The Hunt

By Mystwriter

Summary: Draco stumbles into the trio on their hunt for Horcruxes and is captured. But what are they going to do with the cowardly Slytherin? Harry has some ideas.

Warnings: Very short episode of PWP, NC-17, Deathly Hallows spoilers (yeah, already). And an extra special warning: This begins with something not regualr Mystwriter fare. It's Dark!Harry with rape, non-con, first time. Just thought you needed the extra warning as it seems to surprise some people. It does, however become standard Mystwriter fare, so slog through anyway.

Image by RubyMoth

That was the last thing Harry and his exhausted friends needed. Draco Bloody Malfoy on their tail and closing. They sat within their wards looking out to the forest, listening to the Death Eaters closing in.

"I know I saw them," said Draco's voice, a little higher in octave than normal.

"If you're lying again, boy, to curry favour with the Dark Lord...."

"No!" he said desperately. "I-I did see one of them. That Weasley boy. I know I did. They must be charmed to be invisible."

Harry glanced over at Ron who looked back guiltily. "He must have seen me by the river," he whispered, even though there was no need to. Hermione's wards were always perfect.

"I say we give it five more minutes and get out of here," said another. "I don't trust Malfoy."

Malfoy didn't reply. Must have been the only time in his life that he didn't smart off, thought Harry. His mind kept lighting on that night on the tower and all the evil things Malfoy had done last year, especially bringing in Death Eaters to Hogwarts. Maybe he didn't kill Dumbledore as he'd obviously planned, but he didn't think he could forgive Draco for bringing in Death Eaters to his beloved school.

Harry saw them now, three of them, moving stealthily in the woods, wands held high. Draco's blond head was a stark contrast against the dense trees of dark trunks. He wandered from the others, looking down. He seemed to catch some sort of trail...and it was leading directly to them!

Ron looked desperately at Hermione. Naturally he had forgotten to hide his trail. Harry's anger was tamped down by his fear as he watched Malfoy approach, obviously pleased by what he was finding. He stopped dead at the edge of their wards. He raised his wand and looked up at it. "It's here," he whispered. And then he turned over his shoulder and shouted it. "It's here!"

The other two turned around. Malfoy shot something from his wand and it revealed the little bubble of their wards.

"I'll be damned," said the long-haired one. They trotted forward and stood beside Malfoy, looking at the bubble.

The other with the longish teeth smiled. "All right, Potter! The jig is up. We know you're there. Come out and make this easy on yourself."

"At the count of three, Hermione," he was saying to them. She silently counted, and when she got to three, she dropped the wards.

"Obliviate!" All three Gryffindor wands were aimed and two met their marks. Draco dived out of the way just as the wards fell.

Harry scrambled after him. "No you don't," he growled, and shot him with a body bind.

The Death Eaters were standing with glazed expressions. Hermione gathered their wands and stuffed them into her jeans pocket. "Shall we Imperio them?"

"Yeah. Let them wander into the woods. See how they like it without their wands."

Ron stood over the immobile Draco Malfoy, pointing his wand at him unnecessarily. Malfoy's wand lay on the duff a yard away and he couldn't move. "What about him?"

"Him? I have other plans for him."

Draco's eyes were wild with fear. "Just let me go, Potter. There's no use in this."

"Isn't there? Gather our stuff," he said to the others. "It's time to move again."

He grabbed Malfoy by his shirt and hauled him to his feet. Hermione collapsed the tent into her little beaded bag and they took each other's arms. "Go!" said Harry, and they spun, squeezing into the awful blackness of Apparition.

They landed in another wooded glen, dense with clawing brambles and clumps of ferns. The canopy over their heads seemed thicker and the forest was darker because of it. "Good spot," he said. "Don't say where we are in case this one gets a notion." He shook Draco once before shoving him to the ground.

"Look, Potter, I didn't want to tell them. But they've got my mother and father. My father doesn't have his wand anymore. The Dark Lord...."

"I know. He took it and used it against me. Save your breath. The Malfoys are only getting what they deserve."

"What? How did you know—"

"Just shut it, Death Eater," said Ron over his shoulder. He helped Hermione set up the tent.

"I'm not a Death Eater! Look! Look at my arm! I swear! He'd never have me and I don't want it!"

"So now you don't want it," said Harry with a sneer. "Took you long enough." But he did reach down and pushed up Draco's left sleeve. The arm was scratched from brambles and bruised from God-knows-what-else but it was unmarked. Harry tossed the sleeve back. "So what? Doesn't make you innocent."

He ignored Malfoy for the meantime as they readied camp. Hermione walked the familiar circle setting the wards and Harry surreptitiously watched Malfoy.

When Hermione was done she turned to Harry. "Why are we keeping Malfoy? He'll get in our way."

"I want to find out what he knows."

"But you already find out through your—"

"I want to question him," he said, harsher this time.

"But what about our plans?"

He looked up at Ron and Hermione. "You two go on ahead. I'll stay here."

"No, Harry. We agreed to stay together."

"We agreed that I was in charge, right? So you two go on ahead. If I don't hear from you in say, a week's time, I'll move on without you."

"Harry—"

"Hermione!"

"She's right, mate," said Ron. "I think it's too dangerous."

"You always agree with her," he grumbled. "Look. If I'm done sooner with Malfoy, I'll join you. Okay?"

Hermione and Ron exchanged glances. They knew he wouldn't give in and it was so very important that they didn't miss this chance. He trusted them anyway.

"All right," Hermione said reluctantly. "A week. Don't wait a second more."

"Good luck," he said. And they Apparated away. He turned to Malfoy.

Draco cringed back. "I don't know anything, Potter. I'm out of the loop. My family is—"

"Getting what they deserve," he said dangerously. "And so will you."

"Look. P-potter. I-I...please. Don't h-hurt me—"

"You're a sick fuck, Malfoy, you know that?" Harry was suddenly filled with incredible anger. Everything that had happened—Hedwig, Dobby, Dumbledore, Snatchers—he laid on Malfoy's head. Because he was here. At Harry's mercy. A mercy he didn't deserve. His anger welled, blinding him. His wand arm trembled and he dropped his wand. Something had to give or he would surely explode and it manifested itself in a most unusual way. He felt himself get hard and the idea of humiliating his captive overwhelmed his good sense. He grabbed at Malfoy's trousers and threw open the belt.

"What are you doing?" Draco's voice had risen in panic. His eyes were wide and rounded. Harry only looked at his face once as he pulled down the zip and yanked his trousers and underpants down his white legs.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" screeched Malfoy. His pink dick was soft and small against his blond pubes. Harry, more feral than human—so this is what being a werewolf must feel like—flipped him over onto his face. Harry divested himself of his own trousers and underwear. His cock was hard, harder than it had ever been it seemed. He'd never had sex before, never dreamed of it with a boy. But this wasn't sex. This was conquering. This was dominance over Malfoy once and for all.

But Malfoy seemed to understand at last what was happening. Though tight in a body bind, he squirmed on the dead leaves, trying to inch away like a worm. "No!" he cried as Harry grabbed his arse with one hand and forced his neck down with the other. "NO! Potter! What are you doing!"

But Malfoy's cries only seemed to spur him on. If he wasn't positive that Voldemort wasn't possessing him he might have believed someone was. But he didn't want to stop now. As hard as he was, he wanted to show Malfoy just what he thought of him, what he'd always thought of him. He spit once into his hand, smeared it over the leaking head of his dick, and shoved it hard into Malfoy's cleft, finding his anus. Malfoy screamed but Harry shoved deeper, forcing open the tightly furled flesh and thrust with all the malice in him.

Malfoy was weeping and cursing. "You're the sick fuck, Potter! God damn you! I hope the Dark Lord kills you and all your friends, you fucking bastard!"

But all the crying didn't stop Harry. Draco was incredibly tight and the sensation on his cock was unbelievable. After a while, Draco fell silent except for sobbing. Harry continued to thrust hard into him, the rhythm quick and savage. The pleasure coiled tightly in his gut and pulsated in his balls, pushing up into his dick, and suddenly he was coming hard, harder than he had ever come before, and he pumped into Draco, spurting his juices high into the helpless boy beneath him. He felt it spill back on him as it trickled out of Draco's bum and he looked down for the first time at his still reddened prick stuck deep between those white cheeks. But as the orgasm subsided and Harry realized what he had done, he fell back, his cock popping from Draco with a splash of red-tinged cum.

"Oh my God!" he moaned. What had he done? He was worse than a Death Eater. What had he done?

Malfoy still lay on his face, crying. His shoulders shook with it. His white arse seemed to glow in the dim light. His robe had been pushed up his back, his trousers around his calves. He looked as if he had

been...well. He had been. And Harry had done it. Out of anger, out of callousness, out of fear and hate and all the other qualities he thought he had risen above. As a Gryffindor, as a human being, he was suddenly deeply ashamed of himself.

"Malfoy...." he squeaked. Harry stumbled to his feet, drawing up his underwear and trousers but not fastening them. He looked down on Draco's bruised bum and the trickle of white and red. Blood. Harry's trembling hand groped for his wand but he didn't have it in his trousers. He looked down, remembering he had dropped it. He snatched it from the ground and hurriedly cast a healing charm on Draco, hoping it worked. "M-malfoy. Draco. Are you all right?"

Draco stopped sobbing and turned his head. His eyes were red and puffy, his face blotchy and streaked with dirt and tears. "Am I all right? You fucking raped me, Potter!"

Harry stepped back, clutching his wand. "I didn't mean to—" But Draco had already turned away again. Harry stood transfixed for a moment before he knelt and clumsily pulled Draco's underwear and trousers back into place. He gently turned him over and zipped him up and buckled his belt.

Draco sneered at him, his arms still trapped in a body bind. "You done with me now? Is that it?"

"I'm sorry. Oh Draco, I am so sorry. I-I don't know what came over me. I'm so sorry." Harry's face became wet with tears. He hadn't known what possessed him. He hadn't realized he had been capable of this.

Draco never looked at him. "I want to wash," he said sullenly.

"Yeah. Sure. Er...." But he couldn't entirely release Draco. He couldn't let him go now. He could Obliviate him, he supposed, but that seemed unjust. He had his right to some sort of revenge. Harry had to face whatever it was that Draco would need in return. He was going to make it up to the Slytherin.

He released the body bind but cast a tethering charm so that Draco could go only as far as the river.

Draco got shakily to his feet. He winced and glared at Harry with eyes Harry never wanted to see again. "Are you going to watch?" he snarled.

"No. But I've put a...a tether charm on you."

"Can't just Obliviate me and send me on my way, eh? There's more in store for me, is there?"

"No, Malfoy. Draco, I swear. I'm really so sorry."

"That makes it all better then, doesn't it?" Malfoy turned his back on him and hobbled toward the river. Harry slowly sat where he was, his trousers still hanging open. What had he done? He had let anger control him. He couldn't do that again. Ever. He couldn't be like Voldemort. Never, ever. He dropped his head in his hands and wept.

* * *

Malfoy returned a long time later and Harry had a stew cooking in a pot. Draco stood on the edge of the tent, peering in.

Harry winced looking at him. His face was cleaner but it looked as if he had been crying again. Harry dropped the spoon and rushed toward him, and Malfoy gave a cry and staggered back. Harry froze on the spot. "Draco, I'm not going to hurt you. I swear. I'm going to make it up to you."

"I don't see how," he murmured, straightening his robe. He kept his distance from Harry and darted his eyes around the tent. "Cozy. You, the Weasel and the Mudblood. Another sick arrangement."

"It isn't like that."

"In hiding after all, Potter? I thought you were made of sterner stuff. But I see that you're like anyone else. Very Slytherin of you."

"I'm not hiding. We're fighting You-Know-Who. You know I am."

Draco dropped his face. "It's true, then?"

"Of course. I'm going to stop him, Draco, and anyone else who gets in my way."

"Plan on raping him, do you?"

Harry's breath caught. Tears stung his eyes again. "Draco," he said softly. "I swear I'll make it up to you. Shall I...shall I send you back? Will that make it up?"

But Draco's response startled Harry. "NO! I don't want to go back! Not ever! Please!" And suddenly Draco's arrogant posturing subsided and he was blubbering again. "Don't send me back there! They've taken over Malfoy Manor and it's horrible. The Dark Lord is—" He broke down again. Instinctively, Harry went to him and took him in his arms. Draco didn't pull away. He sobbed against Harry's chest. "My father is broken, broken. And my mother...she's all right because he still likes Auntie Bellatrix but it won't last. I know it won't. He only made me try to kill Dumbledore to punish my father, because he knew I couldn't do it, that he'd have to kill me."

Harry held on. Draco clutched Harry's robe in tight fists, sobbing into his t-shirt and soaking it. It didn't matter to Harry. If he could offer the Slytherin some modicum of comfort he would do it. He owed him.

Eventually, Draco quieted and slowly, he drew away from Harry, unwinding his white fingers from Harry's twisted robe. He wiped his ruined face with the back of his hand. "I won't send you back, Draco," Harry whispered. "I won't. I promise. And I won't hurt you again."

Draco looked up at Harry. His grey eyes didn't seem to hold malice any more. He sighed deeply and sat down on a stool. Harry sat gingerly beside him on a folding chair. Draco squirmed a bit. "You're a rough lover," he grunted and rubbed his backside. "And you're pants and healing charms."

"Sorry. And that wasn't lovemaking, Draco. It was far from it. And I'm so sorry."

"Don't keep apologizing," he said irritably. "I probably would have done it in your shoes. Done more, I suppose. Besides, that's the least that's happened to me, I assure you. You must be really frightened to stoop to that."

Draco's revelation made Harry feel even worse. He dropped his face in his hands.

"So you're not a perfect hero," said Draco. "So neither is your mentor, if the Prophet's got it right."

He looked up. "Dumbledore? That's Rita Skeeter. You know perfectly well—"

"And I know perfectly well that no one's perfect. Not even you. Though I had thought—"

"What?"

Draco blushed. "I guess...I always thought you were. Perfect. Still do, I guess." He didn't elaborate. He bit his nail and looked at Harry again. "You're going to get him, aren't you? Everyone's saying. The Ministry's after you, too. But you're going to."

Harry breathed deeply. "Yes." The conviction in that reply sparked something bright in Draco's eyes and for the first time, the blond looked relieved.

"Good," he said quietly.

Harry didn't ask what brought about the change of heart, but thought he could guess. He had seen Voldemort's actions toward the Malfoys. They were holding on by a string. His last look at Lucius told Harry that even he seemed to be regretting his Death Eater status.

They sat silently for a time while the stew bubbled. After a while, Draco sighed. "You are going to feed me, aren't you?"

Harry jumped up, just remembering the food. "Oh! Yes!" He conjured two plates, spooned the stew on it and set them on the table. He filled two goblets with water and gestured toward Draco's plate. "Go ahead. It's not bad. But we've only water, I'm afraid."

"Don't care. I'm starved." Draco dug in and began eating. Harry watched him without picking up his own spoon until Draco looked up and with mouth full, sneered. "Quit watching me and eat your own!"

That seemed to wake Harry and he dug in, the stew tasteless on his tongue.

* * *

They watched night fall without speaking until Draco finally sighed. "So what's to be done with me?"

Harry had been trying to figure that out for hours. He decided to be honest. "I don't know. You're going to get in the way."

"I could help. If it's to finish...You-Know-Who...I want to."

"That's great, but we can't—" Harry bit back his words.

"You can't trust me." Draco sniffed. "'Course not. One well-placed Cruciatus and I'd turn on my own mother." Then he winced. Harry now wondered what exactly had gone on in Voldemort's lair. "Why am I telling you that?" said Draco softly. "You know, too."

It was the first time Draco ever acknowledged that he had known what happened in the graveyard at Little Hangleton. Harry nodded. "No one could hold out."

"You could. I bet you could."

"You've seen firsthand how weak I can be," he said miserably.

"Merlin's bollocks, Potter. That's enough guilt to swallow a village. I'm all right, okay!"

"But I'm not!" Harry jumped up and paced, closing and opening his fists. "Dammit, Draco. I've never lost control like that before. I've never even—" He clamped down on the words, unable to say them.

"Never had sex before? Well guess what? That was my first time, too. Didn't exactly picture it like that."

"Neither did I."

"What's done is done. Get over it. I have."

"No, you're just suffering from post-traumatic stress syndrome."

"From what? Some sort of Muggle thing? Not me."

"Hermione would say—"

"Balls to that. I'm not got that whatever-syndrome. If that were true then my whole life since the end of fifth year has been traumatic stress, so one little shag isn't going to set me off."

"It wasn't a shag. It was r-rape."

"You're clearly more broken up over it than I am. Blimey, Potter. It isn't as if I wasn't trying to get you to do that for ye—"

Draco stopped talking and Harry slowly looked at him.

Draco had turned bright red. He was staring at the ground and muttering "Shit!" under his breath. He turned completely away for a moment before he pivoted and faced Harry. "So okay. Now you know the truth. I fancy you. So there."

Harry's mind was just a little too full at the moment. He tried to make sense of the jumble but all he could come up with was, "WHAT?"

"Bloody hell, Potter. Get a grip. We can't have you going over the deep end. I said I fancy you. I'm...you know. A poufter. I guess. I fancy boys. And I fancy you. Always have. End of story."

"Always?"

"Yes, yes. Always." His face blushed again and he looked at the ground. "I didn't fancy getting raped, mind you, but still. You seem contrite."

"I am! I swear!"

"All right then. Apology accepted."

That's it? That was it? Now Harry was supposed to feel guilt-free? But he didn't. It was almost worse, Harry twisting something Malfoy had wanted from him into something ugly and dirty.

"But don't you see. You can't. What I did is unforgivable."

"And yet it isn't one of the Unforgivables, is it?"

"But...if you fancied me then why were you so...so...."

"Rotten to you? Couldn't let you know, could I? That would have just made the family's day, wouldn't it? Their only son in love with the Dark Lord's worst enemy? Yeah, great for my health."

"In l-love?"

"Okay, Potter. I get it. You're straight. Got it in one, all right. Can we drop it? Where am I supposed to sleep?"

* * *

Harry gave Malfoy the couch while he took the big chair in the same room. Even tethered he didn't quite trust Draco, even though he felt sorry for him.

The bang of Apparition awakened them and they both sat bold upright. Harry was at the tent flap first.

"Oh no," whimpered Draco beside him.

Death Eaters were prowling outside casting charms to discover wards.

Draco clutched Harry's arm painfully. "They'll find us! They'll find us!"

"Shut up, Malfoy. Let go of me!" He shook Draco's hands free of him and grabbed his wand. "It doesn't matter. Even if they find the wards they can't get through them."

"But they'll know." And just as Draco said it, one Death Eater cast the charm and found the wards.

"Here!" he called.

And now it was just a stalemate. More Death Eaters arrived, surrounding them.

"What are we going to do?" rasped Draco.

There was no choice. They had to leave. But Hermione and Ron wouldn't be able to find him. They all knew the risks. Harry couldn't hope to wait the Death Eaters out, not when more and more of them kept arriving.

He started packing what little they could take. Some food and potions, all that they could shrink and put in their pockets. Harry still had Draco's wand and he had to decide.

He took it from his trousers and handed it to Draco. "Here. You'd better take this."

Draco looked at it incredulously. "You're kidding."

"No. I'm going to have to trust you. If you really want You-Know-Who eliminated then you know I'm the one to do it. So you'd better not pull any double-crosses, Malfoy."

"Back to 'Malfoy', is it?" he muttered. Gingerly, as if he didn't quite believe it, Draco took his wand back.

"We're going to Apparate. We'll leave everything else here. That should keep the wards in place for quite a while. Ready?"

He grabbed hold of Harry's arm just in time...or so he thought.

Harry turned but Draco slipped and fell back, tumbling out of the tent and out of the wards. Harry Disapparated just as Malfoy appeared to the Death Eaters. Harry appeared on a snowy hilltop hundreds of miles away and bit his lip. He couldn't leave Draco. He just couldn't. Summoning his courage, he Disapparated and appeared back at the old camp.

Draco was being held by one Death Eater while the other was hitting him with a stinging curse.

"Stupify!" yelled Harry, and the cursing Death Eater flopped backwards.

The others looked up, aiming their wands.

"Accio Draco!" Draco slid toward Harry who reached down and grabbed him, ducking just as a curse flew over his head. They Disapparated again, landing back on that snowy hilltop.

"You came back for me!" Draco kept chanting it, even as Harry dragged him further up the hill to a cave. He pushed Draco inside and walked the wards around it. When he was done, Draco had gotten a fire going and was looking at Harry.

"I promised you I'd keep you safe. I meant it," was all he said.

The rest of the day they spent trying to keep warm and ate what little food they had. Harry was trying to decide all day what to do. Horcruxes were foremost on his mind, but even so, Draco's presence was strangely comforting.

When night fell they bedded down on the cave floor. The quiet of the forest was almost overwhelming. Something in the cave was dripping with a constant tempo. After a few quiet moments, Draco spoke. "Can I come over there with you?"

Harry sat up and looked across the fire toward Malfoy. His face flickered with yellow light and it cast deep shadows in the hollows of his eyes, making him look even more frightened than he was. His hair was matted from sweat but still managed to glow white. Malfoy had had a close one today and Harry supposed he didn't mind the unexpected request. "Okay," he said.

Quickly, before Harry could change his mind, Draco scrambled around the fire to lie next to Harry. He turned toward the Gryffindor, gazing at him with glittering eyes. He took in a shuddering breath.

"Scared, Malfoy?" asked Harry, a little on edge himself.

Draco's eyes narrowed. "No!" A snapping branch outside alerted them both and they sat up, staring outside the cave. When nothing happened they settled down again, but Draco was tense beside Harry. He looked at the blond who was looking back at him with wide eyes. "Would....would you mind very much...I mean it's kind of cold. If we sh-shared that cloak...."

Harry took a deep breath. Draco's soft expression suddenly made his insides flutter. Ordinarily such a request would have been unthinkable. But so many things had happened. There was only one way to share Harry's cloak. Without a word he opened his arms and Draco slid within them, slipping his arms under Harry and pulling himself close, chest to chest. Draco tucked his head under Harry's chin and sighed. "This feels good," he said. "Warm."

"Warm," Harry parroted. What else could he say? It did feel good. Better than it should have done. He supposed he was lonely. Ron and Hermione...well. They had each other. Harry and Ginny had lasted a little while but never really clicked. What was it with him and girls?

But Malfoy felt...nice. He didn't smell too good. Harry reckoned he was no rose bush either, but it felt comforting to hold Draco, of all people. He felt as if he were giving something back to the Slytherin. Draco seemed content and Harry's arms registered strong muscles and sinewy arms.

Suddenly, he felt a kiss pressed to the hollow of his neck where the t-shirt's collar did not cover him and he jerked back. Draco looked up at him. "Sorry," he said. "I couldn't resist. It won't happen again."

But they did not turn away from one another. Harry's eyes roved over the boy's face lit by the soft glow of the flames. The shadows seemed to soften his otherwise pointy features. His lips were parted slightly. They were shiny and pink. His eyes glittered with changing reflections. His face seemed so soft. So soft. Harry wondered if his lips would be soft, and even as he wondered it, he leaned forward and gently touched his mouth to them, testing his theory. Yes, they were incredibly soft...and warm. He gently kissed Draco with tender pressure, opening his lips and just touching the tip of his tongue to Draco's. Vaguely aware that he'd never kissed anyone like this before, Harry nevertheless slid his tongue forward, deliciously tasting Draco's warm mouth.

Draco moaned and wound his arm around Harry's body. He dragged himself tightly against Harry, turning his head to allow the kiss to go deeper.

Harry immersed himself. His heart hammered in his chest. He felt suddenly light-headed. Where were these feelings coming from? He never looked twice at Malfoy before except to shoot hate at him. But now...He reveled in the tender sensations of Malfoy's lips, his arms, his body pressed against him. There was a hardness pressing into his thigh, and with a little squeak, Harry realized what it was. But even crazier was his own burgeoning erection pressing as ardently against Draco's thigh.

The kiss was irresistible. Harry fell into it with the fervor he had given to Quidditch. His hands gripped Draco at first, keeping him tightly against him. But then one hand drifted downward and groped, squeezing a buttock, pulling his groin closer. He scarcely allowed himself to believe that he was hard for the Slytherin, that he wanted him.

"Draco," he whispered, not quite knowing what it was he wanted to say.

But the Slytherin didn't seem to care. He moaned into the kiss, lips pulling back enough to release a breath that said, "Harry…."

Harry grabbed Draco's arms and pushed him back. He looked down at the face looking back at him with hooded eyes. "What are we doing?" he whispered.

"We're kissing," said Draco softly. "And if I have anything to say about it, we'll soon be shagging."

"But…Draco. I'm not…I'm not…." Harry blinked at him, the absurd notion that he was hard for a boy and that he wasn't gay not quite gelling.

Draco looked down at Harry's trousers. "You're not?" His brow arched.

Harry squirmed. "Well…I…."

Draco eased closer, running a hand up Harry's chest. "What does it matter anyway, Harry? We could all be dead tomorrow. Why not do something that feels good tonight?"

"But…."Harry couldn't get the vision out of his head when he had ravished Draco before, took him against his will. He couldn't rationalize the two images of force and compliance. "What I did to you…b-before. I never meant to go that far."

"And I told you that you were forgiven. Potter, do I have to spell it out? I want you to shag me. I want it. I've wanted it for a long time. And you seem to want it now, too. Why fight it?"

Why indeed? There was no other word for how Draco looked in the firelight right now. He was sexy. Way too sexy. Harry had never noticed that about him before. Or had he? Draco had certainly caught his eye at school, but Harry had thought—or perhaps rationalized—that it was because Harry was trying to catch him in trouble. Now maybe that avid obsession stemmed from something else. It didn't make what he had done before any less disturbing, but it certainly made what he was about to do a little unusual.

He took Draco's face in his hands, thumbs tracing over his cheeks, and really looked at the boy. Those grey eyes were gazing back and this time there wasn't a hint of a sneer or of any hatred there. He saw longing and…something more. Was it love? It didn't matter. He opened him mouth over Draco's again and kissed him with all the pent up emotions of the past few hours. Draco wrapped his arms around

Harry and returned the kiss, hard. Harry felt himself moan, felt himself grow in need. For Draco Malfoy? Who knew?

He drew back again and his hands dug into the buttons of Malfoy's shirt, snapping them open one by one. Draco, on his part, slipped his hands under Harry's t-shirt and Harry felt delicate fingers swooping up his chest. He shrugged off his robe and allowed Draco to bunch his shirt up under his arms before he was lost in the material and the shirt was over his head and gone. Draco's fingers never stopped touching, even pinching Harry's tightening nipples. That pulled another moan from him, even as he latched his mouth to Draco's bare, white throat and sucked. He'd never gone this far before, never even tried with Cho or Ginny. Why did he want to so much with Draco?

Draco's shirt was finally gone, too, and Harry ran his hands up and over that landscape of white skin. His palms tingled, feeling him. He felt good to the touch. No breasts in the way. Just glorious flesh and hard pecs. He wrapped hands behind Malfoy's head and pulled him in, kissing and licking that neck again. He couldn't seem to get enough of that. Draco threw back his head, a gruff laugh escaping as Harry tried to consume him.

"I want you so much," grunted Harry, never realizing he said it aloud.

"Harry, Harry...." murmured Draco, hands busy on the Gryffindor, dropping lower and lower, finding Harry's bulge.

"Oh!" Harry had never been touched there. Draco's fingers knew how to touch him, seemed to know his desires. Draco chuckled. "My, my. I couldn't truly appreciate this before. It feels like a thick cock, Potter."

"Can't...you call me...Harry?" he panted as the Slytherin continued to knead his bits through the jeans.

"Yes, Harry. I'd love to call you that." He reached for Harry's belt and deftly undid it, even though his hands were trembling. He flipped open the jeans and pulled down the zip. It was merely a matter of a shove to get his jeans and underpants down. Gravity did the rest and they pooled around Harry's ankles. He tried to step out of them but they caught on his trainers. He bent down and wriggled out of them, pulling his shoes off at the same time. Except for his socks, Harry stood naked before Draco now, who was looking down at Harry's groin like a wolf ready for dinner.

"Your turn," said Harry, breathlessly.

Draco never took his eyes from Harry's and undid his trousers. Harry's eyes dropped and watched. Suddenly, he was fascinated by Draco's groin. He'd seen his flaccid cock when he had attacked Draco, but he was unduly excited to see the aroused member. It really must be his orientation, he reckoned, since he'd never been this aroused before with a girl. Draco was suddenly exciting in every way.

White fingers pushed down trousers and then Y fronts. Draco's cock was very different now from what he'd seen before. It was a deep pink and stood out from his body like a cloak rack. His bollocks were just as pink and hung low and seductively. Harry stared. Sure, he'd seen other boys' bits. He showered with them for six years in school. But this. This was different. He'd never seen a bloke with a hard-on before. Not one other than his own. Suddenly, it blew his mind.

"Can I touch it?" he found himself asking. He blushed when he realized he'd said it aloud.

"Please," said Draco, taking Harry's hand and rubbing it on himself.

Harry curled his fingers around velvet-covered steel. It was incredibly warm and had begun to weep at the crown. He rubbed his thumb over the pre-cum and smoothed it over the domed head. Draco was breathing hard through his mouth. His lids had drooped to half-mast. "Draco, I've never touched another bloke's cock. That feels fantastic."

Draco smiled. "I want to touch you." He didn't wait. He reached forward. Warm fingers enclosed Harry's cock and he jerked his hips forward with the sensation. Draco began stroking it immediately and Harry's legs nearly buckled.

"Got to lie down," he murmured.

Draco's fingers lowered and cupped Harry's sac. He leaned close to his face and licked his jaw. "I want you inside me," he purred. "And this time, I won't fight you. This time, I expect you to be gentler."

"Draco, I'm so sorry—"

He pressed a finger to Harry's lips to still them and shook his head. "No, Harry. We're done with that, remember? You've got me because I want to be here. I want you inside me. I've waited so long."

"I'll be gentle. I promise."

"Well, not too gentle I hope." Draco chuckled and took Harry's hand. He knelt on their discarded clothes and pulled Harry down with him. "I want to face you this time."

"How do we—?"

"I'll show you." Draco lay flat on his back, looking up lovingly at Harry. Slowly, keeping his eyes steady with Harry's gaze, he planted his feet flat on the ground and opened his legs.

Harry's mouth fell open. Cock jutting upward, pink sac waiting to be touched and caressed, and there. Right below it. Draco's hole, all pink and furled tight like a rosette between white cheeks. Harry never thought such a thing would be appealing to look at. After all...it was a...a... But the sight of it was doing amazing things to his own cock, making it harder and dripping with need. He squeezed it to calm it down. "I can't believe I like this," he said, shaking his head with wonder.

"Merlin, Harry. You can't believe how glad I am you do."

Harry knelt in front of Draco. "What do I need to do?"

"A little lube would be nice. Spitting would help."

"Okay." Harry had done that before when he...no. He wouldn't think of that any more. If Draco was willing to let it rest he certainly could. Especially now. He intended to make this good for Draco. He wasn't certain of everything about it, but he reckoned he'd give it a good go.

He spit into his hand once, twice, and slowly brought that hand toward Draco's bum. He slathered his spit between Draco's arse cheeks and then lingered, dragging his finger down and to his hole, circling it a bit. Draco bit his lip and raised his hips into it. Harry continued to touch it, amazed it was turning him on.

He rubbed it now, watching it open slightly, sinking the tip of his thumb in. He froze, just feeling that tight, tight muscle clamping down on his finger.

"Do you like that?" Harry asked softly.

"Yes, Harry. When you touch me there, it's like nothing I've ever felt before. And there's something inside a man that when you rub it, it feels amazing. Like an orgasm on its own."

"Inside? Here?"

"Yes. But deeper in and slightly higher. When you fuck me, you might find it."

The words spoken so simply caught Harry's breath. He was going to fuck Draco Malfoy. Willingly. And Draco wanted him to. Bloody amazing.

Harry squeezed his over-aroused cock again and scooted forward. "I'm going to put it in now. Tell me if it's all right."

Draco opened his legs wider and tilted his hips up. Harry slid forward, aiming his dick with his hand. Exploring fingers found Draco's hole and Harry pressed his cock to it. He pushed, forcing the muscle to yield to him. Draco grunted with pain and Harry stopped. "Am I hurting you? Should I stop?"

"Don't you dare!" Draco shoved down, impaling himself and Harry was suddenly surrounded again by that hot cavern, squeezing his flesh.

"Oh God!" He fell forward and stopped his fall with a hand to the ground beside Draco's hip. He wasn't in all the way but it still felt incredibly good.

"More, Harry," came the moan beneath him. "Shove it in. Shag me!"

Harry grabbed Draco's hips and jutted forward, sinking his cock deeply into the boy's hole. From there he pulled back and shoved back in, forming a rhythm not as savage as before but forgetting a bit to be gentle. Besides, Draco was encouraging him with long moans and pleas of "more, more!"

He tried to aim his cock upwards to hit that spot Draco had talked about and he supposed he was successful when Draco's eyes snapped open and he gasped, grabbing his own cock, and pumping it once before it let loose with a sticky string of cum. Harry watched it amazed as that cock pumped out a few more globs, all landing on the Slytherin's stomach. Harry had never seen another boy come before, and seeing it now, with his own cock buried deep in Draco, forced the pulsing pleasure right out of him, and he pumped his own orgasm deep into his lover, quivering with leftover sensation that seemed to linger on and on.

Harry slumped forward, smothering Draco with kisses to his neck and chest.

Draco on his part, rubbed his hands up and down Harry's back and as far down to his bum as he could reach.

"I've never...." Harry began. "I didn't know...I...I....."

"It's all right, Harry. It's all right. More than all right."

For the next few days, Harry forgot his other responsibilities and languished in the warmth and love he had so craved over the years. And given by Draco Malfoy no less. But even in the throes of passion that he and Draco indulged in, he knew it couldn't last. He had a job to do and there was no time for this "honeymoon" to continue.

Snuggling one afternoon with Draco's hand in his, Harry cleared his throat. "Draco, we have to talk."

Draco reached over and kissed Harry's cheek. "So talk."

"We have to stop this now."

Draco stiffened beside him. "What do you mean?" he asked in a small voice.

"You know what I mean. I have a job to do and I don't have time for this."

Draco was breathing hard suddenly. "But Harry. What if...what if....?"

"What if I'm killed?" Draco grabbed him, shaking his head. "It's a possibility, you know. A good one. At least we had this time together. I mean, I never expected anything like this. With you, especially. I never knew how amazing, how wonderful it could be. And I hoped I could experience something like this before I...died. And I did. And you've made me happy. You really have." He kissed Draco's trembling mouth. "But I need you safe and out of the way. I'm going to contact Ron and Hermione and take you to a safe place."

"But Harry—"

"No, Draco. There is no arguing this one. It's got to be. I have to kill him. You know I do and then all this other stuff will stop. It's the only way."

Draco fell silent. His fingers in Harry's twitched and his whole body was trembling. "But you won't send me back to Malfoy Manor, will you?"

"Of course not. I said I wouldn't. I know of somewhere else. You'll be safe there. It's by the sea."

Draco was silent. Harry glanced at him and his pointy profile until Draco turned to look at Harry with worried eyes. "You'll wait for me, won't you?" asked Harry.

Draco smiled. "Well let me think. You rescued me from the Death Eaters and you're probably going to kill the Dark Lord and be this amazing hero. I think there's a good possibility that I'd be willing to wait for you."

Harry smiled back. With Draco safe he knew he could get back to doing the job he was meant to do. And he knew now, too, that when it was all over, love awaited him.

He sat with Draco a long while after, delaying contacting Ron and Hermione.

The End

<p></p>