in with both feet to save someone as usual and neglected to check the small print. Luckily for him the plan only went wrong with Draco.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to my beta for weeding out my typos and grammar mistakes. To Janice - I tried to put as many of your requests in as possible, I hope you like it.

**Word count:** 9,220

## Original Request:

**Squicks/Things you'd hate to read/draw:** PWP's, most things that are considered kinks unless listed below, fluff, explicitly described rimming, sappy declarations of love, established relationships (ok to write, prefer not to receive), non-con (dub-con ok), Christmas-themed things, AU, underage (let's say below 16), major character death (major = Harry and Draco, others can be dispatched with as the plot requires)

**Kinks/Things you'd love to read/draw:** UST, first kisses, and urgency (as in: attraction so great that they lose the ability to think rationally) are my major kinks/things I love. I also like humor, light bondage (scarves and ties and stuff like that, or just being pinned with hands or bodyweight), blowjobs as long as there isn't a lot of emphasis on body fluids, frottage (preferably in a semi-public place), canon characterizations, uncertain endings (where everything isn't tied up with a neat little bow). I also have a soft spot for forced/involuntary bonds and parseltongue.

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Never in a million years had Harry expected the war to be over by Christmas, but then neither had he expected Snape to show up at Grimauld Place when he moved there just after his birthday, with Draco Malfoy in tow and the locations of all the horcruxes on a piece of parchment. It had really been quite a strange summer after that and then a strange autumn and a subsequently even stranger winter, but after finding out that Snape had only been doing what Dumbledore asked him to, Harry had decided that nothing was going to shock him again, no matter how odd.

He looked at Draco (they had agreed to call each other by their first names after they had saved each other's life at least once) across the breakfast table and couldn't help wondering how he always managed to get himself into these

situations. The "stranger winter" part was more to do with what had happened after the demise of Voldemort than what led up to it. Hermione had come up with a master plan to keep Snape and Draco safe since they had all known that the Ministry's idea of justice often left a lot to be desired. It hadn't turned out to be so straight forward, however.

Binding himself to Snape and Draco had seemed like a good idea at the time. Hermione hadn't highlighted any particular problems and the spell had been supposed to create bonds only he could end once he'd talked, or rather threatened, some sense into Scrimgeour.

Thank Merlin that is what he had with Snape, a nice bond that meant if anyone tried to take Snape more than a hundred yards away Harry's magic did very nasty things to them. The bond with Snape had worked perfectly, but something had gone wrong when it came to Draco. Just because he, maybe, just a little bit, nothing really worth mentioning, possibly, but not really at all, found Draco attractive the bond had skewed. Hermione was looking in to how they might remove it, but until she found the solution he and Draco were stuck with an ancient form of marriage bond.

No one had asked him if months of close confinement with Draco Malfoy might have changed his view of his ex-nemesis. How was he supposed to have known that the tiniest amount of attraction would alter the spell?

The whole thing would have been embarrassing, but not terrible, if it hadn't been for the fact that the bond was urging them to consummate the 'marriage' and it was getting worse by the day. Why his life after Voldemort's messy end couldn't be as straightforward as disposing of the old bastard had turned out to be, Harry just couldn't understand.

He caught himself staring at Draco and contemplating how Draco's hair fell nicely along Draco's jaw line when Draco was eating and mentally smacked himself. Such thoughts really didn't help his self control, which was being eaten away moment by moment. At least if he jumped Draco across the breakfast table he was pretty sure Snape would hex him to hell and back, that or watch and he really didn't want to think about that possibility.

Depriving Voldemort of the ability to screw his life up any more had been easy in comparison. When he'd touched the first horcrux still housing part of Voldemort's soul, it had simply gone up in smoke; rather anticlimactic really, but not something Harry had been about to complain about. It seemed that thanks to his blood Voldemort's new body had been immune to the whole ancient love magic created by his mother, but the horcruxes had been easy prey. Why everything now had to be complex was beyond him. There had been a couple of hairy moments finding the fragments of ole Voldie's soul, but meeting Draco on the way to the bathroom that morning and almost jumping his one time rival had been hairier.

What was really disturbing about the whole thing was that Snape seemed to find it amusing, or at least the man found Harry's predicament amusing. Snape of

course was doing his best to make sure Draco was fine, but that Harry was being tortured as much as possible by the whole thing. He was almost sure Draco was on calming drafts when all he had been allowed was will power.

Hermione had just raised an eyebrow at him when he had tried to explain that he didn't really like boys in the way the bond was suggesting, it was just that some of them were nice to look at. She had handed him a couple of pamphlets on her next visit and he had studiously avoided broaching the subject again. Two weeks he had been bonded to Draco and he wasn't sure how much longer the 'marriage' was going to let them pretend it didn't exist. He wasn't even going to let himself think about Christmas and the almost-mistletoe incident.

He could not really be blamed for finding Draco just the teeniest bit attractive. They had become friends of a sort and it was not as if Draco was still the pointy boy Harry had met on the train in the first year. Draco had filled out in what Harry was sure all the girls would think were the right places, even if the Slytherin was still a git half the time. Glancing over the breakfast table, he let himself admit that the storm-grey eyes, pale skin and platinum hair all played off against each other to make a very reasonable male specimen. Possibly reasonable was downplaying it a little.

His mind flashed with the image of Draco naked and he swore quietly under his breath. That was the kind of underhanded thing the bond did; it showed him what he was missing and it wasn't imagination either. The bond joined them at a subconscious level and Draco knew what his own body looked like naked so when the bond wanted him to, so did Harry. He gave up on his cornflakes and did his best to walk calmly towards the door. Making his way across the room was, in his opinion, harder than the whole final battle had been.

It hadn't been much of a battle really since the word had gone out that Harry Potter was going to cream the Dark Lord and most of Voldie's Death Eaters had jumped ship and spilled their guts to the Ministry. Sneaking into Voldemort's then residence and killing the old bastard while he was asleep might have seemed unsporting to some, but by then Harry had been hanging out with two Slytherins for far too long to care about it. The papers had reported a heroic duel, Harry had let them.

Teenage hormones mixed with an ancient 'marriage' bond were going to kill him as surely as Voldemort had been trying to do all his life. He made it as far as the upstairs corridor before he put his head against the wall and moaned. It was so not fair; he had been walking around with a hard on for Draco for days and all the wanking in the world was not helping. If it went on for much longer he was sure he was going to do permanent damage, but that didn't stop his hand straying towards his crotch.

"Potter," he turned rapidly, pulling his hand back and staring.

Draco was standing in the hallway with a rather annoyed expression on his aristocratic features, which explained the lapse in first names. The fact that the deep tone of Draco's voice was doing nothing to help Harry's problem would have

been worrying in itself if he hadn't had the greater problem of trying not to walk, or possibly run towards his ex-nemesis.

"I want to make one thing very clear," Draco said pointedly, "this is all the bond's fault, do you understand?"

Harry nodded mutely, not trusting what he might say if he opened his mouth.

"Good," Draco said with a finality that sent a shiver of fear through Harry.

He expected Draco to turn and walk away and he actually backed into the wall when the opposite happened. Draco strode down the hallway towards him with a very purpose-filled stride and then Harry found himself pinned to the wall from the waist down with Draco pushed up against him. The groan that came out of his mouth was totally not his fault as Draco's hip rubbed against his very sensitive erection. From the hardness that was flush with his own hip, Draco seemed to be in the same predicament he was.

"I'm going to have you, Harry," Draco said, voice low and dangerous.

Harry never even considered resisting as Draco took hold of his wrists and pinned his arms to the wall either side of his head and he accepted the bruising kiss with nothing more than a whimper. His kissing experience was limited to Cho and Ginny, neither of whom had kissed anything like this. Draco's tongue did not so much request entry to his mouth, as force his lips apart and plunder what was behind them until he gave in.

He'd been dreaming of this for the past two weeks and his dreams had shown him some interesting things. Hoping that he had been shown a few things that Draco liked he decided to try one that he remembered very vividly from two nights previously. Doing his best to maintain the tiny amount of brain power he had left, he sucked on the invading tongue. The way Draco groaned and ground their lower bodies together chased away the last brain cell he had and he thrust his hips forward to gain more friction.

There was only one thing in his head and that was Draco; he'd never felt a need like it and now that it was no longer behind his considerable defences he was a slave to it. Draco could have told him they were going to use sex magic to resurrect Voldemort and he would have happily followed along.

"Bedroom," Draco hissed in his ear when they finally broke apart.

Normally Harry was a leader, he had had to be over the last few months, but when Draco grabbed his shirt and dragged him across the hallway toward one of the doors, he had no problem being led. When Draco threw him against the back of the door and re-instigated the kissing, Harry wasn't complaining either. It was only after Draco managed to drag him out of his shirt and jumper and he had returned the favour so that skin met skin that his brain caught up with what he was doing.

"Draco," he said, desperately trying to pull back some brain power as Draco flicked what seemed to be an expert tongue over one of his nipples, "what are we doing?"

Draco did at least pause at the question, but the grey eyes that looked up at him did not appear impressed.

"I would have thought that was obvious, sorry, I forgot you were a Gryffindor for a moment," it seemed that even in a sex soaked haze Draco was capable of scathing sarcasm.

"Draco," Harry's indignation kicked his brain into a little more motion, "you know what I mean. We're both boys."

"Men, Harry," Draco corrected, "we're men; seventeen, legally adult and hence allowed to do what the hell we like."

"Not the point," Harry said, almost loosing it again as Draco attacked his nipple again, "both male."

He groaned loudly as Draco gave up licking and sucked instead. Every sensation seemed to be sending urgent messages to his cock no matter where Draco touched him.

"For today, Harry," Draco said, making him moan in loss as the nipple torture was withdrawn, "just think of yourself as a girl."

Only a moment after this announcement Draco latched onto his other nipple so it took a while for the information to actually be processed in Harry's brain.

"Hey," he said, managing to put together enough motor control to push Draco away, "what makes you think I'm going to be the girl."

Draco looked at him with a stare that said 'my opinion of you has just levelled out below that of flobber worms'.

"Because, Harry dear," Draco's tone could have cut metal, "this is all your fault and since we are slowly going insane trying not to have sex, you are bloody well going to be the girl."

"I was trying to protect you!" Harry replied indignantly.

"And you charged in like a good Gryffindor without checking if there was a dragon waiting to eat you and landed us in this mess," Draco countered.

Harry floundered then, trying to come up with a good reason this wasn't his fault, but, since it was, he couldn't find one. He was still trying to find something to say when Draco took one of his wrists and pushed it against the door beside his head. Draco had taken out his wand and muttered a spell before Harry managed to get his head together and by then it was too late as Harry found his limb attached to

the door by a rope that had appeared out of nowhere. He was so shocked that Draco had his other arm in a similar position before he decided to fight back.

"Malfoy, what the hell are you playing at?" he demanded as the ropes refused to give way.

"Making sure you don't try and get away," Draco said as if it made perfect sense. "Relax, the ropes are made of silk, they won't leave any marks."

"You've tied me to the sodding door, Draco," Harry said, beginning to feel not so sexually inclined, "what makes you think I want to relax?"

"Because I'm going to make you forget your own name," Draco said with a cocky grin that sent shots of alarm to Harry's brain and shots of something completely different to his cock, "and when I have you incoherent enough I'll let you go and we can move this to the bed."

It was rather disconcerting when Draco pointed his wand at him again and cast something silently twice. When his trousers and pants fell off him where the material had literally been sliced, the shock of the cold air made him gasp and he would have complained at the treatment of his clothes except that Draco fell to his knees in front of him and his voice caught in his throat.

"Looks like at least part of you is enjoying this," Draco said and Harry felt his cock twitch in response.

He was undeniably hard and his nervousness at finding himself tied to a door had done nothing to counter teenage hormones. It was beginning to dawn on him that he was objecting on principle rather than anything else and, as Draco looked up at him through pale lashes, Harry gave up. He let his head fall back against the door with a groan and waited to find out if a blow job was as good as Seamus claimed it was.

When Draco's lips closed around the head of his cock, he almost came on the spot, which would have been hideously embarrassing, but his body had been in shag-now mode for so long that he was already on the edge. It wasn't as if his dick had had any previous experience with anything but his hand and the feeling of wet warmth enclosing around him made him whimper and groan.

"Weaselette never put out then," Draco commented, withdrawing his attentions for a moment.

Anger bubbled up in Harry at the insult to Ginny, but was cut off as Draco sucked on the end of his cock.

"Bastard," was about all he could manage and he almost died when Draco laughed around his cock.

It had not taken him long to realise that Draco's cutting comments were more habit than real sentiments and he didn't have the brain power to object now. His

whole existence seemed to be centred around the wonderful feelings in his cock and the Slytherin part of his mind was pointing out that he really should have tried this before. Draco's tongue was doing things that Harry, in his somewhat sheltered upbringing, had never imagined a tongue ever doing and it was incredible. So incredible in fact that, as Draco continued to lick and suck and do all sorts of amazing things, he forgot all his objections. Even when Draco urged his legs apart it never occurred to his sex soaked brain why this was necessary.

He almost lost it again when Draco began to finger his balls, but somehow held on. Part of him was looking for the payoff, but the rest didn't want this to end too soon. It wasn't until he felt something touch between his buttocks that his eyes opened in shock and he felt two spells hit him almost simultaneously. The first made him feel hot inside for a moment and then kind of empty and the second just felt really weird.

"Draco!" he all but yelled.

"Relax, Harry," Draco said, scathing tone for once absent as the Slytherin stopped torturing him with his mouth, "you'll enjoy this."

"What did you do to me?" he asked, feeling so out of his depth it was silly.

"It was just a cleaning spell and a lubrication charm," Draco said in a manner that suggested to Harry his companion found his panic amusing, "you must have used them yourself loads of times."

Harry really didn't get that and as usual his thoughts must have shown on his face because for the first time Draco paused.

"Harry?"

"What would I have used them for?"

He felt like an idiot, but he had to ask.

"You do masturbate, right?" Draco sounded hesitant for the first time.

"Of course I bloody masturbate," Harry replied, using annoyance to cover the embarrassment that made him wish the ground would swallow him up; "you think I would have survived the last two weeks if I didn't?"

Draco just lifted an aristocratic eyebrow.

"But you've never touched yourself here?"

Harry almost jumped a foot in the air when a finger glided over his entrance.

"No," he all but squeaked.

"Wow," Draco said, sounding honestly surprised, "Blaise taught me those spells in second year. You're going to enjoy this then, you have no idea what you've been missing."

And with that Draco all but swallowed him whole and inserted a finger where Harry had never had a finger inserted before. This time it was too much and he couldn't help himself; he came hard with a loud shout. His whole body shuddered with all sensations centring on his cock and he had the longest and most satisfying orgasm of his life as Draco continued to suck on him.

"Please stop," he finally had to whimper as his nerves demanded a chance to come down from the over stimulated high.

He was breathing hard and his legs felt like jelly as Draco released him from the silk ropes, but when Draco urged him forward he went. He was sure he had just ejected his mashed brain through his cock, because there didn't seem to be a single thought left in his head.

"Lie down on your front," Draco told him and climbing onto the bed he did as he was told.

The sound of clothes being removed barely registered and his brain only switched back on when he found his knees being pushed apart and felt Draco settling in the gap.

"Lift your hips," was the next instruction and he was awake enough now to feel nervous, but he did as he was told and a pillow was pushed under him. "Now just relax."

Harry wasn't sure he could; especially now, since having started to get what it wanted, the bond appeared to have given up with the overwhelming urges. He tensed the moment Draco's fingers touched his arse.

"I said relax," Draco said and Harry found his bum cheeks being gently massaged.

Truth be told it felt very nice and slowly Harry began to let the tension go.

"I know it feels odd when you're not used to it," Draco said and Harry almost died of shock as he realised Draco was trying to be considerate, "but it will feel good. Just don't tense up again."

Harry mumbled his consent into his arms and could not help wondering what he had thrown himself into this time. Never in a million years had he ever thought he would be doing this. It wasn't a finger that was pushed into him this time though, it was thin, hard and a little cold.

"What's that?" he had to ask.

"My wand," Draco replied, "I'm going to stretch you slowly with a spell. I could use my fingers, but this works better for first times."

Harry accepted that, but it made him curious.

"How do you know all this?" he asked, biting his lip at the sensations in his arse as Draco slowly moved the wand in and out.

"Forewarned is forearmed," Draco said simply.

"So you've never used this on another person?" for some reason he couldn't fathom this was an important question to Harry.

"Only on myself," Draco replied and Harry groaned as he felt the intrusion in his arse change slightly.

That answer pleased Harry for reasons he was not willing to investigate at that moment.

His thoughts began to close down again as Draco worked him and although the changes in the size of the object in his arse was slow it did eventually start to hurt. For a while he gritted his teeth and bore it, but eventually he couldn't help grunting at the burning stretching sensation.

"Too much?" Draco asked.

He grunted again rather than replying.

"Clench and hold it as long as you can," Draco instructed, stopping what he was doing.

It was an odd thing to be asked to do, but then the whole experience was rather odd so he did as instructed. It felt even weirder, but when he finally released he did find that the burning had lessened. He did it again and when he relaxed it felt better again.

"Okay," he said eventually and Draco took up where he had left off.

It still wasn't the most comfortable experience Harry had ever had, but when the intrusion brushed over a spot inside that made him pant and gasp he kind of forgot all about the discomfort.

"Oh god," he said, feeling himself growing harder by the second, "please say you're almost there."

"Eager, Harry?"

Harry just groaned, he really wasn't sure what he wanted at that moment, but he needed something. When the object in his arse was removed he moaned and did his best to remain as relaxed as possible as he felt Draco move into position

above him. When Draco pushed into him, he thought he might break since Draco felt a lot bigger than the spell covered wand and he clenched instinctively since it had stopped the pain before. It was Draco's turn to groan and the Slytherin halted instantly.

"Merlin," Draco said in a long drawn out drawl, "you're so tight."

Harry was a bit beyond words so all he could do was moan when Draco decided to move again. He had literally never felt anything quite like it and the angle Draco was at seemed to be perfect as his lover hit the spot that had made him start to lose control before. It was such a mixture of pleasure and pain that his brain short circuited. When Draco began to move in and out of him he just gave up and let any sensible thought close down and just felt. He was so caught up in the experience that he didn't care what was happening and the bond was humming happily in the back of his head.

Flashes lanced through his brain and for moments at a time he could feel what Draco was feeling and eventually - he had no idea how long it took - his body went into overload. For the second time he came like the rest of the universe didn't exist and for a while, as far as he was concerned, it didn't. Wonderful feelings danced all over his body and he only came down very slowly. By the time he was capable of any thought at all he found that Draco was lying beside him and his lover looked as spaced out as he felt.

Lying there just breathing and trying to ignore the fact that his arse was complaining, he had to admit that the whole bond thing wasn't all bad. Draco did look delicious lying there completely naked and Harry couldn't imagine how they could ever have ended up in this situation without the accident of his magic going haywire.

"Are you ogling me, Potter?" Draco asked and Harry looked back at his lover's face to see that he had been caught.

"Well I couldn't see you when you were behind me," Harry replied, quite pleased when the words came out in the right order. "Since we're technically married I thought I'd take advantage of the situation."

"I'll make you a Slytherin yet," Draco replied with a smug grin and rolled onto his back.

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The relief from the bond's insistence that they have sex had lasted a little over four hours and then it had come back full force. Harry had done the only thing he could think of in the circumstances; he had floored Hermione and begged for her help. Hermione had arrived the next morning with books in hand.

"What's going on, Hermione?" Harry asked as soon as they were all ensconced in the living room. "We've consummated the bond ... lots of times," he added as the bond provided him with several choice moments, "and it's still not letting us stop."

Hermione was blushing a beautiful red colour, but looked apologetic at the same time. Harry was just doing his best not to look at Draco, because every time he did, the bond suggested things they hadn't tried yet.

"It won't" she said in a way that made Harry very afraid.

"Why?" Draco asked in an icy tone that could have frozen hell.

"It's trying to get one of you pregnant," Hermione admitted sheepishly.

"What?" Harry all but yelled. "We're both male, Hermione, we can't get pregnant."

"I know," Hermione said, seemingly forgetting her embarrassment as she became annoyed, "but the spell was created by someone who never considered that it might be used this way between two wizards. That's why it's a restricted spell, someone later on did figure out what could happen."

It was a very close thing, Harry wanted to blame all this on his friend and yell at her for getting him into this, but he couldn't really lay it all at her feet. They had needed a solution and it had seemed like such a good one at the time. Now they knew to never trust anything that came from the Black family library.

"We can't just spend the rest of our lives shagging," Draco said as acidly as he ever had at school.

"And I'm working on it," Hermione said, still annoyed, "and I will figure it out, but for now you're stuck like this so I suggest you enjoy it for what it is. You have free reign to screw each other's brains out whenever you like and I haven't met a teenage boy yet who didn't like that idea."

Those words from Hermione's mouth made Harry do his impression of a goldfish.

"You had better figure it out, Granger," Draco recovered first, but sounded no where near as cold as Harry was sure his lover meant to, "because sooner or later one of us is going to break something."

It was not the greatest comeback in the world, but Draco still swept out of the room with a flare that had Harry's cock hardening. Of course, about all Draco had to do these days was breathe for that to happen, so it wasn't saying much.

"Hermione," Harry said, knowing he was being pathetic, but totally unable to stop himself, "please say you at least have an idea."

"I'm really am working on something," Hermione promised and did at least look sympathetic, "but I don't want to say until I'm sure; look where that got us last time."

Harry sat down on the sofa with a thump. He put his head in his hands and did his best not to sigh very loudly and for a long time.

"How's Ron?" he finally asked, looking for any topic that would get his mind off sex for more than five minutes.

"Still being an idiot," Hermione replied in a tone that suggested Ron was in very deep trouble, "but I'm sure he'll come round very soon."

The way Hermione smiled as she announced this worried Harry; it was not a Gryffindor type smile. In fact he'd seen one very similar to it on Draco's face when they had come up with the final plan to off Voldemort. Ron had not reacted well to Harry's sudden attachment to Draco; Ron had barely come to terms with the fact that Snape and Draco were on their side, so the fact that Harry was attracted to Draco had rather thrown the volatile red head for a six. Hermione had promised to make Ron see sense, but so far Ron had not been to Grimmauld Place since Harry had cast the binding spell in the first place.

"Hermione," Harry said slowly, not sure he wanted to know what she had planned for Ron, "what did you do?"

"Told him we weren't having sex until he came to his senses and apologised to you and Draco," Hermione said with an air about her that suggested smug satisfaction; "he was at the begging stage last night."

Harry was pretty sure his face had gone bright red at that revelation. Of course he knew Ron and Hermione had taken their relationship to the sexual level; they had all been living in Grimmauld Place before the end of the war and Ron and Hermione had been sharing a room, but that didn't mean he needed to hear about it. Ron had tried to tell him about it once, best mate to best mate, but Harry had asked him to stop very quickly; he just couldn't think of Hermione that way.

"But isn't that punishing you as well?" Harry asked, not really understanding and finding himself asking the question before good sense had the better of him.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

"I'm a woman, Harry," she said in a tone that suggested that explained everything.

He still wasn't getting it.

"We have an off switch," Hermione told him in what sounded suspiciously like lecture mode; "we are not hardwired like the male of the species. Besides there are loads of things that I can do by myself..."

Harry stuck his fingers in his ears and only just stopped himself from singing 'la la la' to prevent himself hearing anything else.

"Enough!" he said and fled towards the door.

He ran away into the rest of the house with Hermione's laughter following him. There was a small suspicion forming in the back of his mind that he was not the only Gryffindor that could have been sorted into Slytherin.

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Harry had moved into Draco's room the night after Hermione's visit since he invariably ended up there anyway and he could honestly say that he had never imagined all the things two men could get up to. Draco had given up insisting on being top about the third time they had had sex, so at least there was variety in their relationship; it hadn't however softened Draco's tongue.

"So now rather than getting one of us pregnant, which is a physical impossibility," Draco said snidely, "we just have to create life, which last time I checked is also a physical impossibility."

That last bit was yelled, Draco's patience seemed to be wearing very thin at the moment and Harry couldn't really blame his lover. They had only had three hours sleep the previous night because they kept waking up humping each other and ended up having wild uncontrolled sex. There was only so much even a teenage libido could take without calling it quits and running home to mummy.

When Hermione had sent a letter saying she had a solution, this had not been quite what Harry had been expecting.

"Permanent life is impossible," Hermione said as if she was teaching a class, "but, looking at the data, temporary life will do. The bond isn't designed to restart if the woman loses the baby so if you create life and then it disappears again you should be fine."

Draco was looking sceptical, but Harry did his best to be hopeful.

"So how do we make temporary life?" he asked, hoping that there was an easy answer.

"Well it's difficult," Hermione replied, dashing his hopes, "and it takes an awful lot of magic, more than even you have Harry, but it can be done. You just have to do it together."

Draco was looking even more sceptical, which worried Harry.

"You're not suggesting we bind our magic?" Draco asked in a low, dangerous tone.

Hermione looked sheepish.

"It's the only way and it's not permanent," she countered in a quiet voice.

Harry wasn't sure what the trouble was, but he was pretty sure he was about to find out.

"So to break one bond you want us to form another?" Draco sounded completely incredulous. "Binding magic is the most intimate thing two magical people can do."

Harry was shocked, he had thought Draco and he had already done "the most intimate thing".

"It takes complete trust," Draco pointed out. "Only five pairs have ever managed to do it in the history of British Wizarding Society. Harry and I are only technically married."

Hermione lifted an eyebrow, always a bad sign.

"Men!" she said and put her hands on her hips, "Just give it up, you're in love with him and he's in love with you or this could never have happened. No matter what tosh you're telling yourselves and each other, you two have fallen so hard for each other that a simple bond decided you were getting married. Unless you want to be shagging like bunnies your entire lives you need to accept that and figure out how to do this. The spell you need to perform together is here."

She handed them a sheet of parchment.

"I'll be in the library if you need my help."

Hermione could be very forceful when she wanted to be and Harry just watched her go. It took a lot more will power to make himself turn and look at Draco, who appeared equally as shell shocked.

"Um," he said, not sure how to follow that, "is she ... um ... right? Do you love me?"

Draco scowled.

"I don't know," Draco finally exploded, waving his arms in the air to emphasise his point. "I've never been in love and I don't know what it feels like."

Harry thought the perplexed look on his lover's face was adorable as Draco admitted this and it finally occurred to him that he liked looking at Draco and it had nothing to do with sex. That was when it began to dawn on him that maybe Hermione was on to something.

"Um," he said again, "right then, we can do this."

There was no way he was going girly and trying to talk about his feelings, but as he looked into Draco's eyes he knew that they both understood what he was saying.

"Okay then," Draco agreed, "let's look at this spell then."

Harry nodded; beginning to feel a little better now they had that out of the way.

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The spell was pretty simple and it hadn't taken them long to learn it, the tricky part was having enough magic to cast it. Harry had had no clue what was involved in binding magic, but it seemed Draco had and they had spent four days preparing for it. The bond seemed to approve of the plan in that it was actually letting them sleep between long bouts of what Harry had started mentally referring to as togetherness. Draco called it magical alignment, Harry thought of it as sex with long sections of stillness in which times he tried to feel out Draco's magic. He had to admit it had resulted in some of the most mind-blowing orgasms.

Harry wasn't completely sure, but he thought that their progress had shocked Draco. It wasn't as if Draco would ever come out and say it, but Harry had seen signs that he had learned to pick up over the months they had been working together and he was almost sure Draco had been somewhat amazed. He, on the other hand, still really wasn't sure about the significance of what they were trying to do, other than what he had heard Draco tell Hermione. He preferred it that way, because he never liked people telling him something was impossible; preconceived notions didn't tend to apply to him anyway.

Draco naked was something he was becoming very used to seeing, but he could not help admiring the pale, perfect skin of his lover in the low candlelight they had set up in Draco's room. Draco had insisted that the candles were ritualistic and Harry did understand that, but with his Muggle upbringing and the little he had seen of his aunt's idea of romance the candles seemed evocative and romantic.

Over their preparations they had discovered that they seemed to be able to align better with Harry as top. Draco had declared this was only because Harry had cast the bonding spell and it was usually the male who did that with heterosexual couples, but Harry wasn't so sure. He of course wasn't going to mention why he thought Draco liked him to be in control, because a, it made him sound like Hermione and b, Draco would probably kill him.

"Ready?" Draco asked with the usual tone of supreme confidence, but Draco wasn't looking him directly in the eye, which Harry knew meant his lover was as nervous as he was.

"As I'll ever be," he replied, trying to sound confident.

There wasn't really any way they could do themselves damage with what they were trying to do; knocking themselves out by using too much magic was about it, but Harry was nervous nonetheless. It was more what would happen if it did work that had him thinking. Binding magic was the most intimate thing two magical people could do, Draco had told him that several times, but he really didn't know what that meant. It wasn't a permanent thing, although Draco had

hinted that done once it could be redone any time they felt like it, but, even though it was temporary, something about it had Draco on edge.

Harry watched as Draco climbed onto the bed and lay down on his back, wand held firmly in his right hand. Pushing all doubts aside he followed his lover and gently urged Draco's legs apart so that he could kneel between them. He was already hard just from thinking about what they were going to be doing and Draco was just as ready, but, although it wasn't as if they hadn't done this many times before, Harry found himself nervous about touching his lover.

This was more than sex and Harry's brain chose that moment to point this out very starkly. This step had the same significance as going from friends to lovers had done in the first place and he found his hand shaking as he reached for the pot of lubrication set out for the purpose. The only spell they would be casting today was Genero Vita and he placed his wand on the bed as he tried to set his mind to his task.

"Harry," Draco's voice made him jump slightly and he realised he was just kneeling there holding the lube, doing nothing, "it will be alright."

For Draco to be trying to reassure him, he knew he had to be acting very strangely and he shook himself; now was not the time to lose his nerve. He nodded at Draco and gave a small smile as he ran a hand over one of his lover's pale thighs. He knew the body before him very well by now.

"You are very beautiful," he said, giving in to the urge that he had had for some time now.

Draco looked surprised, but did not reply with the scathing remark Harry had always expected the sentiment to raise. Rather than replying at all Draco just lifted his legs in a move that clearly said 'get on with it'. Not wanting to make a complete idiot out of himself, Harry decided to do just that and twisted the top off the lube pot so he could prepare Draco.

The lubrication spell was much faster, but over their time together Harry had found that Draco seemed to enjoy the manual methods more, especially when he found his lover's prostate. Draco had been very patient with him, well as patient as Draco ever was, and explained a great deal about gay sex to him since their first encounter; most of which Harry had taken to heart. Harry had no intention of being an average lover.

With all the sex they had been having it wasn't as if Draco needed much preparation and Harry pushed in slowly after only working his lover loose for a few moments. Draco's breathing sped up and there was the lowest of ah sounds for a moment, but that was the only response Draco gave. Harry let his eyes close for a moment as he pushed himself home and let his focus narrow down to the warm tightness enclosing him. It felt wonderful; it always felt wonderful and just for a moment he didn't want to do this because he would lose the excuse to do this whenever he wanted.

Harry had always been a solitary being, even when he had friends, because at his core he had always been alone. He had relied on other people before, but even when he had had Ginny in sixth year he had still kept part of himself separate. The bond had given him something else for a while, someone who was his and to whom he belonged in equal measure, and they were about to try and break that. It only lasted a second, but in that moment he did not want it to end.

When he opened his eyes again, he pushed that thought aside; the bond would drive them crazy in the end and they were trying for something more, something real. Leaning over Draco, he picked up his wand and placed his hands over his lover's. They entwined fingers, locking their palms together over their wands, and Harry pushed as much of his body against Draco's as he could without dislodging their physical connection and still keeping eye contact. In response Draco wound his legs around Harry's back and they were locked together.

They had done this before, the coming together and then finding the stillness, but to Harry it felt different this time. With the ritual candles in place and the runes for peace and harmony drawn on the walls, he found himself sinking into Draco's grey eyes far more easily than he had done before. He did not feel remotely silly as he had done the first time they had tried to be still and feel each other out, and, with their wands in their hands, he could sense the magic in both of them with far more clarity.

He looked into Draco's gaze and his own body became clearer to him even as he tried to feel his lover. His steady heartbeat sounded in his ears and he could feel the blood thundering through his veins, pooling in the heated throbbing of his cock deep inside Draco. Very deliberately he brought his breathing under control, taking slow even breaths in time with Draco beneath him. For this they had to be in perfect harmony, tuned to one another so completely that their magic did the same.

To begin with, the rhythms of Draco's body were contrary to his, but as they stayed there, motionless, he could feel their pulses coming into line. He wasn't sure where he could sense Draco's heartbeat, but he knew that he could and he felt strangely light-headed as their bodies tuned to one another. It was like Draco's eyes were widening to swallow him whole and he wanted them to.

It was his magic that was not as compliant as his body and he could feel the random eddies and currents in his magical core fighting the peace his physical form was finding. His magic had never been quiet and complacent, not when it had put him on the school roof when he was young and not even when it had jumped to his bidding to cast his first spell. He had bent his magic to his will, but he had never tamed it and he had only really come to see this over the last few days.

Nothing had ever made him look at himself quite the way he had to for this, not even Oclumency, and he called his magic to his will now. Wizarding children lived with magic all their lives, they were taught how to feel it and use it from a young age, but Muggle-raised children weren't and the power inside Harry was wilder than he had ever imagined. He knew he was stronger than the average wizard,

but he had to wonder if all the other Muggleborns had this wild thing inside of them. Reaching out with the calm he had made in his physical body he tried to sooth the power snapping at its cage.

Time had very little meaning as he coaxed his magic into a smooth sheen under his skin, easing out the currents that divided him from Draco. Only when it looked like glass to his mind's eye did he reach out with that strange other sense which gave him control of such power and feel for Draco and Draco was there waiting for him. It was not a meeting of minds, this was not about conscious thought, but a meeting of sense. Without hesitation Harry released his last barrier, baring all that he was to his lover.

For a moment his sense of self evaporated, lost in the roar of power as magic met magic. It came flooding back as power that was his and yet wasn't his surged into him and he wanted to scream as the magic seared through his nerves. Part of him tried to reject this foreign energy and push out what was not his, but he controlled himself and kept his mind and body open to all that came at him. He could feel his body again now, so clearly that the sexual stimulation was almost too much to bear and he was not sure if the whimper came from him or Draco.

The essence of his lover was running through him and he could feel everything that was Draco. It was like Draco's innermost soul was on display to him and he knew his was equally exposed. They were one, their magic was mixed and that left only one step.

"Genero Vita," the words of the spell fell from Harry's lips in perfect time with Draco's as with one accord they used the power they now both held.

The explosion of magic that ran through his whole body took Harry's breath away as he channelled both his and Draco's power to both wands. He had never felt so much raw energy and this time he did scream as every synapse in his brain seemed to fire at the same time. For a moment in time that could have been the tiniest fraction of a second of the lifetime of the universe he was Draco and Draco was him as the magic that defined them bound together and worked through them both.

Dimly he felt his body complete the rise to orgasm that seemed strangely irrelevant next to the awesome flood of magic and then he succumbed to blackness as his beleaguered brain simply gave up. There was absolutely nothing he could do as he felt the spell form and he collapsed with only the tiniest thought as to what they could have created.

Reality returned in what Harry thought was pretty short measure, since when he opened his eyes he was still coming down from what had to have been the most incredible orgasm. His whole body was still tingling and he could barely put together the strength to lift himself off Draco, who was motionless beneath him. The experience of the last few minutes ... hours ... he had no idea how long it had been, was etched into his mind and he really didn't know what to think. It was literally brain boggling and he decided to leave thinking until later.

As carefully as he could, he pushed himself off Draco and rolled onto the bed, collapsing and breathing hard as his body complained about being asked to do anything sensible so soon. Almost as soon as he was out of contact with Draco, however, he found that he didn't want to be and his arm reached out without his conscious consent to touch his lover. Draco seemed to have similar ideas, but, being a Slytherin, Draco's were grander and Harry found himself half covered by another body as his half conscious lover rolled over and sprawled across him.

It was a rather nice sensation to be cuddled and Harry let himself drift in the post orgasmic haze that seemed to have detached his mind from his body even more than usual until he felt Draco tense suddenly in his arms.

"Harry," Draco's voice was muffled since his lover's face was still on his chest, but he could definitely hear a slightly disgruntled edge to it.

"Yes?" Harry replied, wondering what he could have possibly done now since he hadn't so much as moved.

He was suddenly worried that Draco might have just woken up to the fact that they were all but snuggling and wanted it to end.

"Something just stuck its claws into my arse."

That really wasn't what he had expected to hear at all and the strangeness of it actually managed to drag him back to reality. He lifted his head and looked down Draco's naked back not really sure what he was going to find. There were many nasty things in the Wizarding world that had claws and he prayed it wasn't one of them, since he really wasn't in the mood to do anything about it. What he saw was at once the most absurd and absolutely adorable things he had seen in a long time.

Draco was half lying on him and half on the bed and where his lover's very fine arse met the bed clothes there was a creature, a very cute and fluffy creature that did indeed appear to have one set of claws in Draco's flesh.

"What is it?" Draco asked when Harry just stared, at which point Harry realised that Draco was still on the 'it might eat me' page of the incident.

"Relax," he said, finding himself bowing to the cuteness of the whole situation despite himself, "just don't roll over or you'll squash him."

"It has claws in my arse, Potter," Draco really didn't sound happy, although his lover did let Harry move out from under him without trying to roll over, "why shouldn't I squash it?"

"Because he's adorable and if you hurt him I'll tell Hermione what you did," Harry replied and moved down the bed so he could reach his prize.

As he gently disentangled the claws from Draco's arse his lover complained loudly, but did not actually move to object, and then Harry returned to sitting

next to Draco with the cute ball of fluff in his arms. The little black and white kitten looked up at him and gave a plaintive meow.

"Are you hungry, little fella?" Harry all but cooed.

He had no idea how a kitten could have found its way into their bedroom, especially when they were performing the magical binding ritual, but... His thoughts derailed as he looked into one green eye and one grey.

"Well done, Harry, you just caught up didn't you," Draco's voice was as sarcastic as ever.

"Um," Harry wasn't sure what to say, "this is ... um ..."

"The life we created," Draco offered helpfully, if somewhat scathingly.

Harry did his best to think that through as he looked at the fluffy bundle in his arms, but it really didn't help.

"Wasn't that supposed to vanish again after a couple of seconds?" he asked, shocked to be holding on to a very solid kitten.

"Yes, it was supposed to," Draco replied with disdain, but there was something about the way Draco said it that made Harry think that that wasn't the only problem.

"So other than the impossible," he asked, "what's bothering you?"

Draco made a face.

"What?" Harry tried again.

"Look at it, Potter," Draco said and gestured airily.

Harry looked at the kitten who looked back seemingly equally confused.

"It's a kitten," Draco said as if it explained everything.

Harry still wasn't following.

"Couldn't it have been a snake or a baby dragon or a cockatrice?"

This had to be one of the most confusing conversations he had ever had with Draco, and that was saying something. It must have shown on his face too, because Draco looked exasperated.

"I'm a Slytherin, Potter," Draco said emphatically, "I have a certain reputation and we created a kitten; a soft, fluffy, adorable kitten. The only thing worse would have been a Puffskein"

Harry couldn't help it; he started to laugh. They had just achieved the impossible and Draco was worried that what they had created was cute.

"It'll probably vanish any second," Draco said petulantly, "and then I'll deny it ever existed."

Harry began to laugh harder letting himself fall back onto the bed still cradling the kitten gently to his chest. Draco really did look extremely put out.

"We ... we could," he said between laughs, "give him ... a really ... vicious name."

Draco climbed off the bed in a huff and Harry dissolved into a fit of giggles. The kitten stuck his claws into his chest because he was shaking, but he was too amused to care. He still had to go and scare the crap out of the Ministry and sort everything out, but he was rather enjoying his current situation as it stood.

"Voldemort," he said cheerfully, "we'll call him Voldemort."

When the silencing charm hit him, he wasn't overly surprised.

**The End**