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The Slytherin Prince

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Summary

The Prince has fallen; struck down in his moment of absolute glory, his shining moment to prove absolute loyalty. Yet such a triumphant moment morphed to such utter disappointment. Punishment must be dealt. The old fool was dead, yes, yet by the wrong hand. The Dark Lord will teach him the error of his ways. Failing was not acceptable. However, he can't kill the boy, that would be too easy, too merciful. Voldemort knew exactly what to do to insure the boy's obedience and then, he will have one last chance to earn his way back to his master's good graces. Draco wouldn't submit easily though. Voldemort welcomed the fight, as he knew the young Prince would fall at his feet in the end.

Notes

Some of the things that will happen in this fic won't match up with the timeline of the 7th book. If that's an issue for you, don't read our fic.

Thanks

We would like to add that anything you recognize as JK Rowling's amazing work is 100% hers and all credit goes to her. We only own our manipulation of the story that you are about to enjoy!

Aka the filth is all ours, bless the virgin soul of JK Rowling.

Updates for chapters 26-30 will be coming soon.

Chapters 24 and 25 have been updated.

We have also decided to split our story into two parts.

Chapter 1

Bright green light blinded the steely grey eyes of Draco Malfoy, the Slytherin Prince, the bearer of an evil mark, the failure of a lifetime, the soon to be dead. Dumbledore's last pleas to Snape were ringing in Draco's ears as he lurched forward, arm reaching for the now deceased Headmaster. The gnarled blackened hand narrowly missed his grasp and Draco swore he saw a last twinkle in the old coot's eye and a ghost of a smile as his body plummeted for the ground. Bellatrix shrieked with hysterical laughter at the wizard's death, cast the Dark Mark upon the cloudy sky proclaiming the Dark Lord's victory, and danced down the steps of the astronomy tower to create more unneeded mayhem. The sorrow of his Headmaster's death nestled deep in Draco's heart, but he merely stood back from the railing and squared his shoulders. Dumbledore was gone, dead by another's wand. Draco would now be a failure in the Dark Lord's eyes, all thanks to his momentary feelings of surging humanity.

Father always said Malfoys did not have feelings. Feelings were a weakness and only Mudbloods, Half-bloods and Blood Traitors were weak. Malfoys were Pure-bloods, they served the Dark Lord proudly and without weakness. Draco hated his father, despised him and had no respect for the man. He wasn't strong, he was pitiful actually, and Draco knew he was undeserving of his status. Ever since Draco witnessed his father's torture at the end of his fourth year, his feelings for his father soured. The Dark Lord had found out about Lucius putting his diary in Ginny Weasley's cauldron in Draco's second year and he was furious. He had summoned Lucius, Draco and Narcissa into the study, pulled out his wand and performed a Crucio on Lucius. The man had fallen to the ground, writhing in pain and even pissed himself. Ever since Draco had witnessed his father rolling around in his own piss, his respect for the man was gone, his father was a joke, nothing more.

An iron grip latched onto Draco's shoulder, inwardly startling him, but as he turned to look up into the black, black eyes of his Potions professor, his pale features were schooled into a perfect mask of indifference. Fury bubbled up within his stomach but Draco did not let it ignite a fire within his eyes nor did it twist his features. He simply stared.

"Let's go," Snape urged, dragging Draco along. They did not get far before Draco wrenched his arm from the elder wizard's grasp. He smoothed his blazer coolly and brushed past Snape to follow the path his aunt had taken. He was not a child; he could walk on his own. He hissed when Snape grabbed his arm yet again and spun him around to face the irate wizard. Draco's left arm was on fire as the Dark Mark wriggled with dark magic with Voldemort's mad happiness. With Dumbledore gone, a victory to the Dark Lord, the mark was searing his skin. Snape kept grabbing it which shot more pangs of fire up his arm.

"You have failed Draco, the Dark Lord will not be happy! Do you not understand the repercussions for such an act of treason? He will kill you Draco, do you not realize that?" Snape said fiercely. Draco looked up, his eyes cold and uncaring. A shrug lifted his broad shoulders.

"I never wanted to be his servant anyhow. Death is welcome," Draco replied and turned on his heel to leave the tower. Draco jogged down the steps, fear churning in his belly. If he died, his mother's safety was lost. She was innocent, not a bearer of the mark... truly he hated the Dark Lord, but the lure of power had pulled him into its seductive womb of darkness. With Draco serving the Dark Lord she was spared most of his ruthlessness. A sigh escaped his lips as he walked along the empty corridors toward the entrance of the school. His eyes cut to the open doors to the Great Hall as tinkling glass and Bellatrix's excitedly evil shouts cut through the air. Draco leaned against the doorjamb as Bellatrix shattered the tableware as she walked along one long wooden table. Glass shattered and crashed to the floor as she waved her wand. Draco

watched students run past him, screaming in terror as they spotted the Death Eaters, and raking him with repugnant stares. Oh yes, his secret was out and now he would pay dearly. Draco smirked to himself, as if he cared what those stupid children thought.

"I think that's enough Aunt Bellatrix. He is waiting for us. Besides, Potter is on our heels," Draco commented. The witch turned to face him, her eyes wild and a sneer was plastered across her face.

"You seem eager for death Draco. You failed the Dark Lord. Let Potter come, it's time he dies anyway," she sneered. Panic welled inside Draco.

"He belongs to the Dark Lord," Draco hissed. Bellatrix sauntered back toward Draco and hopped down from the table to face him. He still towered over her, even in her ridiculously high heeled boots, but that did not stop her from standing inches from him and glaring up at him unafraid.

"Keep telling yourself that Draco. One day Potter will die, and it may not be by the Dark Lord's hand. You know Draco, I believe the Dark Lord will be merciful on you, if you can prove your worth another way," she whispered suggestively. Draco stared down at his aunt coolly. She reached up, stroking his cheek, lust in her hungry gaze. Draco sneered and jerked away.

"You know our orders; the boy is the Dark Lord's alone. As for my punishment, only the Dark Lord can say. Let's go. The others are waiting for us," Draco replied softly but still firm and dangerous. He turned on his heel, dismissing his aunt before she could spit out a reply and ambled toward the grounds. He fell into step beside Snape until they reached the apparition point. All but Snape and Draco vanished instantly. The elder wizard stared down at his godson. The boy's pale, sharp features were schooled into a perfect mask of boredom. His steely grey eyes were dull, cold, and lifeless. The gray eyes slid to Potter who had just confronted Snape and learned the true title he held: Half-Blood Prince. Potter glared at them both and before he could stop himself, Draco swished his wand and the Chosen One went flying backwards. Snape watched the exchange with sad eyes. He had not wanted this mission to end the way it did.

"I cannot protect you Draco," Snape muttered. For a brief moment, Snape saw those steely orbs flash with fury.

"I do not need protection," he hissed and turned on the spot, vanishing from Snape's presence. With a sad, dejected sigh Snape turned on the spot and felt the air close around him uncomfortably as he apparated to Malfoy Manor. He strode up the walk-way to the elaborately carved oak door, a gaggle of snatchers escorting him, as if he needed their protection, and entered the abode without a second thought. His heart stopped for a brief moment when silence met his ears. He glanced at the dumbfounded snatchers. The mission had been a success, although not in the manner in which the Dark Lord had hoped, but still a victory, so why was it so quiet. Snape hurried along the hall to the sitting room that the Dark Lord loved to frequent.

Sure enough, the evil wizard sat in an armchair with that wretched snake curled around the base of the chair. Narcissa and Lucius cowered beside the fireplace. Wormtail cringed at the Dark Lord's feet like the frightened mouse he is. Greyback stood by the window, looking out at the gardens. Snape glanced about, worry filling his heart as he noticed Draco's absence. His heart thudded as he finally noticed the blond boy leaning against the back wall casually. His hair was perfectly combed from his face, pants dark and of the finest quality. The tailored blazer fit his torso snugly and perfectly polished shoes gleamed in the light. His gray eyes flicked casually around the room. He seemed calm, cool, unscathed but Snape did not trust that Draco would remain that way for long. Snape slowly approached his master's chair and sank to his knees accordingly. He looked up slyly at the dark wizard through the curtain of his black hair.

"My Lord, the deed is done. Dumbledore is dead," Snape announced coldly. Voldemort turned that snake-like face towards Snape and stared down at him with those ethereally evil crimson eyes.

"I know this Severus and by your hand of all people. I thought the old fool trusted you," he whispered coldly. Snape resisted the urge to snarl at the cold being before him for that amused tone. The bastard took as much pleasure in the deaths he caused as the tortuous screams of mercy he rung from his victims' throats.

"Yes, he did my Lord. And that trust caused his downfall. It weakened him," Snape replied dutifully. A low, sinister chuckle vibrated from Voldemort's chest.

"Yes, you are right Severus. That old fool truly was weak with his moronic thoughts of love. Yes, trust weakened him, but it will not do the same to me. I believe Dumbledore's blood should not be on your hands, now should it Severus?" the man hissed at his servant. Snape could not help it, he flinched. Breath lodged in his throat as another chuckle sounded above him.

"I believe I left that task to young Draco, did I not?" the master asked. Snape ducked his head, unable to answer. Voldemort hissed in outrage at Snape's impudence and slashed his hand at the Potions master. Snape crumpled under the blow, blood welling into his mouth. The Dark Lord glowered at the Potion Master. However, Voldemort was not truly angry with Snape. Draco was the reason for his foul mood muddling up the celebration of Dumbledore's death. He whirled from the crumpled body and glared down at the blond boy. He did not flinch away from Voldemort in fear. He simply stared uncaringly up into the eyes of the master of his fate. The dead, emotionless expression infuriated Voldemort even more. With another slash of his wand, Draco's body folded under the power of his curse. Draco's body spasmed, twitched, and arched in odd angles, yet not one scream escaped his throat, merely low guttural groans bubbled from his throat. Sweat trickled down his body but Draco refused to break, he refused to scream. Even his own father disgraced the family name as he bowed under the agony of the curse. Not Draco, he would never break again. If he were to die tonight, he would die silently as he knew it would simply infuriate the Dark Lord even more. And furious the Dark Lord was, for Draco could feel the swell of the dark emotion within the blinding pain of his curse.

"You failed me you worthless mutt. Tell me why I should not kill you for this," Voldemort screamed. In his distraction, the curse lifted from Draco. Draco lifted his head and gazed up into Voldemort's furious gaze. Blood dripped in a steady stream from his nose and split lip.

"Death is welcome. I failed. I have no reason else to live," he said. Voldemort's thin lips twisted into a sadistic smile. With a lazy swish of his wand, he levitated Draco from the floor and floated him to rest at the Dark Lord's feet.

"You welcome death you say? Well we cannot have that as it would please you and not me. Oh no my little slave you will suffer more than you have ever imagined. I will take great pleasure in breaking you Draco, and break you I shall. You will scream for mercy when I am through with you," the evil sorcerer breathed. Draco shivered as his clothing was magicked away.

"My Lord, please spare him. He is an innocent," Narcissa wailed, lurching from her husband's hold. Lucius grabbed her arm fiercely, yanking her back to face him. With a cold, disapproving sneer, Lucius backhanded his wife so hard she went tumbling to the floor.

"How dare you interfere Narcissa! The Dark Lord has granted Draco an unbelievable opportunity to prove his loyalty. He belongs to the Dark Lord now and you will do best to remember that, wife," Lucius snarled. Narcissa stared wide eyed between Voldemort, Draco, and her husband. Draco gasped when he slammed into the ground on all fours, the hard wood of the floor bruising his knees and elbows. His back arched in agony as the Cruciatus Curse coursed along his body like white hot knives searing his flesh and bone. Dark, menacing bruises bloomed over his pale skin. Draco gagged as Voldemort snapped a long thin whip and it entangled about the pale column of his throat. The whip was tight and cutting, making blood seep down his neck onto his

chest. Draco was jerked back off his elbows to his knees as Voldemort wrenched him upward with the whip. Thin fingers wove into Draco's pale locks before being yanked fiercely. Draco's eyes swept over the room, humiliation mounting as he saw not only Snape, his parents, Wormtail, Greyback and the snatchers gathered to watch, oh no the room was now filled with jeering Death Eaters. Some Draco recognized, others he did not.

"You are mine now Draco. To prove your worth you will become my own slave. You are not fit to be a loyal Death Eater. You disgrace my lovingly given mark. You will break Draco. I will make you scream for mercy," Voldemort breathed into his ear.

"Bellatrix!" Voldemort summoned and soon the raven haired witch entered the sitting room. Her dark eyes glinted lustily as she spied the pair.

"My Lord?" she breathed, inching forward as if she could not help herself.

"Give him the potion," the order was soft but lethal and it made Draco shudder in apprehension. Bellatrix withdrew a vial of dark purple liquid from within her robes and pressed it to Draco's lips. Voldemort pried his lips open and the bitter concoction dribbled down his throat. Warmth spread through his body as a wave of pure lustful desire washed over him. Despite his resistance, Draco's cock hardened painfully.

"Beautiful. Bellatrix, suck him off. I want his body to bend physically under my will and his mind to deteriorate as his aunt brings him to climax. Wormtail, you will help Bellatrix. I want you to stretch my pet's sweet ass so that I can take him when I tire of torturing him with spells," Voldemort snarled and instantly Bellatrix fell to her knees and swallowed Draco's impressive length down her tight throat. Wormtail scuttled forward, one silver finger popped in his mouth to moisten it. Draco grit his teeth as the cold, metal digit worked its way into his ass and the stone floor bruised his knees. The pleasure of it, coupled with the intensity of the potion was making Draco's muscles twitch harshly. His head lolled back and a deep moan bubbled in his throat.

"My Lord, I think he likes it," Wormtail cackled and Draco snarled, letting go of the choking whip to swipe at the offensive man but only succeeded in meeting air and the Dark Lord's hand, which wrapped around his wrist and bent it back. Voldemort snatched on Draco's hair, arching the blonde's back which pulled Wormtail's finger deeper into his ass. The pain of humiliation was greater than the physical pain but neither surpassed the raging hormones fueling the lustiest emotions within Draco. Voldemort's nails sank into the soft flesh of his head, turning locks of the pale hair into a bloodied tangled mess. Bellatrix's throat was tight and warm as she swallowed him whole, not an easy feat given his size. Her tongue glided along the underside of his cock with every bob of her head.

Wormtail added two more fingers, stretching Draco sufficiently without adding extra pain, which Draco was silently grateful for, until Voldemort set the torture curse upon him again. Those chilly metal fingers deepened their strokes, pushing ever so slightly into his prostate. Another joined the play making Draco gasp at the fullness as Wormtail curled his fingers within him. Draco writhed in agony, pulling Wormtail's cold fingers deeper, scraping at him and turning the pleasure to pain. He felt Wormtail hesitate, as if unsure whether to continue his ministrations or not. The power of the curse intensified, making Draco's bones feel like lava searing his flesh and his nose poured blood. Voldemort's grip on his bent arm was so strong; Draco feared the bone would snap.

"Enough Wormtail, you displease me! You treat Draco as if he were a treasured lover, not the pitiful slave that he is. Get out of my sight!" the Dark Lord snarled and flicked his wand, sending Wormtail flying through the air to land in a crumbled, sniveling heap. Draco's mouth fell open in a silent scream as Voldemort shoved his hard cock into the tight column of Draco's ass. Draco couldn't stifle a shout of surprise and pain as he felt something deep within him tear as Voldemort pumped his hips roughly into Draco. Draco clawed at the whip as it tightened and hindered his

breathing even more. A hiss of pain escaped his lips when Voldemort lifted him up by the underside of his thighs, stretching his knees to his chest, and held him against the Dark Lord's body. The slickness of Draco's bleeding ass thrilled Voldemort, yet he yearned for Draco's delicious screams. He slithered his hand between his chest and Draco's back, and pressed the tip of his wand to Draco's back and dragged it along the pale scarred surface. Blood welled under the magical cut and the skin puckered, raw and angry.

Voldemort sliced at Draco's back again, and again, and again. The blond grunted in pain, nails slicing into his palms as he felt his back tear open. The pale as moonlight skin was a river of crimson, yet those silver eyes were steeled with a cold indifference. His body was willing but he himself, he loathed the feeling being overpowered by the Dark Lord and disgusted to his core. The Dark Lord yanked Draco's head back up by his hair and tipped his face upward. Lucius stared down in pride that his son was pleasing the Dark Lord. Narcissa wept silently and Snape looked horrified. He dropped Draco harshly to his knees, Bellatrix following faithfully, her tongue and the warm cavern of her mouth wreaking havoc on Draco's sensitive cock as she lowered herself onto all fours, sucking him fiercely.

"You will be mine Draco!" Voldemort snarled as he cursed Draco once again. The agony whipped through Draco's body as his gut tightened and toes curled as his climax approached. Draco bit down on the inside of his lip so hard that blood leaked into his mouth. Voldemort's hips rammed against him, shoving him deeper into Bellatrix's mouth. The rocking was scraping Draco's knees across the floor, the stone cutting into them harshly. Draco stiffened as warm, sticky come spilled into his ass and his own rushed down Bellatrix's throat. She swallowed it and scurried back on her knees. Draco fell to the ground limply as Voldemort tossed him away. Despite his climax, burning sexual tension buzzed throughout Draco's body. It was painful and delicious all wrapped into one. Voldemort stared down at the bloody ethereally beautiful boy. Those steely eyes locked on Voldemort's. Voldemort was shocked to see the orbs free of pained tears. They were dull, emotionless.

"You will be mine forever, Draco. I promise you this," he snarled and swept from the room. Lucius snatched his wife from the room, followed shortly by his audience. Snape remained.

"I told you I could not protect you," he mumbled. The blond lumbered to his feet and glared down at him. He swayed from the pain wracking his body and wiped at his gushing nose but the furiously icy glare did not diminish.

"You put me here Snape," he snarled and turned to limp away.

Chapter 2

Five days. That was how long the effects of the brew that the Dark Lord ordered down Draco's throat lasted. The first two days, Draco confined himself to his own bed chambers, hoping that after he healed he could resume his normal days in the Manor. There, he writhed on his green satin sheets as his body remained flushed from the potion. His desecrated ass slowly healed, the remnants only found in the tenderness of his lower body and the dried blood coating his cheeks and thighs. His back however was a wasteland of warped skin. As Voldemort had ripped new cuts into his back, some of the older scars had reopened and joined in on the cascading river of pain and blood along his body. Every twitch of his muscles sent pain spiking through his abdomen and back. House elves tried to help. They would offer food, delicious smelling and oh so tempting, but the pain radiating through his body made his stomach churn. On the third day, his father stormed into his room and cracked a whip across his legs, tearing the pale flesh open. It was his punishment for allowing the elves to show him kindness. As his father hurled insults at him for being too weak and cowardly to summon the elves instead of facing the others like a man, Draco merely stared up at the green and silver canopy draping his four poster bed. The elves stayed away after that. The blood had long since dried and the severe slices carved into his back were scabbing over by day four. By day five, Draco was in so much pain that his body refused to do anymore than lay flat on the bed. His muscles were strained with need and lanced with throbbing aches. He smelled. He was disgusting. He was a failure. His cock was so hard, throbbed so severely, and ached with release but Malfoys did not stoop to that level. They would sooner pay for someone to bring them to release than do it themselves.

He grit his teeth as flashes of a hard body flashed through his mind. His dick leaked as his back arched up silently begging for the non-existent release that he needed so badly. His fists curled into tight balls until his knuckles were white with strain as his body shuddered. Draco bit down on his lip as his cock twitched painfully. Dark hair and brilliant eyes floated across his mind and Draco struggled to clear the images away and bite back the moan threatening to spill from his throat. His back was stretched and achy from the healing scabs and every movement ripped the tender healing flesh right back open.

The door to his chambers creaked open and Draco winced as he saw his mother staring down at him. Unshed tears glistened in her eyes and her trembling fingers were pressed to her lips. Draco struggled to even out his harsh breathing and shifted his body to disguise the raging hard on tightening his muscles harshly.

"Draco...you have to get up. I am supposed to take you to the Dark Lord's chambers," she whispered. Draco looked down at the ground sullenly before shifting his aching muscles until he was sitting up on the bed. He winced as the raw cuts ripped open and blood trickled down his back. Slowly, cautiously Draco crawled to his feet and stood ramrod straight, facing his mother. Her eyes swept over his sweat slickened body. She winced as he turned his back on her to don a loose robe. Draco squared his shoulders and ambled behind his mother toward the illustrious north wing of the manor. His bare feet were cold against the stone floor and his body ached with every step but Draco held his head high and proudly. The door to the grand dining hall came into view and a shiver of apprehension slinked down Draco's spine. Narcissa paused at the door and turned to look at her darling son. Tears dripped from her eyes as she bowed her head and opened the door. He gave his mother a soft, rare smile and entered the room.

He grunted in pain as he was flung against across the room and landed on the grand table by an unseen force. He jerked when chains snaked around his legs, wrists, and neck. Draco looked up steadily into the Dark Lord's crimson eyes. Those eyes swept leisurely down Draco's body. A wide smirk twisted his thin lips. Pale as snow fingers ghosted down Draco's chest, almost like a

loving caress, then gently pulled the robe away for a better view of the pale, muscled body.

"You are beautiful my little slave. If you scream for me and beg for mercy I would not have to mar your lovely body. Why will you not give into me Draco?" he whispered into Draco's ear. Draco craned his neck and looked into those evil eyes

"Slave just does not fit one of the Malfoy status. I will never be yours," Draco said and did the one thing he knew would infuriate Voldemort even more. Draco's lips twitched to the signature Malfoy smirk and pinned him with a haughty look. Voldemort's pupils flared and he backhanded so hard blood welled in his mouth.

"You insolent rat! I should kill you!" he screamed. Draco spat a mouthful of blood down at the Dark Lord's feet. He gazed coolly up into his master's eyes.

"I'm waiting for you to," Draco retorted. An unholy screech ripped from the Dark Lord's throat as he slammed Draco's head against the table, causing stars to wink about Draco's vision, and jabbed his wand into Draco's throat. Smoldering heat burned at Draco's throat and his head ached horribly.

"You will bend under my will Draco. Your resistance is valiant but in vain," Voldemort growled and cast his favorite torture curse upon the young wizard. Draco's body strained to contort under the will of the curse but the chains held tight and soon began cutting into his skin. The rough stone table scraped open the healing scabs on his back. His mouth hung slack, his scream gargled, as more of the damned purple potion cascaded down his throat. Draco grit his teeth as the pleasure welled inside him, blinding him with the intensity, and tightening his muscles painfully. His cock leaked with the build-up of pressure and threw his head back in pains as something long and smooth slammed into his tight hole. Fresh blood pooled under his back and thighs. His gaze jerked down when a hot throat closed around his cock.

His steely orbs bugged as he looked down into grey eyes so similar to his own. Lucius Malfoy was propped on his knees and elbows hovering above his son atop the table, sucking Draco deep into his throat at the Dark Lord's command. Draco tore his gaze away unable to witness it any longer. How could his father, a pure blood wizard that took pride in his proper ways loyally throw them away for that man? Draco's head began to reel as his climax approached. His mouth fell open in pain, a strained groan spilling from his throat, as Voldemort sliced a paper thin line down the center of his chest magically, fueling it with so much dark magic the skin began to blacken. Oh Merlin, the pain! His pained cries slipping from his throat were all for naught, they would not stop the pain. Draco wished for the simple, welcoming abyss of unconsciousness, but the potion did not allow that. The intense burning need surpassed his waning strength. Draco clamped down on his lip harshly as the object in his ass was shoved deeper and deeper. His muscles tensed as the familiar warmth built up inside the pit of his stomach. Sweat down the sides of his face, running into hair, as his climax began building even more. Lucius blinked in surprise when Draco released within his throat. Draco's head snapped to the side as the Dark Lord backhanded him. Draco bit back a whimper when he watched his father scuttle from the room.

"I will keep you here for a few more days to wallow in your pain Draco. You will break and when you do, I will make sure you never forget it. Enjoy having my beautiful potion wreak havoc on your body, slave," the Dark Lord growled and swept from the room. He left Draco there. He had to or he would break his new toy completely and be of no use to him any longer which was exactly what he did not want. He wanted to keep his toy, have his utter loyalty. Dark Lord scowled and swept into his favorite sitting room. Wormtail cowered by the chair, tending to Nagini. Bellatrix stood by the fire and shrank against the wall as Voldemort threw her a fierce scowl. She snatched Wormtail up by his arm and dragged him from the room. A thin smile graced the Dark Lord's lips. Ah Bella, his most loyal servant. She was so well trained that a simple look

relayed his messages to her clearly. Why had he grown tired of her and let this obsession with young Draco worm into his mind? She was perfect: bloodthirsty, seductive, power-hungry, unwaveringly loyal. The ethereal prince was beautiful yes, as expected of a Malfoy, but he was so young, overly arrogant, unwaveringly proud and defiant. Ah yes, his defiance was utterly delicious. The pain that cracked that blank mask was clear evidence that the young wizard felt every ounce of the torturous sting. Yet the blond would not submit. The fiery defiance in those steely eyes was proof enough. The deep-set desire for Draco's utter destruction in mind and spirit warped the Dark Lord's every thought. The constant need to hear his anguished screams was ringing in his ears. He had in fact, given the potion to him to make him like Bellatrix, yet Draco still defied him. But what perplexed the Dark Lord the most is why he could not bring the death blow upon Draco. He was obsessed and had plans for his toy. He had failed before, but if he failed this mission, the Dark Lord would take the only thing Draco treasured: Narcissa. However, with the aid of his potion, he knew Draco would soon come on his own accord, destroying Narcissa would be an added bonus. The Dark Lord sank into the arm chair and his faithful serpent raised her magnificent sleek body to curl about the chair and wrap about him lovingly.

"Soon my sweet, I will have Harry Potter in my sights and he will die. Only I can live forever. Draco will bring me the boy by any means necessary, (or he will finally unravel before me," he whispered to Nagini. The snake squeezed him in agreement and his lips curled into a satisfied smile. Oh yes, he would bring the boy to die. Harry would not be able to stop himself from trying to save Draco. It was in the boy's nature to help those in need and that quality would be his downfall.

"Go fetch Lucius, my dear," he ordered the serpent and she slithered away to find the elder Malfoy. Soon footsteps neared the sitting room and Lucius entered the room.

"You summoned me my Lord?" he asked, crossing the room to kneel at the Dark Lord's feet. The Dark Lord stroked Nagini's head.

"I am going to use Draco to get close to Potter, Lucius. I want Draco to bring the boy to me by any means necessary. He will not fail once my potion completes its mission. However, if he takes too long and I ever question his loyalty, I will break the agreement I have concerning Narcissa. I will not let him fail me again," the Dark Lord snarled. Lucius face drained of color.

"But my Lord, Potter hates my son. How do you expect Draco to bring you someone that despises him?" Lucius asked. With a lazy flick of his wand, Voldemort sent the man flying across the room where he slammed into the wall and fell to a crumpled heap. Another flick of his wand had Lucius screaming in agony as blood spurted from several gashes along his body, ruining his clothes. Crimson stained the expensive robes and matted his silvery blond hair. The Dark Lord towered over Lucius. The smile he gave his Death Eater was chilling and twisted.

"I do not expect Draco to succeed on his own Lucius. I will have my fun with him and watch his mind unravel as he fails yet again and loses himself against the potion. And when he does fail, your darling wife will finally meet my wrath. Draco will submit to me Lucius, whether it is the undoing of his own mind as he fails once again or by seeing his mother endure my wrath. Either way he will be mine. Under the influence of the potion, he will be able to bring Potter to me without letting his silly morals and sense of personal power stopping him. He will be under my control completely," Voldemort hissed. Lucius looked up at his master and then a slow smile curved his lips.

"My Lord, the Carrows are at Hogwarts. Shall I tell them to keep a close eye on Draco? Perhaps they can help his quest and help you achieve your goal," he suggested. The Dark Lord's sinister smile twisted his features.

"Your mind is so devious Lucius. Yes go and instruct the Carrows of the plan. I am going to send

your darling sister-in-law to go and keep Draco company while I attend to a few matters that Severus brought to my attention about the Order," Voldemort replied and swept off to find the Potions master. Lucius pulled himself off the floor and hurried away to write a letter to the Carrows. Narcissa ducked from her hiding place and wiped the fallen tears from her face. How could Lucius want Draco to fail? Her eyes widened as she looked toward the wing where Draco was being held. Her heels clicked loudly against the floor as she hurried to him. Her long pale hair flew behind her as she wound around the corner, nearing the dining hall. The door flew open and a foul curse tore from Narcissa's lips. Bellatrix was propped on knees straddling a very bloody, bruised, and naked Draco. His straining, hard cock was shoved deep into Bellatrix, her head thrown back as she ground her hips against him. Draco was staring up at the ceiling, anguish swirling in his silver eyes, but Narcissa could see the lusty flames flickering softly in the silver orbs. Bellatrix leaned down, her hips still grinding against his, her breasts swinging in front of his face, and chomped down on his neck. Blood leaked from the bruised flesh. Narcissa saw red. She blasted Bellatrix back with such a powerful spell that when she slammed into the wall Bella fell unconscious. She made quick work of magicking the chains away and Draco merely stared up at her, as if his limbs were locked together with the weight of his pain.

"Draco you must go now. I will not let the Dark Lord have you," she whispered fiercely. The dullness in her son's eyes made fear bubble in her stomach. His already pale skin was ghost-like under the massive amount of blood coating his body. She snapped the necklace from around her neck and turned Draco's head to her, his eyes staring lifelessly into hers.

"This will take you to Diagon Alley Draco. Head for the Leaky Cauldron. Tom will help you. I love you my darling son," Narcissa murmured urgently and pressed the pendent into Draco's palm. In a whirl of color, the portkey transported Draco away. The spinning made Draco's stomach lurch. His mind was so fuzzy that he could not force his body to set forth the motions to land gracefully and when he did land, Draco slammed into the ground with a hard thud. He gasped in pain as a few ribs cracked from the impact. Draco saw stars before his vision began dimming. Oh Merlin the pain. Tears welled in Draco's eyes as each breath stung his aching lungs. He struggled to breath and could swear someone was calling his name. He squeezed his eyelids shut and prayed for death to finally welcome him. He jerked when warm flesh pressed against his inhumanly cold cheek.

"Draco? Draco wake up! Bloody hell Malfoy if you die on me I'll hex you into next year," a very familiar male voice screamed, cutting through the black haze veiling Draco's senses. He snarled in pain as hands pressed into his body as if his would be savior was checking for wounds but was truly just harming the existing wounds further. A hiss of pain escaped his lips as fingers pressed into the cut slicing his torso in half. The fingers instantly retreated and Draco jerked as soft hair tickled his cheek and his eyes snapped open. Bright emerald eyes stared down at him in concern.

"Potter?" he gasped and blessedly, despite the affects of the potion Draco slipped into oblivion. Harry glanced up at his best friends. Hermione's mouth hung open in shock and Ron literally looked as his he'd been struck in the face. Without a second thought, Harry grabbed Draco under his arm and hefted him up, Ron joining him to lift Draco's other side after pausing for a moment.

"Harry? Harry what are you doing?" Hermione asked shrilly. Harry shifted Draco gently, the blond's head lolling limply on his neck. Harry looked up in surprise as Hermione pulled a blanket from her enchanted bag and wrapped it around Draco.

"Let's get back to Grimmauld Place. He'll be safe there with us and we can keep an eye on him," Harry said. Ron opened his mouth as if he were about to protest but the scorching look that both Hermione and Harry gave him made his mouth clamp shut. The trio turned on the spot and vanished from Diagon Alley.

Chapter 3

Harry and Ron swept through Grimmauld place swiftly, their feet automatically taking the path to Harry's bedroom, feet pounding down the hall and up a flight of stairs. Harry's mind raced as they burst through the door and kicked it shut before crossing the room and setting Malfoy down on his bed. Ron left instantly, giving the sleeping Slytherin a glare over his shoulder. Harry had no idea why he'd picked the Slytherin up and brought him here. Perhaps it had been the sympathy coursing through his body as he had witnessed Malfoy slam into the ground as he appeared in Diagon Alley. Or it could have been the unmistakable agony of pain shimmering in the boy's eyes and twisting those pale features. His resolve to save the blond had been set when those cracked lips had parted and his name croaked from Malfoy's throat, the hope mingling with the pain had torn at Harry's heart. This was Malfoy, proud, arrogant, arsehole of a man that hid his emotions better than anyone Harry knew, not to mention an extremely powerful wizard. Not to mention a Death Eater that had tried to kill Dumbledore. Untapped fury welled in Harry's stomach as he puzzled over why Malfoy had not fought back against whoever attacked him, yet the desire to avenge the git was even stronger. Harry's eyes swept over Malfoys body. He was covered in bruises, crusted with dried blood, and fresh blood still wept from the cuts on his body. His chest seemed pretty much blood free, but Harry was covered in the crimson liquid. Gingerly, he rolled Malfoy over and bile rose in his throat. The once pale expanse of his back was bubbled from dark magical cuts, blackened like death, and weeping crimson.

"Hermione!" he bellowed and winced as he remembered Malfoy sleeping. Yet the pain had him in a tight grip letting him continue to slumber in blissful unconsciousness. Footsteps pounded through the house and soon Hermione was bursting into the room. Her brown eyes flicked to Malfoy's back, her face drained of all color, and she rushed to the window throwing it open to spill the contents of her stomach. As she retched, Harry winced and rushed to hold her hair back. She wiped her mouth as her body stopped shuddering and turned to him.

"Who could do such a thing?" she whispered. Harry ground his teeth.

"Voldemort would. I'll bet anything that this was punishment for him not killing Dumbledore," Harry stated. Hermione knelt beside the bed and examined Malfoy's mutilated skin.

"I'm not entirely sure I can heal this. It looks like dark magic created it, but I'll sprinkle some dittany over it and perform a healing spell. Perhaps I can mend his ribs as well. That fall of his surely cracked a few," she declared and reached into her bag that was still slung across her body. Harry sank onto the edge of the bed as he watched his best friend mend his enemy. Malfoy's muscles twitched under her care but he remained asleep and for that Harry was grateful. When she finished she rose from her crouch and looked at Harry.

"I don't know why you brought him here Harry but I'm glad. No one deserves this, not even that prat," she grumbled and left the room, letting the door swing shut behind her. Harry looked over at the blond and sighed. Malfoy looked peaceful in sleep and the vulnerability shadowing across his sharp features tugged at Harry's heart. Harry shook his head in confusion. Surely he did not care about what Malfoy had endured. It wasn't possible. With a heavy sigh, Harry rose from the bed, carefully pulled a pair of soft jogging pants up to the boy's waist, and pulled the duvet up to Malfoy's waist before sinking into the armchair sitting directly next to the bed. While Draco slept into blissful ignorance, he was unaware of the cruelty his mother endured at his expense.

Meanwhile at Malfoy Manor

Objects exploded with the fury radiating off of the Dark Lord as he stared down at Narcissa. Her hair was a tangled mess, her features void of color save the blood dribbling down her chin from her split lip, and her breathing was heavy and sporadic.

"How dare you let him escape!" he snarled at the lady of the manor. Narcissa smiled cruelly at the Dark Lord.

"I refuse to let my son be destroyed by you any longer. He is safe. You will never find him," she snarled. A scream ripped through her as she thrashed under the powerful torture of the Dark Lord's Cruciatu Curse. Lucius stepped forward. His eyes were filled with disgust. He grabbed his thrashing wife by her hair and backhanded her so fiercely her nose snapped.

"How dare you defy the Dark Lord?! You are scum. No better than a filthy mudblood," he snarled and cast the spell upon his wife as well. The disdain and disappointment was palpable in his eyes. Narcissa screamed and thrashed until her throat was raw and voice cracked. Blood mingled with tears as the liquids spilled down her face. Lucius's foot reared back and slammed into her side sending her sprawling in a twitching heap a few feet away from him.

"You deserve death you worthless bitch. You are a disgrace to the Malfoy name," the elder Malfoy snarled, advancing toward her to kick her so fiercely in the stomach that she skidded back a couple more feet. Narcissa sagged against the ground panting heavily as the curses lifted. She hissed as the Dark Lord snatched up a fistful of her hair and dragged her up to face him.

"You may have thwarted me for the moment Narcissa but I have faithful servants at the school and we all know how much education means to young Draco," he snarled. Narcissa lifted her gaze off the ground to look up into their eyes. A cold, hollow smile twisted her lips. Her bared teeth were stained crimson and a wild fire danced in her eyes.

"He is smarter than you. He will help everyone destroy you once and for all," she spat. Voldemort shrieked with rage and backhanded her, causing her to fall to the ground and blood to well up within her mouth. She spat it out and began laughing hysterically.

"Lock her away Lucius. Be sure to make certain that she cannot risk contacting Draco to warn him. I want him found and returned to me alive. Oh and Lucius, do owl the Carrows and make sure to have their fun within him before his downfall. Draco will be mine Lucius or your whole family will suffer, which includes you my slippery friend," the Dark Lord ordered. Lucius snatched his wife up and dragged her toward the cellar. The Dark Lord ground his sharp teeth together in frustration. He would find the boy and make sure he never escaped again. Draco was his, no one else's, and Narcissa had let him loose.

Narcissa shrieked with newfound rage as she was dragged toward the cellar. She fell to the stone floor hard, dust pluming up around her. She glared up at her husband. She did not ask him why he allowed his son, his pride and joy, the heir to their illustrious name, to be violated and tortured. Narcissa knew the answer. Lucius was cruel, greedy, and cold. He stopped at nothing to gain power and the Dark Lord was power, his allegiance, the mindless obedience was what earned him such favor from the Dark Lord so Lucius allowed the dark, cruel wizard free reign over his life and those attached to it. Narcissa had no doubt that if Voldemort wished it, he would also own she herself as well. She has no doubts that Lucius was already a willing participant in Voldemort's sadistic sex play. She snarled when an iron door slammed shut in her face as Lucius raked her with another sneer.

She smiled despite her terrible confines and the pain that wracked her body. She was not a proud Slytherin without reason. She snapped her fingers twice and a tiny female house elf popped into the cell immediately. Narcissa smiled and Annie, the little elf that she had hired for her personal use, beamed back shyly. Lucius did not know of her, nor Draco for that matter so it was safe to

assume the others did not as well. Narcissa's smile grew as she lumbered to a stand and reached for Annie's tiny hand.

"Get me to my safe house Annie. We are no longer staying here," Narcissa commanded and gasped as the air tightened around her as they apparated away.

Back at Grimmauld Place

Harry's eyes were closed softly as he slumbered when Draco awoke. He bit back a moan at the tightness in his belly, as the potion's affects still had not worn off. He jerked in fear and eyes flittered over his surroundings. Unfamiliar walls, bed, decorations...a strangled gasp left his lips as his gaze finally landed on the slumbering golden boy. His hands frantically searched for his wand. He had it when his mother had transported him. He knew that, remembered the cool wood in his fingertips as well as the warm pendant, but where was it.

"Looking for this?" a soft voice asked and Draco whipped his gaze to Potter. Resting in his nimble fingers was Draco's wand, but Potter's own wand was pointed straight at Draco's bare chest and that kept Draco from lurching forward and snatching it away. Heat flamed in Draco's cheeks before he could quell it.

"My wand if you please Potter," he drawled, attempting to appear emotionless and bored. Potter's face dipped in a frown and he shook his head.

"First you are going to explain to me why you landed in Diagon Alley stark naked and bleeding everywhere and then you will explain why you sent me flying through the air before you and Snape left the school," he declared. Draco's eyes narrowed. Harry stared at him, determination illuminating his emerald eyes and his jaw set stonily.

"Guess for yourself Potter. I failed at killing Dumbledore. I was punished. End of story," Draco snarled. Emerald eyes narrowed at Draco's attitude but the wand never lowered even after his explanation.

"You really expect me to believe that? How do I know you aren't putting on some show to lure me to Voldemort yourself? Especially after you launched me in the air as well?" Harry spat. Fury, unbridled and potent surged within Draco and he lurched forward and his hand closed around Harry's throat. Emerald eyes bulged in fear and pain as Draco squeezed the pale column of Harry's throat threateningly. He clawed at Draco's hand but to no avail.

"Are you that dimwitted Potter? Why would I willingly let Voldemort torture me, mar me permanently, and rape me just to make you feel sorry for me and follow me back to Malfoy Manor to avenge my broken soul like the daft hero you are And I sent you flying so that you wouldn't provoke Severus into an attack when you were blinded by your fury. Tell me Potter, is it really wise to attack an older, more experience wizard with raw, unchecked emotions?" Draco snarled. Disbelief shone in Harry's eyes.

"He raped you?" he croaked past Draco's fingers. Draco gaped wordlessly at him and his fingers relaxed their tight grip. He had not meant to tell Potter that.

"I never thought he was that cruel," Harry admitted. Draco snorted as he glared at Potter while shifting his legs to hide his arousal, and wincing at the raw dull ache vibrating through his back.

"You don't know the half Potter," he said icily. Soft fingers gripped at his hand and Draco had to fight the urge not to moan. Every inch of his flesh was sensitive to any type of touch, even the dull

pain pounding through his body was slowly trickling into waves of pleasure.

"Draco, are you okay?" Harry asked softly. Draco's silver gaze whipped to Potter's face. Never had the golden boy addressed Draco by his first name. Never. Admittedly, Draco could not deny that he really enjoyed the sound of his name on Harry's lips. It made heat spread through his abdomen fanning the inferno already building inside him. But, Draco shut down his mind focusing on the anger boiling in the pit of his stomach, and continued glaring at him, squeezing Harry's throat tighter, bruising the tender flesh. Potter's lips dipped into another frown and his nails clawed at Draco's fingers. Harry's lips tinted blue before Draco released him. Potter rubbed at his throat.

"You're bloody mad Malfoy," he snarled. Draco waved a dismissive hand.

"Where am I anyway? I'm ready to leave. I have things I have to do," Draco spat. Harry shook his head.

"You aren't leaving Draco. If you leave then Voldemort will find you again and use you to lead him back here," he said flatly. Draco sneered at him. His fingers clenched around the blankets tightly as his muscles shook in anger. He'd escaped one prison just to land in another. Merlin the world was cruel.

"Why save me if you are just going to lock me up just like the Dark Lord did," he forced out icily. Fury bubbled in Harry's body and he lurched forward, his face inches from Draco's face. His breath fanned over Draco's parted lips.

"I am not that monster. I am not keeping you locked up am I? No you are safe in a comfortable bed while your wounds, which Hermione tended to by the way, heal. I haven't cast any torture curses on you have I? No, I have not," he replied snappily. Silver eyes narrowed.

"Then what am I doing here Potter," Draco hissed, shoving Harry back from him with all his strength. Potter stumbled back a few feet tripping over his feet and landing hard on his rump. Breath lodged in his throat as Harry stared up at him in disbelief. Draco rose shakily from the bed and towered over Potter.

"Tell me Potter, if I am not a prisoner why am I locked in here? Why do you have my wand, hm? I may have been helpless when I landed in Diagon Alley but this is no longer then. You will unlock that door and let me out of here Potter," Draco demanded. Harry narrowed his eyes and glared up at Draco.

"You act like you have the power here Draco, but who has who's wand? You are nothing but a Death Eater and you should be grateful that you are alive and safe," Harry yelled. Draco's eyes snapped with fire. He knew this was about to be a low blow but fury welling up within him was too great to ignore.

"Do well to remember Potter, you and your blood traitor and mudblood friends are nothing," he hissed. With a roar of outrage Harry sprang at Draco, knocking him back onto the bed. Harry's fist slammed into Draco's jaw so quickly and fiercely that it stunned Draco. Draco snarled and squirmed under Harry's heavy frame. A groan choked his throat as his cock rubbed inadvertently against Harry. Harry froze and stared down at him horrified.

"Did you just groan Malfoy," he asked bewildered. Draco froze and horror filled his eyes. Oh. Shit.

Chapter 4

Draco couldn't breathe as Harry stared down at him. Every muscle in his body was coiled tightly and trembled from the force. His cock was throbbing beneath Potter's backside, but if the golden boy noticed, he never let on. Potter's weight was pressing into his body, causing it to throb in pain. He simply stared down at Draco with a bewildered expression. Pleasure lanced every inch of his body from the heat seeping into him from Harry's body atop his.

"Did you just groan Malfoy," Harry repeated.

"Get off of me Potter," Draco growled and squirmed against Harry again and tried to sit up, which did nothing but increase the pulsing needed for release building up in his stomach. He let out pained moan as Harry's fingers dug into his tender flesh as he slammed his palms into Draco's shoulders as he pushed Draco back down. Harry's eyes narrowed and a scowl twisted his features.

"I'm not moving Draco, and I'm not letting you go anywhere until you answer me, especially after you made a noise again," Harry growled. Silver eyes widened. He was too weak to push Harry's heavy frame from his body and every time he moved, the friction heightened every nerve ending sensitized by the potion.

"You heard nothing, Potter," he said quietly. Harry's eyes snapped furious fire at Draco. Harry's hand snapped around his body and he gripped Draco's throbbing member, making his head loll back against his will. A moan slipped from his throat.

"That is not a delusion Malfoy," he snarled. Draco glared at Potter.

"Get this through your thick skull Potter, my reaction to you is solely based on the fact that I've been doped up on some potion that makes me crazy horny and sensitive to any touch. I am not attracted to you, nor do I want you. Now take your hands off me," Draco snarled. Harry did not move.

"So, you moaned because every time I touch you even unintentionally, it turns you on because of some potion that Voldemort gave you?" Harry asked slowly. Draco sneered.

"That's correct Potter, would you like a gold star?" he drawled, sarcasm dripping through his tone. Harry's cheeks flamed.

"I...I could help you know..." Harry mumbled. Draco sat in stunned silence. How could the courageous Gryffindor Prince ever want the sneaky Slytherin Prince? It just wasn't plausible. Draco pulled in a deep shuddering breath.

"And why would you do that Potter, because you feel sorry for me? Get over you're hero complex and patch that bleeding heart, it's quite annoying to witness," Draco sighed. Harry's cheeks flamed again.

"I'm not gay Draco. You have always been the only exception. From the moment I walked into the robe shop and met you, despite your arrogance, I knew one day I would have you. Bloody hell Draco do you have any idea how tormented I've been all these years? I've come to hate you and distance myself from you when all I want is to feel you writing beneath me, to kiss you until you cannot breathe, to feel your flushed skin under my fingers, for you to like me. But you're an egotistical arsehole that gets off on hurting people because you think they are less than you," Harry blurted out. Draco's pale eyebrows rose. Harry grabbed Draco's pale hand and guided it to his crotch. A noticeable bulge pulsed under Draco's fingers. Draco tried to swallow against the

lump forming in his throat.

"Is that a delusion Malfoy? I am aroused by you; I want you for Merlin's sake so why not let me suck you off just to ease the pain, eh? Where's the harm in it?" Harry snarled. Draco's head lolled back as his own throbbing member was rubbed expertly by Harry's hand.

"Delusion or not, I can tell you feel the same or is your throbbing cock another trick, hm Draco?" Harry breathed, leaning into Draco until the blond was thoroughly cushioned against the pillows. Draco's fingers gripped the sheets tightly until his knuckles blanched with color.

"That is not me reacting...it's the po-oh god!" Draco choked on a moan as Harry's hand pumped along his cock through the thin pants. His legs muscles quaked with intensity. Harry smirked and pushed Draco further into the pillows, causing Draco to gasp in pain as the silken threads ground against his tender back. The pleasure was blinding.

"You are enjoying it, so why should I stop? If you truly wanted me to stop you would stop me yourself," Harry taunted. Draco growled low in his throat. Under normal circumstances, Draco would have overcome Harry easily, but the dull aching pain in his body and the fingers of pleasure gripping him made Draco's strength vanish. Draco squirmed as a pleasurable heat coursed through him. Harry leaned over and his teeth nipped at Draco's bottom lip and a moan bubbled from the golden boy's throat before he kissed Draco. He blinked in surprise when Draco growled and shoved his hips against Harry's touch. The lust banking those silver eyes was blazing with intensity. Harry smirked and let go of Draco who snarled at him.

"What the bloody hell are you doing!" Draco shouted.

"Beg for it," Harry retorted. Horror and anger flared to life in Draco's eyes. How dare that putrid spawn belittle Draco by reducing him to a common beggar to achieve release? He ground his teeth as Potter rolled his hips into Draco's creating a dizzying friction. Draco's head fell, back mouth wide and eyes squeezing shut at the onslaught of lusty flames.

"All you have to do is ask nicely Draco, that isn't very difficult," Harry taunted, an amused smirk twitching his lips, eyes alight with playful mischief, and his hips rolled against Draco again. Draco inhaled sharply, his hips bucking against Potter. Harry tutted at him, lifting up ever so slightly, making that delicious heat wafting from Harry fade slowly. Draco snarled, knowing he had to suck up his disgust. The pressure from his oncoming release was simply too much.

"Potter, I beg you, please make me come," he relented, his jaw tight with anger, and disgrace swirling in his narrowed eyes. With a brilliant smile, Harry swooped in and pressed his lips to Draco's, who kissed back with such ferocity that it made Harry's mind reel. Their tongues danced in a duel for domination, teeth clashing at the intensity, but Harry was having none of that. This could be the only chance he would have to see the Slytherin succumb his baser urges, show himself as a mere mortal and not an uppity, arrogant prat with sense of false entitlement. Just once, Harry would make that hard mask crack. Harry's free hand snaked down to Draco's throbbing cock and gripped it in his hand. He could feel Draco's legs quivering beside his. As he rubbed up and down Draco's length, the blond moaned into his mouth and grabbed handfuls of Harry's shaggy raven hair. Harry leaned deeper into Draco; his bare chest flush against the others clothed one. Nimble fingers swept down Harry's back, clawing at the offensive material and Harry smirked into Draco's lips. He pulled back whipped the shirt over his head and attacked Draco's lips with fervor. Draco felt the sting of teeth in his bottom lip and arched back, his jagged nails clawed at Harry's back as he pumped his hand faster and faster up Draco's length. His hips bucked against the raven haired boy and moans bubbled from his throat. Sensation, nothing more. It drove him wild with need, a swirling ball of fire in the pit of his stomach that was burning his nerves with fierce lusty waves.

Draco's mind was in tatters from the pleasure Harry was giving him. The last thing he wanted was Potter's lips on his, but there was no pain, only intense blinding pleasure, that the coherent thought was forgotten. He forgot about his scarred body, how awful he must look, and the reality that this was Potter his enemy, as Harry's lips left his and trailed down his jaw, then neck, further down to his chest until Draco shivered as the other nipped at a sensitive spot on his hip. Continuing his hot trail down Draco's waist, Harry's deft fingers pulled Draco's pants slowly down his waist.

"Damn it Potter, I gave you what you wanted! I begged, so don't stop!" Draco growled his voice guttural and demanding. Harry chuckled and nipped at Draco's skin again, right on the inside of Draco's thigh. Draco shivered as Harry's hot breath fanned over his cock and it twitched in anticipation. Draco grabbed a fistful of Potter's hair and slammed upward. A strangled moan escaped Draco as Harry's throat swallowed him. Draco's hands flew back and gripped the headboard as he pumped mindlessly into Harry's mouth. Rational thought would have stopped him as Harry gagged, but Draco's rationality was long gone. He let out a yell of pleasure as one of Harry's fingers worked its way gently into his tender ass and pumped softly in and out. Draco let out a growl as Harry slowed his finger even more, as if unsure whether the yell was of pain or pleasure.

"More!" he snarled, eyes wide and flashing, and bucked against Harry again. A muffled chuckle vibrated around Draco's cock making his head fall back and eyes drift shut. Harry inserted another finger, pumping faster, deeper. He moaned as Harry pulled back, his cock aching with need for Harry's skillful tongue and warm mouth.

"I know you need this Malfoy," Harry taunted quietly. Draco stiffened even as he arched his back as pleasure sang through him. Potter curled his finger within Draco, nail scraping at the tender flesh.

"You did beg for it after all," Harry continued, a smirk flashing upon his face before he swallowed Draco's cock once more. Draco couldn't stop his hips from bucking faster and faster as another finger was added. A moan bubbled from the Slytherin Prince when Potter stretched his fingers apart and slammed into that sweet spot hidden deep within Draco. Harry groaned happily as he swallowed Draco's come and Draco sagged against the mattress. Harry was painfully hard and could not wait to have his cock pumping deep inside Draco, but he knew that he had to wait. Years of animosity could not be overturned in just one afternoon. He pulled back and wiped his before rolled away from Draco and glanced at him with a goofy grin.

"I was right, you know? That did help, not in as much pain now are you," Harry murmured, flopping down onto the bed beside Draco. Draco flushed, and he threw his arm over his face, as a swirling tumult of shame, disgust, and surprising satisfaction jumbled Draco's senses. His back was bleeding again, the barely healed scabs long ripped away and he knew he was staining the blankets. Anger rang in his ears loudly, mixed with profound shame, as he processed that he had truly begged Potter for release. Draco could not figure out which was worse, that Potter did indeed fancy him or the fact that he'd possibly fulfilled one of the boy's fantasies and was thrilled about it. Potter rolled to his side, his bare chest pressed into Draco's elbow, propping himself up on his cupped fingers to stare down at Draco. Draco could feel Potter's thudding heart against his elbow and his warmth burned at Draco's flesh, fanning the flames softly.

"I'm going to keep you safe Draco. I won't let Voldemort have you again. You are still a right foul git but not even you deserve the torture he used against you," Harry promised. A rueful laugh exploded from Draco's throat and his body shook which only succeeded in causing more pain as the pillow scraped his back making the laugh morph to a pained groan.

"You have a bad hero complex, you know that Potter?" Draco scoffed. Harry's chest vibrated against him as he snickered in Draco's ear.

"Yes well, this hero complex as you call it did get me what I wanted," Harry replied. Draco's eyebrows knit together and he peeked from under his arm to look at Harry with a puzzled look.

"If I were not a hero as you put it, I would have left you for dead in Diagon Alley, but I didn't, now did I," Harry replied, his final words rough and masculine. A shiver slinked up Draco's spine and he honestly hated the words that were about to spill from his mouth, but they were necessary. If he was not careful, that infectious happiness Potter brought to everyone would seep into Draco's defenses and he may grow to like the git, instead of just being attracted to him.

"I am no one's Potter, especially not a pansy git's that jumped at the opportunity to get your mouth around me. Tell me Potter, did I fulfill all of your fantasies?" Draco drawled. Hurt flashed across Harry's face moments before fury twisted his features. Emerald eyes snapped vicious sparks of rage down at Draco.

"*Stupefy!*" Harry snarled, pointing Draco's own wand at his chest stunning the blond into oblivion. Harry scrambled off the bed and stormed out of the bedroom, slamming and magically locking the door behind him. He stomped past Hermione and Ron in the on the landing as he headed to Sirius's room. He threw the door open and slammed it shut behind him, still fuming over the fact that he was truly attracted to the most arrogant, egotistical, cruel arse in the wizarding world.

Hermione glanced at Ron, before hopping up from her seat and knocked softly on Harry's door.

"Not now Hermione!" Harry bellowed back, making Hermione jump. She scowled at the door and turned on her heel heading straight for Draco's room. Her eyebrows shot to her hairline when she saw the stunned, bleeding blond. She cast a quick spell and soon Draco was sitting bolt upright, staring at her in surprise.

"What do you want Granger?" Draco asked tiredly. Hermione furrowed her brows as she reached into her beaded bag.

"I need to mend you again," she muttered and surprise rocked her when Draco sighed and turned his back to her. She smoothed the dittany into his back, the muscles jumping as if he were in pain, yet he never uttered a sound. She held out a vial of bone regrowth and he downed it, coughing roughly. She turned on her heel, ready to leave but stopped as a large hand enclosed on her wrist. She looked back at Draco, whose face was aflame.

"Thank you Granger," he growled through clenched teeth. Hermione staggered back in disbelief. Had Malfoy truly thanked her? Her eyebrows furrowed even more. This had to be a trick.

"You know you're safe here right Malfoy, and I'll let you stay here but if you hurt Harry or Ron I will destroy you. Don't forget I'm the brightest witch of our age and I can be quite creative with spells. Hurt them and I'll make Voldemort's torture feel like fluff. Do not forget who is in charge here. I have a wand, you do not," Hermione snarled and yanked her wrist from Draco's slack grip. At the door she turned back to Malfoy.

"You are welcome though," she added more gently and closed the door. Draco slumped against the bed. Granger was absolutely right. Here he was nothing but another prisoner.

Chapter 5

Sleep was near impossible for Draco. Granger's threat was still ringing in his ears, and he had little doubt that the fierce witch would not follow through should he attack Potter or Weasley. He'd downed the sleeping draught and even that could not dull the pain washing back up through his body. The witch was fiercely protective over the dunderheads, why Draco could never understand. Granger was attractive, if one were into that sort of brainy, sexy look. Yet Potter and Weasley had never treated her as anything more than a buddy, one of the boys.

Her infatuation with the Weasel was palpable despite the heated arguments the two continually got into. In fact, Draco could hear the pair shouting at each other at this very moment. Draco shifted on the bed, his back and sides still ached despite the witches excellent healing abilities. He could not get the hurt blazing in Harry's emerald eyes as he'd insulted him right before the git had stunned Draco out of his mind. The guilt was driving him insane, but Draco could not afford for Harry to realize that Draco did in fact having feelings, not particularly just toward the golden boy, but in general. The potion, Draco was still unsure of how long this brew would last, was still waging a war within him. The release he had gotten with Potter had temporarily appeased the lust burning in him but it had not been enough. Draco grit his teeth as his cock hardened instantly as he felt ghosts of Potter's caresses and the warmth of his mouth.

"Harry is off his rocker! Why should I be okay with that ferret staying here! He could very well be here under You-Know-Who's orders," the Weasel bellowed and Draco smirked. Ah yes, ferret. He still could not, after all the taunting and humiliation he'd inflicted upon Weasley, get that infernal nickname to vanish however it truly did not faze Draco anymore. Ferret was the worst thing that the daft redhead could come up with to insult him. What pleased him more was that Weasley still could not say the Dark Lord's name at all. It showed fear and fear got you killed in these times.

"Oh honestly Ronald, you drive me absolutely insane with your daft assumptions and inability to see past your prejudice with that thick skull of yours," Hermione replied hotly.

"He's a bloody Death Eater!" Weasley exploded and a scowl twisted Draco's features. Now that insult he did not like. He loathed the title. He was not just some mere lackey, he was favored. He was trusted and wanted personally by the Dark Lord. He was worth more than just that title. Draco blinked and shook his head, scrambling those dark thoughts. Panic coiled in his gut. He was slave to no one, servant to no one, yet why were those rebellious thoughts pricking his mind. Draco perked up intently as the room outside his door suddenly got quiet.

"Harry, mate, erm what I meant is..." the red-haired prat was stumbling over his words.

"Harry, Ron is being unreasonable. While I am unsure completely of all your motives for saving Malfoy, I sympathize with you. He's a mess and needed medical attention, any good person would do what you did. Ronald, on the other hand can't let go of his damnable hate for a moment and just be cordial," Hermione snapped, her usually stoic face hard with emotion. Draco's face pulled into an expression of disgust. She sounded horrendous, like a prude old librarian with her wand shoved so far up her arse that it was permanently stuck. Draco snickered at the thought but stiffened when he heard the Weasel speak up again.

"I have every right to not want that prat in this house. He's a right foul git if you two don't bloody well remember, I mean its Malfoy. How do we know he's not well, faking whatever it is he's doing just to make us feel sorry for him," Weasley spat. Draco went rigid as pounding footsteps neared his door. The door flew open and Potter stormed across the room. The furious scowl twisting his features was so fierce it made Draco's eyebrows raise in surprise. He hissed when

Potter's hand latched around his upper arm and he was physically dragged from the bed. He stumbled after Potter, unable to gain his footing from the surprise of being man handled. Potter pulled him down the short hall, down the stairs and soon Draco glared over Potter's shoulder at Granger and Weasley. Granger's sculpted brows knit together and Weasley was glaring ruthlessly at him. Potter stopped in front of the pair and jerked Draco in front of his body, so that they were facing each other while Draco's desecrated back was on display for the duo.

"Bloody fucking hell," Weasley breathed. Draco rolled his eyes.

"Think he's faking it now, Ron?" Harry asked quietly, his tone even and cool and calm, too calm. His grip on Draco's arm was so tight that purple began to bloom across the pale appendage. Draco tried not to notice the heat radiating welcomingly off of Potter. He was failing miserably, could feel his cock hardening with anticipation, until a sharp pain lanced through his back. Something, no someone, was poking at the tender flesh. Draco turned, hissing in pain, his arm rearing to knock whoever was touching him a good one before he was lurched back behind the raven haired boy. Hermione had her wand pointing over Harry's head, straight at Draco's nose.

"Put it away Granger. He poked me in my back, it was instinct," Draco scowled, trying to advance on the witch. His eyebrows shot to his hairline when Potter threw out his arm to stop Draco and pinned Hermione with a calm yet serious look.

"Calm down Hermione. It was an accident, I stopped him, and honestly I've had to stop myself from slugging both of you before whenever you touch me and I'm in pain. How would you like it if I stuck my fingers in a gash on your skin?" Potter said evenly. Hermione gradually lowered her wand. Harry pulled Draco back to the room.

"The door to the left when you walk in is the toilets. Go take a shower, you kind of stink," Potter mumbled and shut the door in Draco's face. Draco scowled at the door for a moment, until he realized Potter was right. He had not showered in days and needed one badly. He reeked of blood, spoiled trash from Diagon Alley, and sweaty sex. He trudged to the bathroom and was pleased to see the simple, yet luxurious furnishings. He stepped out of the jogging pants, switched on the tap, and eased under the gentle, warm spray. The glass of the stall fogged as Draco sighed contently and leaned against the tiled wall. The warm water eased the tension pent up in his body as it trickled down his muscles and Draco slowly relaxed. Blood mingled with the water as it sprayed over him, rinsing the cuts and washing away the dried blood. His hair was plastered to his head in a messy array. Soap stung like hell as he cautiously washed his cuts but it needed to be done. Perhaps Granger had something to ease the pain in that bag of hers. As Draco's hand travelled lower and lower down his body, his cock twitched expectantly at him, as if pleading Draco to break and jack himself off for a much needed release. Draco grit his teeth and slammed a fist into the wall. Pain exploded in his hand but soon blended into the lusty inferno snaring his senses and sending him into a feral craze. Draco bit down on his lip as he contemplated his options. No way would Potter stoop to helping him again, not after what he had said. Granger simply was not an option and Draco would not dare touch Weasley even with a ten foot pole. Fuck it.

Draco gripped himself with a soap slicked hand and pumped. A moan bubbled from his throat and he leaned against his arm that rested against the shower wall. His forehead rested upon his arm as he pumped furiously. The gentle spray tickled his sensitized nerves, flaming the fire within him. His toes curled as the pressure in his tummy mounted and he chomped down on his lip so fiercely blood welled under his sharp teeth and dribbled down his chin. He tightened his grip and pumped faster. His head lolled back as the blinding pleasure burst like stars in front of his eyes and his seed jetted out of him, mingling with the blood and water swirling about his feet.

He leaned both arms against the wall and supported himself against them. The shame welling up inside him was overwhelming, but the satisfaction was greater, squashing the offensive emotion. It

wouldn't do to have emotions clouding his already fuzzy mind. They would be shut off immediately, lest he lose sight of his purpose as the Dark Lord's most favored servant. He shook his head as he wondered once again what was causing those types of thoughts to wash through his mind. With short choppy breaths, Draco finished cleaning his hair and switched to the growing cold water. His body trembled as a wave of lust crashed into him. But it was short lived. Draco stepped from the stall and yelled in agony as the mark upon the skin of his left forearm seared him as if he had been doused in lava. The Dark Lord was looking for him, by calling together his Death Eaters. Draco cradled his burning arm to his chest and fell to his knees. The urge to appear at his side, a feeling only summoned when the mark burned, was overwhelming. Draco yelled out again when the mark squirmed on his arm as if it were alive, beckoning him to join his master. Footsteps pounded toward the door. The trio banged the door open and gaped at Malfoy, who was crouched on the floor, yelling in agony as he clutched his arm. The grip on his arm was so tight his knuckles were bleached of any color. He stared up at the trio through the fringe of platinum hair, his eyes cold and hollow but pain infiltrated his features and his body was wound up tight with from the throbbing sting of the mark's call. Malfoy eased back to lean against the wall, his long, lean legs stretched before him.

"Malfoy what's wrong?" Hermione asked, concern etching her tone. Malfoy looked up at her sullenly, before sliding his gaze to Harry. Their gazes clashed.

"He's calling a meeting," he said flatly, holding out his arm so they saw the squirming mark that continued to sear his flesh internally. Heat flashed through Potter's eyes, Hermione was staring at the wriggling mark with horror and slight fascination, no doubt she would read more on the workings of the mark, and Weasley just stared down at Draco dumbly. How could this freckled-face freak resemble a troll more so than Crabbe and Goyle, it was just sad. Draco cringed as the twinge of the summoning ramped up in power making it feel like he was being zapped by electricity about his body. This was new. The burning intensified but it wasn't just focused in his arm, no it was everywhere along his body in all of the places he had been touched by the taint of Voldemort, and Draco couldn't help it. He screamed. Gone was any semblance of morality that Malfoys do not show their emotions. The fire sizzling through him was just too much. He screamed until his voice vanished thanks to quick silencing spell by Hermione.

"Get out," Harry ordered his friends quietly. They cast him a worried look but obliged. He stared down at Draco. Contempt and pity swirled in those emerald eyes. Draco tried to glare at him through the pain, but it was simply too great. He felt as if he was being burned alive. The jolts to his system were so severe his body twitched uncontrollably. He was in hell. He grit his teeth in surprise and eyes flew up to the other as warm arms wrapped around him and cradled him close, pulling him against a warm chest, Potter's legs stretched out along his.

"It's the cuts now too isn't it? My scar does it sometimes, although I don't think it's ever been quite as bad as yours. Mostly happens when his emotions are not contained like usual, high powers of anger or insane happiness. I see into his mind too," The raven haired boy rambled. He sat in numbed shock for a moment. The connection between Harry and Voldemort was true. He jerked and his head slammed painfully into Harry's shoulder. He mouthed a "sorry" to Potter as he twitched again.

"You're bleeding again by the way," Harry admitted. Draco cringed. He felt guilty that the other boy was being so kind to him when he deserved nothing but scorn. He tapped Harry's arm and motioned to his throat, silently asking for his voice back.

"Done screaming? I don't wanna wake Sirius's dear old mum," Potter asked, an eyebrow perked at Draco. Draco nodded. The pain was dulling and being chased away by Potter's warmth. Draco felt the magic lift from his vocal cords and he cleared his voice, massaging his throat.

"He's punishing me. Let me go, he'll kill me either way Potter and we both know he'll stop at nothing to get what he wants. For Merlin's sake he's been after you your whole life," Draco mused. Potter's lips tugged at the ironic truth of Draco's words, but said nothing. He simply lifted his gaze to the wall and held Draco tighter as his body twitched sporadically. The twitching eased after a few more lingering moments. The ease of being nestled in Harry's arms, and the fiery lust threatening to sear him from the inside out, made Draco's gut squirm uncomfortably

"Potter I would really appreciate it if you let go of me. I don't want your taint to infect me somehow," Draco growled. Draco felt Harry's body go rigid around him and his skin ached as fingers dug harshly into his arms.

"Malfoy you truly are a loathsome git. You are foul and cruel. I dunno why I bother trying to help you," Potter spat and jerked to a stand. Draco tumbled to the floor gasping in pain. He watched Potter's scuffed sneakers glide across the tile floor until he heard his door slam shut loudly. Draco rolled over onto his back, the tile slick from his fallen blood but cooling to the dull ache. Draco stared up at the ceiling furious at himself. He knew that staying here was the only option to staying safe from the Dark Lord's wrath and the tiny seed of his pull, but he also knew that it meant he could possibly grow close to Potter and Granger at least and come to care for them. Draco shuddered. Caring meant feelings, feelings meant weakness, and weakness meant death. Going home was no better for that matter either. Draco groaned as the realization sunk in. He was truly between a rock and a hard place and the proverbial rock was closing in on him fast. He had a decision to make and he had better make it soon. Return home to the horrors awaiting him and carry out his service to the Dark Lord or chance it with Potter and his side-kicks? Decisions, decisions.

Chapter 6

Draco shivered as the cold of the room bit at his flesh, tinting him blue and puffs of white billowed from his mouth as he breathed. The Manor cellar was dark and musty not to mention the tight confines of his cell made claustrophobia well into his heart. Draco wrapped his arms around his legs and rested his chin atop his knees. He jerked when the door of his tiny cage of a room creaked open slowly. He scurried back a couple feet as the Dark Lord stared down at him hungrily.

"I have missed you my beautiful slave, yet you displease me. You did not come loyally when I summoned you so for that you will pay dearly, although my potion is already doing a fantastic job at slowly crumbling your defiance," Voldemort hissed. Draco grit his teeth in pain as chains burst from the Dark Lord's wand, wound tightly around his wrists, and he found himself yanked upward strung from the ceiling like a piece of meat. He threw his head back in a guttural groan as Voldemort traced his wand up Draco's thigh, his waist, abdomen, and finally rested on one nipple searing a line of bubbled welts along its path. A hand closed around his throat tightly and Voldemort leaned in until his breath fanned Draco's ear making a shiver slink up his spine.

"I hate that I want you so much Draco. Your defiance thrills me but I will not fail in my quest. I will make you mine alone Draco, you will serve me faithfully and as fiercely as the pulling need to be by my side ensures it," the Dark Lord murmured. Draco thrashed when the Dark Lord's jagged teeth sank into his neck making blood well and stream down his body. The Dark Lord chuckled and chomped down harder while raking his sharp nails down Draco's back, reopening the scabs harshly. Crimson rained down his back and dripped to the floor. Voldemort chuckled again as he stared at the red flowing liquid and faced Draco who was shaking in agony. Draco stared in horror as the Dark Lord withdrew a sharp dagger from his robes and pressed the tip to Draco's chest.

"Remember this Draco, no matter where you go I will always find you. You belong to me, and soon you will be my loyal servant," Voldemort snarled and dug the blade into Draco's skin, the toxin in it stinging like mad.

"I will kill you!" he growled. Voldemort merely chuckled and sauntered around Draco until he faced Draco's weeping back.

"I cannot die. I am invincible my slave, and no one not even Potter will stop me. You will always be nothing more than a slave," Voldemort hissed and slammed into Draco's ass, stretching him in a delightfully painful way. Voldemort gripped Draco's hips tightly, bruising the pale flesh, as he slammed deep within Draco. He yanked a handful of hair back until Draco's head was arched and throat ached from the strain. His teeth gnashed together when Voldemort bit down on his throat fiercely, cruelly. Jagged nails scraped at Draco's scalp and a cold hand gripped his throbbing cock. His cock jerked in response as the hand slid up and down his shaft and that throbbing pain in his ass dulled and bloomed into a familiar inferno. He gaped in agony as his body thrashed under the Cruciatus curse and blood leaked from his nose.

"Scream!" the Dark Lord commanded and he did, a short piercing yelp of pain scratched from his throat before he smashed his lips together, features twisted in agony as the power of the torturous spell increased. His head wrenched back as a blade tip dug into one of the weeping craters in his back causing blood to spurt and cover the Dark Lord's robes. The Dark Lord arched back as the beautiful sight of Draco's life blood coating his robes speared him right into climax. A shuddering moan spilled from Draco when he stiffened as his seed spurted from him coating the Dark Lord's hand. He pulled from Draco's ass, cast him one last hungry look, and sauntered to the door. The door swung. **BANG!**

Draco sat bolt upright in the bed, sweat coating his body, breath sawing in and out of his chest, and his cock hard and throbbing. Horror filled him. He was hard from a dream. One about the Dark Lord no less, a hot, torturous dream that left him wanting more. His fingers tunneled through his hair as he put his face in his hands as tremors of disgust and shame rocked him. He had to find an antidote for this potion, for he feared without it, he would go mad. It was severing the threads of Draco's unstable sanity. The dull, throbbing need blazing within Draco was constant, potent, as if stronger and deadlier than the first concoction force down his throat. Was it possible that the effects were turning permanent? Draco released a sigh and froze as heard quiet voices floating from the downstairs, causing the morbid thought to vanish. He glanced out the window and was surprised to see bright early morning sunshine warming the room. Draco eased out of the bed and glared down at his throbbing member. If he were to go spy on the golden trio and were to get caught he certainly did not want to explain that to them. He tiptoed to the closet and gingerly wrapped himself in an oversized, plain black robe. He ambled to the door and cautiously tried the knob. Surprise lit up his eyes as the knob turned and the door swung open. Draco crept down the hall, keeping to the shadows.

"It's gonna be difficult finding them all, the horcruxes I mean. Snape is running Hogwarts now so he'll have his eye on us," Harry's voice carried down the hall. Draco stopped in his tracks and cocked his head for better hearing.

"That isn't really new though is it mate? That grumpy old bat has always had it out for you," Ron added.

"Of course we have to be wary of Snape, but we still have Harry's cloak remember? And it seems logical that one of the horcruxes would be hidden at the school, it was like a home to him after all," Hermione quipped. Draco's brow furrowed. How in the bloody hell did they know about horcruxes?

"Speaking of Hogwarts, term starts in a week and we have to go to Diagon Alley. What do we do with Malfoy?" Hermione continued. Draco did not waste any more time hiding, he strolled into up to the door and leaned causally against the frame.

"Did I hear you correctly Granger? Does term really start in a week?" he asked and Hermione's cheeks flamed. Harry glared at him through narrowed eyes.

"Were you eavesdropping Malfoy?" he accused. Draco raked him with a sneer.

"Truly think that highly of yourself, don't you Potter? I don't make a habit of immersing myself in the gossip of the dredges of society, I am merely curious about school. I will not be held back from school Potter. That's cruel even for you," Draco drawled. Heat flashed through Harry's eyes and he jerked his chin to the table where Draco's school letter lay in a pile with the trio's. Draco crossed the room and snatched up the letter before storming back to his room. He would sneak to Diagon Alley for his new supplies, the Manor for his other stuff, and to the school itself if he had to. School was just too important.

The next few days changed everything for the four young people. Draco's presence at meal times slowly turned more frequent, though they were still awkward affairs. Surprisingly, Potter's ancient elf was still a superb cook. At first, Draco simply collected his food and returned to his room to eat alone, but soon he immersed himself among the golden trio, surprisingly at Hermione's request. Draco soon found he enjoyed sparring with her over topics ranging from elf rights to laws the ministry had enacted to sales of goods illegal, or legal. Weasely remained sullen with Draco's appearance at the table but never opened his mouth unless he was speaking to Potter or Granger. Harry and Draco found themselves often in heated debates over the Quidditch tournament and the outcome. Harry was rooting for the Chudley Canons, Draco supported, surprisingly, the Hollyhead Harpies. The talks between the golden duo and Draco were rare, but lightened Draco's

mood considerably. The only hitch in Draco's mood was the constant aching desire running through his body. The effects of the potion were more powerful than ever. Each night Draco still dreamed of the Dark Lord, as if the magical connection from him to Draco through the mark on his arm and the angry healing cuts along his body trapped him in the nightmares. Three days before term was to start, Harry begrudgingly admitted that Draco was going with them to Diagon Alley. Draco looked up in surprise at the news.

"Potter, are you serious? You're trusting me to not just vanish?" Draco asked. Harry licked his lips in thought.

"Well I still have your wand and I do believe you've come to the conclusion staying here is safest so I believe I can trust you. Now let's get a move on. Tonks has a portkey waiting for us," Potter said and turned to walk to the front entrance of the house. Draco hurried after him and froze when he saw the one and only Nymphadora Tonks, his estranged cousin. Her hair was bubblegum pink in a shag around her shoulders and eyes a matching shade, but her facial features were still strikingly similar to his Aunt Andromeda's. Tonks narrowed her eyes at Draco. "What's he doing here?" she asked venomously. Harry gave her a warning looking.

"He is a guest Tonks so lay off," he said, which effectively shut Tonks's mouth but she still glared at Draco with mistrust in her eyes. Draco glanced at the chipped tea cup clutched in her hands before following the trio's actions and touching it as well. He whirled into the air, banging into Potter and Granger for a few moments before Tonks signaled to let go and he walked gracefully through the air, touching down lightly beside Hermione. Draco followed the trio through the bustling crowd, biting back moans as people brushed by him and teased his responsive nerves. They entered the apothecary, sneers radiating from the other customers faces when they spotted him.

In the joke shop, run by the Weasel's older brothers, the twins glared at him maliciously. Draco merely ignored it and wandered the shelves. Surprisingly, as he passed the little stand of love potions, crowded with young witches, several giggled and gave him lingering looks. Draco smirked and ambled on. He skirted young children puking in a bucket after sampling puking pasties.

A young girl even spit at him when they entered the pet shop. He glared at the girl and wiped the spittle from his cheek. The girl was a tubby thing, barely taller than she was around.

"It would do you good to remember who has the power now little witch. You spit on me, you spit on the Dark Lord and if you insult me again, ever, i will see to it your entire family suffers for your impudence," he hissed and brushed by her like a regal king. Tonks remained at their side, and even she would shoot him murderous looks. Laden down with new parchment, quills, potion supplies, and ink Potter and Weasley both groaned when Hermione suggested going to Flourish and Blotts to get their school books. The duo looked longingly at the display in the Quidditch shop.

"I'll go with you Granger," Draco suggested quietly. Granger looked at him skeptically.

"No bloody way are you going there alone with him Hermione," Tonks warned. Draco narrowed his eyes as he stared down at his cousin.

"Honestly, Nymphadora, do you really think i can do much harm to Granger in a book shop. Oh no, i shall surely kill her with an overload of knowledge," he sneered, enjoying the look of fury on her face for using her name.

"You'd go to the book shop with me instead of going with them and drooling over the newest broom?" she asked dubiously. Draco shrugged.

"I like books Granger. My life is not all about flying and Quidditch you know? I've already read half of the library back at the house and I have my own private library, not to mention another larger one in the Manor that I've blown through. And honestly, I have no wand so what threat am I to Granger when she has hers," he admitted. Hermione smiled, grabbed Draco's arm, and dragged him toward the shop excitedly. Draco glanced back at the others. Ron and Tonks were glaring maliciously, while Potter looked amused, as if he were truly taking on a hardship in accompanying the witch to the book shop.

"I'm so glad you agree Malfoy, Ron and Harry just don't appreciate books like I do. It's nice to have someone that can share my enthusiasm for knowledge," Hermione babbled as they entered the store. The childlike giddiness radiating from her was quite amusing, as he shared her enthusiasm. Draco was second in their year, narrowly beaten out by Hermione herself which accounted for her insatiable thirst for knowledge that rivaled Draco's own. Draco made a beeline to the section on potions and began frantically leafing through a promising looking volume. He stiffened and was unable to stifle the moan that bubbled up his throat when Hermione sidled up behind him and leaned over his shoulder to see the text he was studying. Her soft body cushioned into the hard line of his back creating a dizzying friction. Her lush breasts pressed into him, soft and supple, and he couldn't help it, he stumbled forward, catching himself on a nearby chair, and slumping against it. He panted as sweat beaded down his forehead. He'd been able to hold back his reactions until he felt her body cushion against his. He wiped his forehead with his sleeve.

"Malfoy what the bloody hell was that?" Granger demanded, her hands on her hips. Draco sighed tiredly and tunneled and through his hair before staring up at her.

"I cannot have anyone touching me Granger, not because I'm trying to be a prick but because before I escaped the Manor I was forced to drink a potion. I dunno what the potion is exactly but I do know that it makes me horny as hell and every slightest touch makes my body respond to it in a sexual manner. I think the last batch the Dark Lord gave me was permanent and is increasing day after day in its potency. I have already spoken to Potter about the potion if you do not believe me," Draco admitted. Granger's eyebrows sprang to her hairline.

"Granger...Hermione...I need help and you are the only one that I can trust in to find a solution," Draco admitted. A small smile spread across her face and she turned to the books stacked along the shelves.

"Tell me about the potion and its affects. The taste, the color, all of that as well," Granger instructed as she began pulling thick tomes from the shelves. Draco launched into an explanation, Hermione nodded in understanding every so often, as she poured herself into book after book. Hope twinkled softly in Draco's mind. Granger was the brightest witch of their age, if anyone could figure out a problem like this, it was her. As the pair poured through piles of books thoughts of Harry and Ron vanished and the duo blinked in surprise when the shop owner announced the shop would be closing in a few minutes. Draco gathered their school books while Hermione scooped up the unread texts they had gathered. Draco graciously paid for the lot and the pair wandered back to the street to hail the Knight Bus. As the bus raced through the city at breakneck speed Granger looked at the ground deep in thought. When they arrived Hermione paused before opening the door to the house that magically appeared before them. She looked up in to Draco's eyes.

"No matter what, I will help you find a cure Draco," she said softly and entered the house. Draco stood there stunned for a moment at Granger's unexpected kindness before following her into the house as well.

Chapter 7

Púrpura Lotus

Narcissa's feet slammed into the hard floor of her getaway cottage and her knees buckled. Annie snapped her fingers and a large, plush cushion appeared under her, cradling her as she dropped gracelessly to the floor. A groan ripped from her scratched throat and she burrowed her face into the pillow.

"Mistress would like Annie to get her some soup or hot tea? Annie could draw a bath with Mistress's favorite lilac oils if hers wishing it," Annie asked softly, crouching beside Narcissa concern etched the wrinkled brown face. Although young in age, Annie reminded Narcissa of the Shar Pei dogs that muggles were so fond of as Annie's tawny skin sagged on her as if her delicate bones could not support her thick, calloused skin. No matter her appearance, Narcissa liked the sassy elf. Despite being a technically freed elf, which one could see from the gaggle of mismatched clothing wrapped around her tiny body, Annie was unwaveringly loyal to Narcissa.

"Tea and a bath would be lovely, thank you Annie," Narcissa mumbled and she watched Annie scurry away. Narcissa pulled in a deep breath. She had to warn Draco of the Dark Lord's plan. He needed to aid Potter in destroying him but she feared that Draco would realize what she did concerning the Chosen One. Narcissa slowly lumbered to a stand and limped up the stair to her bed chambers. The ornately carved wooden jewelry box carefully tucked away on her vanity caught her eye and she crossed the room to flip the lid open. Inside was a small piece of paper with 7 seemingly unrelated items on it and two were already crossed out. But these items and their destruction are the key to the death of the Dark Lord. She glanced up, snapping the lid shut, as Annie strolled into the room, a platter of tea and cakes balanced on her head. Annie frowned at Narcissa who was leaning heavily against the vanity. Annie set the platter on the night stand, ambled over to Narcissa, grasped her hand, and led her to the inviting bed.

"Mistress needs rest," Annie declared matter-of-factly. Narcissa smiled and sat on the edge of the bed and unlaced her boots as Annie bounced onto the bed and began helping Narcissa from her expensive robes and corset. Narcissa let her robes drop to the floor in a messy pile and pulled a silky nightgown over her battered body. She leaned against the plush pillows and took the cup of tea from Annie's offering hands with a smile. The warm, sweet liquid dulled the aching pain radiating through Narcissa's body.

"Annie, I need you to find Draco. Just...see if he is alive and well, then return to me when you are sure he is safe," Narcissa instructed. Annie nodded, her bat-like ears flapping against her skull.

"Annie will find the young master, Mistress. Mistress must promise to rest while Annie is gone though," Annie replied looking up at the witch with concern. Narcissa chuckled.

"I will rest Annie, now go and follow out my order," Narcissa replied gently and the elf vanished. She slumped against the pillows as tears finally spilled down her cheeks. Draco was in terrible danger. If the Dark Lord truly was as obsessed with him as Narcissa believed, the dark wizard would stop at nothing to get him back. Narcissa knew for sure that should Draco be recaptured, it was a slim chance that her beloved son would ever be the same. Narcissa knew it for certain.

Grimmauld Place

Draco found the trio in the living room, casually lounging on the velvet couches, engaged in various activities. Weasley was polishing his broom, Potter was staring at a Golden Snitch that hovered in front of his face blankly, and predictably, Hermione was pouring through yet another

thick book. Draco eased into the room, making Potter snap his gaze up to him but said nothing as Draco sat down next to Hermione and grabbed a book. He flipped it open and scanned the page. He glanced at Harry.

"Potter, why do you have a snitch?" he asked. Harry glanced over at him.

"It was left to me by Dumbledore. It's the first one I ever caught," the golden boy replied softly. Draco smirked.

"You mean the one you almost swallowed, right?" he drawled and Potter chuckled and nodded. An easy silence thickened the air until Granger snapped the book with a loud **FWAP** and tossed it to the floor.

"I can't seem to find anything. There are a few mentioned but they are all different from that potion in little ways so I'm sure they aren't it," said Hermione, her frustration adamant as she grabbed yet another text.

"Perhaps it's in a book in the restricted section at Hogwarts. Obviously the potion is associated with dark magic and there are a lot of books there that cover that area of magic," Harry suggested. Draco looked up with surprise.

"How pray tell do you know that Potter?" he asked, perking a finely groomed eyebrow. The golden boy grinned mischievously.

"I've been in there a time or two. I needed information on the Sorcerer's stone and several times after in my battle against Voldemort," he answered with a nonchalant shrug. A grin twitched Draco's lips. Of course he had. Harry was known for bending the rules at Hogwarts by sneaking around at night in areas he should not be in. Draco had indeed caught the trio in Hagrid's hut during their first year after all.

"You know Harry you could be right about that. Perhaps we need to check once we get back. You still have your cloak after all," Hermione added. She looked a bit flustered that she had not thought of the idea herself. Draco closed the useless book and looked at his former enemies.

"What cloak?" he asked, unable to stifle his curiosity. Harry chewed his lip for a moment then opened his mouth to answer.

"I have a cloak of invisibility. It's how I've gotten around the castle at night all these years," he answered. Draco stored the information into his mind. This little tidbit would come in handy later. He eased to his feet and set the book down on the couch.

"I'm going to bed, goodnight all," he announced softly and left the room. Potter stared after Malfoy. He seemed hopeful that Hermione would find an answer to his situation but he could also see the tiny sliver of doubt and despair glinting in Malfoy's steely eyes. He seemed, off, as if withdrawn in on himself and he looked as if he hadn't slept decently in weeks. Harry was desperate to help Malfoy solve his problems but he knew that he was near useless when it came to research, not to mention they still hadn't figured out who left the note in the fake locket. RAB, whoever that was, they were the key. Harry leaned back and stared blankly at the Snitch as thoughts of Horcruxes, the future year at the newfound dark Hogwarts, and a certain blond swirled through his troubled mind.

Draco fell into an easy slumber, but the peaceful abyss twisted into a haunting nightmare. Draco jerked fruitlessly as he found himself strapped to a bed. His ankles and wrists snared by chains secured on the four poster poles. His teeth bit the inside of his cheek as searing pain whipped through every single one of the blackened cuts littering his body.

"I will always find my way to you Draco. You are a part of me now. My magic runs through your veins as fiercely as your own. Come back to me, my slave," Voldemort hissed as he paced around the bed, eyeing Draco with an evilly seductive smile. Despite the lusty inferno welling up within him, Draco bared his teeth in defiance. His body twitched harshly as pain lanced through him when the whip curled about his side, ripping the skin open. Voldemort's hand snapped out and tore a gaping cut across his chest. He grit his teeth as the leather bit into his skin again, and again, and again. Sweat beaded his forehead as the misery of pain mounted in his body. Draco's gaze snapped to the Dark Lord as the bed dipped under his weight as he slithered toward Draco's flushed, bleeding body. A shudder quaked him as Voldemort ran his tongue along the cuts, catching the weeping crimson as it trickled down that pale as moonlight chest. Voldemort crawled up his slave's body and tightened a hand around that pale column of throat, bruising the flesh and making Draco choke for air.

"You will learn your place Draco. You will return to me and grovel at my feet like an obedient slave," Voldemort snarled in his ear. Draco arched back as one long, thin finger slithered into his ass, pumping slowly but steadily. Voldemort let go of Draco's bruised throat and snatched up a handful of the fine blond locks, scarping at his scalp which bloodied and stained Draco's hair. His cock tightened as another finger was added and the pace increased. His back arched unbidden as those thin fingers teased the very end of his hole, jabbing and caressing his prostate with gentle pressure. Raw moans ripped from Draco's throat and he squirmed uselessly when the Dark Lord added yet another finger while deepening his thrusts. A scream of agony fought its way up his throat even as the jagged nails sliced at him as a fourth was added, making the yell morph to a low moan of pleasure. Draco could feel his walls leaking blood as fine, snarled cuts wept within him.

"You belong to me Draco! No one else and I will do everything in my power to break your defiance until you come to terms with that. Just wait, my slave, the potion will ensure this," the Dark Lord snarled. Sharp teeth sank into Draco's shoulder, making blood well as Voldemort slammed his whole fist deep within Draco tearing him cleanly. Voldemort's pace was brutal, demanding, and relentless. The tears within him gaped wider as those nails slammed forcefully against his prostate. Draco jerked at his bonds, slicing his skin and blood rained down his arms as he thrashed. He grunted in pain as the cuts burned with pain. His moans echoed in his head as the pressure of the lusty fire seared his groin.

While Draco was in the throes of hellish passion, the trio was exchanging worried looks. Draco's pained yells and pleas and pleasure moans echoed through the house. They could hear him thrashing violently as if he were fighting against some unknown attacker with fervor, but what threw them off the most was deep throaty moans echoing down to them.

"The potion is getting worse. He told me he thought it was and I think those dreams are proof," Hermione admitted softly. Harry's eyes widened.

"Bloody hell he sounds like he's being tortured," Ron breathed. Harry jumped to his feet and raced to Draco's room, Hermione hot on his heels. The door flew open and a gasp of horror tore from their throats. Draco lay atop the bed, sheets tangled about his legs as he thrashed and yelled out in agony, the broken sound softening to a needy moan. Weeping cuts marred his chest and purple finger print bruises circled his neck. Sweat glistened on Draco's body. Harry cautiously approached Draco's side and knelt down. He hesitantly reached out and grabbed Draco's shoulder, ignoring the fact that blood covered Malfoy's nails and his cock was straining up proudly with arousal.

"Malfoy? Malfoy wake up! Draco it's just a dream!" Harry shouted, shaking the blond gently at first, then roughly. Steel grey eyes popped open and Draco sat bolt upright, trembling and face aflame.

"Granger, we need to find this antidote quick. I...I think it links me to Voldemort," Draco admitted, tunneling his fingers through his messy hair.

"What do you mean it links you to Voldemort," Harry asked sharply. Drawing in a deep shuddering breath he looked up at the Gryffindor.

"I mean these nightmares I keep having always involve the Dark Lord, but they are not past memories. They feel so real. And in a way I know they are," Draco explained. He chewed on his lip and whirled to the window as an owl thumped into it. Hermione opened the window and stepped out of the way as a giant owl soared in, dropped Draco's trunk at Hermione's feet, and then soared back out the window. Draco clambered from the bed and knelt before his trunk. He opened the lid and gaped in horror. A photo of him sat atop his neatly pressed robes. The photo was clear as day: Draco was chained to the table, thrashing as Voldemort fucked him and his father sucked him off. Draco's face was contorted with agony and flaming desire. His eyes, even in the photo snapped deliriously rage-filled fire and lust of the pleasure he remembered. Draco flipped the photo over and read the message on the back. Remember who you belong to. A shudder slinked through Draco's spine.

"I will help in any way possible to take Voldemort down Potter. That bastard will crumble at my feet for what he has done to me. That putrid spawn will crawl beneath my feet like a disgusting Flobberworm for ever daring to make me a slave. I am Draco Malfoy, I am slave to no one!" Draco growled and crumpled the photo into his hand and despite his words, he still felt the nagging pull to return to the manor and be in his place at the Dark Lord's side.

Chapter 8

As the day the four teens were to depart to Hogwarts arrived, Draco awoke yet again from a nightmare. The potion was burning him alive with sexual frustration. The nagging pull was stronger. It buzzed in his blood, every whisper touch of his clothes stroked his sensitive nerves into a frenzy, and a bump into Granger or Potter made a lead ball of need tighten in his gut. But with that fire of pleasing lust, also came a dull aching pain from lack of release. After the shower debacle, Draco tried to jack himself off, but it wasn't enough. The release he achieved seemed to only fan the flames within him higher. Draco feared he would burst at any moment. Draco rolled out of bed as delicious aromas tickled his nose. As he gingerly slipped into his fine, black attire he heard the tea pot whistle cheerily. A ghost of a smile quipped Draco's lips. He was thoroughly surprised that he enjoyed spending meals with the trio. Hermione was a bloody excellent cook, even coaxed him into trying some muggle foods. Some he had enjoyed, other he had not but Draco still enjoyed experiencing that side of the witch. The lively debates heating the room they shared or the knowledge trivia they bested each other at made Draco's day slightly bearable, almost as much as-much to his surprise-Weasley's brilliant cups of tea and the jokes he and Potter swapped. Draco was unused to such open happiness and affection, the feel of true family, as at the Manor there were no jokes and animated debates nor were the meals lively and joyful. Those meals were a quiet formal affair. A Malfoy meal could be interrupted at any moment by an important acquaintance of Lucius's so never had Draco been to a meal that was somber and dignified. A lively, carefree meal full of talk and laughter would be unfitting for one of the Malfoy status. Though, his sullen demeanor was widely ignored, Draco hated that the pain the potion brought him made him so withdrawn. Moving was agony and speaking was pure torture. However, those foreign emotions were dull to him, the potion masking most of it.

Draco padded down the hall, smoothing his blazer as he entered the kitchen and was met by a cheery "hello" from Hermione as she scrambled eggs and bacon sizzled teasingly in a pan. Ron offered him a mug of tea, black with six spoons of sugar and a dab of honey, and he slumped into a chair. Harry was reading the Daily Prophet, his eyebrows knit together and a puzzled frown etched his eyes. A timer went off and with a flick of her wand, plump biscuits soared gracefully from the oven. Draco watched her movements, longing in his eyes. He desperately missed magic. Being without his wand made him feel naked and powerless.

"He's getting restless. More muggle-borns found dead," Harry commented. Draco's stomach clenched and by the looks on Hermione and Ron's faces they were feeling the same uneasiness as he was. Potter did not have to elaborate who he meant, the "he" was perfectly clear given the crimes. Potter was right though. The weight of Draco's absence was increasing Voldemort's rage, thus the deaths of innocent muggle-borns came about.

"He won't stop," Draco commented. Harry looked up at him sharply. Those crystal clear emerald orbs were narrowed to suspicious slits. His lips were dipped in a quizzical frown and jaw set hard with unnamed emotion.

"You are not going back there Draco," Harry ordered fiercely. Draco bristled at the order but stopped in time before he let out a nasty retort. He took in a few deep breaths before looking Potter square in the eye.

"Do not issue orders to me Potter, and do not think me blind and stupid enough to run away from a safe, welcoming place to go endure more torture, not that those nightmares are not reminder enough of what awaits me if I were to fall back into his claws. Besides, we leave for Hogwarts today which brings up a couple points I must make," Draco snapped. Potter's frown deepened at Draco's nasty tone but did not comment on it.

"First, I need my wand back," Draco said coolly. Weasley's ears turned red with anger.

"The bloody hell you do! The moment we give you that wand you'll just turn on us and attack us, you bloody traitorous Death Eater," he snarled. Draco glowered at the Weasel with an icy stare.

"Oh yes Weasley, I will most definitely do that and fuck up my chances at not only finding a cure to this bloody potion but also my chances at freedom from that bastard. Think with that abnormally tiny brain of yours Weasley, I need my wand at Hogwarts. I can't very well tell McGonagall that I cannot transfigure anything because you lot have my wand," Draco snarled. Harry cleared his throat as Weasley's face and ears flamed with embarrassment.

"What is the other point you need to make Malfoy," Potter said. Draco chewed on his bottom lip for a moment before answering.

"We have to act as enemies at Hogwarts. I cannot let my fellow Slytherins know that I'm buddy-buddy with you three. Most of their families serve the Dark Lord and will report it. I have to act as if nothing has changed, like I am still a proud Death Eater and serve the Dark Lord. I must be rude and insensitive. Appearance is everything for a Malfoy and I must act accordingly. In private we can be as we are now, however weird and dysfunctional this little 'family', as you put it Potter, is. I have grown rather fond of you three but I must act as my perceived self at Hogwarts, lest we accomplish our mission on finding the cure," Draco explained. Potter licked his lips in thought.

"You are right on both accounts. You certainly need your wand, but the only condition is you will get it right before we enter the platform. I trust that you will not turn your wand on us, however I feel it's in the best interest of everyone if we kept it away from you until then," Harry explained. Draco perked his eyebrow. He knew Potter meant the Weasel when he said everyone, but he said nothing. He was already thrilled at having his wand back and was not about to say something nasty to fuck things up. Hermione floated the meal to the table and instantly the foursome tucked in. Ron of course began devouring as much as he could stuff into his cheeks. Granger attempted to scold him as she daintily forked food to her mouth and read one of her school books for the third time. Potter picked at the food, his eyes distant as if he were in deep thought.

"Potter, you're going to let this brilliant meal go cold if you keep moving it around like that," Draco drawled. Potter's lips twitched at the sarcastic comment.

"Draco, have you ever heard of horcruxes?" Potter asked. Draco froze. He had indeed and he knew they'd think to ask him at some point.

"Yes. I have. Father used to speak of an item hidden in the Manor that I should never touch. However, when the Dark Lord rose to power again and he took over the Manor, Father brought the item out on the night I took the mark and returned it to Voldemort. The Dark Lord never said exactly what it was actually for, just that it would prevent his death. At the time I didn't believe him as it was simply a dirty old cup, but Professor Snape explained to me what it really was. Also, that there were several others." Draco explained slowly. The trio exchanged excited looks.

"So they do exist. That means we are getting closer to stopping him. The diary and ring are already gone and also, we need to do is find the real locket, but we are getting closer to finding them all!" Granger squealed happily.

"You have to destroy the snake. Nagini. You must destroy her before you deliver the deathblow. He has never said it out loud that I know of, but I'm almost positive she is another one. It is a logical assumption, as she rarely leaves his side and should Potter succeed, that serpent must first be destroyed," Draco admitted. Potter's eyebrows shot to his hairline. His gaze snapped to the clock as it chimed.

"Go pack. We will talk more about this at Hogwarts. Your inside information on Voldemort can really help us," Potter declared. Draco dumped his empty plate into the sink and turned to walk to his room.

"Thank you by the way, for being honest about my question," Potter said as Draco was almost out of the room. Draco glanced at him and gave him a curt nod.

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The journey to the platform was quiet and the silence was thick with tension. The Order had brought a car to pick them up and take them to the platform. Mr. Weasley was driving and kept glancing nervously at Draco. Wisely, Draco just stared out the window, desperately ignoring the uneasy glances. He glanced up when Mr. Weasley cleared his throat.

"Still playing Quidditch this year boys?" he asked nervously. Draco's eyebrows shut up. Was the senior Weasley truly trying to make conversation with him as well as the duo.

"Of course Dad, Harry is still seeker and captain. I'll still be keeper," Ron replied. Arthur glanced back at Draco, waiting expectantly for his response. Draco cleared his throat.

"Erm, yes. I'll be taking over as captain and keeping my position as seeker as well, like Potter," Draco admitted quietly. Arthur smiled.

"I hate to admit it Mr. Malfoy, but you are a fierce competitor in that sport. Your father bragged all the time, didn't believe it at first because well when isn't Lucius gloating over something, but Harry tells me you are exceptional," the elder wizard replied. Shock washed over Draco. He had not expected the compliment. As soon as the platform came into view, Arthur parked and everyone clambered out. Draco held his hand out silently, expectantly. As soon as the cool wood touched his palm, a fissure of warm strength bloomed through Draco. He felt whole with his wand, powerful again. He pulled his trunk from car and set it on the trolley. He gave the trio a curt nod and vanished through the platform portal. Draco strolled down the platform, and boarded the train. He was pleased that many of his fellow Slytherins looked up and nodded in respect as he passed their compartments as he ambled to the very last car. The car was reserved for his friends only. Lucius had decked the car out just for his son's pleasure. Only the finest for a Malfoy after all. He sauntered into the room and all four of his friends looked up at him in surprise.

"We didn't think you would show up," Goyle grunted. Draco frowned at each of his friends. Blaise, Pansy, Goyle, and Crabbe all looked utterly dumbfounded at his presence. He caught a flicker of something else in Pansy's dark eyes. Her piggish, scrunched face was screwed up in bewilderment and something else that Draco could not quite place his finger on. Draco ignored them and slumped down onto the plush cushion of the seat as the train lurched into motion. He rested his elbow on the table and his long pale hand cupped his chin as he perked one eyebrow at his followers. Pansy slid up against him, her side leaning against his, her body heat seeping into his skin and fanning the inferno boiling inside him.

"We heard about what happened after the murder," Blaise said bluntly. Draco froze at the news. How much did they know? He stiffened as Pansy's sharp nails grazed his inner thigh. His cock twitched in anticipation. Up and down her stubby fingers travelled, each stroke heightening his nerves.

"Dad said the Dark Lord almost killed you because you failed, then you disappeared," Goyle added. Draco relaxed only slightly.

"I had a run in with Potter. He thought he could use me, turn me against the Dark Lord, so he abducted me. The little prick stole my wand, but I escaped and I am here. I'm Draco Malfoy for

Merlin's sake, I do as I please so of course I would return to Hogwarts. Now that that old geezer is dead I can finally have free reign over this school. No longer will we have to bow down to those lowly Gryffindors," he drawled. Stupid grins lit up Crabbe and Goyle's faces. Blaise looked positively giddy. Pansy was staring at him through the corner of her eye, her plump lips turned into a small smile, and her hand was inching farther and farther up his thigh. The pain coiling his gut was tearing him apart. That's when he saw it, that flicker of knowing in her beady eyes. The bitch knew exactly what Draco was struggling with and was intentionally fanning the flames within him higher and higher. The train bumped, sending Draco lurching forward and Pansy's hand brushed his needy member.

"That explains why you didn't show to the meeting a few nights ago. We were all summoned, even the troll twins," Blaise commented. Goyle and Crabbe glared at Blaise who simply perked and eyebrow, smirking as if daring the dunderheads to attack him for the insult. Smartly, they let it drop. He gnashed his teeth as Pansy's soft hand stroked him through his trousers.

"Do you think the Dark Lord will come to Hogwarts, you know now that Drumble-doof is dead?" Crabbe asked. Draco rolled his eyes at his dimwitted friend. He clenched his teeth as his zipper slid down and her dainty hand slid into his trousers, brushing underneath his boxers and gripped his aching cock within her soft hand.

"Of course not Crabbe, don't be idiotic. He has much more important things to do than terrorize a bunch of first years," Draco replied haughtily. Crabbe looked chastised for a moment, then glanced back up at Draco in awe. His dimwitted friend thought it completely wicked that Draco was tight with their master. His muscles trembled when Pansy gripped him tightly and leaned against him, her breath fanning his ear. Her grip on his cock tightened as she pumped his needy member mercilessly. The others ignored her attempts at catching his attention. They were used to it by now, so they did not see Draco's face drain of what little color he had as he struggled to control his burning needs. He shuddered as her sharp teeth snagged his earlobe. He had to get away. Under the potion's influence, he was fighting the verge to rip Pansy's clothes off and dominate her, no matter how vile the act made him feel. He stood abruptly and barked a half-assed excuse for the toilet and not feeling well. He hurried down the corridor, glancing back to ensure none of his posse had followed him and stopped at the last compartment he wanted to be at. He tapped at the window and waited patiently. The trio stared at him in disbelief before Potter lumbered from his seat and slid the door open.

"Can we speak in private?" Draco mumbled. Potter's eyebrows rose but he nodded and followed Draco to an empty compartment. He launched into an explanation without preamble while his body shook from Pansy's cruel ministrations and the assumption he had that Pansy did indeed know about the potion. When he finished, Potter looked at him blankly.

"What am I supposed to do about it?" he said gruffly. Draco licked his lips, his face flushing in shame.

"Potter, please...help. I'm burning from the inside out...I need to come," he gritted out. Potter stepped closer to him, his body wafting that comforting warmth. Harry cupped Draco's chin with one hand and his cock with the other. Those emerald eyes probed Draco's steely ones.

"Why come to me?" Potter growled, squeezing Draco causing a gasp to bubble from his lips. Draco did not have an answer for him. All he knew was that he had to find Potter, to beg for his help. Potter's lips caressed Draco's neck and a moan bubbled in his chest. Every touch, every teasing caress was like molten lava in his veins. He shivered as Potter's teeth grazed his earlobe and tugged on it. His muscles tightened with desire as Potter's surprisingly skillful hand stroked his needy cock.

"I-I don't know why...Potter at this point I am not above begging," Draco growled. Sadly, he

spoke the truth. Proud Draco Malfoy was prisoner to his desires. He was surprised when Potter merely chuckled and sank to his knees, unbuckling Draco's trousers. The cool air tickled Draco's naked lower half causing shivers to wrack his body. Potter's hands circled Draco's waist, nudging him back until he tumbled into a seat. Potter crawled between Draco's lean thighs. He shuddered as Potter's tongue licked him from base to tip, swirling his tongue around his leaking head and back down again. Over and over Potter teased him until his thighs shook violently. Draco couldn't stand the torturous teasing motions. He gripped Potter's soft, messy hair and slammed his cock deep into Potter's throat. Potter gagged around his thick member but bobbed his head faster. Draco's head fell back against the window as Harry's tight throat milked his cock. His hips pumped at a brutal pace but Potter gave back just much. Draco's back arched severely and a loud moan tore from his throat as Potter slid two fingers deep inside him. Those soft fingers teased his prostate and soon that familiar tightening coiled in Draco's belly. Potter pumped into him fiercely, moans vibrating from his chest teasing Draco's sensitive member. A yell of pain and pleasure, mingling in perfect harmony, tore from Draco's throat as he jetted his seed down Harry's throat. Draco's body shuddered violently, until he slumped against the seat, breathing heavily and sweat beading his forehead. Potter wiped his mouth and rose to his feet. He turned to leave the compartment, but paused at the door.

"If you need help again...you know where to find me," Potter said softly and left the compartment leaving Draco shocked to his very core. Draco covered his eyes with the heels of his hands, completely unaware that a certain devious Slytherin girl was owling his sadistic aunt about him. He did not know that soon Bellatrix would be told that he was indeed becoming a prisoner to his own hungry needs and that the potion would soon drive him back to the Dark Lord's side.

## Chapter 9

### Malfoy Manor

Bellatrix Lestrange was curled at her master's feet. Her talon-like nails scraped up and down his thigh, head leaned against his knee, shaking with mad laughter as she watched him lazily levitated a muggle woman around the sitting room. The muggle crashed hard into the floor, slammed into walls, skin ripped open as she skidded across the ceiling, bones cracked when she hurtled against the stone fireplace, all the while she was screaming for mercy. Blood seeped from her nose and dribbled down her face from a cut. Voldemort growled in frustration.

"I grow tired of waiting for news of my slave. I do not like being made a fool of Bellatrix. Your nephew's escape and sister's betrayal has done just that," he snarled, finally letting the muggle flop to a painful heap. His fingers slithered into Bellatrix's hair and wrenched her head back until he stared down into her coal black eyes. His nails dug painfully into her scalp and Bellatrix bit back a pained yet aroused whimper.

"My Lord....patience, please she w-" Bellatrix bit back a gasp of pain as his bony hand zipped across her face. The only thing keeping her from falling due to the force of the blow was his tight grip on her unruly raven locks. She swore locks were ripped from the roots. He yanked her up to her knees, her face inches from his scowling features. Her eyes were wide in her elegantly sinister features. A flare of panic snapped through those fathomless eyes, but the Dark Lord could still see the lust igniting in her eyes.

"Do not tell me to be patient! Should your little informant prove worthless, you shall suffer Bellatrix," he hissed. The relief shone in her eyes as a familiar tapping sounded at the window. The Dark Lord threw Bella to the floor and she scrambled to her feet to cross the room. She extracted the note and giddy excitement twisted her features as she scanned the short letter.

"My Lord, Draco is indeed at Hogwarts. The potion effects are going just you planned. Draco is prisoner to his primal needs. Pansy said he was aching and hard within seconds. He claims Potter held him prisoner," Bella relayed. An evil smile curled the Dark Lord's lips. Everything was falling perfectly into place. The pair glanced up as Alecto Carrow waddled into the room. She was a stout woman with ugly features, but her remorseless methods earned her a reputation amongst her fellow Death Eaters. Even Bellatrix was slightly intimidated by the short woman. However, Bellatrix also counted on the confidence of her intimate knowledge at how vain her master truly was. Bellatrix would never be replaced; her features twisted with dark thoughts, not even her nephew would take her place. Alecto kneeled at her master's feet before eyeing Bellatrix disdainfully.

"You wished to see me my Lord?" Alecto simpered. Voldemort smiled and caressed the top of her dark haired head, as if she were a beloved pet.

"Yes, I need you and your brother to keep a close eye on young Draco. He has refused to honor my loving mark, and made a fool out of me when I offered him a chance to redeem himself. Along with the potion, I need your to help point him in the right direction and return to my side. At the same time, figure a way to use my little slave to get to Harry Potter. I want that mongrel bowing at my feet soon! He needs to die, and Draco will help us," the Dark Lord explained. Alecto squirmed with excitement. She glanced slyly at Bellatrix.

"My Lord, it would be an honor to follow out you demands; however I wonder why Draco left at all. Perhaps his actions are a reflection on his family's values," she declared. Red flashed through Bellatrix's eyes and she jabbed her wand threateningly against Alecto's temple. Hair singed and

the acrid smell filled the air, yet Alecto did not flinch away.

“You slimy little bitch, I am the Dark Lord’s most faithful servant. I would never abandon him and if it were not for the fact that I am wanted here, at his side, I would have punished my nephew myself. In fact, were Draco my son, he would have gladly served the Dark Lord in any way possible. Do not dare question my loyalty,” she snarled. Voldemort smiled softly. This is what he loved seeing, the anger radiating from Bellatrix, her declarations of her unyielding loyalty, her ability to jump from calm to ruthless in a matter of seconds. Bellatrix was the epitome of loyal Death Eater status, yet the Dark Lord could not fathom why he was growing tired of her. Bellatrix jabbed her wand harder, a bubbling wound rising on Alecto’s temple from the heat of her spell. Alecto simply stared back unfazed. If she were not such an ugly little creature the Dark Lord would have used her as he did Bellatrix. But even he had standards. However, he did prize her uncanny ability to torture at his command without hesitation. The glee in her eyes as she watched muggles writhe beneath her power filled the Dark Lord with pride. Amycus, her brother, was not as bloodthirsty, his talents at manipulating anonymous objects into sinister little inventions were quite useful however, and when he did turn ruthless it was a beautifully gory sight.

“Bella,” he warned as more hair singed away from Alecto’s scalp. With a snarl, Bellatrix withdrew her wand. Alecto glared at her from the corner of her eye but refocused her attention on her master.

“Alecto, rough him up a bit, but do not mar his face, nor are you allowed to kill him. He is mine,” the Dark Lord said and waved a dismissive hand at her. She nodded, kissed his pale feet and scuttled backward, rising to her feet to turn in place. Jealousy flared up into her as she watched him pull Bellatrix into his lap and whisper into her ear, causing her to pause.

“Oh Alecto, deliver this to young Draco when you see him,” Bella snickered; her eyes alight with devilish amusement. Alecto caught the object and smiled down at it. She froze when moan, deep male and deductive resonated through the air. Rage filled her. Soon, she would take that lunatic’s place and be as coveted as her by her master. She was so busy glaring at the pair that she did not notice the bleeding elder Malfoy pinned to the wall. Alecto vanished from the Manor straight to Hogsmeade to journey back to the castle.

## **Hogwarts**

The train ride to the castle was silent and tense for Draco. He was filled with shame and perplexity for seeking Potter out but something in his gut had told him that the golden boy was the only one that would suffice in soothing his aching needs in more ways than one. Granger, though sympathetic to his problem, would definitely have balked at his suggestion but would have most likely been polite about it. Weasley was never an option. Draco had returned to the car and kept his distance from Pansy, opting to converse with Blaise about upcoming plans for the quidditch team instead. Naturally, Draco was captain and had remained seeker, and had enlisted Blaise to play as a chaser. Goyle and Crabbe were beaters, simply utilized for their size and frankly too stupid to play any other position.

When the train arrived at Hogwarts, he and his posse pushed their way to the front and ran directly into the golden trio. Draco’s eyes locked on Harry’s for a moment before he slid his gaze to Hermione and then to Weasley.

“I see you still can’t afford to buy a decent set of robes Weasel,” Draco sneered. Ron’s ears turned scarlet.

“Eat slugs Malfoy,” Hermione snapped, but Draco could detect the strain in her voice.

“Shut up you filthy mudblood,” Pansy shrieked, stepping forward as if to protect Draco. Draco scowled at the girl and raked the trio with one last sneer before brushing by them. He had not missed the tears glistening in Granger’s eyes from Pansy’s insult. He paused at the carriages, remembering that only four could squish into the cars. Usually they all clambered into a car, Pansy either in his or Blaise's lap but Draco refused to allow Pansy any more contact with his body if he could help it.

“You four go ahead. I’ll wait for the next one,” he drawled. Pansy glanced back at him quickly, but entered the carriage along with Crabbe and Goyle. Those three were truly followers to their core, doing as he ordered no matter how absurd it was. Blaise paused and turned to look at Draco. His dark eyes were questioning. Draco tilted his chin at the carriage, a silent order, and twitched his wand, a sign of reassurance. Blaise's eyes narrowed briefly before he too turned and boarded the threstle pulled carriage. Oh yes, he saw the magnificent beasts. He always had, even before attending Hogwarts. He watched the carriage number dwindle, the students piling together in cars, laughing aloud and talking animatedly. His teeth ground together as people brushed by him. Potter had helped sure, but the feeling never truly went away. He watched the golden trio board a carriage with Loony Lovegood. Hermione glanced back at him, as if she could not help herself. He hoped she saw the blank dullness in his eyes even while his expression was one of practiced disdain. Soon, he was alone. He took in a few deep breaths, trying to calm the need that was gradually returning to his groin. The thrill of release had not lasted long. Already he could feel the fire beginning to burn once more. He dropped to his knees as something inside him broke, his usual façade failing. He hung his head, staring straight at the soft earth beneath him, and pulled in deep calming breaths. A snarl ripped from him when his head slammed into the dirt. Pungent earth filled his nostrils.

"The Dark Lord is very disappointed with your absence. He wants you back, and though he will be patient while you are at school, he has a mission for you. Bring Potter to him, lest you forget we will just be back to remind you again," a soft, feminine voice sounded in his ear. Draco’s eyes widened. Never! He couldn't bring Potter to that evil sorcerer. His fingers clenched around his wand, wrist straining into movement to fight for his release. He hissed when a hard boot slammed down on his wrist, making his hand drop his wand, which was promptly swiped up. A growl built in his throat as he strained to look at his captor. He squirmed as his robes slipped up, revealing the mangled skin of his back.

"Mmmm, my master did quite a number on you." The disgusting woman said joyfully, shoving her boot into the rough skin of his back. His teeth clamped together so hard his jaw ached before a yell wrenched itself from his throat. His fists and face were void of color and moans bubbled from his throat, mingling with his pained yells.

“Do it brother,” the woman hissed, growing bored of the torture. Breath lodge in his throat when his pants were yanked down to his knees. He thrashed as a hand ghosted around his waist. His elbow connected with something hard and a yelp of pain sounded the air. He snarled in rage when the weight crushed him down further, the figure leaning on his back heavy and incredibly solid. The pain was shattering through his body like shards of acid dipped glass. Draco flinched when a hand ghosted back around his waist again as the weight suddenly lifted and he was flipped over. This time the weight landed on his front, said wait being the male Carrow and he was making it almost impossible to breathe. Draco groaned, the man was massive, his struggled breathing ceased when suddenly a hard, circular, and snugly fitting object glided down his cock, stopping securely at the base before he could register a thing. The woman cackled gleefully, the sound similar to the noise Moaning Myrtle made when she howled in her toilets. The male eased off of him, and Draco eased up onto his elbows, careful of his strained, thin skin, until he stared up at a pair of truly hideous twins through his pale dirty hair.

"Be warned young stupid one, the more you stall your mission from the Dark Lord, the more pain

we inflict upon you, and the worse the potion will become," the woman said. Honestly, he thought Eloise Midgen was ugly, this woman made her look like a beauty. He glanced down at the ring around his cock. It hummed ever so slightly.

"It won't come off by anyone but us, Mr. Malfoy, so don't even try to remove it," she goaded him. With glower as frosty as Hogwarts at winter time, he yanked at the cock ring. Magic zapped into his groin igniting a fizzing ball of electric fire. It radiated through his core, making his seed surge for a blissful upcoming release. A pained snarl ripped from him. What. The. Hell. This thing was preventing his release. The pain slammed into him, knocking the breath from him. Acid ripped at his muscles and burned bone to ash. Draco tasted blood as he bit the inside of his cheek. The woman's laughter reignited.

"I told you. You may be beautiful, but you are as dumb as the rest of your family," the woman chuckled. Draco bared his teeth and lurched forward, just to be met by a hard sole. He hit the ground with a thud, his nose broken and gushing. Air whooshed from his lungs. The male twin lifted his heavy booted foot and slammed it squarely into Draco's chest and he let out a yell of pain. The twins cackled and hurried away. The mixture of sensations was causing black to permeate his vision. He barely registered the soft footfalls nearing him until the person was nearly stepping on him. He glanced up, relief flooding through him as he stared into his godfather's face. Severus scooped the boy up and began swiftly trudging back to school.

"How'd you find me?" Draco groaned. A vial teased his lips, causing them to clamp shut.

"Its blood replenisher Draco. You did not show up to the feast. I questioned Zabini," he replied. Cool liquid slid down Draco's throat. The black receded from his sight sluggishly. He was in the dungeons now, though he didn't need his sight for that; the slight shift of temperature was a welcome feeling to his burning body. Severus was winding along the dungeon corridor, his strides long, swift, and powerful. They paused briefly and soon after Draco was being laid upon a couch on his belly. He froze when Severus lifted his robes and cursed loudly at the mutilation. Draco relaxed into the couch, looking around at his nice little Head Boy pad compliments of Hogwarts, as Severus rolled up his sleeves and set to work rubbing assorted potions into the skin, soothing the pain but not quite diminishing it.

"Your mother has left the Manor," Severus said quietly. Draco's gaze snapped to his godfather's black fathomless gaze.

"What happened?" Draco asked. Severus bobbed he shoulders indifferently.

"Same thing that always happens when he gets tricked; he roughed her up and threw her in a cell. She vanished instantly because Lucius went down to torture her some more and she was gone. I believe she is safe, anyone smart enough to have an escape route so well hidden her own husband doesn't know about it, is undoubtedly safe," Severus explained. Draco smirked. He knew her little secret, but Severus did not need to know about Annie.

"Where is she?" Draco snarled. Severus's lips twitched to a smile.

"Where do you think? Púrpura Lotus. Your father has been deranked as well. The Dark Lord is not happy at all," he replied and Draco's lips curled into a satisfied smile. Oh yes, she was safe. A thought crossed Draco's mind, making hope bloom anew within him.

Severus, do you know what potion he made me drink?" Draco asked quietly. His godfather gave a curt nod.

"It's called *Insanovictus Desiderio*. You will remain here and rest. Tomorrow I will give you a pass to enter the restriction section to look it up," Severus declared and turned to leave his godson's side. Draco grasped his wrist, causing him to pause.

"Tell Granger the name of the potion. She will know what you mean," Draco commanded. Doubt and apprehension filled his mind as Snape remembered Blaise's words. Draco searched his godfather's features, knowing without a doubt what was going through his mind.

"Potter did not abduct me. He saved me. Now, please relay the message, and steer clear of the restricted section. I have a feeling Potter may be lurking tonight," he drawled. Snape pinched the bridge of his nose.

"They will double cross you in the end Draco," Severus said smoothly, as if his prior knowledge of the fact did not sear his dying heart. His face a mask of cool indifference, Draco shrugged. Severus heaved a sigh and left the room. Draco eased up and stumbled up the many steps to his room, all the while he eased out of his school robes. The silken sheets felt cool to his flushed bare torso. The plush mattress enveloped him, soothing him even as his back yelled in annoyance, the muscles shuddering with torturous pangs. His cock was still tight with need, the ring buzzing with a lusty vibration that speared through his groin like an inferno, and twitched when flashes of emerald eyes ghosted through his mind. Potter! He could seek him and-Draco froze. Potter's forthcoming help would be for naught when he couldn't come because of this damn ring. The Dark Lord was not giving him a real chance, he was making him a mindless slave. A snarl of animalistic hatred ripped through him. He was in hell. Pure unadulterated, agony intensifying hell.

## Chapter 10

"Ouch Harry that's my foot!" Hermione whispered fiercely as the duo navigated the shelves in the dark library.

"Hush Hermione," The other said, scanning his map. Filch was in his office, while Mrs. Norris wandered the dungeons no doubt in search of dinner. They rounded a corner and Hermione squeaked as they came face to face with Severus Snape. Harry knew Snape couldn't see them because of the cloak but Hermione's less than quiet noise of surprise had definitely given them away. Snape's lips twitched into a smirk.

"Remove the cloak, if you please Potter," Snape said silkily. Screwing his features into a forced respectful expression, Harry pulled the cloak of Hermione and himself. Hermione looked terrified as Snape observed them down his long nose.

"Already breaking the rules on the first day Potter, I expected no less out of you. Granger, you however, I thought you were more responsible than that. Apparently not. What do you think you two are doing out here, in this particular section of the library, hmm? What is worth breaking the rules like immature first years? Are you truly that thick in the skull that you cannot grasp elementary rules Potter?" Snape snapped, heat flaring through his black eyes. Potter glared back defiantly. Hatred swam in those oh so familiar eyes.

"We erm, we needed to look something up professor," Hermione squeaked. Harry scowled at her. Snape pursed his lips and regarded the pair coolly.

"And what exactly are you looking for that cannot be found during the day, in the approved section," he asked frostily. Hermione fidgeted under his dark, nerve-wracking stare.

"It's a potion, sir. A potion given to someone that needs help," she replied. So, Draco had spoken true. The Gryffindors were truly helping him.

"It is called *Insanovictus Desiderio*. Search quickly and straight to bed," Snape breathed and turned from the pair. Dumbfounded, the pair set for hastily scanning books. The thick volumes were dusty as Harry wandered the aisles. His fingers skimmed along the spines, brushing as plain leather tome, when he felt it. The surge of dark magic tingled up his fingers. He pulled the book from its place and flipped it open. He flipped through the thin pages as he scanned the sloping words. There!

"Hermione, I found it," he called out quietly. His bushy haired friend hurried over and snatched the book from his hands. She skimmed the passages, her eyebrows pulling together in confusion. She pulled a slip of parchment out of her pocket and cast a copying spell upon the passages, quickly transferring it to the blank parchment and slipping it into her robes neatly. The pair donned the cloak and dashed back to the common room.

"I'll read over this more in depth tomorrow. Goodnight Harry," Hermione said as she wound up the stair to the dorm rooms. Harry nodded absently as he wandered toward the boys' dormitory. He crossed the room, shedding his clothes, before he flopped into the bed. He lay there, sleep evading him as his scar prickled. He rubbed it absently now used to the sensation. Ron's snores echoed through the dark room. The stars and moon were bright through the window.

Minutes slipped into hours, and still sleep evaded Harry, yet the pain in his scar deepened to a constant burn. Darkness winked in and out of Harry's vision. The pain in his forehead exploded to a shattering agony and suddenly, he was no longer in his bed. The room was silent, expect an odd thumping noise. Harry's eyes flicked around and rage rushed into his mind as he spotted

Bellatrix...then Wormtail, Lucius, Narissa...Snape loomed into this vision sparking even hotter flames to sear his insides. He charged forward and froze in horror. He now knew what the thumping noise was. Bleeding, pale skin a sea of crimson, and marred with purple-black bruises all along his gloriously naked body, Draco Malfoy writhed under the power of a torturous curse. So that was what the thumping nose had been, his own flesh and bones contorting under the curse. Fire sizzled in Harry's eyes as he saw the caster of the curse. He winced when Voldemort snapped a whip around Draco's neck and hauled him up, the blonde's lips tinting blue from air loss. The image shifted and Harry was assaulted by a tsunami wave of lust and agony. Draco was now chained to the table just like in the photo. A pained cry slipped from his mouth when he saw Draco's ass get invaded by a long, cylindrical object and blood dripped to the floor. Harry fell to his knees, head in his hands as the tumultuous emotions boiled within him. Harry thrashed in his sheets as he saw Draco's head fall back, agony creasing taunt lines in his pale features that was flushed in splotches as arousal burned in his eyes. Moans of need echoes through the air as Draco's body bucked with need.

"OI! Harry! Mate, wake up!" Ron shouted, jostling the boy roughly. Harry jerked, whacking his head against Ron's thick skull as he bolted upright. He groaned and slumped against the pillows, clutching his already pounding head.

"Merlin Harry, you've got a hard head," Ron grumbled, rubbing the goose-egg already forming on his forehead. Harry narrowed his eyes and glared at Ron, silently agreeing with said statement against Ron's head. Harry swore his ginger haired friend had surely cracked his skull, as the remnants of the vision pounded through him. Rising above those agonizing remnants however, was not the permeated feel of pure evil, but a hollow ache in his chest, filling him with an odd numbing blanket over his senses. This was a new feeling. Ron awkwardly cleared his throat, causing Harry to blink up at him in confusion.

"You alright mate?" Ron asked, his brow creasing in concern. Harry nodded at his best friend, tipped his chin toward Ron's mussed empty bed, and turned over on his bed. Ron's bed groaned under his weight, and soon his snores erupted from his mouth and filled the night's silence. Thoughts raced through Harry's mind, keeping the golden boy wide awake. Why would he be seeing these particular visions of Voldemort? Voldemort had nothing to gain by showing Harry a memory of torturing Draco, his supposed enemy. Not to mention he would have been the one doing the torturing like in his vision of Mr Weasley. Minutes slipped away as the question wracked his brain until but his eyes began to droop. Just as they drifted shut, a pale face with steely grey eyes whispered through Harry's mind, causing the boy's eyes to fly open. They were not Voldemort's memories. They were Draco's.

Sunlight poured into the room, blinding Harry. With a tired, grumpy groan he dragged himself from the bed and went to shower. With little, restless sleep he had gotten, Harry wondered how he was going to stay awake in his Divination class, concentrate in Potions enough to keep Snape from jumping down his throat, and find out and tell Draco if there was any news on the potion before lunch. Toweling his hair dry, Harry paused as a thought crossed his mind, and he padded into the room barefoot, and bare-chested. He let the towel drape over his head as he stooped to fish his schedule from his bag. His lips twitched in satisfaction. He had his opportunity in Potions. He should have known they would be paired up with the Slytherins.

His gaze snapped up as the dormitory door burst open and Hermione bustled into the room. She was fully dressed, backpack slung over her shoulder, face tight with disapproval and anxiety. She glanced around making sure they were alone. Neville, Dean, and Seamus were already gone, and Ron was still in the showers.

"Harry. Um, there isn't much information on the potion," she said sadly. Hope deflated in his chest like a popped balloon.

"All I could find was that there is only one antidote known. But, it's very complex Harry. I can't make it. There was more on the effects and the dangers that can occur when it's used honestly," she added, when he said nothing.

"What will happen? If we don't find the cure that is," Harry rasped, slumping to the floor. Hermione sighed sadly.

"It is likely that Draco will be driven mad by the lust until he literally begins attacking others for gratification, or in the worst case scenario, the lust will evolve into pure agony and destroy him from the inside out. Draco, he well he has to get pleasure from the source. That person is also the only one that can completely ease the pain Draco is going through, the only one that will save him. Eventually, he will be reduced to nothing more than a slave to Voldemort, unable to create his own thoughts and actions because he will want relief. He will be a slave to the potions affects and essentially to Voldemort," she explained. Horror choked air in Harry's throat.

"We have to make this antidote," he said adamantly, determination thickening his tone. Hermione sighed in exasperation and fished the parchment from her robes. She spread it out over her lap and jabbed at the antidote instructions. Harry's eyes bugged at the list. Holy fuck, she was right. No one their age would be able to complete such a potion without it being completely flawed. Harry chewed on his lip.

"We need to speak to Snape about this. Obviously he knew what we were looking for. I'll bet anything Draco sent him. He wasn't at the feast, and I saw Snape leave shortly before it began. Remember, McGonagall stepped up to do the final speech, which is usually the Headmaster's job," Harry rambled. Hermione's eyebrows shot up to her hairline.

"Do you honestly think Snape would help us? Harry be reasonable, the man killed Dumbledore!" Hermione berated him. Harry was surprised to hear that come from her mouth, as Hermione had always defended Snape before. Harry set his jaw in resolve and rose to don his robes.

"No, I'm going to talk to him. He could have easily attacked us last night when he cornered us, but he helped. For Merlin's sake Hermione, he didn't even take house points from us," Harry replied. She sat stunned for a moment as she realized Harry was right. It was logical to go to the Potion Master anyway, he could surely complete a flawless antidote. Harry swung his back pack up onto his shoulder as Ron emerged, fully dressed from the showers. The trio hurried down to breakfast, anxious to enact their plan.

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Breakfast and Ancient Runes had been a nightmare for Draco. Despite having the class with Granger, apprehension was as thick in his belly as the searing agony in his back and the growing tension in his groin. She sat stonily in her seat, jaw set, and eyes on her parchment, only flicking up as she glanced at the board as she took strenuous notes. Of course, Draco though in wry amusement, he did not expect Granger to ever deviate from her classes to pass notes in class. It just wasn't in her brainy nature. As he dragged himself to the dungeons, he grit his teeth at the onslaught of students banging into him, there were too many and he was quickly overwhelmed. His head swam with dizziness and a low groan pushed past his throat. When he finally slumped into a back table in Snape's class, Draco breathed a sigh of relief. Goyle slumped into the chair next to him, confusion etching his features.

"Where did you go last night Draco? You didn't come to the feast or back to the common room. Pansy was looking for you," Goyle asked. Draco snorted and raked the lump of a boy with a sneer.

"I went to my new dorm, remember, I'm head boy now. And just because I didn't feel like going to the feast to dine with filth, doesn't mean it should be of any concern of yours, or Pansy's for that

matter, as I'm sure she sent you to interrogate me," Draco snarled. Hurt flashed in Goyle's beady eyes and opened his mouth to reply but snapped it shut as Snape entered the classroom. He began the lecture on the liquid luck they were to attempt to brew and Draco zoned out. His cock was painfully throbbing with need, but the light weight of the cock ring was a heavy reminder that he was royally screwed at remedying the pain. He was vaguely aware of a set of eyes studying him the whole lecture. He could feel them boring a hole in his chest as fire danced in his belly.

"Pair up! Ah, no Mr. Potter you will not be working with Miss Granger. You will work with Mr. Malfoy instead. Try not to hold him back, Potter," Snape barked. Draco's eyes snapped up as Potter made a beeline toward him. Goyle threw him a questioning look, and in answer Draco merely shrugged. Breath lodged in his throat as Potter dropped into the seat next to him and that lovely warmth seeped into Draco's skin. Oh Merlin, this wasn't good. The burning lust grew and grew with Potter's close proximity, and unbidden flashes of Potter on his knees before him flashed through Draco mind. He clenched his teeth and shook his head to clear the images and concentrate on their task.

"We got your message, about the potion," Harry mumbled. Draco glanced at him sharply as Potter stared down at the ingredients he was chopping.

"Wasn't much on it. The long-term effects, well they aren't pretty Draco, and the antidote is super complex. Hermione knows she doesn't have the ability or the ingredients to make it," he continued. Concern welled in Draco's chest, then suddenly he was biting back a sharp cry of arousal. As Potter's knee brushed his own, the cock ring began to vibrate, teasing him to the very core with its rhythmical buzzing. Desire swelled through Draco's body causing sweat to bead his forehead and his tummy to clench in that ever familiar way.

"We are going to talk to Snape, see if he can brew it. Don't worry Draco, we'll find a way to cure you," Harry continued softly. The soft, reassuring brush of the golden boy's thigh against Draco's own was his undoing. The pleasure lanced through him like knives, exploding into a symphony of burning flames as black winked into his vision. His eyes rolled into the back of his head as his grit his teeth against the painfully delicious pleasure vibrated along his nerves. Harry gripped the boy's thigh in concern. Emerald eyes bored into Draco's darkening gaze as he slumped over, pulled into the dark abyss by the tumult of agonizing lusty assault on his healing body.

Chapter 11

Harry stared in alarm as Draco slumped forward, hitting his head on the hard table with a resounding thump, his eyes squeezed shut, and mouth slightly agape. Draco ground his teeth together as tremors of pleasure rocked through his body, mimicking release but only succeeding in blending them into agony. Shocks of pain zipped up his spine like electrical fire, burning his nerve endings. The ring continued humming, sending pangs of desire through Draco's groin. Harry's fingers were still wrapped around Draco's upper thigh, dangerously close to his throbbing erection.

"Remove your fingers Potter, I am not your lover," Draco ordered, lifting his head as his body shook ever so slightly. Harry narrowed his eyes but removed his hand. The duo set to work once more on the potion.

"Where did you go last night?" Harry mumbled, tipping some slug intestines into the cauldron and stirred it. Harry's arm brushed Draco, igniting the flames even higher. His chest felt as his he'd been doused in acid.

"Stop touching me Potter!" he hissed under his breath. Harry turned on him with a glare.

"What has your knickers in a twist," Harry asked nastily. Draco gripped the knife in his hand tightly as the ring's vibrations ramped up in power. His cock twitched desperately, so tight and straining Draco feared it may burst. He chomped down on his lip as Harry set his hand atop Draco's arm.

"Tell me what's wrong Draco," he pleaded quietly. Draco stirred the potion and lowered the heat, staring into the clear bubbling liquid. Harry's warmth spread like wild fire, melting his veins and desecrating his muscles. Draco struggled to still his shaking body.

"Let go of me for the last time you dimwitted troll!" Draco snarled, wrenching his arm from Harry's grasp. Harry rolled his eyes and glanced up. Class was coming to a close. Despite it all, their potion was perfect. Snape swept over, glaring down into the cauldron.

"Mr. Potter, it seems Mr. Malfoy's talents may rub off on you yet," he said quietly, insulting Potter subtly, making Harry's face flame with anger. Draco smirked.

"Thank you sir, but I expected nothing less of myself. Gryffindors do always fall below par with Slytherins after all," Draco drawled, causing his fellow housemates to chuckle at his insult. Snape smirked and strolled away. Harry glared at him.

"You really are an arse," he snapped gathering his stuff. Draco rolled his eyes but followed suit.

The class rushed out as the bell chimed. Draco lost himself amongst the crowd. The onslaught of skin against his, warmth radiating through him like a furnace, and the dizzying humming cock ring, had Draco's strength waning rapidly. Black winked within his vision once more. The crowd was thinner now. He moaned in pain as a tiny girl stormed by him. As she passed her bony shoulder and breast rammed into his arm, and was in such a hurry she never looked back to see him stumble against the wall. The pain swirled in a blended whirlpool with the intense lusty flames. His vision was so dim he didn't see the figure advancing on him and the one looming back away, watching the exchange.

Harry watched as Draco fell against the wall. His breath was shallow, sporadic. His eyes were squeezed shut so forcefully his brow creased and head thudding against the stone wall. Harry

hefted Draco's heavy frame up, his arm around his waist; shoulder nestled in Draco's armpit.

"Let's go Draco, move your heavy arse," he grunted. Draco attempted to glare but the contact of Harry's body was sizzling through him like lightning.

"Fuck you Potter," Draco slurred in his half awake state. Potter headed toward the stairs. Draco jerked back. He couldn't go to the hospital wing. Harry was almost out of the dungeons when a hand latched onto his shoulder, jerking him to a stop. Harry turned, glaring into a pair of familiar black beady eyes.

"Are you mad Potter? You cannot take him to the hospital wing," Snape said sternly. Harry narrowed his eyes, and opened his mouth to reply but Snape cut him off.

"Do you truly look forward to having to answer what's wrong with Mr. Malfoy when Madam Pomfrey asks?" Harry felt his face flame in embarrassment. Why hadn't he thought of that? Snape turned on his heel, motioning Harry to follow. Gratitude swelled in Draco's heart. Thank you Severus.

Snape hefted Draco up on his other side. The welcoming black abyss beckoned to Draco with seductive fingers, but he fought against it, the heat wrapping him in a blissful glove certainly didn't help him focus because it seeped through his boiling veins straight to his cock. Normally Potters touch would help him, but with the ring, nothing ceased the ache.

"Sir, where are we going?" Harry asked, as they wandered down the dark corridors at a brisk pace. Draco moaned, his features twisting in agony. His head slumps forward

"We are going to Draco's dorm. He's head boy, it's private and close to my quarters so I can get supplies. Go down this corridor and turn left. There is a statue of a gorgon on the right. Look directly into its eyes and say 'Salazar the pure', and the door will appear," Snape explained and dashed off, turning the opposite way toward his quarters. Harry hurried in the direction he was supposed to go, came to the statue, gave the password, and the door appeared. Harry banged into the room and Draco wrenched from his hold. His weak legs fell out from under him, toppling him to the floor. Draco skidded across the stone, hissing as the stone scraped at his arms and palms. Potter looked down at the blond before helping him to the couch. Pain crinkled at his eyes and tightened his mouth, his normal pristine appearance now disheveled. Slowly, cautiously, Harry worked the robe from Draco's heavy frame.

Harry pulled the vest from Draco and began unbuttoning his shirt and gently turning him onto his stomach as Snape walked in. He kneeled before Draco, waving his wand over the boy, muttering spells. "This is not only caused by the potion. Something else is attacking Draco in his subconscious," Snape mumbled, working a sweet smelling salve into the still healing cuts on the boys back.

"It's Voldemort. The magic used to make all those cuts and the potion, it's all linked. He has had these types of nightmares every night since we rescued him in Diagon Alley," Harry explained quietly. Snape stared up at the Chosen One. Pain crinkled those emerald eyes that were fixed steadily on Draco. Oh dear, the golden boy cared for Draco, something profound had happened during Draco's time with the trio. This was not good. Severus made a mental note to owl Narcissa about this.

"These injuries, and the nightmares, do they all come from Voldemort?" he asked, his tone deadly.

"I believe he is the reason, yes." Harry replied. Rage boiled in Severus's stomach.

"We found information on the potion. We can't make it, but I think you can. I don't trust you at all.

Not after everything you've done, but it's obvious you care about Draco. Help us, please," Harry said softly, his tone full of determination...of hope. Severus stared at the boy, baffled. He stepped back from Draco and Harry lifted his head to meet Severus's gaze.

"Let me see the ingredients," he said, and Potter pulled the parchment Hermione had given him from his pocket. Snape took it, scanning it, while his brow creased.

"Granger was right, this is complex. I can do it, but I will not. The Dark Lord will become too suspicious as I am the only one that can brew these potion perfectly. You must get the antidote from the Dark Lord himself," Snape said. Rage consumed Harry as Snape turned on his heel and stormed from the room. How could he give up so easily? Harry was surprised that Snape had left Draco so willingly in his care however. Harry stared down at Draco, lightly brushing the damp blond hair back from his brow. His eyes focusing on the dark purple under the boys eyes from lack of sleep. Pain clenched at his heart. Draco did not deserve this. He blinked in surprise when steely eyes popped open, clashing with is gaze. Draco narrowed his eyes and a scowl twisted his lips.

"What are you doing Potter," he demanded. Harry's eyes narrowed.

"Saving your life, again Malfoy," he snapped back. Draco snarled and scrambled from Harry's lap, easing back against the opposite side of the couch. He glared at Harry.

"Saving me from what Potter? Your snooping friends who can't keep their nose out of my business? Or from your vile attempts to comfort me, and instead making things so bad I fainted after class and made a fool of myself," Draco growled. Potter's jaw dropped. Then sadness creased his features.

Draco rolled his eyes. He could not be completely pissed at Harry. He'd tried to be kind, and the Carrows' infernal contraption was truly to blame for his humiliation. But he could not tell Harry that. The trio seeing how much the potion affects him mattered tremendously it made him look weak. Having the knowledge and seeing the damnable proof were completely different. Knowing they had seen the truth, filled Draco with utter shame for being powerless, a slave to the bloody potion. Harry was studying Draco intently.

"Snape told me to give you this, I think it's to ease the pain, and that he won't make the antidote. We have to steal it from Voldemort ourselves," Harry said softly, holding out a vial. Draco regarded the brew skeptically but downed it all the same. He sighed in relief as the pain slowly ebbed, focusing itself as a dull, pulsing ache in the pit of his stomach. Draco relaxed into the couch cushions.

"We're linked Draco. I had a vision of you," Harry said. Draco's eyes widened. Fear rose up in his body like a treacherous wave. However, rage snared that fear and stomped it down.

"Of what, Potter? What did you see," he asked, his voice tight to contain his rebellious emotions.

"I saw what happened right after you returned to the Manor. It..it was when Voldemort was punishing you for failing, when he had the whip around your neck. And I saw when you were chained to the table, like in the photo," Harry admitted. Draco couldn't breath as ice crystallized his lungs.

"How exactly did you know they were my memories and not the Dark Lord's, Potter?" he asked stiffly, his fists balling up tightly. Harry leaned over, capturing Draco's chin in his hand, forcing the blond to look at him.

"I felt everything Draco. The pain, the agony, the desire, the searing heat of it all, I felt it, had it been Voldemort's I would have felt the taint of evil. There wasn't any Draco, I think somehow the

fact that my link to Voldemort...and his link with you made it possible." Harry breathed, and smashed his lips against Draco's. The desire flared to life, burning so coldly that it made Draco freeze. Harry's tongue slipped into Draco's mouth, teasing him with an erotic dance with his own. Fingers brushed down his chest. Harry was trying to reach for his cock. The ring! He couldn't know about it! Draco pushed Harry back and pointed his wand at the golden boy's chest.

"Get out. I am not some petulant little whore that you can come running to just because you're horny. I should have known helping me was a farce. You just wanted me alone to prove that I am nothing more than a slave to my desires. I am slave to nothing!" he snarled, his panic and anger spilling words from his throat. Harry's eyes narrowed, snapped up to his feet, and stormed out of the room without a word. Realization sunk into Draco's heart, he would never be cured of this vile potion's effects. Stealing something from the Manor was hard enough; stealing it out from under the Dark Lord's nose was a snowballs chance in hell.

Harry stormed from the dungeons, snarling in his head. Draco was a right foul git. Harry rationalized that Draco was supposedly acting like an arse during class, but the in private Draco had still proved to be the arrogant arsehole he was known to be. He entered the Great Hall and hurried up the long table to squeeze in between Ron and Hermione.

"Harry where have you been?" Hermione asked, worry creasing her brow.

"Tending to Draco's arrogant arse. He collapsed after class, and he was acting super funny. He was freaking out every time I'd go near him. I think the potion is getting worse and he's just throwing a tantrum because of it," Harry explained. Ron snorted into his potatoes.

"I talked to Snape too. He won't do the potion, said it'd raise too much suspicion," Harry grumbled. Hermione glared into her plate.

"What does he expect us to do then, give up?" she snapped.

"No, we're going to steal it from Malfoy Manor," Harry announced. He grinned when his best friends stared at him in disbelief. He would get that antidote, even if it killed him.

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The rest of the day drags on as the impending doom welling up in Draco grew as the closer time drew to his final class. The new and improved Dark Arts, with none other than the Carrows. Draco trudged toward the dungeon classroom the lesson would be held in. He felt like shit despite the dulling effects of the bright blue potion. He was not in any pain but the desire flaring within him was insatiable. He slumped into a seat and saw the trio already up front, huddled together. Blaise dropped onto one side of Draco and Pansy slid into the spot on the other side of him. He heard the chairs grown as Crabbe and Goyle took their seats behind him.

"Gonna be interesting, don't you think guys?" Blaise commented with amusement, causing Crabbe to guffaw stupidly.

Draco eyed the female twin as she waddled down the aisle, flicking her wand which caused the shutters to slam shut. A hush fell over the room. Draco's hands tightened to fists when the woman sent a smirk directed straight at him over her lumpy shoulder. This couldn't be good.

The ring's vibrations ramp up. His fingers clamp down on the edge of the desk as he fights the urge to roll his hips. Knuckles bleached of all color, Draco grunts as his abs clench with heated desperation. The animalistic urge to jut forward seeking any contact slammed into the fine threads of his control.

Sharp inhalations flared his nostrils as the sensation never ceased. His teeth gnashed together in an ear cringing grind as that dreaded heated built in the pit of his stomach. Thank Merlin his thick

school robes covered his groin. He was rock hard and leaking precome.

Draco breathes out deeply and shifts in his seat, desperate to ease the stiffness of his spine. His side brushes against Pansy, who is seated next to him but as close as possible. The gap between her and Bulstrode was noticeable. Draco stilled, eyes squeezing closed as time beat forward slowly. Dark curses exploded in his head as lush curves cushion against him.

"Are you alright Draco?" she whispers. His eyes slide open to dangerous slits. Pansy recoils at the rage banking the depths of those eclipsed silver eyes.

Draco leans away quickly, snarling at her under his breath. He wanted to get through this class with no extra torture. He focuses on the front again and finds the portly witch lecturing. Her eyes are sweeping the audience before her, but she lingered on Draco every so often. But the vibration remained the same, and grew tolerable. He huffed out a breath and slowly unclenched his hands. With a quick flip of wrists he inspects the pads of his fingers. Angry red indentations marred each one. A featherlight glide of a manicured hand against his robe made every muscle lock him into place. His over revved nerves attacked the new sensation. Mind fogging at the soft, gentle quest her hand made, Pansy slipped her hand over his thigh. Rubbing the muscled mass with practised ease, Draco jolted when the tips of her fingers brushed right on the inside of his thigh. Had she'd been any closer, her knuckles would brush along his cock.

He blinked rapidly when her hand paused, the warm delicate weight made him crackle with need. No, no why did she stop? His head lolled around to face her fully. The witch was smiling up at him deviously. His eyes flicked to the front.

"I'm Alecto Carrow, my brother Amycus is over there," she said to the class. Draco snarled inwardly as he watched the horrendous witch.

"This is Dark Arts, not the defense of. You will all learn how to cast proper curses, it seems to me your past education in them was quite poor and well, lacking in the divine category. Should you refuse, the punishment will be devastating. There are not simple detentions, slap on the wrist punishments in my classroom. Disobey and the results can be quite severe," the woman preached, scanning her eyes over the stricken class. The Slytherins looked absolutely giddy. The Gryffindors were exchanging worried-filled looks. Draco's mouth opened automatically as Alecto's wand gave a twitch.

"So you mean to say that those who study the brilliant subject already and have immersed themselves in the craft will do well. Hmph, good luck you goody Gryffindors," Draco announced.

"That's quite correct, Draco," she said sweetly and the magic hold left his body. Potter was red in the face with anger. Alecto smiled venomously.

"Ah, Potter, it seems you have something to say, yes?" she asked, a sugary sneer twisting her lips. Draco glanced at the boy, trying desperately to control himself after Pansy stuck her hand in his pants and started caressing his straining cock. Her fingers had caressed the ring and a smirk lit up her lips.

"You've been a naughty boy Draco, and naughty boys need punished," she whispered in his ear, her grip tightening and her speed increasing. He groaned. The flames in his gut seared at his nerves, heightening his sensitivity. The ring hummed in a staccato rhythm, alternating the length and strength of the buzzes. Oh fuck, that was new too. His head dropped onto her shoulder, silver eyes rolling and his legs widened, his hips straining ever so slightly upward against Pansy's touch. A strangled cry escaped his lips, but thankfully the only one paying attention to him were Alecto and Pansy. Pansy was smirking as he hardened even more under her hand. His breathing was heavy as his stomach tightened in anticipation. "More." He mumbled against her neck.

"You're bloody mad if you think we'll ever follow this poor excuse of a lesson," Harry spat. Startled by his outburst, Pansy froze as she stared at the golden boy with disbelief. Draco groaned and shifted his hips forward to urge her to continue. Alecto giggled madly, before snapping her gaze to Draco.

"Malfoy, to the front please," she said sternly. Draco froze. Damn you Potter. Pansy squeezed his cock in reassurance. He twitched beneath her fingers and made no move to do as Alecto had ordered, he merely smirked at her.

"Miss Parkinson, what curse could be used to make Mr. Malfoy obey?" Alecto demanded. Pansy glanced up at him, fear radiating in her eyes. He ground his teeth. He knew what was coming.

"The *Imperius Curse*," she squeaked.

Alecto grinned "I know you've had the chance to experience these before, but it's time to see what happens when they're cast on a person." She said cheerfully, and pointed her wand at Draco's chest. "*Imperio*," she cast and instantly Draco was on his feet, wrenching from Pansy's grasp. Her nails scraped up his thigh as he lurched forward, dragging her hand from his trousers. He was thankful his robe covered his open trousers and erection and that said clothing stayed at his hips. He locked his muscles as they attempted to carry him down the aisle toward the vile woman. He ground his teeth as he stumbled forward, landing in a heap at her feet. She smirked down at him. He popped to his feet and suddenly felt as if he were hammered. He slammed into the bookcase, chalkboard, and her desk.

"Isn't he so obedient class?" she giggled. Draco lurched forward stumbling toward the open window. His heart thundered in his throat, surely she wouldn't murder him in front of the entire class. He tumbled forward, air slapping his face as he pitched forward. His arms shot out, grasping the stone sill and keeping him in the castle, right at the last second. Draco stared down at the dizzying height.

"He could die right now if I so wish it, or kiss my feet as if I were a treasured queen. The choice is all up to me," Alecto chuckled, flicking her wand and Draco came stumbling back to bow at her feet.

"Mr. Longbottom, what curse would I use on obedient little Draco, to torture him into madness," she snapped. The lump of a boy stared down at him sadly.

"The *Cruciatius Curse*," he whispered. Draco didn't hear her cast it, all he could feel was the agony of his body being flayed alive. Fire charred his organs. He ground his teeth together, writhing at the witch's feet. He twitched some more until a yell of agony broke out of his voice box. Slowly the curse lifted and Draco lay on his back, breath shallow and choppy.

"Miss Granger! What is the last Unforgivable Curse," Alecto inquired, her voice sugary sweet in its lashing growl. Hermione whimpered, eyes flicking from Alecto to Draco. Alecto jabbed her wand at Hermione.

"What. Is. The. Last. Curse," Alecto enunciated, rage building in her beady eyes. Granger gulped in fear.

"The killing curse," she whispered on a sob. Jet green light flashed toward Draco. He squeezed his eyes shut, thankful for an end. But....nothing. He turned his head, eyes drifting open cautiously, and stared at the scorch mark right next to his head. The bitch missed on purpose. He glared at the burnt mark. She was toying with him, humiliating him in front of everyone, just because she had power over him, reminding him of his place as a Death Eater at his age would be a hard feat to be taken seriously. Because she could, and because she knew he could not stop her.

Draco was jerked to his feet by another Imperius curse. His left hand lurched forward, palm up. Panic welled inside him.

"Now, I will give you a taste of casting a dark spell, other than the Unforgivables of course. This particular spell is rarely used nowadays, but it is none the less effective. It is called the breaking curse," Alecto announced. She slashed her wand at his hand, cried out "*Praefringo*," and needles instantly pricked at his hand. His hand was shattered, the bones powdered remnants. He couldn't move, frozen in place, as the pain coursed through him like a raging tornado. He stared at her, agony and pain swirling in his pale eyes. She'd just broken his hand, in front of the entire class when he was powerless to stop her. She smirked and the Imperius Curse lifted.

"You vile bitch!" he snarled, balling his uninjured hand as pains shot through his broken one. The flashes of searing pain fanned the boiling pain swirling in his stomach. Alecto narrowed her eyes.

"Class dismissed. Malfoy you will remain here so I can dole out your punishment for your outburst. Draco glared at the woman as the rest of his classmates filed slowly from the room. Out of the corner of his eye, Draco saw the sympathetic look burning in emerald eyes. Draco clenched his jaw. He needed no one's pity.

## Chapter 12

Wham! The door closed with a sickening finality. Alecto smiled at him, the gesture sick, twisted, cold. Breath whooshed from his lungs as he was slammed into the floor the stone ripping at his mutilated back. His jaw tightened as Alecto sauntered over to him. Pain radiated through him as her heavy foot crushed down on his hand and his body trembled from it. A shout of pain erupted from his throat.

“You really do not know your place Malfoy. You may be one of us, technically, but you’re just a child.” she sneered and slammed her foot into his ribs. Draco couldn’t breathe as he curled into a ball, struggling to force air into his body. Alecto laughed and slammed her foot into his shoulder, rolling him onto his back again. Draco heard Amycus ambled over. The ring’s vibrations ramped up in power, buzzing intensely making the flames licking his insides flare higher, even through the agony. His cock twitched, tightening and straining anew for release. His muscles shook violently. His back arches, the muscles straining and his breath coming out in heavy, choppy pants. Sweat dripped down his face, the salty moisture wetting his dry, chapped lips.

“You are nothing but a child, Malfoy. You are useless, pathetic piece of garbage, nothing but a slave. Your beauty saved you from death, don’t you know that? Without it, you are nothing,” Alecto breathed in his ear, wrenching him up by his hair. Draco glared into her piggy little eyes and grit his teeth. He clenched his jaw as pain shot through him and a low growl rumbled in his throat. He’d failed to come again and the agony clearly on his face made Alecto laugh even harder.

"Awww, the poor child can't even blow a decent load. Tut tut, the Dark Lord needs a real man at his side, Malfoy not a sniveling child," she taunted.

“Is that jealousy I hear Alecto? At least I have something going for me, you however are nothing more than a disgusting piece of filth that grovels at the Dark Lord’s feet because no one can stand looking at you,” he drawled with a signature sneer. Alecto shrieked with rage and backhanded him with so much force that blood welled up into his mouth.

“You are filth!” she screamed and slashed her wand at him, inducing the familiar agony of the torture curse. “More so than even your failure of a father!” Draco twitched against the floor. His shoulders slammed into the unforgiving floor, bruising the flesh. His head slammed against the stone making stars blink across his eyes.

“You will die just like all of the pathetic little worms that refuse to follow the Dark Lord, he is ultimate power, and he is master!” she screeched. Pain slammed into his temple when her foot crashed into his head. Draco rolled to his side, struggling to breathe calmly, and ease the pain radiating through his head. The buzzing ring was causing his stomach to tighten into that oh so familiar dooming clench.

Alecto screamed and rammed her foot into his side thrice more times. Draco laughed. Laughed through the pain, the humiliation, the need for release, the audacity that this little creature believed she could inflict enough pain to fill the void of intesense swirling jealousy blackening her heart. Oh yes, he knew she was jealous of his favor.

“Why are you laughing, you little piece of scum?” she snarled. Draco rolled over to face her. The jagged steel in her scuffed shoes had opened a cut into the side of his head and streamed down his pale face.

“I’m laughing because no matter what you do to me, no matter how much pain you inflict, you

will fail. You can't kill me, the Dark Lord won't let you. And, I'm laughing, because no matter what you do to me, I will always be better looking," he replied, his tone silkily haughty. Alecto's bushy eyebrows rose to her greasy hairline. She glanced at her brother and nodded. Draco tensed as the vibrations ramped up, fueling the dark desires swirling within him. His muscles were taut as a bowman's string, humming with need as his back arched instinctively, hips bucking forward in a mad thrust. Agony shot through him as he failed to come again, darkening his features and making him curl into a ball as his muscles twitched and shuddered in pain. Oh the pain, it was unbearable. It was like being drowned and burned alive all in one agonizing package. His breathing quickened, panting heavily while the lust ate at him. Alecto wrenched him up by his pale locks and glared down at him. He schooled his features into a haughty sneer.

"Think of yourself so highly, do you Malfoy? Think the Dark Lord favors you and will not punish you for your insolence. Think that I truly care whether or not his new favorite toy vanishes? No, no I do not," she snapped. She pointed a wickedly sharp dagger in his face. The tip pressed into his throat, beading a tiny dot of blood that trickled down his neck. Draco froze. That little pig had marred his skin. How dare she! Gritting his teeth in anger he reared back, the knife clattered to the floor signaling him that his sudden movement had startled Alecto, and slammed his head into hers.

Alecto let out a screech of pain as her nose snapped against Draco's thick skull. Blood spurted from her nostrils as she stumbled back, clutching the broken appendage. Draco gave her shove with his leg as he pushed himself away from her, making her stumble onto her rump.

Draco tripped over his feet as he scrambled from the room. Every muscle in his body screamed with protest, his legs shaking violently as he goes. He stumbled out the door, knees failing under his weight. He jerked in surprise when warm hands caught him and hefted him up. He leaned against the figure heavily. Warmth seeped into his skin. Messy raven hair tickled his neck. Draco glanced down. Emerald eyes clashed with his silver ones. Potter. Draco smirked inwardly. Of course the golden boy had waited for him.

"I'm taking you to your room, or would you rather go to Snape?" Potter grunted. Lust trampled his senses. He needed more of that potion that Severus had given him.

"Take me to Severus. He should be in his office in the dungeons," he said. Potter looked up in surprise as they wound around the empty halls.

"He's headmaster now, why wouldn't he be there," Potter grumbled. Draco snorted. Potter was simply too naïve to see the truth, why the potions master had really taken over the school.

The duo trudged down the stairs. The cool air of the dungeons soothed Draco's responsive nerves, but the heat Potter emitted was causing a dizzying result. The heat even soothed the crippling pain searing his broken hand. Draco fought the urge to push Potter against the stone wall and sink inside him, taking what he needed, leaving Potter used and empty, but with the cock ring still firmly in place caused Draco's resistance to stay firm.

Potter steered them towards Snape's office. Draco did not need to ask how Potter knew the office location, he was well aware of the detentions Potter had racked up with the sullen Potion Master. At the door, Potter shifted Draco's heavy frame and knocked. Severus opened the door, a sharp scowl twisting his features.

"What happened!" he snarled when he spotted them. Potter glanced at Draco, as if asking for permission to excuse his rough appearance.

"Punishment with the Carrows," Draco croaked, his sweaty white blond hair hiding his watery silver eyes. Severus's brow furrowed and he stepped back to allow them entry into the dark office. Potter steered Draco to a chair and Draco slumped into it.

“Explain. Now!” Severus said curtly, surging forward, rolling his sleeves up. Draco felt sticky blood on his back and the side of his head. His hand was throbbing in a dull aching pain.

“The Carrows performed two of the unforgivable curses on him sir...and broke his hand with some spell we’ve never heard of,” Potter answered for him. Severus blinked in surprise and then launched into his kit, extracting vials and flasks. Draco downed the bone regrowth, grimacing at the burning taste. He rose unsteadily and peeled the robes from his shoulders.

“We’d seen them before of course,” Harry said, trying to stifle the thick silence. “Moody showed them to us fourth year. B-but never on a human, a student.”

“I need to clean this blood off. I need to get the blood out of my hair and off my clothes from when I head butted that little cunt.” Draco drawled, ignoring the others words.

Once Draco’s torso was bare, he sat backwards in the chair, arms resting atop it, and his head resting on his arms. He could feel Severus's gaze on his marred skin.

"Most of the wounds are not reopened, however i am going to put more salve on them, just to help," Severus declared. The salve Severus was spreading over his tender back stung at first, then soon a calming iciness claimed his back. Potter was tenderly wiping the blood from his head. He hissed when Potter’s fingers swiped a sensitive bruise that was forming from where the vile female had kicked him.

“What exactly warranted such an attack from the Carrows Draco. Surely they would not attack the son of Lucius Malfoy unless there are another's orders in play here," Severus asked quietly. Draco’s shoulders bobbed nonchalantly.

“Threatened me, kicked me a few times, nothing I can’t handle really. She's jealous that the Dark Lord wants me and not her,” he said carelessly. Snape hissed low in his throat as he eyed the large bruise forming along Draco’s ribs. “I don’t doubt they were ordered to help push me towards the Dark Lord, but she was also jealous. That much was obvious.”

“Steer clear of them Draco," he said. Draco turned enough to scowl at Severus.

“I did nothing to become her torture guinea pig. Instruct Potter to keep his mouth shut and not piss her off,” he snapped venomously. Potter’s eyebrows rose.

“I-I didn’t think she would do that Draco,” he stammered. Draco rolled his eyes.

“She’s a Death Eater, Potter. Do use your brain to remember that we are not known for our caring and nurturing ways,” Draco drawled lowly. Snape glanced at him sharply when the word "we" was uttered. Potter looked at the ground, shame making his cheeks flame red.

“Bloody hell Draco, I didn't' think about that,” he muttered. Severus’s eyebrows shot to his hairline. Surely he had heard Potter wrong. Draco shrugged and slumped against the chair once more.

“I need more of that potion Severus,” he mumbled. Snape nodded and dug in his kit for an extra vial of the helpful blue liquid. Draco downed the vial and visibly relaxed. Severus rose from his crouch, closing the kit.

“I have extra robes in the back,” he said and swept away. Potter sighed heavily and leaned against the chair. His hair tickled Draco’s ribs. Absently, Draco sagged against the chair, pressing further into Harry. His mind was a tumult of emotions. Harry’s warmth was wreaking havoc on his nerves, fueling his desires. The potion had not soothed the throbbing in his hand though, so Draco tried to concentrate on that.

“Why did they do it?” Harry asked. Draco glanced down sharply.

“Whatever do you mean Potter?” he asked, raising a fine, light blond brow. Harry looked up at him, pain swimming in those crystal clear eyes.

“Why would they hurt you? What do they have to gain by it?” he asked. Draco snort. Oh his poor naïve friend.

“Potter, we do not need a reason to inflict pain. It is the nature of a Death Eater. I knew that perfectly well when I took the mark, however I never dreamed it would be directed toward me. I’m a Malfoy, we are not supposed to fail, and I did. And yet I am not dead like most of the others would have been. They don’t like the...special treatment...I am getting,” he replied darkly. Even after what he heard, Potter sank further into him. His cheek pressed into Draco’s side, breath fanning his ribcage. Chills slinked up Draco’s spine. Unease welled in the pit of his stomach at the knowledge that this intimate moment was comforting. Draco found he liked the feeling of Potter pressed against him, as if this were the most natural thing in the world for the pair.

Severus returned with a clean robe. Draco rose from the chair, dislodging Potter and reached for his soiled clothing. Potter pointed his wand and the blood disappeared from the vest and white shirt. Draco glanced at him sharply. Potter had used nonverbal magic. That particular skill spoke volumes of his abilities. True, Draco himself could do nonverbal magic, but he’d thought Potter had not mastered the skill yet. He was wrong and the knowledge did not sit well with him for some reason. He shrugged into his shirt, fingers gliding effortless over the buttons, fastening them perfectly, suffering through the pain of his mending hand. He tugged his vest over his head and skillfully tied his emerald school tie around his neck.

“Potter, go now. It will not do well for the Slytherins to see us entering together,” Draco said. Potter looked slightly crestfallen but nodded in understanding. The golden boy left the room quietly, glancing back one last time at Draco before the door closed behind him.

“He is quite protective over you Draco. You need to squash it. If the Dark Lord-“

“You will stay out of this Severus. Potter is mine to deal with,” Draco interrupted with a feral snarl. Severus blinked in surprise before schooling his features into a calm expression.

“I will not go after the boy, if that is what you fear Draco. I may understand the relationship between the two of you, but the Dark Lord will not. He is already after Potter’s death, adding you into the mix will only heighten his rage, especially with his current obsession with you.” Severus replied smoothly. Draco narrowed his eyes.

“There is no relationship between us,” he spat. “This is merely to aid in my mission for the dark lord.” Severus smirked, the expression worthy of any Malfoy.

“Your business is your own Draco, just remember what I said,” he said and swept from the room. Draco trudged to the Great Hall, joining his friends at the Slytherin table. Pansy apologized numerous times for her stunt in class, claiming fear of her own punishment made her answer Alecto’s question. Draco knew this was a lie. He could see it in her expressive eyes. She’d wanted to see Draco under the influence of the curses. She’d relished his humiliation. Draco found, he could care less. He was tired and sore, his hand ached horribly throbbing mercilessly. As the food was devoured and goblets were drained, he followed his friends back to the common room. He did not see Severus pulling Potter to the side, away from Granger and Weasley. Harry stared at Snape as the throngs of students finally diminished. He crossed his arms over his chest and waited for the sullen Potion Master.

“I know of the mission Albus left you Potter. It would do you well to remember that most

pureblood families are related," Snape said softly. Potter's mouth floundered open in surprise as Snape smirked and swept away in a billow of black robes. Harry stood stock still for several more moments. Had Snape truly given him a clue about the horcrux here in the castle? Harry spun on his heel and shot off toward Gryffindor tower. He skidded to a halt, the Fat Lady looking at him with a perked eyebrow.

"Out late I see Mr. Potter," she said softly, a smile tugging her lips. Harry grinned at her.

"Snape kept me after the feast. Oh, wattlebird," he replied. The Fat Lady smiled and the portrait swung open. Harry stepped through the portrait hole. He wandered into the common room, the fire still blazing softly in the heart.

"Harry, where have you been?" Hermione asked, storming over and yanking his arm, until he was pushed into the couch and she stood before him. Her brown eyes reproached him, and her face was set stonily in concern. Her hands were planted firmly on her hips.

"Snape caught me after the feast. I...I think he gave me a clue to a horcrux," he replied. Hermione's jaw dropped. Ron let out a bark of laughter.

"Mate you have to be kidding," Ron said with a chuckle and a shake of his head. Harry looked at him and frowned.

"He did Ron. He told me 'It would do you well to remember that most pureblood families are related'. I think he means something about the note in the locket we found." Harry explained. Hermione slumped into the couch cushions.

"I need to find a list of pureblood wizards and their family trees," she said with a rueful smile. He was honestly surprised she didn't already have all the names memorized. have it memorized by now.

"We can't go to Draco about this. There are too many people watching him, and something seems off." Harry said. Hermione turned on him with a questioning look. Yet again, she dropped the issue. The stony look on Harry's face was too fierce to illicit argument or probe into his mind without his temper flaring. She knew that look. It was the look of the golden boy pained by another's misfortune and determined to rectify the situation. Whatever happened to Draco for Harry to say this was serious. Hermione only hoped that they did more good than harm for their former enemy.

## Chapter 13

Weeks passed in a flurry for the students of Hogwarts. Loads of homework was given, Quidditch practices had started, however the first match was still weeks away. And to the trios utter amazement, Draco was somehow managing to remain the Slytherins captain and Seeker. However, not everything was as it should be, not even close. Countless horrors were met under the Carrows' wands, first years soon became the guinea pigs for their dark lessons. Draco couldn't count how many of the young faces contorted in pain under the elder students' wands were ingrained in his mind. Alecto of course used him as a demonstration constantly. Her favorite use for him was to cast the Imperius Curse upon him and make him kneel at her feet. She would whisper to him, tell him that this would be his future when he failed the Dark Lord yet again. Draco wasn't sure how he made it through the passing days. The onslaught of human contact as he trudged through the halls had sent him into several snarling rages. Most were directed at unsuspecting younger students just trying to navigate the magical castle. He'd made several first years burst into tears, and a fifth year Hufflepuff female slap him hard across the face for one particularly nasty insult. The sting had been meager compared the agony he faced day in and day out. He was quickly losing his mind and the little blue potion from the potions master was lasting no more than a day.

His nerves were frazzled, burning constantly and his mind focused on nothing but sinking deep inside someone, anyone just to relieve the miserable pain radiating through his balls. The buildup of come tightening them was so painful, every movement Draco made was as if someone had driven their booted heel straight into them. He was downing chocolate frogs, the warmth of the magical snacks easing through his system, like a fat child, but that too, wasn't enough. The lust never faded, but the pain, the pain was maddening.

While Draco battled his demons, the trio battled their own.

They were swamped with not only homework but their own research as well. Hermione was frantically searching the library for books on Hogwarts history. The passages and rooms they had discovered in their research had turned up nothing but failure. Draco noticed the glassy look to her eyes at mealtimes and even in class, a look he knew well came from hours of being hunched over a book. Harry slumped over the dusty volume he was trying to get through as Hermione plopped down next to him. The common room was abuzz with excitement. The first Hogsmeade trip was coming up. He glanced up at his bushy haired friend, who was chewing her nails worriedly.

"I can't find anything that could be of use Harry. I think we should talk to Draco, meet him in Hogsmeade or something," she said. Harry closed the book and wrinkled his nose as dust plumed about him.

"I'll owl him. We can meet at the Hog's Head," Harry replied, dragging his wary body from the chair. He scribbled a note and grabbed his cloak. It was well past curfew, despite the noisy common room. Harry trudged along the empty halls toward the owlery. Harry stared at the ground, thinking of the failed attempts at finding whatever horcrux hiding within the enchanted walls when he slammed into something hard and warm as he climbed the stone steps. He bounced off whatever he hit and fell gracelessly to his arse. A grunt of pain sounded above him and he looked up to see none other than Draco staring down at him coolly. Harry however could see the tenseness in his muscles as Draco stood before him straight and proud. He could see the lusty fire warring in those pale eyes.

"Walk much Potter?" Pansy sneered, coming up behind Draco and wrapping her arms possessively around his waist. Harry watched as Draco's eyes darkened with smoldering heat, his mouth twisting in a disgusted but painful sneer. Harry noticed almost immediately that the blond

was fighting to remain in control. He saw the pain, and it quickly reached his eyes. Harry looked into their cold, enchanting depths and something, a strong emotion that Harry couldn't place waved over his features. And then, they morphed at last, into the perfect mask of blank indifference. A hot flare of emotion sliced through Harry as Draco spun a squealing Parkinson around, his fingers banding around her arms and shoved her back. Pansy gasped as the icy wall slammed into her back and the cold seeped into her skin through her robes and cloak. Draco leaned in, his lips hovering against her ear, hot breath teasing the sensitive flesh and Pansy sank her fingers into his thick cloak, tugging him forward.

"I told you once to keep your filthy hand off of me Pansy, but this is the final time I say it. Keep your hands to yourself until I invite you to do so. You are a Parkinson, a loyal dark, pureblood family, act like it and not some mudblood whore. Now stand there like a good girl or you'll regret it," he snapped icily in her ear. Draco heard her sharp intake of breath and could smell the salt of her angry tears threatening to spill over. She exhaled slowly as her pureblood nobility managed to take over her features. Draco turned to Potter.

"Actually Malfoy, you are just the person I'm looking for. Snape wanted me to give you this," Harry said coolly and shoved the crumpled parchment into Draco's pale hand and turned away.

Draco watched Harry descend the stairs and winced when Pansy tugged on his arm for attention. Harry frowned to himself. Draco had looked positively ghastly. His already pale, pointed face now sporting lines of tension that branched from his eyes. The silver orbs were lined in red from lack of sleep, glossy and filled with a madness Harry had never seen on the face of the pale haired boy. Something was definitely very, very wrong.

"Draco, I brought you up there for a reason, you know?" she said, her voice low as if she were trying to sound seductive, but failed miserably. Draco turned on her with a sneer.

"Pansy, I do not want you. Go find Blaise, he'll take you to bed," he barked. Pansy's face fell slightly before it screwed up in rage.

"You are nothing but an arrogant prick Draco. Why do I even bother with you," she snapped. Draco smirked, his face momentarily alive with malice. He knew why Pansy continually made advances. The expected coupling between them was highly approved of by not only her parents, but his as well. True Draco had fucked her a few times, yet he always left disgusted and feeling filthier than before. She was an abomination in bed, loud and overeager. Her sucking skills were no better.

"We both know perfectly well why you continue to chase me Pansy, you want to be an illustrious Malfoy, but let me tell you a little secret. You are not worthy of the title," he sneered. Tears sprang to Pansy's eyes, yet Draco felt no guilt toward them. Even under the influence of this damned potion he shuddered in revulsion at the thought of sleeping her again, no matter how much the urge to sink his aching cock into her tight hole, or shove it down her throat waged within him.

"Perhaps I wanted you to take me to bed because I care about you," she said in a small, dejected voice. Draco snorted.

"Parkinson, we both know you are incapable of feeling anything toward anyone but yourself. Do not insult me by lying," he replied shortly.

Draco's head snapped to the side and blood trickled down his lip as Pansy's hand zipped across his cheek. He looked back at Pansy, his tongue darting out to wipe the blood away and eyes brimming with lusty fire. She raked him with a sneer and pushed past him, no doubt in search of Blaise to mend her wounded feelings. Draco resisted the urge to laugh. Blaise would say all the right things just to get into her pants, nothing more. When it came to things like that, his friend was

even more cold hearted than he was.

Once she was out of sight, Draco unraveled the crumpled note. His eyebrows flew up as he read the request. Surely Potter was joking about meeting them at the Hog's Head. However, the urgency he felt behind the words left Draco uneasy. They needed his help. Draco licked his lips in thought. The note had not been specific, but if he had to guess, it was most likely assistance dealing with either stealing the antidote, or a horcrux.

Potter had pleaded in the note for him to show tomorrow. Those words caused Draco's dead heart to clench in an uncomfortable way. Oddly, he did not like the idea of Potter begging for anything. He would go. He had promised to help, and with all of the help they had given him, it was simply paying a debt.

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The golden trio did not hear from Draco, but when the students began filing towards the village, Draco caught Harry's eyes. A subtle nod of the blonde's head was all the confirmation Harry needed. He would be there, Harry had no doubt. And for some reason, that made a warm, fuzzy feeling radiate throughout his body.

The trio browsed the sweet shop loading down on chocolate frogs for Ron's card collection, fizzing whizzbees which were Harry's favorite and sugar quills for Hermione's annoying habit of sucking on her quills and ruining them.

They hit the joke shop next, laughing at the displays of joke candy imported from the twins' shop, and buying several treats for themselves. Much to Hermione's dismay, both Harry and Ron left the shop with their own Deflagration Deluxe sized box's of 'Weasley's Wildfire Whiz-Bangs'. Ron was secretly hoping for one of the sparklers from their fifth year that spelled out the word 'POO', oh how he'd love to have one mysteriously go off during potions. They tried to convince Hermione to let them try a couple out before heading toward the dirty, barren pub but it seemed the witch had reached her limit on shenanigans for the day.

Draco was swiftly lying to his cronies as the trio left the joke shop, telling them he was meeting his father soon on official business. He noticed the trio enter the pub as he worked his magic. Pansy had looked suspicious but did not protest when Blaise dragged her away with a mischievous glint in his eyes. Goyle and Crabbe were surprisingly persistent about accompanying him. However, he had chastised them coldly, saying he could protect himself and that he did not need two slobbering watchdogs befuddling his plans. They'd finally walked away in search of Blaise and Pansy and walked down the short path, his mind filled with the darkest of thoughts. The worst of all was the fact that he could honestly no longer tell if they were actually his own. The barkeep nodded absently as he entered, then perked up considerably when Draco ordered four glasses of his finest. He swiped up Draco's money greedily, wheezing out thank you sirs as he filled deplorably cleaned glasses full. The trio watched Draco carefully. He was...well a mess. Dark circles bruised his eyes and his mouth was set tightly. His silver, bloodshot eyes constantly shifting, and when he slumped down into a seat next to Potter, they could see he was shaking. He gingerly slid the glasses to his companions, not meeting any of their eyes.

"What did you need?" he asked quickly after downing the burning liquid in one gulp. Hermione looked at him in surprise as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He sounded dreadful, speech uneven and lacking its usual hubristic arrogance.

"Are you okay Malfoy? You look, well horrible honestly," she replied. Oh that stung, but Draco knew she was right. He looked like he felt, on the brink of madness.

"What? Never seen someone drink before Granger?" he teased covering the awkward truth with humor, tunneling his fingers through his already messy pale blond hair. She flushed a deep red before putting the glass to her lips and taking a tiny sip. Draco laughed at her grimace.

“How can you drink this? It’s so strong!” she gasped. He swiped the glass from her and downed it with a roll of his eyes.

“The stronger the better, Granger. Live a little,” he said with a shrug. Weasley passed Draco his own drink as well.

"You know Weasley you can drink it, it's not like you can afford another," Draco drawled. The ginger haired boy glared and snatched the glass back, looking straight at the blond as he drank it. Draco smirked, he knew bringing up the red heads money would get him to drink it and the look he got from Granger said she knew as well. She popped to her feet and hurried to the bar. When she came back, two bottles of butterbeer were clutched in her hand. Draco glanced at Harry.

“Gonna wimp out on me too, Potter?” Draco asked in a teasing tone.

Harry grinned, “you wish.” was his only reply before he drank the entire contents in one smooth gulp. Draco was impressed, he hated to admit it but he was. Then again, Potter had to drink Skele-gro when that buffoon Lockhart messed up his arm in second year. Compared to that stuff, this might as well have been Pumpkin Juice. He signaled the barkeep to keep the drinks coming, maybe getting sloshed would make him feel better. Weasley’s ears turned red as he stammered about paying for his own. Draco brushed it off with a shrug and Ron nodded in thanks.

“Snape gave us a clue about the horcrux, we think he knows the locket is a fake. The clue, it was about Pure-Blood families. He said to look for how they are related. We’ve come to the conclusion that it has to be about you somehow,” Potter said. Draco downed another glass.

“Simple Potter, look at my family tree,” he said, not bothering to ask for details, he really didn't care. Potter’s jaw dropped, how had he forgotten? The massive tapestry at Grimmauld Place would work.

“Of course! Why didn’t I think of that,” Granger grumbled. Draco smirked.

The group sat in a peaceful silence for a few minutes, Draco taking another large drink and trying to talk Harry into doing the same before he said “Sorry about Pansy yesterday, Potter.” Harry shrugged, as if used to his friends' jeering comments, which most likely was true.

A disgruntled noise from Hermione drew the males attention. “Can you believe that Luna’s father is openly downing Voldemort in his magazine? He’s just asking for bad things to come his way,” Draco snorted and squirmed in his seat. Holding still was the hardest thing Draco could do at the moment. His body was twitching with the intensity of the lusty pangs shooting within him.

“He’s been seriously pissing the Dark Lord off. You three are Loony’s friends, you better convince her to stop him. There is one thing the Dark Lord despises more than muggles and muggle-borns it’s being made a fool of, which is exactly what those articles are doing,” Draco said, drinking yet another glass. Potter was nursing his own glass, eyes bright and cheeks flushed from the warming drink. Granger and Weasley were about done with their Butterbeer, while Draco was beginning his fifth.

Chapter 14

Draco went rigid when fingers brushed his leg. He glanced at Potter, who was staring at Hermione as she rambled on and on about the transfiguration lesson she had surprisingly failed at. Draco could see the mischievous glint in those emerald eyes though. He licked his lips and focused on Granger, but those playful fingers eased further up his leg. Harry squeezed at Draco's lean thigh, nails teasing him through the thin robes. Draco moaned out loud as Harry squeezed harder, fingers dangerously close to his straining erection.

"Draco are you okay?" Granger asked in alarm. Either it was the alcohol or the burning need to sink into Potter's body, Draco smirked and looked Granger squarely in the eye.

"Yes, Granger I'm alright. More than alright actually, now if Potter's hand would go just a little higher, I'd be thrilled," he drawled as he threw back another glass of the burning alcohol and grabbed Potter's hand tightly. Harry's lips twitched as his fingers intertwined slowly around Draco's, the pad of his thumb grazing softly over The blond's knuckles. Hmm, so the outburst hadn't affected Potter in the slightest. Draco eyes narrowed. No, it had affected him, as Potter's teeth were gently working his bottom lip and a blush was creeping into his cheeks.

"Really Malfoy? You don't have to be so crude," the prudish witch admonished. Draco grinned at her as she rolled her eyes and turned back to a red-faced Ron. Warmth was creeping into Draco's cheeks as Harry tugged their joined hands to Draco's throbbing cock. His eyes narrowed as he urged the boy to rub and tease him.

"Merlin Potter," Draco breathed as their hands squeezed and stroked. Harry merely grinned. Hermione's back was stiff as a board. Hmm. So Potter thought to tease him, well two could play at this game. He untangled his fingers from Harry's hand and stretched to grasp the golden boy's thigh. Skilled fingers eased up and down, making the muscles twitch and shudder. Oh, so responsive, Draco wondered how Harry was not moaning at the contact. Draco's back went ramrod straight as Harry's hand squeezed at his aching cock before continuing their teasing journey up and down his shaft. Pain exploded through him and he let out a strangled moan. Merlin, he'd failed to come again and the pain had him slumping over and gasping for breath. He growled low in his throat before he ran his strong fingers further up Harry's thigh, his touch light. His fingers ghosted over Potter's own straining erection, caressing the throbbing member lightly, and the golden boy shuddered, eyes drifting closed. Draco's hand slipped beneath Harry's robe, wand slipping out from his sleeve. A simple spell and Potter's trousers and belt were cut open. Draco's fingers tunneled into Potter's boxer, stroking down muscled thighs, nails scraping sensitive skin. Harry's head fell back. With a smirk, Draco's fingers ghosted down Harry's length until they wrapped snugly around the base of his cock, and pumped slowly. Eyes squeezed shut tightly, his body arched automatically and his skull slammed into the back of the booth. Harry hissed and rubbed the tender spot.

"Harry, are you okay?" Hermione asked her tone reproachful. Harry nodded his head, but Granger looked doubtful. Draco perked an eyebrow as Granger stood up, Weasley following her.

"We're going to head back. I suggest the pair of you sober up first," Hermione paused. "And Harry," the raven haired boy looked up, cheeks stained pink. "tell him what you found, he could help. Especially since Snape gave you that hint." she said and they left the bar.

"That was close," Harry breathed, slumping forward on the table, his fingers still caressing Draco as he smirked. The blond wanted to ask what Granger had meant, what had Harry found? But his mind was struggling to keep hold of the question.

Draco chuckled darkly and rose from his seat. Harry watched Draco converse with the barman and grinned as Draco came ambling back over. Even through the haze clouding Harry's mind and the pain slowing Draco's steps, he'd never seen anyone walk with as much danger and edge. He swaggered like a proud predator that knew it was at the top of the food chain. He gasped when Draco grabbed his arm roughly and pulled him toward a set of stairs. Harry trudged up the stairs, his legs like jelly.

"Malfoy, where are you taking me?" Harry asked.

"You'll see," he replied tersely and opened a door, revealing a shabby room. Harry frowned. Draco chuckled and pulled him into the room. He sat down on the edge of the bed, Harry standing between his legs. The warmth radiating off of Potter was driving the flames of desire higher and higher. Draco feared what little control he had tethering the feral beast within him would snap.

"You need rest Potter, and I am fighting the urge to take you now. I'm in hell, I need your body more than you could ever understand. Those potions Severus gave me aren't strong enough. My body is on fire, and you have been stroking the flames," Draco replied, gripping Potter's upper arms tightly. Harry merely grinned at his hands.

"And you say I can't keep my hands to myself," he chuckled. Draco shrugged, a grin playing on his lips as he flipped Potter over in one swift move, making the golden boy's back thump against the mattress. Draco tunneled a hand through Harry's messy hair and grasped several locks tightly. He yanked the hair back, making Harry's neck arch and body bow. Draco dipped his head, lips grazing the flushed column of Harry's throat. A low moan bubbled past his throat, and Harry's eyes drifted to half mass. Draco's teeth nipped hard at the soft flesh, making Harry moan loudly. Draco's eyes flew open, he shouldn't be doing this. Potter would find out about the ring, his hero complex would kick in for sure and he'd insist on helping. Draco doesn't want the golden boys help...but he needs it.

"I don't want to rest Draco. I want to fuck you and the way your eyes are burning right now makes me completely believe you want this too," he said boldly and smashed his lips against Draco's. Of course he wanted it, he was losing his mind from wanting it so bad, but that wasn't the issue. Draco groaned into Harry's mouth. He could taste the alcohol heavy on Potter's tongue. Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's neck, grinding against Draco so fiercely, Draco fell onto his back. He had to stop this.

"Potter stop, you're drunk." He says, struggling to sit up. He saw the hurt in emerald eyes and knew he had mere seconds to rectify the situation. "Potter," he drawled, eyes following Harry as he got up from the bed. "Something has happened, something beyond my control and doing this with you would only make it worse."

"What in the bloody hell are you talking about Malfoy?"

"It would be easier if I just showed you." Draco said with a heavy sigh.

"Malfoy? What is that?" Harry asked, and tugged on the object. Draco howled with pain as the ring tightened and lanced him with searing pleasure. His blocked release shot agonizing pangs of white hot pain through his body. His vision winked, doubled, veiled in a fuzzy haze. His body spasmed. Draco's lips twitched into a rueful smirk. Well the cat's out of the bag now.

"That Potter, is going to be the death of me. Whatever it is, it prevents me from coming. I cannot take it off; you cannot; no one, only Alecto Carrow has that power. It tightens when I try. The damned thing even vibrates. That is why I was a colossal arse to you in Potions. This Potter is driving me mad," Draco explained, his tone even, calm...venomous. His hatred for Alecto Carrow was so evident, it made Harry tremble.

“Then we shall get her to take it off,” Harry said kneeling onto the bed, straightening his clothing and attempting to tame his unruly hair.

“You’re barking mad, Potter but if revenge is what you seek you have my full support and help. I want to teach that bitch a lesson,” Draco drawled. Harry grinned.

“I know I am but I have ulterior motives,” he said leaning back over Draco, his lips hovering over Draco’s own, “I will finish what we started here, and don’t think of denying me because I know it will be a lie.”

Draco remained silent, grinning at the raven haired boy. He was right of course, Draco did want him, badly. He stood, straightening his robes and hair as well, then something made him pause. “Potter.” Harry’s emerald eyes jumped to attention, focusing on Draco. “What was Granger talking about earlier? What did you find?”

Harry’s face scrunched up in annoyance, “Oh right, I found a Horcrux with Dumbledore last school year, a locket. It ended up being a fake, we opened it and there was a note inside signed with initials.”

Draco raised a sharp brow, “What initials?” he was beyond curious, that is what Harry meant when he was talking about Snape. The Potions master knew but did the Dark Lord? He’d certainly never mentioned anything about there being fakes.

“RAB.” Harry said as he walked past, heading to the door.

Chapter 15

Draco bit lightly at his bottom lip while he dove deep into his mind; continuously trying to work out who those initials could belong too. It was maddening! He'd seen them before. Draco was sure of it. They were walking back to the castle hours after curfew and Draco had a sinking suspicion that not even his head boy status would get him out of trouble if they were caught. Honestly though, he couldn't find it in himself to care. They were crossing the grounds as quickly as they could in the darkness, not wanting to use their wands as it could draw unwanted attention. When they finally reached the entrance, Draco threw out a hand hitting Potter square in the chest.

"Bloody hell Malfoy, what was that for?" He asked, rubbing at the smarting spot.

Draco looked at the other, a large grin on his lips. "I know who those initials belong to Potter." He watched a look of excitement quickly take over Harry's face. "Regulus Arcturus Black, the younger brother of your Godfather."

A confusing mixture of emotions rushed across the golden boy's face. The mention of Sirius brought an onslaught of pain and regret. His death was devastating to Harry. However, they now knew who took the locket, and that brought joy and excitement. They were one step closer to finding the genuine Horcrux, something Harry hadn't expected. His grin rivaled Draco's as they made their way into the castle.

"Oh his name is on the tapestry!" Harry was ecstatic "We have one issue resolved, now we need to work on the other." He said, putting a hand on the blonde's shoulder. Malfoy looked at him, confusion replacing the smile. "We're getting that ring off Malfoy, and I know exactly how to do it. All we need is a little help from Hermione."

Malfoy gave him a doubtful look. "I know you mean well Potter, but there's nothing you can do." He started walking towards the dungeons, mild annoyance rising inside him when Harry grabbed his arm. He'd told the blasted golden boy not to touch him countless times and yet he persisted. New waves of lust crashed into the ones from their earlier contact, making his legs feel like jelly. He opened his mouth, intending to tell Potter off but he never got the chance.

"Come on. I have to get some Polyjuice Potion from Hermione and then we find Amycus," Harry said. Draco rolled his eyes. Why was he even listening to this? Granger was supposedly the best Witch of their age, but Polyjuice? Draco scoffed.

"And how is the brother going to help us get close to the bitch?" he asked. Potter smirked.

"I take on Amycus's appearance and take you to her, claiming I found you wandering the halls and figured she would like to have some fun. I want you to cast the Imperius Curse on her and have her remove the ring," Harry explained. Draco's eyebrows rose. It was bloody brilliant.

"And Granger just happens to have a supply of Polyjuice Potion? Why am I not surprised," Draco said with an amused shake of his head. He had questions, the first being how exactly Potter knew he was able to cast an Imperius; and as if reading his mind, Harry explained.

"I know you can use the Imperius curse Malfoy, you used it on Madam Rosmerta sixth year." His voice was hushed, head tilting down making it impossible for Draco to see his expression.

"Potter, I--"

Harry raised a hand, stopping whatever explanation or excuse Draco was about to give. "I'll meet you in the dungeons. I have to get the potion from Hermione and a couple other things from my trunk." Harry jogged up the grand staircase making it clear their discussion was done. So with a

sigh, Draco made his way to the dungeons. He thought more about his discovery that raised many questions but one in particular stuck. How in the name of Merlin could Regulus have possibly gotten ahold of a Horcrux? Admittedly, Draco didn't know much about the younger Black brother, but Draco knew one thing about the Dark Lord; he coveted his secrets and would do anything to protect them. Even kill for them to remain hidden.

Draco pondered that tidbit as he mulled over what he recalled about the fate of Regulus Black. He knew the man died young, was murdered by Voldemort- well probably not the Dark Lord himself, but he had issued the order. Was the true reason for his death due to the Horcrux? Had the Dark Lord discovered what he'd done? Draco was so wrapped up in his own thoughts he didn't notice Harry's return until he was standing right in front of him.

"How exactly are we to going find Amycus anyway Potter?" Draco asked as soon as he'd recovered himself. To his surprise, the boy held out a ratty piece of parchment.

"This is a map that shows me Hogwarts and all of the people within it," Potter said, tapping at and sure enough Draco watched magical ink spear across the paper, criss-crossing until it was a perfect map, complete with moving dots for every student, ghost, and staff member. Harry scanned the map, searching for the horrid man.

"Potter, you're sure this will work yes?" Draco questioned, a small amount of doubt in his voice.

"Amycus is sneaking around the dungeons right now. Alecto is in her office. We need to go now if we want this to work," he said, ignoring the blonde's question and took off down the corridor. Stunned by the sudden departure, Draco paused. He couldn't tell if the boy was still upset from earlier or just focused on their task, but he hoped for the latter. He had tried to meet emerald eyes but Harry was having none of it. Even as he hurried down the corridor Potter didn't look back. Draco fought back a vicious eye roll and trailed along behind the golden boy.

The dank halls were empty, as it was far past curfew. Draco wound along the cool corridors, the cold air tickling his heated skin. Something about what he was doing, hunting for Amycus, was giving him a sick sort of pleasure. And when Draco saw the man lurking up ahead, a devilish smirk graced his lips. Quick as a shot, the nonverbal stunning spell slammed into the unsuspecting man making him crash to the ground. Smirking at the Carrow brother's easy downfall, Draco strolled over to the unconscious man and leaned against the wall, one shoe propped on Amycus's head and arms folded casually across his chest. He glanced up as footsteps grew closer and saw Potter nearing him. The dark haired boy had insisted he not be seen by the male Carrow. So when they'd gotten close, he'd split off from Draco in search of an appropriately sized broom closet. A smirk tugged at the raven haired boy's lips and Draco's eyes caught the ripple of Potter's muscles under those robes as he walked closer. Draco chewed on his lip fiercely as he eyed Potter hungrily.

Draco licked his lips. He couldn't help the violently sinful thoughts twirling about in his brain. Stunning the fat man had given him more pleasure than he cared to admit.

He rolled his shoulders as pleasure rushed through his body over what he'd done. It had felt so good and he wanted more, he wanted to hurt the disgusting man, maybe even kill him. No! No he didn't, what was wrong with him? Draco shivered, those thoughts couldn't have been his right?

Potter glared, "Draco, focus." He snapped as he plucked some hairs from Amycus's skull and dropped them into the flask he held. An acrid smell filled the air and Draco fought the urge to gag. Harry wrinkled his nose and drank the vile smelling potion as Draco watched on in horror as Potter's skin bubbled and he began shrinking before Draco's eyes. Soon, Harry stared up at him with the features and body of Amycus Carrow and the blond had to hold back the urge to strike. Rope burst from Potter's wand and bound tightly around the real Carrow's wrists and ankles.

"Chuck him in that broom closet," Potter said and hefted up the heavy little man-with Draco's help and tossed him in. Together, the duo hurried toward Alecto's office. Once they neared, Harry mumbled a pitiful apology as he bound Draco's wrists and shoved him forward. Alecto looked up in surprise from the essays she was grading. A sick smirk twisted her lips.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here," she sneered and rose from her desk. Harry shoved Draco down onto his knees. Alecto smirked at Draco and reared her foot back sharply before slamming it into his gut. Draco snarled as pain shot through him.

"You will bow at my feet you little slave," she hissed and kicked him in the temple. Draco tumbled to the ground hard. Alecto laughed and raised her wand. The bindings holding Draco's wrist loosened under Potter's spell and Draco snapped his wand from his sleeve, slashing at Alecto. The stunned woman sailed back and slammed into her desk. She scrambled to her feet, readying to cast any spell she could think of but Draco was too quick. In seconds she was under his complete control. Draco smirked as her eyes snapped fire but her body was frozen in place. Slowly, he pulled his robe off and dropped his pants. His cock strained forward, free and aching.

"Take this ring off, you stupid little creature," he ordered and Alecto moved forward obediently. His head fell back as her hand dragged up his cock, fingers curling around the ring and tugged it off. Breath whooshed out of his lungs in a sigh of relief when the weight of the ring vanished. He glared down at Alecto, malice in his eyes.

"You've caused me a lot of trouble, you ugly beast. I've suffered so much pain, and I do believe it's only fair that I take advantage of your helpless situation," Draco sneered. Her eyes swam with horror. Pain lanced through Draco's mind as Voldemort's evil whispers floated through it, encouraging him to punish the puny woman.

"Malfoy, enough," Harry warned in a low whisper. Draco choked on a laugh. The golden boy had spoken of revenge earlier, but hasn't the stomach for it when it was staring him in the face. Draco however had no qualms over humiliating Alecto by using her to achieve his well deserved release.

"Yes, I do believe I can use you to rectify my situation. Worship my cock, you repugnant cunt," Draco ordered smugly. He shivered when her surprisingly soft hands cupped him.

"Malfoy, this is disgusting! Don't stoop to their level," Harry pleaded and yanked at his arm. He pointed his wand at Alecto, stunning her then erasing her memory. He dragged Draco from the room, while the blond hastily yanked his pants up and glowered at Harry. He was so immersed in his rage of being denied his vengeance, the potion slamming through his system like a typhoon, and the faint whispered beckons from the Dark Lord that he didn't notice Potter was leading him to his own dorm. Harry barked the password, yanked open the door, and dragged Draco inside. Draco wrenched his arm away and pinned Potter with a frosty glare.

"I thought this whole mission was to get that ring off and let me get my vengeance, so why did you stop me Potter? Is that bleeding heart of yours acting up again," he drawled. Harry glared at him as he sank into the cushions of the couch.

"You got the ring off, that's all that matters," he said gruffly as the potion effects began wearing off. Soon Draco was gazing at Harry's lanky form once more. He stalked forward, until he stood between the others legs, leaning forward as the Harry sank back, dropping his hands on either side of Harry's head.

"Don't tell me you were jealous Potter," he smirked. Harry's cheeks flamed bright red, making Draco's smirk widen.

"From the red in your cheeks I take that as a yes. Oh no Potter, her humiliation would have pleased me more than her mouth around my cock, but I'm afraid I crave another at the moment,"

he whispered, reaching down and gripping Harry's hardening cock tightly. Harry hissed out in pleasure, arching against Draco's touch.

"And who would that be Malfoy?" Harry said with a strained, awkward chuckle.

"At the moment, that would be you Potter. You started something and I expect you to finish it,"

Draco breathed and smashed his lip against Harry's, stroking him through his robes. Potter wrapped his arms around Draco's neck and rolled his hips against Draco's hand. He pointed his wand at Harry's chest. The offending clothes were severed right down the middle in a thin line. He pushed the cloth back as he attacked Harry's upper body. His lips teased sensitive spots, teeth grazed over sensitive nipples, tongue caressed the creamy skin. Moans bubbled from Harry's throat, raising in volume slightly as Draco bit down on particularly sensitive areas. Draco smiled as he felt Harry clawing desperately at his shoulders, his teeth sinking into Harry's soft flesh harshly. He raked his nails down Harry's sides making the golden boy squirm beneath him.

"Take these off," Harry insisted, nails ripping at the fabric of Draco's robes. Draco frowned at the ripping noise. Damn, these were his favorite robes. He pulled back from Potter, making the golden boy grumble in frustration.

"These were my favorite robes Potter. Could have just asked nicely you know," he drawled, loosening his tie as he shrugged from the robes. Harry growled and surged forward, his ruined clothing falling from his shoulders. Draco slammed him back down against the couch and rested a knee against Harry's chest.

"Impatient aren't we?" he chuckled. Harry's emerald eyes narrowed as Draco pulled the vest from his lean torso. Harry's eyes darkened as they swept over Draco. Blond hair mussed, cheeks flushed from the potion, eyes wild and burning with a lusty fire, Draco stood with his trademark smirk before him. His emerald school tie was hanging loosely around his neck as pale fingers worked the buttons of his shirt slowly, gracefully. Harry eyed the pale flesh hungrily.

With a sly grin he surged forward, dislodging Malfoy's knee sending the stunned blond tumbling backward. Draco hit the ground with a hard thud, air whooshing from his lungs. He'd barely regained his breath when a hard body sprawled across him and hungry lips attack his exposed throat and neck. Teeth scraped his skin, a talented tongue flicked about his nipples, an exploring mouth travelled over the scar Harry himself had given him in their Sixth year. Harry's hot breath seared his skin; Draco was all sensations. Pale fingers sank into raven locks, nails scraping Harry's scalp. The golden boy's chuckle fanned across his abdomen. Lower and lower Harry crawled, fingers deftly undoing Draco's belt and trousers. Even through his boxers, Draco could feel Harry's searing heat. A moan bubbled from his throat as Harry slid his boxers down. Merlin, the anticipation itself was killing him! Draco propped up on his elbows.

Harry flicked his eyes up to meet Draco's smoldering liquid silver gaze. Draco's head fell back as Harry licked him from base to tip. Draco's stomach muscles quivered and his thighs shook beneath the other. Draco's hips bucked as Harry sucked him to the back of his throat. His breath lodged in his throat as Harry's own throat closed around him. His tongue was exploring his length all while his throat milked Draco for all it was worth. A roar ripped through the blond as he came in a blinding fashion.

Breathing hard, sweat glistening his face, Draco glanced down at Potter. He pulled back, a smug smirk on his face. He leaned over Draco, mischief burning in those emerald eyes.

"What's wrong Malfoy, all spent?" he taunted. Draco growled and rolled Harry over onto his back.

"Believe me Potter, I can fuck you all night long and never break a sweat," Draco gloated and

snagged Harry's earlobe in his teeth. One handed, he yanked Potter's pants and boxers down, as his tongue travelled down Harry's neck. A moan bubbled from the golden boy's throat when Draco gripped him tightly and sank his teeth into Potter's neck.

"You know, I don't think that's true. You're already sweating," Potter teased. Draco growled and bit down harder, his hand pumping at a brutal pace. Potter moaned and bucked against him as blood tricked into Draco's mouth. Rationality was gone. Harry had poked the beast and now, the beast was going to devour him. Draco pulled back and slithered down Harry's body, taking those wretched pants with him. Harry's shoes were tossed to the side along with them. Draco grabbed Harry's hips tightly and yanked the golden boy to him. Emerald eyes were smoldering with heat. Draco's cock probed against Harry's entrance.

"Challenging me Potter? After seven years haven't you figured out that I will always come out on top," Draco drawled. Fury flashed through those emerald eyes and Harry's mouth opened to let a retort fly, but was lost on a moan when Draco buried himself deep into Harry's ass. Draco ground his teeth at the warm, tight hole sheathing him. Merlin, he was as tight as virgin. Draco's eyes widened. Surely, he wasn't. Harry's back arched and his arms snapped up to wrap around Draco's broad shoulders, his eyes were shut tight, but lips were parted slightly. Draco thrust slowly at first, arms shaking as he took his time letting Harry adjust and Harry's breath became shallower and shallower. Draco hissed in delight when Harry's nails raked along his shoulders.

"More, Draco, more!" Harry begged. The lusty plea whispered through Draco's mind searing him. He growled and slammed into Harry, his rhythm quickening. Harry let out a strangled cry at the sudden increase of pace. His back arched instinctively. Moans ripped from the golden boy's throat and his hips strained to meet Draco's, but the thrusts were too quick, to practiced for the little virgin. Draco eased Harry down onto his back, hips never ceasing their movement, and wound an arm around Harry's waist which arched his back further and his other hand grabbed one of Harry's legs and lifted it to rest against his shoulder. The angle allowed Draco much deeper access, and soon his cock was ramming into Harry's prostate with blinding force as Harry lifted his other leg to rest against Draco's other shoulder, giving up on meeting Draco's needs, instead he simply let Draco take. Strangled cries ripped from Harry's throat as his nails sank deeper into the sheets as Draco growled in ecstasy above him.

The sound of skin slapping against skin echoed through the air, mingling with Harry's throaty moans as Draco yanked his arm from beneath Harry and grabbed onto the boy's hips. Draco's low moans ripped from him as his belly tightened in anticipation of release. Draco snarled and squeezed Harry's waist, nails sinking deep into the bruised flesh and pulled him up. Harry gasped in surprise and pain, his legs slid roughly down Draco's shoulders and shuddered as Draco's arms slid under him and crushed him close. Harry shivered in pleasure as he tightened his legs around Draco, his core radiating pleased waves through his body as Draco slammed into him over and over again. Harry's arms were wrapped around Draco's shoulders, nails shredding the marred back with Draco's every thrust.

"Harder Draco...I'm gonna...I-I-" Harry's babbling was cut off as Draco groaned and thrust harder into him. A yell ripped from Harry as his back arched, legs quivering, and his seed splashed Draco. The pleasure on Harry's face was of utter bliss. Pride ripped through Draco, spinning him into a blinding release. He crushed Harry to him as he shuddered, aftershocks quaking his body. When the pair finally stilled, Draco slowly released Harry, who eased off Draco's cock and spread out on the bed in utter exhaustion.

"Thank you for this Potter," he said grudgingly. Harry chuckled.

"Yeah well, you'll repay me, believe me. We'll need your help hunting horcurxes. When you need it, come to me ok? All I ask is for your help on this mission," Harry said. Draco chewed his lip for

a moment.

"You have a deal, Potter," Draco replied smoothly and the smug smirk gracing Potter's lips made Draco's gut twinge in apprehension.

Chapter 16

Draco was getting scary, animalistic even. Something had to be done, and soon. Harry would sneak out of Gryffindor tower every couple of nights to visit Draco and even that was quickly becoming not enough. Harry was covered in scratches and his lower body was sore. Muscles he did not even know existed hurt. And as night fell two weeks after their first time together, Harry lay atop Draco's bed, curled into the Slytherin's side who was thankfully, snoring softly. The golden boy tried not to think of how often the Slytherin sought him out to release the tension within his body. However, it had become so often that it was nagging at the back of Harry's mind, making concern fuzz his senses. The releases, while blinding and intense, came with only a temporary satisfaction and the time of blissful peace was becoming shorter and shorter for Draco.

The golden boy groaned in frustration. His hands went up towards his face, palms pressing down on his eyes as his stress reached its climax. Sleep wasn't going to happen tonight, that much was clear. So instead, his mind switched from Draco to the locket. They'd wasted far too much time, Harry understood of course, it's not like Draco's issue wasn't legitimate. However, finding the locket was a must if they wanted to have any chance of stopping the Dark Lord.

Harry's mind raced, the letter in the fake locket, the initials, and Draco. Harry was quickly realizing that to get the Horcruxes, not just the locket, they'd need Draco's help. So with a sigh, he glanced at the blonde, worry and regret on his face for what he was about to do. Draco was sleeping peacefully, which was becoming less and less frequent. But they couldn't put off retrieving the locket any longer. The golden boy placed a hand gently on the blonde's shoulder, whispering "Malfoy, wake up," before gently shaking the other into consciousness.

Draco's silver eyes flew open, a look of shock and confusion and a small bit of lust making his face scrunch. His head whipped to the side, "Potter," he said dryly as he sat up and rolled his neck around on his shoulders making it pop. "What can I do for you," He asked, twisting to the right and picking his wand up from the nightstand and casting a tempus charm, "at dawn...?"

Harry grimaced, his guilt evident. "It's been two weeks Malfoy. We need to find the locket," he said quietly.

Draco sighed, he wanted to be mad, he really did but Potter was right and the boy's obvious guilt made it almost impossible. "I suppose you're right Potter, how can I help?" He asked, rising from the bed and stretching his aching muscles and running a hand through his platinum hair. The room lit up with a wave of his wand and the blond wandered around the room, still not fully awake, in search of clean robes.

"Well," Harry started, pausing briefly to yawn before continuing. "you're related to Regulus somehow right? So I figured you might have some idea about where he could have hidden the locket."

Draco snorted, "He's my Aunt's cousin, that makes him my second Uncle or something, same as Sirius. However, he did live at that house you lot have your secret order meetings at, the place you took me to when you found me."

Harry's face lit up, a massive grin on his lips. "Of course! Malfoy that's brilliant!"

Draco raised a platinum brow, "Potter...He died years ago, and that house elf of yours has been stealing the valuable shit from the house for ages and taking them to the manor." Draco tilted his head slightly, deep in thought. "Though I bet if he'd brought the locket to the manor I'd have heard about it, somehow."

Harry's face fell just slightly. "Well that's still a good place to start. I inherited the house, and Kreacher," he said the elf's name with obvious dislike, "so if he did take the locket he'd have to be honest with me if I ask about it right?"

Malfoy chortled, "Well he won't be able to lie to you, but I bet he'll try his hardest to trick you." Malfoy honestly found it hilarious how little Potter knew about the Wizard world. "He's forced to serve you, but I guarantee he'll try his hardest to defy you. He's only as loyal to you as he has to be due to house elf laws." Draco fought an eye roll as he walked into the bathroom. Potter was honestly like a small child when it came to these things.

Draco fixed his hair the best he could and put on a white button down, leaving it open as he put on a pair of black slacks he found laying on the marble counter next to the sink. He couldn't help but cringe, as he knew perfectly well these were the pants he'd worn yesterday, but Draco also knew he wasn't going to change them. He was disgusted with himself. Could he even call himself a Malfoy now? The pants weren't the only thing making him question it of course. He was helping the trio. He was friends with them! He was sleeping with the precious 'Chosen One' for Merlin's sake.

Draco looked at himself in the mirror and what he saw made his jaw drop. His normally pale skin wasn't just pale now but a grayish color, his eyes were no longer silver but a shocking scarlet and his nose flat like a snake. It was Voldemort peering back at him from the mirror, and he was smiling. Draco backpedaled. He staggered back so much that he hit the wall with a 'thump'. He knew his eyes were wild and was blinking madly before he squeezed them shut. His heart was an erratic staccato of beats. Body frozen against the wall, palms slick with sweat but clammy with fear, Draco closed his eyes, and tried to ignore the pull to reach out to the Dark Lord. It was a feeling that was growing more powerful and more constant each day. As his breath began to quicken, edging him closer to full blown panic attack he glanced to the door. "P-Potter!" He stuttered, "Potter get in here!" He heard a loud thud and several words that would have led to several house points being taken from Gryffindor if heard by a teacher before the boy came rushing into the bathroom. "Bloody hell Malfoy," Harry said out of breath, "What's up?"

Malfoy lifted a shaking hand and pointed at the large, wall length mirror. "D-do you see him?" He asked, not sure which response he'd prefer to hear from the boy. He waited, the silence deafening, for the other to answer.

"Malfoy, all I see is our reflection."

Draco cautiously opened an eye, the silver orb roaming across the mirror's expanse, the Dark Lord was gone. He breathed out a sigh of relief. "Thank Merlin." He gushed. "I don't know if he was actually here or what sort of mind games he was causing or if I'm just losing it, but Voldemort was in the mirror Harry. I swear it." To Draco's surprise, the other boy just snorted. Draco raised a brow.

"Honestly Malfoy, after all the shit I've experienced since I found out about magic, and Voldemort, I have no problem saying I believe you. Trust me."

Harry left the bathroom after that, probably in search of his remaining clothes, for he had rushed into the bathroom sporting only his pants and one sock. Malfoy really couldn't say anything though, as he had only his shirt on-still unbuttoned and yesterday's pants. He finished grooming himself and returned to the bedroom, "So what exactly is the plan here Potter?" He drawled, buttoning up his shirt at last.

Harry was sitting on the edge of the bed, now fully dressed and playing with a small golden ball that Draco knew was the Snitch from his first ever Quidditch match. An odd memento, but Draco

didn't question it as it was something Harry seemed to do quite often. "We have to go to Grimmauld Place, have a look around and see what we find. First though, we need to talk to Kreacher. I sent him here to work in the kitchens with the other house elves." Malfoy nodded. It made sense but he honestly wasn't confident the elf would be of any help.

"Alright Potter, lets do that then." Malfoy chuckled a little, Kreacher was probably furious about having to work at Hogwarts. Talking to him would be fantastic.

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The trio and Malfoy marched down to the kitchens, Ron yawning so fiercely Malfoy is briefly reminded of a lion roaring. It seemed that the Weasley boy was not a morning person, and that didn't surprise Malfoy one bit. Granger though, she seemed to be the exact opposite. She was already warning Ron that he should not take advantage of the House elves anymore and to stop asking them for excessive amounts of sweets like he did the last time they were down there. If the Weasel was able to comprehend any of what the witch had said, his face didn't show it. Malfoy let out a snort before falling in stride with Harry. "Potter, I didn't think of this before but-

Harry nodded, already knowing what the blonde was going to say. "You want to make sure he knows not to mention you're with me right?"

Malfoy raises his brows; he was impressed. "Yes, if you don't order him to keep quiet I know he'll go right to Bellatrix."

"Is there anyone else he can go too? Anyone else he would be allowed to say things to?" Hermione asks, walking quickly to catch up to the duo.

"Only Bella and my mom, it has to be by blood relation, marriage doesn't work so he can't go to my dad. But since Sirius did all the things necessary to pass Kreacher on to Potter, If he tells the little shit not to tell them anything he can't."

"He's found a way to tell them things before though hasn't he." Grumbled Ron from behind them as he rubs at his eyes groggily.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Yes, but Potter wasn't aware of it then, now was he Weasley?" The Slytherin bit back. "However, Kreacher has all the time in the world to come up with ways to get around your orders Potter. Be very careful about what you tell him to do." He warns as they approach the large fruit painting that hides the entry leading to the kitchens. Harry reached up and tickled the bright pear. It wiggled spastically and not a moment later, the door opens and a tiny elf appears. It looks up at them with its massive orb like brown eyes and curtsies. "How can Poppy be of assistance this morning?" It squeaks as its large eyes focus on Harry.

"Hullo Poppy can we speak to Kreacher? Is he in there? Oh and Dobby, can I talk to Dobby too?" Harry asks.

The house elf frowns, "Dobby isn't here sir, but oh yes, Poppy will go fetch that horrid disgraceful elf Kreacher. Terrible, terrible he is oh yes." The tiny elf mutters as she disappears behind the large wooden door.

Harry mulls over what Poppy had said, why wasn't Dobby here?

Ron snorts, bring Harry back from his thoughts, "I see Kreacher's charm has won the House elves over." Hermione slaps him hard on the arm.

"Ron! You know he can't help it, he doesn't know any better."

"Come off it Hermione, he's not a child, he's a full grown House elf. He's just an old asshole,

very old, ancient really....surprised he's not a pile of dust yet to be honest...." Ron rambles before flinching and rubbing his arm crossly as Hermione hits him once more.

"You're the worst Ronald!" She huffs, then walks over to Draco who was watching the two with an amused expression. She puts a hand gently on his arm and looks up into his silver eyes. Draco tenses and inhaled sharply, the heat coming from Hermione's touch was overwhelming. He hisses through his teeth, "Hermione no." Trying to gently remind her what any sort of contact did to him and luckily she picks it up right away. She pulls her hand back with an apologetic look on her face. "Oh Draco, I'm sorry."

The large wooden door opens, cutting off any further discussion. The small elf named Poppy appears, her back to them as she's bracing herself, feet spread as she yanks hard on something that hadn't yet come into view. "Disgrace!" She's yelling as she tugs and tugs, "Master. Potter." She's shouting in between tugs, "Wants to. See you!" By now the tiny elf was quite out of breath, but she was making progress. Two small bony arms were in view and over the tiny house elf's grunts, were the mad ravings of Kreacher. "Kreacher won't, Kreacher won't! Kreacher isn't listening to anything that brat has to say."

Malfoy chortles, "Oh he's lovely, quite the charmer, this one."

The rant stops abruptly and Kreacher walks into the corridor. "Master Malfoy." He croaks in disbelief. "Master Malfoy, here with a filthy mudblood, blood traitor and the halfblood?" It seemed the ancient elf had reached his limit, his mind had been boggled. Then to everyone's amazement (except for Poppy who just rolled her massive eyes) the ancient elf threw himself onto his back and beat the floor madly as he yelled "betrayer" over and over.

Ron looked at the ranting elf in amazement, "He's completely mental....his tantrums put Ginny's to shame, that's for sure." he then looks at Harry and Hermione, eyes wide. "Don't tell her I said that."

Harry sighs and runs a hand through his untamed hair before shouting, "Kreacher shut it!" at the tantruming elf. Said elf then gives Harry his usual look of deep loathing and silenced himself. He remains on his back though, something Draco suspects is an act of defiance, and waits.

Harry pulls the fake locket from his pocket and holds it over Kreacher. "Have you seen a locket like this at Grimmauld Place?" Recognition shows in the elf's eyes and he gives a reluctant nod. Harry looks at the others, grinning before hurriedly asking Kreacher when and where. The look of loathing returns on the elf's face as he begrudgingly stands. The elf looks saddened as he answers. "He who broke my sweet Mistress's heart, Master Regulus, had it. He ordered Kreacher to destroy it but no matter how hard he tried...Kreacher couldn't." Malfoy rolled his eyes, the wretched elf was going to fight them every step of the way, he could tell. "Ok Kreacher, but where is the locket now?" He asked incredulously.

The look the elf gave to Malfoy was worse than that of Harry's, it was filled with rage, betrayal and complete and utter hatred. Malfoy was now seen as something worse than any of the others, if Bellatrix could see him now..."

"Kreacher, answer Malfoy." Harry almost shouted.

"Mundungus, Mundungus Fletcher stole the locket from Kreacher."

"That slimy son of a bitch!" Ron bellows. Mundungus had always rubbed Ron the wrong way, even though Fred and George had done business with him in the past. "Of course he has it," the ginger continues to rant. "Of all the bloody people who could have taken it, it had to be Mundungus."

Harry agreed with Ron, he was fuming, once again the locket had slipped through his fingers. Then something occurred to him, "Kreacher, if we go to Grimmauld Place, could you find Mundungus and bring him to us?"

Kreacher looks down at his gnarled feet, shuffling them back and forth but gives a tiny nod. Harry beams, "Excellent. Take us to Grimmauld Place Kreacher." The elf sighs dramatically but nods again.

"Oh and thanks for your help Poppy." Harry says quickly.

"Any time sir." Says the tiny elf as she gives him a small wave.

The group disappears with a loud crack and reappears a second later in the dark and dingy kitchen of number 12 Grimmauld Place. With another loud crack Kreacher disappears, off in search of Mundungus.

Malfoy pulls out a chair and plops down. He turns so he's facing the others and then gets comfy. He rests an arm on the large table and crosses his lean legs. "I've heard of Mundungus," he says finally. "he's not just a thief, he doesn't keep the shit he steals, he sells it."

"Ok and?" Ron says bitterly.

Draco rolls his eyes so dramatically that Ron is honestly surprised they didn't roll right out of his head before saying, "Good lord Weasley, I honestly just don't know what Granger sees in you." Ron was blushing so badly it reached his ears and Hermione had to turn away to hide her own bright red cheeks. Draco guffaws, "As I was saying, before Weasley so rudely interrupted is that Mundungus sells the things he steals. So even if we get ahold of him, he most likely won't even have the locket on him anymore." The trio remained silent. The expressions on their faces were that of defeat. They had all been so excited, they'd finally been getting somewhere, but Malfoy was right.

"Well we can just find out who he sold it to yea?"

"Weasley," Malfoy drawls. "If he rats out a customer, he'll lose that customer. Are you ready to do whatever's necessary to get the information?" The grin on the blonde's lips was mischievous, unnerving even.

Ron glared at the other, "Well we have you for that Malfoy, we all know you have no problem using the Unforgivable's."

A loud 'crack' from the other end of the kitchen signaled Kreacher's return and put a stop to all conversation. The ancient house elf was holding a short, stout and incredibly scruffy man hostage by his ear. He walked along the table top dragging the man along the ground with him. And to Harry's surprise, another house elf was with them, "Dobby?" Harry asked in confusion.

"Harry Potter sir, Dobby saw Kreacher struggling with this man sir. Dobby helped him sir." Harry grinned, he was pleased to see the elf. "Thank you Dobby." The elf gave a little bow and walked along the table behind Kreacher, he stopped dead when he saw Draco lounging at the other end. He pointed one of his long, thin fingers at the blond and began to shake madly. "Dobby is not wanting to see the young Master Malfoy, why is he here sir?" Dobby asked, covering his orb like eyes with his other hand. Harry rushed over to the elf, gently pulling his hand away from his eyes.

"Dobby, it's ok, Malfoy is working with us."

The elf looked at Harry, offering him a shaky, nervous smile and nodding his head as he sat down in the middle of the table. "Ok sir, Dobby trusts you sir."

Harry then turned his attention to Mundungus who had been silently struggling with the ancient elf, trying to get him to release his hold on the man's ear. "You." Harry said harshly. "You took a locket from here, what did you do with it?" The short man looked at Harry, his eyes shifting madly as he tried to come up with a lie. "W-what locket do you mean?" He asked nervously.

Malfoy ambled to a stand, walking over to the scruffy, greasy man. He pulled his wand from his robes and pointed it at the man's face, right between his eyes. "You know exactly which locket Potter's talking about Now tell him what he wants to know, or I'll make you." The blonde threatened. A wave of pleasure rushed through him and a tiny voice appeared in the back of his

mind, "Why wait Draco? Just curse him now, make him tell you what you want to know." The blonde's eyes widened, wand hand faltering slightly. That voice, there was only one person that voice could belong to. Malfoy shook his head, clearing his mind and refocused on the dirty man in front of him. "Now Mundungus." He ordered. The man held up his hands in surrender. "Ok! Alright! Lower your bloody wand and I'll tell you what I know."

Malfoy tilted his head slightly, eyes narrowing, doing his best to get a read on the disgusting man. Finally he lowered his wand and took a step back. "Talk."

"A woman. A woman has it. She told me she worked for the Ministry, was gunna ship me off to Azkaban until she saw the locket. She was real interested in it, told me she was taking it and then just left." His eyes widened suddenly, they were focused on a stack of papers of in the corner of the room. He pointed at them, "That's her!" He gasped. All eyes followed his finger and all four groaned in unison. It was Umbridge. Of course it was.

## Chapter 17

The trio and Malfoy sat at the end of the large table. Harry had ordered Kreacher to return Mundungus to wherever he'd fetched him from and then the elf was to return to Hogwarts. Harry had also made it incredibly and explicitly clear to the ancient elf that if he wished to remain breathing that he was to not share a single thing he'd seen or heard today with anyone. Kreacher was to act as if the entire day had never happened.

Harry then asked Dobby if he would take them all back to Hogwarts once, that is, they had finished their mission at the Ministry. Of course the elf was more than happy to do so. His eyes had been beaming rainbows at the golden boy. Malfoy was amused to say the least. Sure, house elves were bred to serve, but the tiny elf was literally beside himself at the opportunity to help the great Harry Potter.

After the grumpy elf and Mundungus had departed, and Dobby had agreed to stay, the trio and Malfoy started to come up with a plan to retrieve the locket. As the trio began debating, and Draco used that term lightly as it seemed they merely continued arguing with each other rather than find a solution, the Slytherin relaxed in his chair and simply watched. Potter suggested going to the Ministry to corner Umbridge. Not surprisingly, Ron and Hermione were against it.

"The only possible thing we can do is go to the Ministry." Harry said for the umpteenth time. Irritation was thick in his tone. Predictably, the others argued against it, as they'd done all the other times; the attempts were steadily growing weaker though. Not even Hermione could come up with a successful plan to counter Harry's plan.

Throughout all of it, Draco just sat quietly and watched as he had been. He wholeheartedly agreed with Potter. None of them knew where the toad like witch resided, but they most definitely did know where she worked. As if they could forget.

Finally though, Harry's temper got the best of him. "Ok you two, if you hate my idea that much, then give me another one." He bellowed angrily. "Come on, lets hear it, just give me one, just one idea. It would take ages to find where she lives so how the bloody hell do we catch her without missing ages of school?" The duo were silent, neither were able to come up with anything.

Harry slammed his open hand flat on the table and jumped up out of his chair. He began pacing back and forth, back and forth, his hands balled into fists. Finally Hermione spoke. "You're right Harry, it's the only way." She said gently, trying to prevent a full blown tantrum from the raven haired boy. "We need to come up with a plan though, we can't just walk into the Ministry looking like ourselves."

Draco perked up, "You're absolutely right Granger. We'll walk in looking like Ministry workers."

Hermione beamed, she knew immediately what Draco was talking about. Ron, however, had absolutely no clue and he wasn't happy about it. "What are you going on about Malfoy?" He mumbled grumpily.

"Polyjuice Potion of course." Hermione said quickly to prevent yet another argument between the duo. "All we need to do is find four Ministry workers, stun them, and take one of their hairs."

"Oh that's all huh?" Ron grumbled back.

"Oh hush Ron, we can do it. I just need to do a little research on who best to use." Hermione shot back.

Harry sat back down at the table, having calmed down from earlier. "Hermione's right, we can do it. It won't be easy, but I know we can do it." Harry then turned to Draco, "We've already missed

most of our classes for the day-“ a loud, misery filled groan from Hermione drowned out the rest of Harry’s statement and the three boys couldn’t help but snicker. Ron pat the distraught girl on the shoulder, “It’ll be alright Hermione, I’m sure they’ll let you make it all up.” Hermione glared at the ginger haired boy. “Oh shut up Ronald, that’s not the point.”

“Anyway,” said Harry, drawing Draco’s attention back to him. “I think we should just sleep here tonight and work out the rest of the plan, then go to the Ministry tomorrow. Someone at Hogwarts needs to know what we’re up to. Sadly that person is Snape and I think he’ll take it best from you.”

Draco chuckled, “Not wanting to press your luck eh Potter? Think he’ll take house points this time if you send it?”

Harry glowered. “I don’t think, I know, he’ll take house points if I send it.”

Draco’s chuckle turned into an all out guffaw as he pulled out his wand and conjured up ink, quill, and parchment. “Don’t worry Potter, I’ll keep Gryffindor safe from Snape’s wrath.” He wrote out a short letter, keeping the details to a minimum and then waved his wand once more. A dark, almost black owl appeared on the table in front of Draco and held out its leg. The blonde swiftly attached the letter to its leg. “Weasley can you open that window behind you?” Draco motioned to the window behind the red head and told the owl who the letter was for. The large bird took off with a mighty flap of its wings and Ron closed the window behind it.

He sat back down at the table and turned to Hermione who was fidgeting madly. The redhead snickered slyly and nudged the girl lightly. She froze instantly and glanced to Ron. “You’re upset you didn’t bring any school books here aren’t you.” Harry and Draco had to fight back chuckles at the devastated look on the witch’s face. “Hermione, it’ll be fine. All the teachers will understand, well except for the Carrows.” Harry said sheepishly.

Hermione cleared her throat after several minutes of silence, and three sets of eyes shifted their focus to her. She fidgeted for a moment as the spotlight turned to her. “I was thinking,” she said in her normal matter-of-fact tone. “It doesn’t really matter if the three of us use the Polyjuice Potion and get into the Ministry, but with Draco’s current condition should he really come with us?” “What? What do you mean?” Draco asked a little more harshly than he intended.

Hermione winced, and looked at the blonde. “Well I just mean that...you know...Voldemort is in your head, will he be able to, I don’t know, will he be able to sense what you’re doing?”

Draco raised an eyebrow, he hadn’t thought of that. But to his amazement, Harry spoke up. “I don’t think he will. I mean we’ve talked about, and done a lot of things that he wouldn’t want us doing. I think if he was aware of any of it he would have it more than clear to Draco that he knew.” Draco nodded, “Oh trust me, he would. I also don’t think he can actually see into my mind or through my eyes. Whatever it is he’s doing, it’s not Occlumency, trust me. He may be able to get into my dreams, show himself, and whisper to me when I’m awake, but I think it’s all one sided.”

Hermione and Ron paled. She looked at him sharply. “D-d-raco, you never told us he was talking to you and appearing randomly,” the witch whispered in a trembling voice.

Harry rubbed the back of his neck. “I knew about it. But it just happened for the first time today.” Hermione opened her mouth to continue the conversation, but a sharp look from Harry stopped her.

The golden boy turned to Draco, “You know Occlumency?”

Draco nodded, “Aunt Bellatrix was my teacher. So if that’s what Voldemort was doing I’d know it and I’d be able to keep him out. Trust me. Bella isn’t a kind or merciful teacher.” The trio all flinched, each of them having experienced Malfoy’s psychotic Aunt. To spend one on one time on keeping her out of their head...it couldn’t have been pleasant.

“Ok, well, now on to my second thought.” Hermione said, scooting forward in her seat. “It doesn’t really matter who Harry, Ron, and myself pick for the Potion but I think for you it does.” Malfoy looked at the bushy haired witch, his eyes slightly narrowed. He was trying to figure out what was running through the girl’s mind; did she want him to spy for them? That had to be it. She wanted him to find a death eater working in the Ministry and try to get information from the others. “You want me to use a Death Eater.” He said simply. Hermione’s blush was all the confirmation he needed. “So you want me to get information while you lot are going after the locket.”

“Please Draco, you’re the only one who can do it.” Hermione was right of course. He was the only one who could get away with it, because he’s one a well. He, Draco Malfoy, is a Death Eater.

The Dark Mark on his arm twinged unexpectedly and Draco wrapped his hand around it in surprise. Luckily though, it seemed the others hadn’t noticed as they were still deep into their Ministry discussion. Draco closed his silver eyes and took a deep breath in, then let it out slowly before he said, “I’ll do it.” The trio all went silent. Three pairs of eyes focused on him and only Hermione offered a weak smile. “Thank you Draco, I know this won’t be easy.”

The blonde gave her a curt nod before clearing his throat. “If we’re going to do this, I can’t be around when you grab them, if they somehow get a message.....if Voldemort were to find out I’m....” Draco felt his heart race, his breathing grew erratic, and when Hermione’s hand shot out to grasp his, he couldn’t help but jump slightly. “Don’t worry Draco, you won’t be around when we do it. But do you know anyone? Is there someone you have in mind?” She asked quietly, the reassurance and gentleness in her voice working wonders on the blonde.

He inhaled sharply, how could he be this weak? He scowled at the witch and yanked his hand away. Hermione rolled her eyes, she wasn’t upset by his actions in the slightest. She knew he had to save face, for his own sake. In his mind he was showing them weakness by appearing scared, even though the trio knew he was far from weak. Once he composed himself, he answered.

“Yea,” he said firmly, “I know exactly who you need to get. Corban Yaxley, he should be the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement by now. That was their plan anyway. He takes over that department and then they’d make Thicknesse the Minister of Magic.”

Ron made a noise that could only be described as a garbled groan and dropped his head on the table with a ‘thump’. “Thicknesse is a Death Eater?” He asked, his voice muffled by the table.

Malfoy scoffed, “No you buffoon, he’s under an Imperius.” Draco’s eyebrows scrunched, head tilting to the side slightly. “That could be an issue actually, now that I think about it.”

Hermione and Harry both looked at Malfoy but it was Harry who questioned him. “Why?”

“Because it’s Yaxley who cast it on him. I don’t know what will happen when I take on his appearance briefly. I’m assuming we will be fine since the real Yaxley will still be alive, but I should probably go check that out just to make sure.”

Ron lifted his head from the table scowling at the blond. “Yea, we know you have no trouble using the Imperius Curse.”

Draco gave Ron a scowl of his own, “Are we still on this Weasley? I only did what was necessary to survive. Do you honestly think I’d still be alive if I hadn’t done all those things? Look what happened to me when I hesitated to kill Dumbledore. I hesitated! I didn’t refuse and look what bloody happened to me.” Draco slammed his open palms on the table. He was livid at the red head. If Weasley’s head was any thicker he’d literally be a troll. However, it looked like his words had gotten through as Ron had turned a bright shade of pink and wasn’t meeting Draco’s silver eyes.

Hermione cleared her throat with an obnoxiously familiar “hhehm hemm.” It was so close to Umbridge’s own throat clearing noise that it gave Ginny a run for her money. The angered boys

slowly cast their attention on the witch. "The bickering solves nothing." Ron opened his mouth but Hermione raised her hand.

The witch's eyes were swimming with ferocity but the deep furrow in her brow enhanced her sad frown. Draco didn't know which emotion made the Weasel pause in his snappy retort. But he heeded the witch's gesture for quiet and Ron looked down at the table in defeat. "We know the things Malfoy has done Ron, and they were terrible, but they're in the past and they need to stay there. Constantly bringing them up does nothing except cause an argument and waste time." Hermione was silent after that. Hell, they all were. And they continued to be as she wiped a couple angry tears from her cheeks then looked at Draco expectantly.

A small, embarrassed smile flashes across her lips when she sees the happy expression on Draco's face. She blushes slightly and looks down at the table. She could tell he was thankful for what she had said. Draco was beyond impressed with the girl, impressed and grateful. Hermione stood up to Weasley, put him in his place and more importantly, she'd defended Draco. He'd always respected Granger, her intelligence alone demanded it, however her loyalty to her friends was the other reason. She was fierce against her friend's enemies and loved the boys relentlessly, even with her blood status being used against her. And now, the fact that she'd stood up for Draco, against Weasley no less, made him respect her that much more.

Finally Harry returned the conversation to its original point. "If you're Yaxley then you should have no problem getting to the Minister right?" Harry asked, ignoring the loud 'thump' that was Ron's head hitting the table again. However, the thump was accompanied by an obnoxiously loud but genuine yawn. The red head was tired, Harry couldn't blame him, he was exhausted himself, having gotten no sleep the night before.

Draco nodded, stifling a yawn of his own as best he could. "I'm almost positive it'll hold though, as Weasley felt the need to mention earlier, I've used the Imperius and I held it for most of the school year. If it held while I was sleeping then I don't see why Yaxley being unconscious for an hour would break it. My only concern was if my Polyjuiced appearance as Yaxley would factor in. However I believe it won't."

"I agree Malfoy," Said Hermione. "however it won't hurt to check. After that though, you should find out what you can."

"I know for a fact that Travers and Selwyn are there, maybe Avery, Dolohov and Rowle as well. I know they were punished for not being able to get to you Potter, Dolohov and Rowle I mean so Voldemort might have them there so he doesn't have to deal with them." Malfoy yawned again, bloody hell he was tired.

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his already untidy hair making it look like he had a severe case of bed head. He looked at each of them, noticing the obvious exhaustion on each of their faces. "I think we should call it a night. It won't do us any good to keep working things out tonight." The others knew he was right, so they all mumbled their agreement. There was a loud scraping noise as four chairs were pushed backwards away from the large wooden table. The group all stood, bleary eyes not really focusing on anything as they all made their way up the rickety old staircase to the second floor.

Harry went to the room that had occupied Fred and George the summer before their fifth year, hoping desperately for at least some decently clean sheets. He opened the door and his arm immediately went up to cover his nose. The room was pitch black but the smell of death was so strong he knew the darkness was a blessing. "A gift from Kreacher I'm guessing." Said Draco, walking up behind Harry. He too put a robed sleeve over his nose as he peered into the dark room over Harry's shoulder.

Harry made a very unhappy face and yanked the door closed. "If I could kill him without

Hermione finding out I would.” He said darkly.

Malfoy chuckled. “You know what Potter, I believe you.” He spun around, gazing at the bedroom door across the hall. “Dare we investigate?” But before they could take a step to check the safety of the next room, a loud feminine shriek from the hall around the corner answered Malfoy's question. It seemed they'd all be sleeping on the floor in the sitting room tonight.

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Some time later, and only after Draco and Hermione had made several plushy pillows and fuzzy blankets appear; Harry, Ron, and Draco are laid out on the floor. Meanwhile Hermione had staked a claim to the only piece of furniture big enough for someone to lay on. Though Ron had given her a dark look, she merely gave him a perked brow of challenge and the redhead backed down.

The three boys have spread out as much as they possibly could of course, meaning they managed to be laying shoulder to shoulder instead of on top of each other. Draco and Ron had struggled for several minutes, shoulders bashing into each other as they bellowed for the other to move until finally Harry had shouted “enough!” and laid down in between them.

The four of them lay in a thick silence, each of them exhausted but finding it completely impossible to sleep. Their minds were still too full from their day. Finally though, the silence was broken by Ron. “So when we were at the Ministry of Magic and that group of Death Eaters appeared, they flew down in these weird swirls of black smoke right.”

Harry snorted into his pillow, “Ron.” He warned, knowing how Draco disliked talking about being a Death Eater.

Draco's silver eyes popped open, “Yes Weasley, is there an actual question somewhere in there that I am able to answer?”

Ron sputtered slightly, “Yea well, I mean, well the other Death Eaters can do it right, but can you do it? And what exactly is it?”

Draco sighed, “Yes Weasley, after I got the Dark Mark and was able to apparate it would happen every time. I'm not exactly sure why it happens but I sort of turn into black smoke until I end up at the location I apparated too.

“Oh...” there was disappointment in the red heads voice and Draco couldn't help but chuckle.

“Did you think we could fly as a ball of smoke Weasley?” Ron was thankful for the darkness in the room because the blush that took over his face went all the way to his ears. “Kind of I guess, yea. That's honestly what it looked like Malfoy.”

Hermione made a noise of disapproval, “Honestly Ron do you listen to anything I say? You're a pure blood wizard you should know we can't fly unless we have brooms.”

Draco chuckled, but it ended quickly as Ron had another question.

“The masks they wear, they're all different so are they made specially for that Death Eater? Do you have one too?” His voice was quiet, hesitant. Clearly he could tell he was on thin ice with the blonde. But Draco was calm, content, in a good mood for once so he decided to indulge the ginger. “Yes, each of us gets our own mask when we get the mark. I have my own but I haven't worn it yet.” Draco was nervous, throughout all of this, Potter hadn't said a word besides his warning. Did he hate him for it? Honestly Draco couldn't blame him if he did. He was a part of the evil that killed the boy's parents. He worked for the man responsible. And even more damning, the Slytherin had a direct link to the Dark Lord.

Draco rubbed his hands down his face. All of this was too much. He wanted out. Thankfully though, it was quiet after that, and eventually, Draco fell asleep. He didn't dream. Instead, he found himself in a colorless void, floating in the abyss. At first, it seemed comfortable. But then, a harsh voice filled his mind, spitting words like a viper. “I will always find you Draco. I can make things as painful or painless as I deem worthy, depending on your willingness to obey. Bring me

the boy.”

The darkness was closing in, tamping out his senses. Suddenly, Draco couldn't breathe. Thin, skeleton like fingers were wrapped around his throat. He could feel them pressing deep against his esophagus. Wicked nails were leaving biting crescents in Draco's skin. The blonde was gasping, jerking against the relentless hold. His hands went up to his neck, they wrapped around the hand, and fought to remove it. His finger clawed and tugged, trying desperately to pry it loose but it wouldn't budge. He was twitching, spasming, vision going white. Draco couldn't fill his lungs. He was dying.

Then suddenly he wasn't. The quiet creak of the house settling pounded against his ears. The must of closed home and the sweet floral scent of Granger's perfume tickled his nostrils. The softness of the blankets were wrapped tightly against his legs. Draco took in a few deep, shaky breathes with his eyes still firmly closed. But soon, the darkness started making him edgy and he could feel panic rising up to destroy his mind.

His eyes flew open and he shot upright gulping in air like his life depended on it, because it did. His head flew from side to side, three sets of worried eyes were trained on him.

“Draco, bloody hell, what's wrong with you?” Ron asked, his voice sounded angry but his eyes were filled with concern.

“What do you mean Weasley?” Draco snapped.

“You were choking yourself.” Hermione whispered.

Draco gulped as the odd pain in his hands were from straining to kill himself even as his subconscious tried to stop it. What the bloody hell was going on?

Chapter 18

The group put the finishing touches on their plan to retrieve the locket during a simple breakfast of eggs and toast. Ron insisted that the easiest way to get to the Ministry would be to apparate to the telephone booth they'd used in their fifth year. Draco was sure the red head just wanted to see him turn into black smoke when he apparated, but Weasley was also correct, even though Draco would never admit it. He rolled his eyes, "Weasley, that's not how Ministry workers get in. The booth is for guests, we can't use it without announcing ourselves to the entire Ministry of Magic. You'll have to get in the way all the other employees do, though the method has been changed for most of the workers." The trio raised their eyebrows in confused unison, making Draco chuckle. He flashed an amused smirk at the trio. "Don't worry, you'll see soon enough." The blonde was almost disappointed he wouldn't get the chance to see the Weasel using the new entrance, it was almost worth getting caught, almost.

The four magicked their plates into the sink, and were getting ready to leave when Hermione pulled the blonde aside. "I know you don't like talking about this, but we need to stay hidden, inconspicuous."

"I'm aware Granger."

"W-well you said you turn into that black smoke when you apparate," Hermione said nervously. She had no idea what kind of mood the blonde was going to be in after what happened that morning. "it would be pretty noticeable if a cloud of black smoke went flying through the air and landed on the sidewalk."

Draco inhaled through his nose, nostrils flaring. He knew the witch was trying to be sensitive but he didn't need her to walk on egg shells around him. "You're right Granger, I can apparate to the abandoned building down the street from the Ministry. That would probably also be the best place to leave the bodies of the Ministry workers. It was used by the lower ranking members some time ago. Well it was until the Dark Lord took over the Ministry." Hermione nods. She felt better knowing Draco had a solution, as she had a strong feeling he wouldn't be to happy if he had to be a side-along.

"How would you know about it then Malfoy?" Ron asked, his voice harsh and judgmental.

"When I was younger my dad would take me to it. We'd make fun of the witches and wizards who had to get to the Ministry that way. It was funny, watching the lower class lining up and waiting to get in. I think your dad was one of them, right Weasley?"

Ron crossed the room far faster than Draco thought possible. The red head grabbed Draco's robes in both hands and yanked him forward till their noses were mere inches apart. "Do not. Talk about. My father." Ron's voice was deadly, an edge and tone to it Malfoy had never heard before. The blonde yanked his robes free from Ron's grasp and took several steps back, teeth bared. He wiped at his robes, attempting to get the wrinkles out, his silver orbs flashing dangerously and narrowing into silver slits as he glared at Ron. "Alright Weasel, I won't, as long as you don't put your filthy hands on me, ever again." He didn't want to acknowledge the rush of pleasure that Weasleys contact had cause him. It was disgusting, disgraceful and he'd liked it.

The trio knew that was as close to an apology as Ron was going to get. So to Harry and Hermione's amazement, Ron let it go. Their amazement increased even more at Draco's next words.

"I know you want to see me apparate Weasley. You lot go first, get into the building and I'll apparate to it. I'll give you five minutes before I go."

The trio nodded, albeit Ron looked a bit pink around his ears at Draco's remark. Harry turned to

the others. They had already discussed their meeting point. They were splitting up on the apparition points. Hermione had protested, afraid of leaving her boys to their own devices, however Harry had pointed out something very important. It was easier to recognize them all together than apart. Ron had calmed Hermione by interjecting with the suggestion of their points being within minutes apart of not only each other but the meeting point. "Remember the plan," Harry said sternly. His friends nodded and they looked to Draco. "Five minutes," the blonde repeated. With curt nods, they turned on their heels. The Slytherin let out a deep sigh and rubbed the back of his neck. He was bloody tired but he had promised to help the trio. Draco wouldn't go back on his word; so when the five minutes were up he mentally braced himself and turned on his heel to meet the Gryffindors.

Black smoke encircled Draco's body before he felt himself swirl into the nothingness of the midnight plumes, shooting up through Grimmauld Place, and into the sky. He knew how it looked, knew that if anyone was watching the sky he'd be seen. If there was a way for him to apparate like the others, Draco would take it over this any day.

He was nearing the building, his body was nothing but an amorphous spear of smoke. He went through the building, stabbing into the ground and suddenly taking form amongst tendrils of thick acrid black. The trio jumped back as he spun on the spot, the tendrils appearing to form into his robes.

"Bloody hell Malfoy." Weasley breathed. "It's nice getting to see that and not having to worry about my impending doom. Fantastic actually."

Malfoy chuckled, at least someone was enjoying it. He turned to Hermione, trusting she would have some idea of what the next step would be.

The witch opened her tiny bag and pulled out a shimmering cloak. She passed it to Malfoy, "This is Harry's invisibility cloak. You'll wear it until we can find Yaxley." She then walked to the door, opening it slightly and peeking out for a brief moment. "Now I've done some research, the best people for us to grab are Mafalda Hopkirk, Reginald Cattermole and Albert Runcorn." Ron's mouth dropped open, "Christ Hermione, I thought you were joking. How could you possibly have had time to do research?"

Instead of replying, Hermione opened the door once again, this time though it was enough for her to step out. "*Stupify!*" She said firmly and the boys heard a body hit the ground. Harry rushed over to help as he heard Hermione grunt as she struggled to pull said body into the room.

The woman, to Draco's immense pleasure is what Hermione would no doubt look like as an adult. He chortled, "Mafalda Hopkirk I presume." His laughter intensified at the look of guilt he received from Granger. "You know what position she holds at the Ministry yes? She's Commander-in-Chief of the Improper Use of Magic Office. Well she was, I'm pretty sure she's been demoted. Ironic isn't it Granger." Harry and Ron sniggered at this until Hermione shot them both an icy glare. Ron cleared his throat, "Oy, who do I get then? Cattermole or Runcorn?"

Draco knew instantly that it would be Cattermole. He'd seen the man once before and was certain appearance had influenced Granger's choices. "Cattermole." Draco said casually. Hermione blushed but nodded in confirmation. She then rushed back to the door, peeking out once again. She stayed that way for several minutes before pulling her wand from her pocket and opening the door wide. Another body hit the ground and was immediately pulled inside by Harry. "This is Albert Runcorn. Harry, he's yours." Hermione said peeking her head out for a third time and ignoring the disapproving noise from Ron, who'd no doubt figured out the method to Hermione's selection.

Once Cattermole had been stunned and pulled into the room, the trio changed into the appropriate clothes and each plucked a hair from their selected Ministry worker. Hermione pulled out three jars of the muddy looking potion and handed one to Harry and one Ron. The lids were removed,

hairs added, and with a cheers the trio drank the disgusting contents. The empty jars hit the ground, shattering instantly as pain and nausea took over each of them. Hermione's face was scrunched, a bubbling hand went to her mouth as if she was about to vomit and was trying to hold it in. Ron on the other hand had turned an astonishing shade of green and Draco felt the need to take several steps back. The last thing he needed was Weasley projectile vomiting all over him. Draco continued to watch curiously as skin bubbled, bodies grew wider or taller, and age increased on the three faces. He couldn't help but laugh at Ron. Cattermole had a particularly intense mustache, seriously, it was a fuck of a mustache. Once the transformation was complete, he looked at each of them with amusement on his face. "That looked terribly unpleasant." Harry only snarled at him in response.

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Hermione took Draco with her as Harry had to find the locket and Ron unfortunately had to enter the Ministry with the other lower ranking members. The new form of entry, to his dismay was through a toilet. He stepped into the bowl, feet hitting the water as he cursed Malfoy for all he's worth and pulled the chain. The toilet flushes, water spinning, and taking Ron with it. He appears in one of the many fireplaces in the massive Atrium of the Ministry. His eyes go wide as he looked around, it was much darker now, sure Ron had been to the Ministry before, but for some reason it felt different this time. Where there was once an impressive golden fountain, now sat a dark black stone statue. He approached it and his eyes go wide in horror, wizards sat on fancily carved thrones, looking down at the Ministry workers. But the worst part was what the thrones actually were. Bodies, humans, hundreds of naked men, women and children.

The ginger immediately notices Harry and Hermione standing awkwardly off to the side looking incredibly lost. Hermione's eyes catch his and then they tilt to her right, alerting Ron to Malfoy's location. Ron ambles over to them, nodding in greeting. He was thankful that all the Ministry workers in the large Atrium paid them no mind, he may have Cattermole's appearance, but he honestly had no idea what the man even did. "Alright then, lets get to work." He said, keeping his head down, doing his best to attract no attention. They walk to the elevator, Hermione moving in beside him, "The statue, it's horrid isn't it. Muggles in their rightful place." She spits venomously. They step inside the lift, Malfoy picks a corner and lets Hermione know where he is with a light tap on her arm. He was grateful for the cloak, he knew full well the others would have asked for his input on the statue.

The doors were closing when an arm flies out to catch it, causing the doors to open once more. A tall, thin man walks in. His hair was pulled back in a long ponytail. It was straight and a shade of light blond almost identical to Malfoy's. The man smirked evilly at Ron, the glint in his eyes was mischievous, malicious even.

"Cattermole, it's still raining in my office."

Ron swallows thickly. "I'm sorry." He says, lacking a better response. Malfoy has to hold back a snort.

"I just thought you'd be more motivated to make it stop, considering I'm on my way down to question your wife." The man says threateningly.

Ron squeaks. "R-right, I'll uh, I'll get right on that." The man turns to the front, his back thankfully, now to the group as he continued to speak, "If my wife were accused of being a Mudblood- not that any woman I married would ever be mistaken for such filth- and the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement needed a job doing-"

Malfoy realizes then, the others don't know who the man is. He nudges Hermione who leans into him as subtly as she can. "Yaxley." He breathes in her ear. Hermione tenses, elbowing Harry in the ribs, and points to the man. She mouths "Yaxley." And then does the same to Ron. She clears her throat, "Corban, I was hoping I could have a word with you. Uh, before you go start the

questioning.” Yaxley turns to her, his expression curious. “Well of course Mafalda, we can go to my office. Maybe you can stop it from raining and save Cattermole the embarrassment of being a complete failure, and his wife....from a life sentence in Azkaban.”

Harry’s hands balled into fists, it felt like he was standing in the lift with the elder Malfoy. The expression on his face was murderous, the only thing keeping him from attacking the man was Hermione’s hand on his wrist. He wanted to hurt the man, the locket be damned. The lift stops and the doors open. The same voice as always announces overhead, “Level two, Department of Magical Law Enforcement, including the Improper Use of Magic Office, Auror Headquarters, and Wizengamot Administration Services.” Yaxley gets off, causing Harry’s murderous rage to dissipate, followed by Ron and then a small wide, toadlike woman gets on. She wore a hideously pink set of robes, frizzy hair topped by an obnoxious little bow, and around her neck is the locket. “Umbridge.” Harry growls under his breath, the rage returning with a vengeance.

Hermione gives him a look of warning before stepping forward. The small witch clears her throat in a way that makes Harry’s hackles raise in extreme irritation, he thinks he hears a chuckle from the corner opposite him, Draco was enjoying this far too much. Hermione turns, features perfectly schooled in a mask of polite question. But the boys could see the defiant glint brining through the witch’s polyjuiced appearance. “Mafalda dear, this isn’t your floor.” Hermione turns her confused frown to a strained smile. And Merlin is it a smile that looked almost painful to hold.

Malfoy catches her knowing glance to his hidden corner. She motions to Yaxley, smile still firmly in place. “I’m quite aware of that Delores. I am going to take a look at the rain in Corban’s office.” She tries not to react when she feels Malfoy brush past her. “We want to get that cleared up before he starts the questioning.”

Umbridge giggles, “Oh, of course! We are starting the interrogation on the Cattermole woman soon, Mary I think was her name.” There was a threat behind her words that caused Ron to go pale. “We wouldn’t want there to be anything to hold against her, right Reginald?” She said cheerfully, stepping aside so a tall, thin witch could get on the lift. Ron nodded, words clearly failing him. Malfoy couldn’t get enough of the struggling red head, it was honestly like his birthday had come early. Before the lift doors close, all the way though Umbridge speaks. “Mafalda dear, when you’re done with that, come down to the courtrooms, I’ll need your record-keeping skills again.” Harry saw Hermione’s anxious face as the doors slid completely closed, leaving him, the new female witch and Umbridge still inside. Ron and Hermione share a concerned look. Was Harry going to be able to keep his anger in check? Or was he going to kill the woman before they reached their appropriate floor? They saw his eyes twitching as the random witch had joined them on the lift, he wanted to be alone with Umbridge and that was a scary thought.

Malfoy, Ron, and Hermione follow Yaxley. The severity and danger of what they were about to do was causing their faces to remain blank. They turn several corners, few other Ministry workers were present, a small miracle Draco thought. He looked out the many windows, the sky’s were dark, clouds almost black. He knew they were underground, that the windows were enchanted, but it still made him feel better, that he wasn’t trapped. They reach Yaxley’s office and while the door was closed, they could hear the sound of rain drops hitting the surfaces within. Ron couldn’t help but jump when a loud boom of thunder filled the hallway. Yaxley swore and yanked the door open. His back was to the group and that’s when Hermione made her move. “*Stupify!*” Yaxley hit the floor. “Ron, keep him away from the rain please. Malfoy will need his clothes.” She said, pointing her wand at the downpour. She mumbled a few spells as Ron began to undress the unconscious death eater.

The rain slowed to a slight drizzle and Hermione sighed. “I think that’s as good as I can get it.” Ron pulled Yaxley into the office, while Hermione and Draco waited for him right outside. Ron quickly hid him behind the massive desk, but the light drizzle, was still dampening the clothes and

his ginger hair was slowly flattening to his skull. "Get one of his hairs Weasley," Draco said as he pulled off the cloak. He passed it to Hermione who stuffed it into her bag, and then pulled out the last jar of potion.

Malfoy changed quickly into Yaxley's damp clothes and ran a drying spell over them after handing Hermione his own clothing. Weasley stepped from the office looking like a wet pumpkin and passed a long, light hair to Hermione who immediately placed it into the potion. She held out the jar to Malfoy who drank its contents in one go. Thank Merlin for that, because it was the most dreadful tasting brew he'd ever consumed.

Draco groaned, immediately bending at the waist while clutching his stomach. As pain overtook him, the Slytherin felt the jar slipping from his grasp. Hermione squeaked and waved her wand, causing the jar to fly into her outstretched hand. She screwed the lid back on and dropped it into her bag. Hermione put a sympathetic hand on Malfoy's back, feeling the bubbling of skin, and the shifting of his muscles and bone through the material. Draco let out another long groan, this time though, it was laced with something else. The pleasure from the contact made his whole body tingle. His arm flies out, hand smacking the wall making Hermione jump back.

His hair was lengthening before their eyes. Even in a painful haze, the blonde desperately raked at the wild strands, determined to have it look presentable. With a light nudge to her arm Ron passed the weird hair clip Yaxley used to Hermione. She gave him a questioning look. "You do it, I don't want that kind of reaction focused on me." He said simply. Hermione rolled her eyes but took the clip. Gently, she fixed Malfoy's hair as best she could.

Malfoy hit the wall with his hand once more, then stood, rolling his neck, and fixing his clothes. "That was terrible," he breathed. Draco gave his new robes one last brush off before he pulled out his wand and waved it at the office door. They heard the click as it was locked and he made his way down the hall. "I should get down to Umbridge, I guarantee the other Death Eaters will be down there as well." Hermione and Ron followed.

"You saw it right?" Ron questioned. "Umbridge was wearing the locket." Draco and Hermione nodded. "Do you think she knows what it is?"

Malfoy shook his head. "No, there's no way she knows. None of the Death Eaters even know about the Horcruxes. Snape knows of course, but that's because of Dumbledore. All the Death Eaters know is that Voldemort is cheating death, somehow." Ron and Hermione both shiver, they knew how a Horcrux was made; all about the dark magic and murder required to create one.

They walk in silence for a moment, before Draco spoke up again. "My mother knows though," said Draco quietly, "she figured it all out. Kreacher told her. He also didn't know very much but it was enough."

"Malfoy, have you known all of this the whole time?" Ron asked harshly, he couldn't believe the ferret had kept things from them. "What else aren't you telling us?"

"There's quite a lot I'm not telling you Weasley," Draco drawls, his sneer looking right at home on Yaxley's face. "but very little of it pertains to the Horcruxes." Ron splutters, words failing him once again and Draco smiles. He turns to Hermione and sees she's bowed her head trying to keep the grin on her lips hidden from the angry red head.

When they reached the lifts, the doors opened and the three walked in. "I think you should go check on Thicknesse, Weasley."

Ron scoffed. "Why would I be the one to do that?"

Malfoy rolled his eyes, "Because Weasley, I'm going down to question your wife and there's no way you'll be allowed to join me."

Ron paled. "Oh god that's right. My poor wife, my poor Mary."

"Honestly Ron, you don't have a wife." Hermione snapped. "I'll go with you to check on

Thicknesse, I have no business being involved in the interrogations either.” Malfoy knew that wasn’t true, she just didn’t want to be near the courtrooms. The blonde couldn’t blame her though, she was muggleborn.

Malfoy pushed the button for the Ministers floor for the duo, and walked out of the elevator. Ron and Hermione looked up as the Slytherin paused at the doors. “When you’re done, you know where to go, it’ll be about time for the potion to wear off, we should be together. And be careful.” The others nod as the doors slide closed. Draco walks over to the next lift that was on its way down. With a press of the button, it pauses in its downward journey and Draco stroll in right as the doors open. Leaning against the back wall was a man, a familiar death eater. The man looks up, his expression sharpening just slightly in respect instead of the bored contempt usually blanketing it. He hits the number nine button furiously, only to realized it was already lit. Seems they were heading to the same place.

Malfoy is seething at being stuck in the lift with the man. He'd been present when the Dark Lord had punished Draco. He had heard the man's raucous laughter. So even as the blonde seethes with barely co trolled rage, he knows he can’t show it. Draco nods politely at the man, “Travers,” he greets coldly. The man straightens as his superior acknowledges him. "Yaxely," he says with a curt nod. Travers smirked. “Did you get that muggle lover to fix your office yet?” he asks. Draco feels his brow scrunch for a moment. What in Merlin's name did Travers mean? Shamefully, it takes Malfoy a minute to put together what the death eater means. His first thought is Weasley himself. Draco, of course, had always maintained that about the ginger in school. But then he realized Travers had no reason to suspect Weasley. But why would he say that? Cattermole wasn’t a Weasley....then it hit Draco; the elder deather meant Cattermole's wife. Travers was calling the wife a muggle because she was muggleborn.

Malfoy was pure blood and of course believed muggleborns were lesser, it’s how he was raised. But deep down, he knew Azkaban wasn’t the answer for the poor woman. For anyone to be blatantly honest. The place was worse than a death sentence. What Voldemort was doing wasn’t right. Draco knew had to play the part so Malfoy barks out a laugh, “He got it down to a light drizzle, so I say he’s saved his wife from a life sentence. Let’s give her oh...thirty years in Azkaban.”

Travers guffaws loudly, slapping a hand on Malfoy’s arm as he wipes a tear from his eye. The blonde bared his teeth at the contact and his body shivered but Travers was laughing to hard to notice. “That muggleborn bitch is done for!” He says in an unsteady voice between his laughter. It was so loud it was making Malfoy’s eye twitch. He found himself counting down the seconds until the doors opened. He needed out! Draco took a couple steps forward away from the obnoxious man. He wanted, no he needed, to put as much space between himself and Travers as possible. But when the doors opened to the Department of Mysteries, Travers was right behind him. They walked down the darkened corridor, it’s walls blank and void of any windows or doors; except for the one black door set at the very end of the hall. They passed the door, heading left to the opening that held the steps to the second corridor that always reminded Malfoy of the dungeons at Hogwarts.

“That Umbridge woman, she’s somethin isn’t she? The Dark Lord should really make her one of us eh?” Said Yaxley as they passed the wooden doors of various courtrooms. Malfoy stopped dead, whirling on the other man, and his hand instinctively wrapping around his wand. That bitch a death eater? She would cause more mayhem than his aunt. Just the suggestion thinned his control on the anger boiling inside him. But something stopped him. Travers was clearly in a talking mood, so Draco wondered what else would he be willing to share. He smoothed his expression and cleared his throat. “I’m honestly surprised he hasn’t, he must know about her, what’s keeping him busy?”

Travers gave a nervous chuckle and looked at Draco in confusion. "Same thing that's been keeping him busy since the old man took a dive off the Astronomy tower. Ministry stuff messing with you Yaxley? You should know this." Travers flicked his gaze away at the sharp look on Yaxley's face. Malfoy laughed coolly, "I'm only running the Ministry for Magic Travers, not to mention controlling our new Minister." He glared at the other.

Travers held up his hands in surrender, "You're right of course. Sorry Yaxley." The blonde started walking again, Travers hot on his heels. "The Malfoy boy, he's obsessed with him. Most of us have no idea why, Bella knows of course, Snape and the Carrows but the rest of us uh..." Malfoy's eyes shifted to the other, "Do you doubt the Dark Lord Travers?"

The man swallowed thickly, "No! No of course not, we've heard rumors though, that the Dark Lord did something to him." Malfoy pressed when the elder paused, fear and revulsion coating his face. "Did what?" Travers shivered. "Some sort of dark magic that will end up taking over the boy's mind, making him mad. Madder than Mad-Eye Moody ever was.. I'd hate to be him. Glad it isn't me. Rumor has it the boy will end up delivering Potter to the Dark Lord."

"What if he doesn't?" Malfoy asked sharply

"That's the thing," replied Travers with a shrug, "there's no 'if'. He's going to bring the boy to the Dark Lord."

Malfoy's hands were balled so tightly his nails were cutting into his palms. "There has to be a back up plan, something in case things go wrong. The Dark Lord isn't one for taking chances."

"Of course there is." Travers nodded. After a few moments of silence he continued after an expectant look from the other. "Rumor is that he fed whatever it is to the snake." Malfoy paled, but Travers wasn't done. "Snape was furious when he found out."

Malfoy froze, every vein in his body turning to ice. Travers continued walking until he nearly ran into Yaxley. Turning to the surprised Death Eater, Draco let out a snarl. "What did you say?"

Travers jumped back. "J-just that Snape was furious, it took him months to make whatever it was and then Voldemort gave it to the snake." Malfoy was beyond angry. He was livid. His whole body was vibrating in rage. Snape made the cure, it took him months to make it, which meant the potions master knew all along. Snape knew this was going to happen the whole time and never said a word. That begged the question: Did he help make the potion that did this to the blonde as well? Draco rolled his neck, that didn't even matter now, the damage was already done. Snape had betrayed him. Draco took a deep breath, "Thank you Travers, you've been helpful." Said Draco icily. The other man nodded, uncertainty in his eyes. "We uh, we should get to the interrogations, Umbridge will be expecting us." Malfoy nodded, holding out an arm to signal Travers to lead the way.

The man took a hesitant step forward, his unease more than clear to Malfoy. And he had every right to be uneasy. Once his back was facing the blonde, Draco pulled out his wand and pointed it at the others back. "*Avada Kedavra*," he snarled viciously, a jet of green light shooting from the end of his wand. Travers hit the ground, dead before his body even made contact with the stone floor.

## Chapter 19

### Chapter Summary

Sorry for the late edit lovelies, enjoy!

Malfoy's eyes grew wide, "Fuck!" He hissed under his breath. What the fuck had he done? His chest was heaving, breathing uneven and harsh. His eyes were wide and wild with disbelief and horror. Had he really just killed Travers? The evidence was right in front of him but he still couldn't believe he'd done it. This was the first time he'd used that spell, the killing curse. He didn't think himself capable. Even if he did cast it before, for example when he had been tasked to kill Dumbledore, Draco didn't think it would work. Bellatrix had always told him that to use the killing curse, you had to mean it. Of course that was how it was with all of the Unforgiveables. You needed to mean it. But as he stared down at the lifeless body, Draco realized something. He was proud of himself. Draco had enjoyed killing this man. Hearing everything Travers had revealed made Draco's mind go right back to the day his torture began. Travers's raucous laughter had filled the blonde's mind. He felt the humiliation drowning him yet the anger buoyed him. The ringing of Travers's laughter, of all their laughter, had filled his eardrums and all he had wanted for it to stop. Permanently. The power he felt exacting revenge against one of the men that had enjoyed the blonde's humiliation, Merlin it was euphoric and he wanted to feel it again. The blonde had truly meant it, he wanted Travers dead, and he'd do it again.

A warm, tingling, pleasant sensation traveled through him then, making him shiver and his cock harden. The pain that had wracked his bones was gone, leaving him in a blinding state of bliss. Draco stumbled over to the stone wall, sagging against it as his eyes threatened to roll from the pleasure. Was this how the muggles felt when they did the drugs they were so fond of? Blaise had told him about them once, but a pureblood such as himself would never stoop so low to explore them and find out if Blaise's words rang true. The Slytherin's body felt light, mind blissfully blank of stress, and Merlin he could feel his cock slick with pre-come. But even now, he could not escape the truth of his situation. The voice that filled his mind made his stomach drop, the toast from breakfast was threatening to make a second appearance. *"Embrace your dark side Draco. This feeling is not one to fight. Continue this path and you will always feel this power. You will feel this pleasure."*

Panic sliced through the euphoria. The words were a reminder, one that showed how easily Draco could fall into the same path the Dark Lord had, like all the Death Eater's had. Draco's hands hit the wall, "No!" He pushed that feeling, that thought from his mind, and tried his best not to think about how difficult it was to do. He took a deep breath, pushing everything from his mind except for finding a place for the body and then finding Umbridge. The trio was still counting on him. He had to focus.

Malfoy waved his wand at Travers, the body lifting off the ground and slowly making its way over to him. He looked around in frustration. There had to be a broom closet, something around here for him to put the body in. He opened several doors, making his way down the hall growing more and more agitated as he went. Travers was floating along behind him, his head bobbing and hitting the walls as it followed slowly behind him. Draco was quickly closing in on the room he knew held Umbridge, he couldn't believe his luck so far but knew the closer he got, the more likely it would be that he ran into someone. Finally though, he found an empty closet that would work perfectly for hiding Travers. He waved his wand, sending the body flying into the small

room. he closed the door quickly and locked it with a tap of his wand on the knob.

Malfoy cast a tempest, cursing when he realized he was down to twenty minutes. He took a sharp left, his steps faltering as he reached the hallway that held the court rooms. A couple wizards were walking into a room at the very end of the hall, but others were corralled against the far wall by a swarm of Dementors. The blonde paled, as he drew closer and closer to the horde of black cloaked figures he felt all happiness and energy drain from his body. The dread and impending doom that took over was so thick he swore he could taste it. The hooded figures all raised their heads in unison as he passed but didn't make a move toward him. It was almost as if they knew, knew that something wasn't right with the man in front of them.

Hurrying towards the door, Draco slides in right before it closed, his eyes scanning the stadium style benches, stopping only briefly when he reached Umbridge who of course was sitting in the middle. There were several more Dementors in the small courtroom, radiating cold despair to all those around. Malfoy's eyes then landed on the large, silver, long haired cat prowling up and down at the foot of the podium. He wanted to curse the toad like woman where she stood, of course she was using a Patronus to keep the prosecutors protected from the effects of the Dementors. The blonde was sure it belonged to Umbridge. How could it not be? Especially after his mind flashed back to an image of the horrid little woman's office back in fifth year. In that moment, he knew then that before this was all over, before Draco met whatever fate he was destined too, by Voldemort's hand or the Ministry's, Draco Malfoy would kill Umbridge.

Draco looked up at the woman once more, despite wanting to look anywhere but at the toad. Her look of overwhelming authority made Draco gnash his teeth. He hated the witch, even in fifth year he had nothing but hate for her. But here, here she was worse, she was Judge, Jury, and Executioner for all the muggleborns. Her position behind the tall podium, elevated above everything else in the room made her appear almost godly, something the woman most definitely wasn't. Her beady eyes, currently focused on a small, terrified woman sitting in the middle of the room, were narrowed into slits.

Chains encircled the thin, bony arms of the small woman who could only be Mary Cattermole. She looked dreadful, Her face was ashen, cheeks wet from tears, and her whole body appeared to be vibrating from sheer terror. Umbridge was questioning her coldly, barely waiting for the woman to reply before the next one was asked. "You are Mary Elizabeth Cattermole yes?" The woman gave a single, shaky nod.

"Married to Reginald Cattermole of the Magical Maintenance Department?" At this the woman burst into tears, "I don't know where he is, he was supposed to meet me here!"

Draco couldn't help but snort, not at the woman crying of course, but at Weasley. The red head would be the one who got the appearance of the man responsible for magical maintenance.

The room had gone quiet, Draco looked up at Umbridge, her eyes were focused on him in turn. "How lovely of you to grace us with your presence Corban," She said coolly. "Do you have anything to add?" Draco shook his head as he leaned against the stone wall to his right, putting a mask of cold indifference on his face. Umbridge cleared her throat and continued questioning the poor, frightened woman. "You are the mother to Maisie, Ellie, and Alfred Cattermole yes?" Mrs. Cattermole sobbed harder than ever and Draco couldn't help but roll his eyes, honestly the woman was a mess.

"They're frightened, they think I won't be coming home--"

"They're probably right," Draco mumbled before he could stop himself.

Umbridge gave an exasperated sigh, "Do you have anything to add Corban?" She asked again, much more irritably. It was obvious she was keeping her tone as even as possible out of forced respect but did not like his interruption of her questioning. This was her show, and him cutting in, his mere presence, was distracting from her authority. But now he was expected to answer.

Malfoy cleared his throat. "Oh. Right. Yea, spare us," he spat in his best Yaxley voice. "The brats of Mudbloods do not stir our sympathies."

Umbridge smiled, her mood instantly lifting. It seemed Malfoy had redeemed himself in the horrible witch's eyes. However, it seemed the opposite had happened for Potter. The look he shot at the blonde was one Draco thought he'd never see again. It was the look of disgust he had gotten so used to seeing from the golden boy during their many negative interactions at Hogwarts. A twinge of guilt bloomed inside the blonde. He could say he was acting the part of course, making his role as Yaxley as believable as possible. The man was a notorious hater of everything not Pureblood, and he made sure everyone was aware of it. However, the ease in which Draco came up with the statement was obviously not lost on the Golden Boy.

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The questions continued, and they became more and more accusatory. They were clearly not intended to prove her innocence. No matter what the poor woman said, there was no right answer. Draco wasn't going to pretend he thought Muggleborns and Halfbloods were equal to Purebloods. It would be a filthy, filthy lie. But even with those morals, he didn't think Umbridge had the right to condemn them to Azkaban simply for their blood either. The blonde rubbed the back of his neck, the trio were really rubbing off on him. Fuck. But the saving grace to that train of thought, was the truth of the prison. Death was more merciful than that place. Draco focused back on the trial when Umbridge held up a wand for the court to see.

"From who did you steal this wand from Mrs. Cattermole?" She asked spitefully.

"It's mine, I got it from Diagon Alley, Ollivanders shop before my first year at Hogwarts. Honest! It chose me!"

Malfoy shook his head, his teeth bared as Umbridge just giggles. He could barely keep himself from leaping across the room and tackling that ugly toad onto the benches behind her. The children alone should be enough to give the woman a pass. He tilted his head back, letting it hit the stone with a 'thump', he was being far too compassionate, far too weak. His father might let others influence his mind, but he was not his father.

The voice of the Dark Lord returned to his mind, making the younger Malfoy bite into his lip so savagely he felt blood trickle into his mouth. *"Yes, yes Draco! Push those useless and weak emotions from your mind. Come to me Draco, bring me Potter so I can make you into Wizard you are meant to be."* The blonde wanted to cry out, wanted to beg Harry to come and help him. He could feel a large, bony hand ghosting up his thigh. He suppressed an instinctive jerk as the long, thin fingers wrapped around his cock through the fabric of his slacks. His cock was quickly growing hard and the hand was continuing to rise to his waistband. A sickening thought entered his mind, one that made his legs go weak like jelly. The cock ring had been removed, would the Dark Lord notice? Was he even here? Or was Draco doing this to himself just as he had in that horrible dream?

The blonde was jarred from his disturbing thoughts by the loud bang of Umbridge hitting her gavel on the hard, mahogany wood. The hand instantly disappeared and Draco wanted to sob from happiness. His eyes shifted over to Umbridge who was going a dark shade of pink, "You are lying madam, muggles do not get wands. Wands only choose witches and wizards, and you ma'am, are not a witch."

Malfoy chuckles, more in relief from the hand leaving than over what the dreadful woman had said, but it drew her attention nonetheless. "Corban!" She all but shouted, "Do you care to share your thoughts?"

Malfoy smiles, "Why of course Dolores." His eyes shift to the sobbing woman in the middle of the room. "It's more than clear that you are not a witch, so who did you convince to buy your wand for you?" Umbridge was beside herself, her pudgy hands grabbed the front edge of the podium as she leaned forward, her eyes set on Mary. The locket swung forward, dangling around

her thick, nonexistent neck. Malfoy's eyes slid to Harry's for a brief second, making sure the other was seeing the same as him. And he was, the beady, dark eyes of Albert Runcorn were fixed hard on the Slytherin locket.

"What a lovely necklace Dolores," Draco said, pointing to the locket swinging mere inches above the podium.

"What?" snapped Umbridge, glancing down. "Oh yes- an old family heirloom." she said, her eyes never leaving the terrified Mrs. Cattermole. "The S stands for Selwyn....I am related to the Selwyns..... Indeed, there are few pure-blood families to whom I am not related." A cruel grin twists her face into something so unbelievably toad like Draco almost couldn't handle it. ".....It's a pity though, that the same cannot be said for you Mrs. Cattermole."

Draco stood straight as Umbridge's words finally sink in. He knew damn well that Umbridge was not related to him. In fact, he flat out refused to even consider it. And the fact that she lied about the locket enraged him, the S stood for Slytherin. His wand slid down the sleeve of his robes and he took a step forward. But of course, someone beat him to it.

A man jumps to his feet on Umbridge's left side, it was Harry, of course it was. At the same time, both Ron and Hermione had walked in behind Malfoy, looks of exasperation on both their faces. Umbridge twitches slightly, her face going an even deeper shade of pink "I will have order!" She shouts, banging her gavel on the wood podium. Her eyes jump back to Harry as he walks down to the floor, approaching Umbridge at her podium. His eyes are narrowed into slits, his fury evident. "You're lying Dolores." His wand slips from his sleeve into his hand, something that didn't go unnoticed by Umbridge. "Albert? What on earth are you doing?"

"You're lying Dolores, and one mustn't tell lies." His skin had begun to bubble, the scar on his forehead returning as he raised his wand, "*Stupify!*" He shouts, hitting Umbridge square in the chest and sending the locket flying.

Malfoy hears a groan behind him. "Guess we're doing it this way then." Ron honestly sounded as if someone had just told him Christmas had been canceled and Malfoy couldn't help but guffaw, he slid his wand all the way out of his robes and did his best to calm down. He sent a couple stunning spells at the various other Ministry workers in the small room. Most were to flabbergasted to even comprehend the red spell flying at their faces. He hears Harry shouting "Expecto Patronum" at one of the Dementors who had taken a particular interest in him. It seemed that they had grown bold; whether because the Patronus from Umbridge had disappeared or because their masters were no longer in control, they seemed to have abandoned restraint.

The other Dementors though, had set their sights on Mrs. Cattermole. The poor sobbing woman was frantically trying to free herself, she was pulling on the metal chains with all her might, her wrists had begun to weep crimson from the force. As the creatures floated closer she let out a scream, because no matter how much she struggled, she was unfortunately still chained to the chair. Her screams grew more and more frantic and thankfully did not go unnoticed.

Hermione shrieked in panic, shouting at Harry to handle the foul creatures. His back was turned, eyes set on the benches and floor, desperately trying to locate the locket. All else was nothing but background noise, his focus was solely on the Horcrux's location.

"Harry!"

The boy whirled around, having recognized his friend's voice. His eyes focused in on the panicked witch. "Hermione, if you think I was going to sit here and let her pretend-" he started, thinking the witch meant to scold him for his brashness.

"Honestly Harry look! Mrs. Cattermole!"

Harry spins, the Dementors were surrounding her, one had its slimy, scabbed hand on her chin, forcing her head back. The golden boy waves his wand, the stag charging at the creatures, scattering them.

Malfoy had watched the whole thing, he was impressed, and maybe a little jealous...he knew how

hard the spell was, and the fact that Potter could produce a fully formed Patronus was beyond impressive. His eyes followed the stag around the room, it was on a mission, galloping around with its head down and ready to charge. It was keeping everyone safe from the dark creatures and the blonde was grateful. After scanning for any remaining conscious Ministry workers, he then turns to the disgruntled red head who had let out another groan. Draco's eyes were going wide when he sees that Ron too had began to revert back to his normal self. Ron goes pale at the look the blonde gives him, "What?" He asks, hands going up to his face.

"Weasley," Malfoy chuckles, his voice barely above a whisper. "Your uh...your mustache is falling off." Ron goes a deep shade of chartreuse and covers his withering stache with his hand. Draco snorts, trying to keep his laughter contained, but it wasn't happening. An explosion of laughter erupts from the blonde's mouth and the look of loathing on the red head's face only made it worse. "Oh stop looking at me like that Weasley, as if I slapped your mother," Malfoy all but cried due to his uncontrollable fit of laughter. He rubbed at his arm grouchily, laughing fit dying instantly when Hermione gave him a ridiculously hard punch to the arm.

"We need to leave." She says, her face deadly serious. Malfoy nods. He knows he has a few more minutes before he started to revert back, so it was he up to him to get the Horcrux. "I took the potion late so I'll be fine. Grab Potter and head to the lobby; I'll meet you there." He doesn't wait for a reply. The blonde dashes to the podium, running around the side, dodging past Potter and hopping over the unconscious form of Umbridge. He has to find the locket. He faintly heard the trio babbling about the chains keeping the Cattermole woman bound to the chair, clearly their bleeding hearts had won over their need to escape. Hermione shouts "*Relashio*" and he hears the clanking of chains hitting the ground.

The bodies of Ministry workers were laid out all over the benches, if the locket was under one of them he knew he was screwed. He wipes the memory of every worker he passed, paying particular attention to Umbridge, hoping the power he put behind hers would mess with her head a little. His nerves begin to take over, honestly, how hard did Potters spell hit her? How far did the locket fly? He takes a step up to the next row of benches and almost falls backwards due to his foot sliding across something on the ground. The locket! He grabs it, stopping only to make a duplicate copy for Umbridge and dropping it on her chest. The real locket gets tucked into a pocket and he runs like a mad man down the benches. He crosses the room in record time, thanking the trio silently for clearing the room of Dementors as he'd never learned that particular spell.

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The blonde makes it back to the lift without incident, as the dark hallways were completely void of Dementors. He of course noticed immediately that the witches and wizards that were waiting for their questioning were gone as well. Potter really does have a massive hero complex. He takes a lift back to the main floor, trying like mad to come up with a plan to get out of the Ministry without being seen. He knows there are only a couple minutes left before the potion ends and his appearance returns to normal. The blonde doesn't even what to think about what would happen if he's spotted.

Once the lift stops, Malfoy walks out of the elevator as casually as he could manage. His heart is beating so hard he could feel and hear it in his skull. He immediately sees Ron and Hermione talking to Mrs. Cattermole, her face was white as she stared at her husband, or more accurately the man who she thought was her husband. Ron was finishing changing back into himself before her very eyes. He hears Ron mention something about taking the kids and running, Malfoy couldn't hold back an eye roll. He walks towards them, eyes scanning the room frantically in search of the golden boy. He finally spots him by one of the fireplaces, having a very animated conversation with a balding wizard.

Malfoy edges closer, just enough to pick up their conversation. Harry was in the middle of threatening the man, asking him if he wanted his family tree examined like some man named Dirk Cresswell. Of course the man panics, apologizing profusely eyeing the large group of muggleborns behind Harry. The man struggles to form a sentence, questioning if the group was pureblood, saying he heard they were in for questioning. Harry's voice thunders around the Atrium, "Are you questioning me?" The balding man backs away, bowing several times, and holds out an arm in the direction of the emerald flames.

"Off you go," Harry boomed to the muggleborns, who all scurry forward into the open fireplaces. Malfoy scoffs, the golden boy was going to get them all caught. He manages to grab Harry's attention, giving him a single nod to let the other know he had the locket. Potter grins, he was ecstatic and Malfoy felt the same, a matching grin slides across his own lips, growing bigger as they both made their way to Ron and Hermione.

Harry reaches them first. He leans his head in towards the duo, most likely sharing the good news. Draco continues in their direction, happy that something was finally going his way, but of course it couldn't last. A commotion starting further down the room grabs his attention. Draco could hear people shouting crossly and grunting, whatever it was, it wasn't good. Draco's face falls as he looks over the heads of the trio, trying desperately to see what was going on. He can feel his skin starting to bubble and he stops, eyes going wide with panic, and it only worsened when he saw the massive group of wizards at the other end of the room beginning to part. Something, no someone was shoving through the crowd. It was Yaxley, the real Yaxley. He was the reason for the disturbance, he was madly fighting his way through the throng of wizards, he was livid and heading right for the trio. His face was red, fury making his eyes shine bright, as if fire was shooting from them, and his teeth were bared and gnashing. He was shoving wizards and witches out of his way, his determination to reach the trio the only thing on his mind and Malfoy felt his body start trembling.

## Chapter 20

Harry sees the look of horror on Malfoy's rapidly de-aging face and turns to look at the reason for the blonde's expression. Emerald eyes flit away, and lock onto the rampaging Death Eater, his eyes widening in a similar fashion as the Slytherin's. He returns his focus to Malfoy and blanches at what he sees. Draco hasn't looked away from the elder Death Eater. The absolute terror in his eyes was due to the fury of Yaxley. The man was livid, he knew something was going on and he was determined to figure out what. The golden boy is positive Yaxley hasn't seen Draco yet, but it was only a matter of time. He looked to the blonde, something wasn't right with him. The boy's eyes were glazed, his focus off into the distance. Harry knew if he didn't leave soon, Yaxley would spot him. But right then, it appeared Draco was in another world. Thankfully though, Draco refocuses on Harry. The golden boy is mouthing the word 'go' at him and nodding towards the fireplaces. Relief crashes into Draco, as he knew that Harry had realized it was vital that the blonde remain unnoticed. Draco nods and dashes towards one, wishing more than ever he wasn't a Death Eater. If he could apparate normally it would make his escape much easier.

Draco's steps are unbalanced, panic throwing his vision and coordination off, in short, he's a mess. He was bumping into many oblivious witches and wizards as he hurried to his escape. Their faces blended into a miasma of color and shape. Nothing was distinct. Voices were a murmuring cacophony that spiked in tone and decibel. The nonstop contact was a brutal reminder that he was nothing but a slave to the potion, to Voldemort. He kept his gaze focused on the nearing emerald mass of life saving flames. The proximity of the high ranking Death Eater had stirred up memories; if he was caught, he would be right back at the Manor. No doubt the flashes of those torturous moments with the Dark Lord spotting his vision now would be nothing compared to what he was sure was in store for him if caught.

By the time he gets to the fireplace, his whole body is no longer just trembling from fear. Oh no, with need as well. It's growing in intensity with every step he takes. Muscles are clamping down on rapidly heating bones. Even as they tighten, his muscles are quaking, barely able to hold himself upright. He puts an unsteady hand on top of the fireplace, fighting unconsciousness from the sheer power behind the lusty tremors. His other hand goes down to his groin, and of course his cock was hard. How could it not be? Draco could feel the sharp bite of Voldemort's grip on his body. The blonde's cock was twitching with need against a bony hand, though he knows it's his own. He puts pressure on his needy cock, desperately hoping it will ease the inferno.

A moan escapes as he continues to palm his erection. The rasp of fabric against the steely hardness of his cock is ecstasy to his ears. His eyes slide closed, mouth falls open, and his head falls forward to rest against his shivering arm still propped against the mantel of the fireplace. Draco couldn't resist moving his hand. He was unable to keep from floating into the abyss of pleasure caused by a twitch of his wrist. It was too beguiling, too sweet of a pain not to give in to. He wanted more, more pleasure. Release is rising rapidly and Draco was desperate to taste the euphoria of it, but a hard assault against his body jars him into reality. Pain radiates against his elbow, and he gasps as a frightened witch shoves past him to get into the emerald flames, making his body bang against the stone of the fireplace. Fighting his impending climax, he snarls, and the hand on the mantle curling into a fist just to slam it against the stone as fury overtakes him. For a brief, mind-numbingly painful moment he thought the war was lost. Thousands of white dots cloud his vision as his surroundings begin to warp into a pit of blackness. He fought the potion's affects, knowing if Potter wasn't the one causing these reactions it would no doubt make things far worse. Merlin he was weak, a slave to his fucking lust! Bloody hell he couldn't even help the trio without losing his shit. He hits the mantle with his fist once more, and thankfully the pain gives him the edge he needs to regain his control and bring him back to reality.

Malfoy puts one foot into the emerald flames, stopping briefly to make sure the others were okay. They had made it to their own fire, but to his horror, Yaxley was right on their heels. The blonde realized with a huge amount of dread that in their rush to get Yaxley stunned and in his office without being caught, they'd never wiped his mind. Draco knew for certain the Death Eater had never seen his face, but the same could not be said for Ron and Hermione. Sure they'd been disguised, but they are wearing the clothes of the Ministry workers, Yaxley is no fool. He was going to catch them, Draco realized with horror. Time slowed as Yaxley made it to the fireplace, and as they were disappearing into the flames, the man grabs ahold of Hermione. Draco hissed, "shit." He hoped beyond hope that Granger would figure out how to avoid their tag along. Not knowing what else to do, or where else to go, Draco spat out "Grimmauld Place" and disappeared into the flames. He was completely unaware of the fact that Yaxley's hair clip had fallen to the ground mere seconds before he was gone.

Draco appeared in the flames at Grimmauld Place seconds later, spinning fast. He climbed out, brushing ash from his sleeves and immediately went in search of the tiny house elf who used to work at the manor. "Dobby!" He shouted, hoping the elf would hear him, from wherever he was currently located.

There was a loud crack and the elf appeared in front of him looking like he'd rather be literally anywhere else. Malfoy jumps back, he'd honestly not expected the skittish house elf to show. He sank down into the plushy chair next to him, running a hand through platinum strands. He looks at the elf, a small amount of guilt making itself known when the creature refused to even glance in his direction. "H-how can Dobby be of a-assistance Master M-Malfoy?" The guilt amplified at the sound of pure terror in the tiny creature's voice.

The blonde continued to gaze at the nervous elf, noting that Dobby was shuddering every so often. His tone was gentle, but firm when Draco finally spoke. "Dobby, I need you to take me back to Hogwarts, please. Potter and the others got out of the Ministry but a Death Eater got a hold of them." Dobby let out a frightened squeak, bugging eyes almost burning holes in the dark wood. Seriously, the news had the elf's eyes practically popping out of his head, yet those big eyes never glanced in the Slytherin's direction. And Draco was being nice for Merlin's sake! Honestly, what would it take to get the elf to look at him? He continued telling the elf what he knew, thinking maybe the creature would warm up to him, "I don't know where they are, but after you take me to Hogwarts I need you to try to find them okay?" Dobby nodded frantically, and before Draco knew it, he was grabbing Malfoy's sleeve in his tiny hand and snapping his fingers. Malfoy heard another crack and felt a pulling sensation at his navel and was instantly back in the castle. He stumbled slightly, all this magical traveling was messing with his equilibrium. "Thank you Dobby." He said quietly, "If you find them, bring them back here please. I don't think Grimmauld Place is safe anymore." Dobby nodded, "Okay sir, Dobby will do his best sir." The elf snapped his fingers yet again and with another loud crack he was gone.

Draco looked at the spot where the house elf had been mere seconds before, his mind whirling with all the things that had happened and fleeting control over the effects of the potion. He took off down the long, dark halls, the torches doing little to counteract the dank gloom. The blonde was doing his best to push the lustful thoughts from his mind, but he knew Potter had to be found, and fast. He was quick to realize Dobby had taken him to the dungeons, something that would have been good if he hadn't found out what he did about the Potions Master.

Draco continued down the hallway passing the entrance to the Slytherin common room as fast as he could. Unfortunately, a couple girls walk out of the portrait hole right as he passes. Merlin he was in trouble, his cock had twitched with interest with just a glance. Even as he picked up speed to get away, his steps faltered as images of their naked bodies writhing beneath him filled his mind. He had a hand wrapped around one of their throats could feel the pliable flesh gasping beneath his iron hold. His thrusts were powerful, deep and dominating. The girl was almost screaming, in agony or pleasure he couldn't tell.

Draco scrubbed at his eyes, desperate to rid himself of the thoughts. But he could still smell their perfume, hear them talking quietly. So, Draco chose the coward's way. He ran. His only hope was to get as far from them as possible. Thankfully, he reached the steps in record time, his mind running through the list of people who he could go to, who could help. The distraction was welcome. It made his mind sharpen and cut through the lusty haze. Though he didn't know how long that would last. Nevertheless, he focused solely on that, and it paid off. The idea hit him, though it made him groan. Draco had to find Potter's little inner group, the people that were in his club. But only the ones he spoke to frequently. Now if only he could find them and get them to not only listen but to take him seriously.

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The halls were mostly empty, except for the occasional first or second year who was still struggling to navigate the castle. The adrenaline from the Ministry had worn off shortly after he'd returned, leaving Draco absolutely exhausted. The blonde leaned against the stone wall of the entrance hall, wiping his bangs from his sweaty forehead. The evil from the Horcrux in his pocket had begun to call to him. It's voice a mere whisper at the moment but he had a feeling that wouldn't last. It was promising him nothing but destruction, threatening to pull him in and overwhelm him with its darkness. But thankfully the atmosphere was always better here at the school. It somehow gave off a feeling of warmth all the time. It filled your body with its light and made you feel like you were home. It made the locket's whispers fade even more, which made its pull even weaker still, for now. Draco suspected there was magic involved, but at the moment he welcomed it. The feeling he got here he never got anywhere else, least of all at the manor. Hogwarts, minus the dungeons of course, made you feel like you belonged. It made you feel happy, and that was just what Draco needed. But the blonde needed something else as well. He needed Potter, desperately. The willpower and strength he possessed during the mission to keep the potion at bay was completely spent, the effects were back now, and they came with a vengeance.

Draco threw his head backwards, hitting it hard on the cool stone. He closed his silver eyes, letting the pain take over his mind, and desperately hoping it would allow him to focus. The warmth and feeling of Hogwarts was pleasant yes, but it did nothing to help the potion. The fact that Potter and the others were lost somewhere and Draco was unable to go to them for help was making everything so much worse. He was alone. The Slytherin would lose his mind long before Potter was located, he was sure of it. He felt helpless, alone and scared. It was just the feelings of isolation that prompted the Dark Lord to pay his turbulent mind a visit. That cold voice filled the Slytherin's mind. It was evil and seductive; there was no doubt it was Voldemort's voice. *"Submit to me Draco. I'll be the only one you will ever need."*

Draco's eyes shot open. This wasn't the first time Voldemort had spoken to him. Then it dawned on him. His emotions, every time the Dark Lord has spoken, it was when he was feeling a particular emotion strongly. Strong enough for Voldemort to pick up on, but only then. Relief washed through him and his eyes slid closed once more. The Dark Lord was still unaware of his plans with the trio. Voldemort only seemed to be in tune with his emotions. But the relief was short lived, as a strange sensation washed through his body. Draco knew was no longer alone. The Dark Lord couldn't actually be here, it's impossible. He was scared to open his eyes, scared at what he might find.

"You look like a Wrackspurt's gotten you," observed a quiet, airy voice. Malfoy slowly opened a single eye, and looked down and to his left. Luna Lovegood was sitting on the floor next to him. The other eye popped open, looking at her fully as she peered at him through her enormous colored glasses, "They're invisible you know, and they float in through your ears, make your brain go fuzzy."

Draco took a moment to recover from his near heart attack before answering. "Thanks Luna but I

don't think that's my issue at the moment."

The blonde haired girl simply nodded and returned to her Quibbler, which Draco noticed she was currently reading upside down. He slid down the wall and sat down next to the strange Ravenclaw. "Luna, you're in Potter's little club right?"

Luna nodded. "Yes, although I'm pretty sure you aren't supposed to know that. Why?"

"I need to speak to you all, well the ones who were at the Ministry with Potter."

Luna nodded again, she closed her magazine and hopped up, "They would probably be in the Great Hall, would you like me to get them for you?"

"Yea, please Luna it's important."

He sighed as the girl skipped off without another word, her bare feet slapping obnoxiously as she went. He was glad she didn't question him, didn't ask why he couldn't go get them himself. The girl was strange yes, but her heart was in the right place. So he waited, his back against the wall, a strange warmth seeping in through his clothing. And when Luna finally returned with Neville and Ginny, Draco felt calmer, more collected. Even though it was quite clear she hadn't shared with them who they were going to meet. Ginny gave him a look that would make Voldemort nervous and Neville looked as if he couldn't decide whether to be scared or mad.

"What are you doing here Malfoy?" asked Ginny scathingly. "Don't you have a Death Eater meeting to go too or something?"

Draco sneered. "Lovely. Nice to see you too Weasley, and I go to school here by the way so it makes perfect sense for me to be here thanks." Her eyes were cold, staring unblinkingly into Malfoy's. The girl had spunk, a fire that truly was intimidating. Bloody hell, it's a shame none of it had been shared with her older brother. Draco might have actually had some level of respect for the Weasel.

The blond broke eye contact, choosing instead to take a moment to appreciate just how much the girl had grown up since the incident with Voldemort's diary in her first year. Merlin, Draco was suddenly curious as to why he hadn't noticed before. Her body was honestly fantastic, it was easy to tell even though she wore robes. He looked at her hungrily, eyes narrowing when he noticed her hand slowly reaching into her robes. An image flashed through his mind, the bat bogey hex she'd cast on him in his fifth year. He took a step back, snapping out of his hungry trance. "I'm not here to fight Weasley." Both Ginny and Neville snorted.

"I would listen to him." Said Luna who had returned to her spot on the ground. Neville's eyes dropped to the girl on the ground with a small smile. His cheeks turned a light pink when she looked up at him through her ridiculous spectacles. His gaze then shifted to Draco, blush deepening when he saw the humorous look on Malfoy's face; he'd been caught. Neville glared at the blonde, "Oh yea?" he said skeptically, a scowl on his lips. "What could you possibly have to say that is worth listening too?"

Annoyance grew inside Malfoy. The fact that he was here talking to them at all should show how important it was. "Oh I don't know Longbottom, maybe the simple fact that we broke into the Ministry of Magic." Malfoy seethed. "We were fine until we tried to leave, because one of the Death Eaters working there managed to grab a hold of Granger...I uh, I don't know what happened after that." The silence that followed was deafening. Until it was finally broken by Neville, "Oh. Yea that might be worth listening too."

Malfoy rolled his eyes, "Oh you think?" He replied, voice dripping with sarcasm. "They made it to a fireplace but Yaxley, grabbed Hermione's arm, I don't know where they ended up or if he went with them. All I know is that I wouldn't trust Grimmauld Place anymore. We were supposed to meet back there, but I knew they would never show. To me that means he managed to hold on at least long enough to see the house. After that, they wouldn't be able to go to it then."

Neville spluttered, his eyes blown, "Yaxley is a Death Eater? But isn't he the head of Magical Law Enforcement?"

Malfoy sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "Why yes Longbottom, he is." His voice took on a tone one would use it talking to a toddler and Neville scowled. Ginny remained silent, her face an unreadable mask. Malfoy glanced at her nervously. The blonde really didn't want another hex to the face. He crossed his arms, eyes dancing between the red head and Neville. It was clear the other boy didn't want to look at Malfoy anymore, so instead he peered down at Luna once again with an almost dreamy look in his eyes. The blonde chuckled, this was fantastic. The doofus had a thing for the lunatic. It seemed almost book worthy.

Malfoy waved a hand in Neville's face and walks over to the grand staircase, the other boy right behind him looking slightly terrified. Malfoy plops down on second step to the bottom, eyeing Neville with a raised brow. He rolls his eyes, realizing the other boy was scared to be alone with him. "Longbottom, I didn't bring you over here to murder you, honestly.

Neville doesn't look convinced, "Then why?"

"Well for one it seems Ginny needs some time to think over what I said, her brother is missing after all. But more importantly, you have a crush on Loony Lovegood."

Neville glared at the blonde, "What did you say?" Neville asks, and his eyes are vicious. "You heard me Longbottom." Neville scoots closer to Malfoy and belatedly, he realizes that the other boy has him cornered. He saw the look in his eyes, and knows how Neville feels.

"You're a prick," Neville snarls and this close, he can see the exhaustion in the flecks of silver in Malfoy's grey irises, the faint smattering of freckles on his cheeks due to the extreme paleness of the blonde's flesh, and the dark purple marks under his eyes. The blonde truly did look dreadful. Malfoy barks out a laugh and Neville is dimly aware of the fact that two sets of female eyes had turned to look in their direction. "Ok, ok fine you're right." He breathes out, face tilting towards the floor. "I do like her, there's just something about her..."

Malfoy chortles, slapping the other on the back, "Just go for it mate, what do you have to lose? I mean, Voldemort's back, we could all be dead next week!"

Neville pales, he swallows thickly, "I guess that's a good point."

Malfoy lumbers to a stand, he turns to look at the other who is still sitting on the steps, "Plus, she's fucking psychotic so the sex is bound to be fantastic."

He walks back over to Ginny, laughing when he hears Neville yell, "You're a right foul git Malfoy!"

Malfoy returned to Ginny, her eyes were dark, guarded, and when she spoke, it was eerily calm. Honestly, that worried Malfoy all the more. "So Grimmauld Place isn't safe anymore, we need to tell the Order." She turned to Longbottom who had made his way over as well, "Neville, send a letter to Remus please." Neville looked at her and then at Luna, clearly hesitant about leaving them with Draco. She rolled her eyes so fiercely that Draco found himself warming up to her, feeling impressed. "If I was going to do something to them Longbottom, it's not like you being here would make a difference." he drawled, eyes roaming over the boy with lazy indifference. A rosy pink color bloomed on the boys cheeks but he took a step towards Draco nonetheless. "Are you threatening us Malfoy?"

Draco stretched his mouth into an ugly, thin smile. "What gave it away?" Neville took another step forward, their noses just inches apart.

The blonde's eyebrows rose in surprise, this he was not expecting. Ginny scoffed, "Honestly Malfoy, taunting him is really helpful." The blond chortles. "Okay you're right," he turns to Neville, "I'm not going to do anything. Don't forget, I asked you here because I need your help." Neville nods once and walks off.

Malfoy returns his attention to the female Weasley. "I have Dobby searching for them since his dedication and loyalty to Potter is ridiculously strong. I have a feeling if anyone will be able to find them it's that elf. However, I'm not quite sure why they haven't just apparated to Hogsmeade or to the edge of the Forbidden Forrest once they lost Yaxley. That's what worries me." He looks down at the floor. "They should have gotten in touch by now, somehow."

Ginny looked at him curiously, her eyes searching his face. Whatever she saw prompted her to voice it. "You're serious aren't you?" she states, her tone making it clear that she wasn't actually asking him a question. "You're actually concerned."

An onslaught of emotions rampage across Malfoy's face. Anger, worry, sadness, and even a brief moment of rage before he sighs in defeat. "Yea, I'm concerned Weasley. Why do you think I came to you? Especially after that hex you threw at my face."

Ginny giggles, "My brothers say my hexes are nasty." Her laughter dies and a small look of remorse takes over. "So for what it's worth, I'm sorry."

Malfoy smirks, "I can't really blame you, it was necessary.... at the time." His expression darkens, "Snape gave me so much shit for it though, said it was pathetic that a Weasley got one over on me."

Ginny's head tilted to the side, the look on Malfoy's face confused her. "That reminds me, why didn't you go to Snape with this? He would be far more capable."

Draco scowled. "Snape can't be trusted." The venom in his voice surprised the red head, she knew it wouldn't be a good idea to push him so she simply nodded. Something else was weighing on her mind though, if she was going to trust him, she had to ask. "You've changed Malfoy, I have to know why."

Draco scowled, he wasn't angry, not really, he just wasn't sure how to explain things to Ginny without giving too much away. He wasn't comfortable sharing everything with her, not yet. "Something happened to me during the summer, something bad. Potter and the others are helping me with it." His eyes roam the hall, he can't look at the red head, "I know I've done shit, terrible shit, and I regret it."

Ginny steps closer to him, she'd heard the quiver in his voice as he spoke. It was something she didn't think the man was capable of faking. She tugged on the sleeve of his robes, the arm that held the dark mark. Draco looked down, he knew what she wanted. "Yes Weasley, I have the Dark Mark which makes me a Death Eater. Even if I hadn't wanted to take it, it wouldn't have mattered." He pulled the robes from her fingers and yanked the fabric back, the black inked snake and skull a dark stain on his porcelain skin.

Ginny gasped, she'd never seen the mark this closely, it was terrifying. Her reaction made Draco cover his arm, almost self-consciously. He clears his throat and continues to look away from the red head. "I won't blame you if you decide not to trust me, but know that I want them safe. And if you can't believe that then believe me when I say my life depends on Potter getting back here in one piece and we both know there's nothing I value more than my own life." The silence that followed was tense but not awkward, they were both contemplating what to do next. Draco was sure he'd gotten through to the girl. There was no hiding her facial expressions or emotions after what he'd said. He wasn't sure if she trusted him, but he could tell she believed him, and that's all that matters.

Ginny looked behind Malfoy, her eyes filled with amusement. The blond turned as well, watching Luna turn her magazine this way and that, trying to find some hidden secret that may or may not actually be there. "Neville fancies her you know." Ginny shares quietly. "I've been trying to get him to tell her, but he doesn't have the confidence." Malfoy snickers, "I know he does, that's what I was talking to him about earlier, and as you heard, he wasn't thrilled." Ginny rolls her eyes, but the smile on her face gave her away. When Luna realized she had an audience, she put down the Quibbler and placed her hands in her lap, her ridiculous glasses still perched on her nose. "I think you should go talk to Professor McGonagall. She always knows what to do. I ended up having to go to her for help last year. The gnomes stole all my shoes again and I still hadn't found them all by the end of the year." Ginny offered her a small, sympathetic smile. "Oh Luna, that's terrible." "Yes..." Luna's voice trailed off, making Malfoy and Ginny think there was more she was going to say, but nothing ever came, instead she picked up her magazine and started to read once more.

Malfoy shook his head, the nickname honestly described her perfectly. His eyes drifted over to the Great Hall's entrance. A couple students had walked out, making Draco realize he needed to leave. "No offense Weasley but I can't be seen with you."

Ginny smiled, "I know. What would it look like, you talking to a Gryffindor and all." Her voice was light, but Draco knew she meant it. The girl was quick, smart, the complete opposite of the Weasel. "I'll talk to McGonagall, if she has anything helpful or important to say I'll owl you." "Thanks Weasley- Ginny." Draco said quickly as he began to walk away, his fourposter was calling his name.

Chapter 21

As exhausted as he was, Draco couldn't sleep that night. He tossed and turned for hours. Despite the plushness of his pillow, the comfort of that lovely four poster mattress, and perfection of the sheets and blankets cocooning him, sleep evaded him. How could the blonde rest whilst his mind churned with tumultuous thoughts. Draco had heeded his gut instinct, and put the locket on his nightstand as soon as he'd made it back to the dormitory. Secured but off his person was the way to go, because the evil radiating off it was affecting him in the most destructive of ways. It called to the darkest recesses of his ever so slowly twisting mind like a seductive enchantress. Even without the low whispers from the Dark Lord, the locket's urges were loud and clear. Draco was no saint; he couldn't deny that. But, there was an ever growing part of the blonde that likes the thought of every vile and dark deed those voices whispered. And with that admittance, pleasure lanced through his body. But those musings weren't the only thing keeping the blonde up. He couldn't get the missing trio, the catalyst to the locket and potion's hold on his body, nor the supposed betrayal of Snape out of his head.

Draco rolled onto his back, the blankets slipping further down from its loose drape over his mid-torso. The heels of his hands rubbed tiredly over his sleep heavy eyes, and Draco pulled in a deep yet shuddering inhalation. Those words spewed from Travers's filthy mouth speared in an endless relay in the blonde's eardrums. What would the Death Eater gain by lying about the entire situation? Especially to whom he believed to be a higher ranking member of Voldemort's twisted minions. The Slytherin knew he had to confront the Potions Master. The need to find out what actually happened was a necessity. He would get the truth one way or another. His gut told him he already knew and it was exactly what he feared; Snape was indeed guilty...somehow.

As those poisonous thoughts galloped through his mind, anxiety spiked through him. Snape wouldn't truly have screwed him like this right? He had taken the Unbreakable Vow, and that had to mean something right? However, if Snape had indeed betrayed him, it made Draco feel even more isolated. Which was a prominent feeling since the trio were missing. The gap they left in the blonde's life was horrendously noticeable. He missed the comfort of their consistent worry and concern. The Slytherin was fearing the worst possible outcomes behind their disappearance. And with his inability to get the fear and anxiety from it all under control, the locket's cloying presence and the potion's damning effects weighed at his mind.

As the despairing feelings plagued him, the Dark Lord was invading his mind the heaviest of all. Voldemort seemed to be slipping into his thoughts more and more frequently. His little whispers, his influence, his rage, his darkness it blackened the blonde's mind....and Draco had the sinking suspicion that having the locket in his vicinity, and those miserable filled emotions was only make it worse. The blonde knew Voldemort would win, all Draco could hope for was that it wouldn't last. He desperated dreamed that somehow, someday the reign would be destroyed in its early days. With that doubt he realized something. Draco was terrified that the trio would fail, or worse, that the cure would get to him too late. He would rather die than be a mindless slave to the Dark Lord. And if Voldemort did win, Draco had no doubt he would succumb to the potion. He needed to talk to Potter, and to tell the boy what to do if he couldn't be saved. Harry would have to get over his hero complex, and kill the blonde.

Misery was welling inside him, growing so powerful he could almost taste it, and before he could even begin to get it under control, that twisted voice filled his mind. *"You can feel the pull Draco, I know you can. It won't be long now, you'll come, willingly."* The voice slowly faded with a cackle that sent chills down Draco's spine. Draco jerked upright as he yelled several explicit words as loud as possible. His voice was breaking as a sob threatened to take control and his hands flew to his head. As the last curse left his mouth, his fingers fisted harshly into his hair and

his eyes squeezed shut.

He took in deep sawing breaths, trying to calm himself. When his eyes opened, Draco practically leapt backward across the bed and yelled in surprise. Wide eyes took in the ethereal creature before him. Standing next to the night stand, mere inches from Draco had just been slipping toward a break down, was a glowing, translucent stag. Its head was thrusting up and down, and its hooves were pawing at the ground as if agitated. Draco cautiously crawled across the bed, as his addled brain recognized Potter's stag. Soon, he was close enough that the giant antlers were mere inches from his face, but he was too intrigued to care. He was beyond confused, but curious as well. What was the thing doing here?

Draco stared at it for several more minutes before mumbling, "uh hello?" and jumped back, landing on his bum when it began to speak. But it wasn't what he was expecting. The Patronus was speaking in Potter's voice. "Draco, bloody hell I hope I'm doing this right. We got away from Yaxley but Ron got Splinched when we had to change our destination. We're in the woods somewhere...Hermione said something about where the Quidditch World Cup was, dunno more than that. We're all fine, well Ron's not, but he will be. Keep the locket safe. Hermione says you shouldn't wear it, ever. She thinks it could mess with you, more than it normally would I mean. I dunno when we'll be able to get back, but don't go to Grimmauld Place, Yaxley knows about it now. Oh and don't try to owl us, it could give us away." The message ended after that and the stag disappeared. Staring blankly at the spot, the blonde finally let out an agonized groan. He flopped back against the pillows and rubbed his forehead with a huff. Now Draco definitely wasn't getting any sleep.

He lay on the bed for several more agonizing minutes. However the constant buzz of thoughts was nowhere near relentless. So the blonde decided to be productive instead. Draco crawled from the bed. He padded across the room, grabbing his pants and shirt as he went. He dressed quickly after crossing the threshold of his bathroom. Despite the obnoxious dark circles beneath his dull eyes, Draco thankfully had gotten used to the lack of sleep and semi-functioning without it. He fixed his messy hair as best he could, but the serious bedhead was being stubborn. Giving up with an annoyed huff, the Slytherin turned for the door. He was going to confront the Potions Master, and he was going to get answers.

Draco jerked his shoes on, and after tossing the locket into his trunk, he left his room. The cool corridors were empty, almost eerie at this late hour but that only fueled him. Determination radiated from Draco. They were going to have a little chat, whether Snape liked it or not. soon he paused and breathed the password to the painting of the Whomping Willow that swayed in the wind. The portrait hole creaked into view and the blonde didn't hesitate to clamber through. Severus looked up to see his godson enter his room and set his quill down. From behind his parchment covered desk, Snape observed the young Malfoy before him. He didn't say a word until his godson was right before him, lingering in a swaying stand. Severus doubted the blonde realized he was doing it, not with the fatigue so evident on the young wizard's face. "You look terrible," he commented dryly. Draco snorted, made a rudely sarcastic gesture, and plopped down in one of Severus's leather armchairs. Feigning a casualness he didn't have, Draco ran his hand through his bad case of bed head and frowned deeply. "I went on an adventure, to the Ministry. I'm assuming you got my letter."

Snape's eyebrows almost hit his hairline, "I got your letter yes, but it said nothing about you joining the foolish Gryffindors on their mission. I didn't believe you to be this stupid." Snape's voice was steadily rising with each word as well as his body from the wing-back chair. "What if you had been seen? What if you had been caught working with Potter?" By the end, Snape was yelling, spittle was flying from his mouth and hitting the letter he was working on previously.

Draco just stared lazily at the irate Potions Master, a single eyebrow raising at the outburst. When

Snape finally sat back down, Draco spoke, but it, of course, wasn't the reply the professor wanted. "But I didn't get caught, did I." His voice was arrogant, an uncaring drawl which infuriated Snape more. His features hardened and his already menacing voice turned to a snarl of rage. "Do you truly not understand Draco? Are you truly this foolish? Is this idiotic display of self-importance truly not an act? The Dark Lord is only focusing on you because he believes you are the easiest way to get Potter. If he sees you helping them or doing anything he doesn't approve of, he will kill you. His current favorite or not." An eerie calmness had taken over the Potions Master, and that unnerved the blonde immensely, but his anger was still stronger. "Do not pretend like you care Severus, it's not a good look on you." he said scornfully, trying to match the calm of the Potions Master.

Draco had to give it to the man, the look of surprise on his face was good, Draco found himself wanting to believe it was real. His silver eyes searched the elder's face, searching for the slightest inconsistency. He found none so he decided to continue, "I received some information while I was there, reliable as far as I know, as there was no reason for them to lie." Snape remained silent, waiting for the blonde to finish, his face completely blank of emotion. "I was told that you knew about the Potion, and I'm assuming, especially given your expertise, you helped make it but that wasn't confirmed. However, I know you are the one responsible for making the antidote, and you gave it to Voldemort."

Snape pursed his lips, his annoyance evident. "You have been spending too much time with Potter and Weasley. Their imbecility seems to be rubbing off on you Draco."

The blonde glowered, his teeth showing as he snarled. "Do not compare me to that dunderhead, Severus. That blood traitor is a disgrace." His voice was low, so low Draco himself barely recognized it as his own and with every word, Draco had leaned forward menacingly. A quick flash of worry flew across Snape's face, but it was so quick Draco wasn't sure it actually happened. As Draco sat back all he observed was the man's signature frown was in place like nothing had even happened. When he spoke, it was as casually as if Snape was commenting about the weather. "I see the Dark Lord's influence over your mind has continued to strengthen."

Malfoy glares daggers at the Potions Master, but he knows the man is right so he stays quiet. He was well aware of the changes happening, mentally and physically. He didn't need Snape to tell him that. His fingers tapped on the arm of the chair. He had to move, as he was fidgety; anxiety sending his mind into overdrive, which made sitting still was impossible. Draco could tell Snape had more to say, and waiting for him to do so was torturous.

Snape eyed the boy. His body was in constant motion, it seemed he was unable to be completely still. If his foot wasn't tapping on the ground, as it had been almost as soon as his butt had settled into the chair, then it was his fingers drumming on the chair. Blonde strands were haphazardly laying along the boy's forehead and stuck up from his head in tangled spikes. It was blatantly obvious the boy had tried to tame the locks, but ultimately had given up. Tension lines furrowed his clammy looking brow and tugged at the ever present frown. Darkness ringed bloodshot eyes and the Potions Master briefly wondered when the blonde had last slept fitfully. If those silver eyes didn't narrow in accusatory anger, or droop with exhaustion, they constantly shifted about the room. Draco was hanging on to his sanity, but only just. It was agonizing to watch.

The man sighed, hating that he couldn't help, and he knew it would only end up worse for the both of them if he did. Also, if he tries to be sympathetic or kind, his resolve would break. It was far better if the boy didn't think he was someone to go to for help. So he put his hands together, sets them on the desk, and looks at the boy in mild disgust. "If you are dim-witted enough to believe that I willingly took part in any of what the Dark Lord did to you, then I won't be wasting the time nor energy it would take to explain to you the truth." Snape looks at his desk, his letter was smudged, he would need to start over now. He sighs in aggravation and puts the ruined parchment, quill, and ink in the drawer. Truthfully he had just done it to give them both time to cool

off as he could tell by the look on Draco's face that he was fuming. However, it seemed to have only helped one of them. Draco's eyes narrowed, he was too exhausted to be playing these mind games with the Potions Master. He closed his eyes, pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a monstrous sigh, but the elder wasn't done. "Was the Unbreakable Vow I made with your mother not enough to convince you that I am on your side Draco?"

The blonde groaned, that statement only succeeding to confuse him more. His mind was so fried at the moment, his nerves so sensitive that even the slightest shift in his seat set his body off. His mind was overflowing with information and the events from earlier, that he didn't even know how to begin to process everything. His body hunched forward and trembling hands tunneled through his haphazard hair. Draco needed to figure this out. All of it, not just the situation with Snape. There was no doubt in his mind that Severus had made the potion and antidote, but as the older male had said, it wasn't willingly. Severus may have suspected the potion would be used on Draco after his failure, but a brew this complex could have taken months. There was no way to guess at the beginning of its creation who would consume it. The knowledge made him somewhat grateful, but it still did not solve his dilemma. How in Merlin was he going to free himself of the bloody potion. Draco rubbed his scalp with his fingers, slightly greasy strands clumping even more. His body jerked as an epiphany slammed into him.

Severus perked a brow as the boy straightened. The frown was gone, and in its place was the signature Malfoy smirk. A devilish glint brightened those tired silver eyes. "Tell the Dark Lord I will bring him Potter," Draco said finally. The blonde knew that's what the Dark Lord wanted, and it was the only way to fix what had been done to him. Severus's eyebrows rose to his hairline. "You are joking aren't you? You hand the boy over and you will never be free of him. You will be a slave, nothing more than his servant. Is that truly what you want Draco?" Severus asked. Draco's smirk widened and fear niggled at the back of Snape's mind. "Of course not, I am slave to no one Severus. The Carrows will continue to harass me, as will the Dark Lord. I will never be free of him if I don't hand over Potter either. Not to mention, the antidote is with his snake. That bloody serpent never leaves the Dark Lord's side. If I continue denying him, I'll never get close without him trying to torture me into submission. Until they have proof that I'm loyal to him, I will never get the antidote. So I will do what I do best: lie. I want the bastard dead, but I can only get to that goal if I pretend to be loyal and serve him. I need to be cured of this blasted potion first and then the real fun begins," Draco said, rubbing a hand over his exhausted face. He was tired, but proud of himself.

Severus smirked at the explanation and steeped his fingers before that twisted mouth. "You are devious Draco," Snape replied. Draco's face twisted into a sly smile.

"Well of course Severus. Did you truly have doubts on that accord, I am a Slytherin after all," he replied. Severus leaned back in his chair, fingers softly tracing his lips as he stared at Draco.

"There is something else we must discuss then Draco." He said. Draco raised one brow.

"Of course there is." he grunted. Severus merely chuckled darkly.

"You wish for me to tell the Dark Lord you will bring him Potter, but what do you suggest I tell him when he asks about Potter and his foolish friends taking a trip to the Ministry? You say you were not caught, but I assume their little adventure did not go unnoticed." he said simply. Draco sighed in aggravation. "Tell him whatever you think is best. I can't believe that you can't come up with a cover story for myself. If it is even needed. I was not seen. Thank you for your advice," he said curtly, tone clearly dismissing the chance for further communication. Draco stood abruptly from his chair and bounded from the room.

When Draco was gone Severus pulled out the letter he had been writing. It was to Narcissa actually. Perhaps she knew of a way to help Draco that wouldn't end with both of their deaths. Draco was playing with fire, helping Potter was a dangerous move. It was one that would surely get him killed if he wasn't careful. Severus had the sinking suspicion that there was clearly something the foolish boy wasn't telling him. Added in that the potion was clearly getting the best

of him. As hard as Draco resisted, which he was. Severus could see the boy was fighting it, but it was a losing battle. In truth, the Potions Master was the one who made it, and clever as Draco was, the elder Death Eater was certain Draco had deduced that. It had been under the orders of Voldemort of course, but he knew his skill, knew the strength of the potion. Draco's willpower was astonishing, a testament to the effects Severus well knew, but he would fold eventually. Snape sighed and swept from his desk toward his bed. He hated the thought of having to tell the woman what was becoming of her son. And his mind was simply too heavy to even continue trying to break the news to her. Tomorrow, he would talk to the Dark Lord and finish the letter.

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Dawn came early when Severus found himself staring into the flames of his fireplace. He tossed in some glittering powder and instantly the flames shot up with emerald life. He stepped into the grate, called out his destination, and soon he was stepping from the grate into the Dark Lord's favorite sitting room in the Manor. He bowed his head when he spotted the Dark Lord perched in the armchair. A naked and bruised Bellatrix was at his feet. His thin pale fingers were petting her unruly raven hair as if she were a treasured pet and the woman preened under the attention. She kept her cheek pressed firmly against the cloth of Voldemort's robes, as if unwilling to be any further away. Snape knew it was most definitely true. He crouched at Voldemort's feet once he was before the snake like man.

"This is a surprise Severus. To what do I owe the pleasure?" the Dark Lord hissed.

"My Lord, I bring joyous news. Draco is changing. He will bring you Potter," Severus declared. Glancing up through his curtain of greasy hair, Severus watched Voldemort smile softly, sinisterly. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Bellatrix's features harden into a scowl. Jealousy was an insane fire in the woman's eyes. And it only grew more as Voldemort chuckled softly.

"I knew my slave would choose wisely. However I do not enjoy having to wait, I can feel him fighting me as we speak. While I admire his strength and willpower, remind him whose time he is wasting. I would hate to have to remind him myself. My patience grows thin." The snake like face of the Dark Lord twisted into a frightening smile. The Dark Lord stroked the woman's raven hair as he looked fondly down at her. But Severus had a suspicion it wasn't Bellatrix Voldemort truly saw. He turned his cold gaze back to the Potions Master. "This method, while time consuming, will be worth the wait in the end. The look on Potter's face when his newfound friend betrays him and leads him to his death will be utterly delicious. Yes, I am quite pleased by this news," Voldemort mused. Severus stiffened when bony fingers patted the top of his head. He rose, his black eyes judgmentally roaming over Bellatrix before focusing in on the Dark Lord.

"How does Draco fair with the potion? I can feel his fight and determination and his general emotions, but that is all. I am most curious about the rest." Voldemort inquired. Severus licked his lips. "He is strong my Lord, this I cannot deny. He fights the affects but they are visibly taking a toll on him. He is slowly losing his edge. There are bruises under his eyes, no doubt, from lack of sleep, and he is severely distracted. His mind is gradually becoming warped and cruel," Severus answered. Bellatrix hissed when the Dark Lord's fingers abruptly tightened in her hair, pulling on the dark strands.

"Do what you must to speed the potion along Severus, make him have no other choice but to come to me sooner. If he wants an end to the maddening effects, he knows what he must do," Voldemort snarled. Severus nodded dutifully.

"Of course my Lord, consider it done. I'm sure it will not take much to convince him. The potion continues to weaken him. I have no doubt it shall be quite soon that he will come," he said.

Voldemort's smile was cold and ruthless. He beckons to Bellatrix. The dark lust evident in the twisted wizard's face. The crazed witch wastes no time clambering to her master's lap. A pale hand smooths over the woman's marred flesh, and Bellatrix hisses as red tracks appear from the Dark Lord's ruthless nails. Evil eyes gaze at the Potions Master.

“Yes, yes he will break soon and come to me. Leave us Severus, now,” he replied, dismissing the man as if he were a child. Severus bowed low before heading over to the fireplace. He was pulling more powder from his robes when the door at the far side of the room burst open. Three heads shot up simultaneously to look at the loud and unexpected disturbance. “What is the meaning of this Yaxley?” Voldemort booms as he shoves Bellatrix from his lap roughly. Yaxley bowed several times as he made his way over to Voldemort. He was completely out of breath and a total mess, his hair was loose and full of knots, shirt only buttoned twice and not correctly, and his robes were hanging around his elbows. “I-I’m sorry my lord, my humblest apologies. I’ve only now been able to get away from the mess at the Ministry, but I have urgent news.”

“Leave us Bella,” Voldemort ordered, waving his wand at the bruised and naked witch. She shrieked as she flew through the air and out the door, which slammed shut a second later.

A feeling of dread pooled in Snape’s stomach, he knew why Yaxley was here. He threw the powder into the flames, he wanted no part of this conversation.

“Severus, you should stay.” Yaxley said darkly.

“It is not you who I take orders from Corban.” Snape bit back.

“Do as he says Severus,” Voldemort drawled with a lazy wave of his hand.

“Of course my lord.” Said Snape, walking back over to stand next to Yaxley, his robes billowing in his haste. He glared, his cold, black eyes staring daggers at the other.

“My lord, yesterday the Potter boy and his friends were at the Ministry.” Yaxley paused, either to catch his breath or for dramatic effect, Snape wasn’t sure. But the Dark Lord sneered and leaned forward in his seat. “And?” He spat, waving his wand hand at Yaxley, wanting him to continue. Yaxley shrank back, his eyes warily watching the bone white wand. “Yes, yes they abducted three Ministry workers, took on their appearance; Polyjuice Potion I suspect, and snuck into the Ministry. We do not know why, but they freed the muggleborns and when I arrived in the courtrooms, all the workers in there were unconscious from being stunned.”

Rage detonated over the Dark Lord’s face. Voldemort was livid. He rose from his seat and began to pace around the room. His eyes were flashing with heat. “Is there anything else Yaxley?”

Snape hoped there wasn’t, but he knew Draco was involved, and there had been no mention of a fourth. But dread was a heavy pit in his stomach. “Yes my Lord.” Yaxley it appeared, was dreading this part as well. He swallowed, his hands shaking violently as he brought them together. “I was caught off guard as well, stunned in my office, and I believe my appearance was used as well.” The man hit the ground, shaking and screaming in agony as Voldemort hit him with a Crucio. Snape stood there, head tilted toward the ground watching the man writhing in agony with a single eyebrow raised. “I am sorry to interrupt my Lord, but I do not seem to understand, what about this exactly required my attendance?”

Voldemort pulled his wand back, stopping the spell so the man on the floor could regain his bearings. “Excellent question Severus,” said Voldemort.

“B-because.” Yaxley stuttered, “because my appearance was used, I found my hair piece by a fireplace,”

Snape rolled his eyes, “I do hope there’s more Corban.”

Yaxley raised his hand, a sad attempt to shield himself from Voldemort who had his wand raised once more. “We searched the areas around the courtrooms, we found Travers dead in a broom closet!” He babbled, speaking as fast as he could to save himself from more pain. Voldemort lowered his wand, his already slitted eyes narrowing more. “Do continue Yaxley.” He hissed. “Four of us, but we only identified three, who was the fourth? I bet my life the fourth is the one who killed Travers.”

“Do you truly wish to bet your life?” Snape snarled.

“Hush Severus, let the man finish.” Voldemort said, kneeling down in front a terrified Yaxley with a smile that revealed his pointed teeth. “I am correct in assuming you have an idea of who the fourth might have been?” Yaxley nodded.

“Y-yes my Lord. There is only one their age that I believe could pull off the killing curse.”

“Go on,” Voldemort chided, his grin widening even more.

“D-Draco Malfoy.” Yaxley whispered.

The Dark Lord laughed, a chilling, evil, malicious sound that shook Snape to his very core. He knew the man was right, knew it without a doubt, but for the sake of Draco and himself, he had to prove the man wrong.

“It seems you were foolish to bet your life Corban, as it couldn’t possibly have been Draco.”

Snape drawled, his frown aimed aimed at the man on the floor. “You see, Draco is at Hogwarts. I saw him several times yesterday morning and afternoon. He was present during Potions and then we had a private lesson after. Not to mention as head of his House, I keep tabs on the whereabouts of my charges. Or do you think me incompetent?”

Yaxley grew white as a sheet. The terror in his eyes growing, then quick as could be, it switched to rage. “You could be covering for him Severus, we all know you have a soft spot for the boy.”

Snape crouched down, a snarl on his lips, “And why pray tell would I cover for him? Why would I betray our Lord for a foolish teenage boy?” Spittle was flying from his lips, and his face showing a slight red hue do to his fury. Yaxley recoiled, he’s never seen the Potions Master this upset, unhinged, it was disturbing.”

Voldemort chortled, patting the shoulder of the Potions Master, “Be calm Severus, I do not question your loyalty, I do not believe it was Draco.”

Snape rose, “You are lucky Yaxley, that I am not allowed to do to you as I wish.” He looked to his master, who nodded his dismissal. The man bowed once more and began walking over to the fireplace once more.

Yaxley picked himself off the ground. Embarrassment colored his features. He was furious at Snape for threatening him, for scaring him. He whipped out his wand and pointed it right at Snape’s head.

Snape whirled, pulling out his own wand and pointing it right between the blonde man's eyes.

“Do you truly wish to do this Corban? Do you truly believe you have what it takes? To kill me, a loyal servant of the Dark Lord, right in front of him as well.” Yaxley’s hand wavered, and it didn’t go unnoticed. Voldemort cackled. It was evident that he was enjoying watching Snape belittle the man.

Seeing Yaxley falter was all Snape needed, he lowered his wand and returned to the fireplace.

Yaxley lowered his wand and placed it back in his robes. He watched Snape travel to his exit with a sour expression. The glower intensified as he fixed his unruly hair as best haphazardly and pulled his robes back onto his shoulders. Severus pulled out the floo powder and tossed it into the flames, but Yaxley clearing his throat made him pause.

“Oh, and one final thing before you go Severus.” Snape could hear the man's smile in his words, he didn’t like it one bit. He paused, not giving into the man and turning around. “I grabbed onto one of them when they tried to leave, the girl, and they took me with them to the most interesting place. It was the House of Black. I believe they were trying to return to their little headquarters, that place you could never tell us about because you were not the secret keeper. Well we can know about it now, because I’ve been there.”

Voldemort clapped his hands together, floating around the room with a massive grin on his face.

“Oh Yaxley, this is truly marvelous. And to think, just seconds before I was debating killing you!” he cackled. Those words instantly making what little color there was drain from Yaxley’s face. He forced out a nervous, fake chuckle, “Yes, we can now go to their hideout whenever we want. One of them was secret keeper since Dumbledore is dead. So you can tell us all that juicy stuff you couldn’t before right Severus?” Snape wanted to wring the man's neck, and his hands balled into fists so tightly his knuckles were white. “Of course Corban. But if you do not mind, I do have a school to run.”

“Oh yes, run along Severus. A do wish Draco my best mmm?” Snape stepped into the flames without another word.

“Soon, my little slave will come,” Voldemort breathed, waving a dismissive hand at Yaxley. Corban took the opportunity instantly and began hurrying for the door. When the man reached the door, Voldemort waved his wand, making the man freeze. Panic buzzed through the Death Eater as he couldn’t move a muscle. “Oh and Corban, the only reason I didn’t kill you the second you told me those....children.... infiltrated the Ministry is because finding someone else to run it would be tiresome, but the next time you make even the smallest mistake, I will not hesitate. I left you in charge, and this...this makes me believe I made a mistake. I do not make mistakes Yaxley. Do not make me question my decision again.”

“Y-yes my Lord.” Yaxley stuttered as he stumbled out of the room, nearly tripping over the ginormous snake, Nagini, as it slithered past. Voldemort beckoned the creature over, a content sigh flowing past his lips. She drew herself up so her head was even with her master's. The serpent began swaying contently when the man lay an affectionate hand on her massive head. “Oh Nagini my dear, you are the only one who has yet to fail me. Why is it that all of my followers are complete imbeciles?” The snake flicked out her tongue, tickling the side of Voldemort’s hand then lowered herself, placing her heavy head down on his lap.

## Chapter 22

Draco's eyes drooped as he tried paying attention in History of Magic. But Merlin was it difficult. Not only was the subject itself dull as dirt, it was the first class of the day, and Draco had barely made it on time. Exhaustion rode his body hard, making him irritable and sluggish. That was even after he'd taken what he'd like to call a 'personal day' after his midnight conversation with Snape. Sleep had been out of the question upon his arrival back to his dormitory. Instead, he'd hunkered down at his desk and done nothing but catch up on missed homework. When his body ached with the prolonged slumped position and bladder screamed with urgency, only then did Draco move. He'd relieved his pulsing bladder, and then laid in bed not sleeping, his mind pounding with thoughts.

Thankfully though, Draco was easily able to catch up on his missed work from that day and the ones before. The Professors hadn't questioned him about his absent days, just had all his missed work delivered to his dorm. The blonde assumed Snape had a hand in their silence, and Draco was grateful. Even the Carrows hadn't hounded him for his absence. However, he wasn't entirely sure the extensive essay he was expected to write over nonverbal magic had been assigned to everyone. He suspected that was their way of getting back at him.

The downside of the personal day came when he was laying in bed, as most of that time was dedicated to thinking about the locket. Regretfully, Draco found himself thinking about it more and more; more specifically about how he wanted to put it on. It was steadily getting harder and harder to tell himself no. It had begun to whisper to him, promising him pleasure. the seductive promises were oh so compelling. One time, during the night, he'd even found himself kneeling down in front of his trunk with the lid open, one hand reaching in to grab the Horcrux and the other hand inside his pants. Draco was terrified of his actions, especially when he'd realized he had absolutely no memory of how he had gotten there.

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By morning, Draco desperately wanted a second day to himself but as it was the final day before the weekend. The blonde couldn't afford to miss another day without repercussion, so he hauled himself out of bed, and made it to class. But holy shit was he regretting it. Binns was droning on and on about the goblin wars and Draco couldn't comprehend a word of it. The ghosts monotone voice was edging Draco more and more into sleepiness; it wasn't hard, if he was being honest. He had spend yet another night of tossing and turning in bed, sleep coming to him only in shorts bursts. He was partly grateful for this, as it made Voldemort unable to take over his dreams. But it also meant Draco was constantly exhausted.

His eyes finally drifted shut and sleep snared him harshly. He twitched, his eyes opened, and he found himself once again anchored to the table in the Manor. His legs were spread wide and wrists tethered together above his head. He stared at the ceiling, eyes blank. The feelings running through his mind were foreign, he was no longer scared, but he was by no means looking forward to what was about to happen. He was expectant, unable to stop the impending torture, but drained of defiance and hinged on mad acceptance.

“You have made a wise decision Draco, this pleases me. However, it has taken you far too long to make it. So for that, I must punish you,” The Dark Lord hissed, grabbing a fist full of blonde hair. Draco jumped, he had no idea the Dark Lord had been in the room with him. The Prince inhaled, preparing himself for the worst. Voldemort yanked the boy's head up and sideways, making Draco's neck arch and twist painfully. Draco groaned, his tongue sliding in between his teeth and he bites down to prevent any further noise, he would prove he wasn't weak. Voldemort chuckled

as a grimace crossed the boy's face instinctively. "But do not worry Draco, this will be both a punishment and a reward. Let me in, let me in, and there will be nothing but pleasure for the rest of your life," Voldemort whispered in his ear, caressing the naked, pale shoulders and chest with light touches. A shiver slinked through Draco's spine. The feather light touches sent zings of desire through his sensitive nerves. He grimaced in pain when he was flipped roughly, the chains twisting about his wrists tighter. They pinched and bit into bone. Draco inhaled sharply as he was yanked around by his hair until his wrists strained against the short tether and his ass jutted up in the air. Through the pounding heartbeat in his ears, the blonde heard the rustle of robes as Voldemort lifted himself onto the table.

Jagged nails sank into his hips as Voldemort gripped them tightly.

"You are mine Draco," he snarled in the blonde's ear, nipping at his earlobe. Lust flared to life in Draco's body as the Dark Lord slammed his needy cock into the boy's ass. Even as his hole burned with the intrusion, another heat was starting to ignite. Sweat beaded his forehead as Draco was amazed to find out that he was enjoying this. The pleasure lancing through his body was intense and he could not deny that it was blossoming higher and higher within him. He knew the connection he shared with the Dark Lord was fueling it. It pleased Draco. He was enjoying the attention the Dark Lord was giving him. Another twisted chuckle fanned over the Prince's eardrums.

"You see Draco, if you would behave I would not have to harm you," Voldemort breathed as he leaned over Draco. The blonde shivered as weight forced his back to arch making those hips slamming into him angle even more perfectly. Even with a brutal pace set, Draco felt himself begin to bead with pre-cum as the tip of Riddle's cock just barely brushed his prostate. Pale fingers wrapped around Draco's neck as the Voldemort used it for leverage and the blonde could feel cool breath against his ear. Air lodged in Draco's throat thanks to Voldemort's tight grip. Draco's gut was tightening for release as the flames licked his insides, making him hotter and hotter. His skin was slick with sweat, and he longed to moan in satisfaction. But he didn't make a sound save the instinctive grunt of bliss and sharp breaths accompanied with sudden flashes of euphoria.

"I grow tired of waiting for you Draco, I can feel you fighting me, even now." Draco's body burst with cold panic, every muscle freezing in place, and Voldemort laughed harshly. Draco gagged as the dark wizard tightened his grip and pulled the blonde up closer to the snake like face. Pain burned through his ass at the new forced angle, and his shoulders screamed with near dislocation. Breath ceased to enter his esophagus and terror struck through his body. "Yes Draco, I can feel it. I can feel your defiance even through your utter enjoyment of being used by me. Your body sings with need and your cock leaks from my actions. Yet you resist. I am impressed by your willpower. You are strong Draco, no one else has lasted this long. Any other witch or wizard would succumbed long ago. You will be a most glorious prize. But do not mistake my praise as anything more. Nothing will hide you should you disappoint me again Draco, but I do not believe you will." Voldemort snarled and yanked his hand away. Draco crashed to the table coughing and blinking tears from his eyes. A struggled breath filled Draco's lungs, his hips rose with a sharp yank, a hand grips his hair, and then Voldemort thrust deeper inside.

Draco's mouth fell open as he grunted in pleasure at the new angle. Voldemort's cock was ramming into his prostate on every inward thrust. Harder and harder Voldemort slammed into Draco, and the young wizard couldn't stop the lusty grunts ripping from his throat. His body shuddered with blinding nirvana and warm come spewed from him even as his ass was filled relentlessly with the Dark Lord's own sticky seed. Voldemort's grip tightened and a loud yell of release rang in Draco's ears. He grimaced when Voldemort slammed his head into the table, the pain from the action sent molten pleasure to his stomach. "Remember Draco, I will always find you. I can make it as painful or painless as I deem worthy, depending on your willingness to obey" he snarled and vanished, jerking Draco into consciousness.

Draco thrashed in shock, hand slamming into something warm and fleshy. His gaze slid over to the side, snagging on a pair of worry-filled chocolate eyes. Neville Longbottom was trying to glare at him as he stemmed the blood from his nose.

"Mr. Malfoy, I believe you owe Mr. Longbottom an apology and then I suggest you march to the Headmaster. I don't condone violence in my class," Binns said, his tone dry as ever, but accompanied by a look of such intense disapproval that Malfoy felt as if he was a small child once again. Without a word, Draco grabbed his bag and fled the room. He could hear Binns yelling at him, but he did not stop. He had to get away. His cock was embarrassingly hard and he could feel wet spots on his boxers from pre-cum, he was a mess. He wanted to ease the ache, make himself cum, but he knew it would only make things worse. Dread filled him as he realized things were only going to get worse, without Potter there to help, he knew Voldemort's promises would sound more and more welcoming as time went on.

The Slytherin was running down the halls when he heard a garbled yell, "Mawfoyl! Oyl Mawfoyl wait."

Draco groaned, slowing down, and then stopping as the other boy caught up. Longbottom doubled over to try and catch his breath, his nose bleeding even as he kept it pinched between two bloody fingers. Finally the brunette straightened and pinned the other with an aggravated glare. "Wat the haw Mawfoyl?" Neville asked in outrage, his pinched nose making his speech sound utterly ridiculous.

The blonde pulled out his wand with a sigh, which turned to a groan as the Gryffindor immediately flinched. "For Merlin sake I'm not going to hex you. Move your hand Longbottom, I'll fix your nose. I cannot have a conversation with you when you sound like that and gushing blood all over the place." The boy looked like he'd rather do literally anything else, but reluctantly he lowered his hand. Draco waved his wand, muttering "Episkey," and took a step as there was a loud crack as Neville's nose moved back into place and the boy howled with the pain of it. He took a couple deep breaths then wiped the blood from his face with a sleeve of his black and ruby robes. "Ok Malfoy what the hell was that? Nobody wakes up like that if they're having a normal dream."

Draco looked around the empty corridor. He really didn't want to be having this conversation out in the open, and even less so with Neville Longbottom of all people. His cock was still leaking and pulsing in his slacks and even Neville with his bloodied face wasn't looking all that terrible. He grimaced, "Fuck. Ok Longbottom, something bad happened to me this summer, something that I can't tell you about here," He saw the spark of emotion in Neville's eyes: curiosity and mild annoyance that Malfoy wasn't telling him. "But I will, okay? When Potter is back, I'll tell you, and that little group all about it. I swear it." Accusing eyes flicking over every nuance of the blonde's face, Neville finally nodded. Draco could tell the lion wasn't thrilled about having to wait, but he could tell Neville registered it as something serious. It had to be, if it were enough that Malfoy was willing to tell a bunch of Gryffindors about it. "Okay Malfoy."

"Longbottom, please don't mention this, any of this, to anyone. The Slytherins cannot know I am talking to you." The Gryffindor noted the grave tone the blonde used and automatically, Neville nodded again. This was more than reputation driving Malfoy's secrecy, so he reluctantly turned on the spot, and walked back the way he came to return to Binns's disaster of a class.

Draco though, was not going back, but he was not going to Snape either. Instead, he walked down the long, empty corridors to a narrow set of steps that lead outside. The aching had slowly decreased, though the lust was still buzzing throughout his body. He reached the wooden door and pushed it open. Crisp air filled his lungs as he walked across the narrow walkway to the solitary tower overlooking the green hills and mountains around Hogwarts. Draco walked up yet another set of steps and entered the owlery. He called for his large, black Great Horned Owl and smiled when the Prince saw it swooping down from a high, shadowed rafter and giving a loud hoot of welcome. Draco smiled, his owl was truly a majestic creature. He had named it Orion, the

name coming from a member of his family, from his mother's side. The owl landed gracefully on Malfoy's shoulder and began to nibble affectionately on his ear. "Yes, yes I love you too Orion." Draco chuckled.

Draco left the owlery enclosure, Orion still on his shoulder, and sat down on the top step. It was a beautiful day; Fall was in full force. It was late into October and there would have been a slight chill if it wasn't for the sun. It was shining brightly over the castle, bringing warmth and light to all those outside. The trees were brilliant with the hues of autumn. The Slytherin withdrew a one of his books, parchment, quill, and ink from his bag and set to writing a letter. He had decided to update Ginny on what he had found out, and while doing so, resisted the urge to picture the attractive girl in his head. The fact that he found the girl so appealing was messing with his mind. She was a blood traitor, but a hot one. And her strength, bloody hell it was something. Even Draco couldn't deny the power she wielded wasn't sexy and the girl's sass was deliciously enticing in eliciting the most lewd responses from him. Draco frowned, what was wrong with him? He shook his head, trying to clear away the mess of thoughts and focus on the task at hand. He wrote out everything Harry's Patronus had told him, doing his best to leave no detail out. After all, the girl had the right to know what had happened to her brother. He told her to do whatever she thought was right on the situation, however he also requested, if she was able, to please leave him out of any information she shared.

When the letter was done, Draco stood, he folded the parchment, and put it into an envelope with Ginny's first name on the front. He held it out to Orion, who immediately took it in his beak. "Now this will be a short flight, take it to Ginny Weasley. She's here at the castle, but make sure she is the only one who reads it." Orion let out an affirming hoot and took off into the air with a mighty flap of his powerful wings. Draco watched his owl for as long as he could, and when the bird was gone, he sat back down on the step. His mind a jumbled mess, and a new issue had presented itself when Draco was enjoying the gorgeous Fall day. It was quickly reaching the end of October, and like every year, the first Quidditch match, against Gryffindor, took place the first weekend of November. He was the Captain for the Slytherin team and the Seeker, loosing to the Gryffindors wasn't an option. The tension between the two houses was at an all time high, and unfortunately with everything that had been going on, Quidditch had been pushed way down on his list of priorities.

Running a hand through his hair, Draco sighed. Stressed wasn't a strong enough word to describe what he was feeling. He cycled through the list of bullshit; the Death Eaters hated him, half because he was favored by their leader, and the other half because they believed him weak and a failure. The Slytherins, his 'friends', either worshiped him or were suspicious of him for what happened over the summer or his new odd behavior. Not to mention, if he lost the match against the Gryffindors, that would be added to their list. Of course, he couldn't forget the other houses. Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff stayed pretty neutral about him. Some of the girls had sought him out before for a fling, but that had been the extent. For the most part, the rest of the witty Eagles and the friendly badgers hated him for his reputation, gave him a wide berth or were suspicious of him but didn't approach. The lions however, well that raucous bunch mostly burned with hatred for him. A few seemed suspicious of him now but the dark hatred blotted odd emotion out.

The trio were kind to him though, for the most part, but Ron was...well he was a special kind of man. Draco chuckled at this, Weasley was slowly, very slowly coming around. Then there was Potter; he had his doubts about Draco. The blonde couldn't blame him, as he had doubts about himself too. However, he needed Harry and he trusted him, something the Prince never thought would happen. Malfoy realized then that he would truly do whatever he could to help, for as long as he was able too. The potion would take over, it was only a matter of time, he just hoped Potter wouldn't hate him for it.

The blonde slumped against the door frame and ran a hand through his hair. Draco has dark magic

inside him, he always has, it was unavoidable considering who he came from. The potion though, it was making it far worse. He wasn't sure if it added more or if it just increased what he already had, but he could feel it; it was like a virus slowly taking over his body and his mind. He chuckled, he'd wanted Potter to teach him the Patronus charm, but he highly doubted that it would be possible. It repelled dark magic, and in his current state, that's pretty much the only magic he had. With Potter and Granger gone, and after what he found out about Snape, Draco didn't know who to trust, who to go to for help. The blonde shook his head. Unless he wanted another visit from Voldemort, he couldn't think like that. So after several more minutes of intense wallowing, Draco stood up and started the journey back into the castle. After all, he had Potions class and Quidditch practice to look forward to...

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Draco returned to his dormitory, dropped his bag onto the bed, and went in search of his Potions book. He silently prayed all the other seventh year Slytherins had somehow come down with an intense bout of sickness and would be absent. He wasn't exactly looking forward to the class, but he wouldn't miss it. Potions was always something he enjoyed immensely. However, due to his four day absence, he knew the other Slytherins would hound him until he provided an explanation. So when he found his book under his bed, he begrudgingly shoved it into his bag, and made his way to the classroom. He found himself in front of the large open doorway far too quickly and was desperately trying to come up with a reason to go back. Unfortunately, as if psychic, Pansy appeared in the doorway. "Draco, where have you been?" She all but shrieked. The blonde grimaced, her voice like sharp glass to his ears.

"I was taking personal days, the reason is my own." He brushed past her, holding back a groan when they made contact. Her hurt look doing nothing but annoying him as he took his seat. Pansy sat down next to him, placing a hand on his thigh. "We were so worried Draco, are you seriously not going to tell me?" Draco's silver eyes looked down at the hand on his thigh, lust was flaring up through his body but he was disgusted by it. No matter how attractive the girl was physically, it didn't make up for her ugly personality. "Pansy, you are incapable of any emotion that doesn't revolve around yourself, now take your hand off of me," he snarled, grabbing her small wrist. She glared at him, snatched her wrist from his grip and gave him a look of angry suspicion. "You've changed Draco, and not in a good way. I will find out why." She threatened. He knew she was aware of the potion, that much was made clear. She knew about the ring as well, but that wasn't what she was referring to. Draco hid his fear behind an icy smirk. "Just because I have grown sick of your games doesn't mean I've changed. Now go away." He turned his back to her then, pulling out his Potions book, and opening it to the page that was written on the black board.

The rest of the lesson went smoothly, Pansy glared at him throughout but she was easy enough to ignore. The absence of Harry and Hermione didn't go unnoticed however. It was a big deal for the female witch to miss a single lesson, but to miss more than one was completely unheard of. Whispers filled the room, everyone trying to guess where she could be. When the questioning reached a dull roar, Snape bellowed, "Silence!" so loudly Draco's ears were ringing. "The absence of the chosen one and his silly little friends is of no concern to any of you. Now unless you wish to complete this potion in detention, I suggest you all shut your mouths." Draco sniggered quietly to himself, ignoring the warning look from the Potions Master. His attention returned to his Forgetfulness Potion, causing him to miss Pansy whispering to a confused and curious Blaise.

The potion was easy enough, and as soon as he added the last ingredient, and stirred his potion counter clockwise for thirty seconds he'd be done. He reached across the large table as some of the bottles of ingredients were shared by all at the table. Pansy reached out her hand as well, acting as if she was picking up the same bottle. Her hand grabbed Draco's, who immediately recoiled. He bit his tongue, hard, in an attempt to stifle his groan. The taste of metal filled his

mouth, Christ his tongue was bleeding. "Oh I'm sorry," Pansy said, her tone indicating the exact opposite. She watched the blonde, watched his breathing increase, his hands begin trembling, and his face warp into an expression of twisted pained lust. She suspected the effect would be greater if her touch was unhindered by clothing, and she was right. She looked at Blaise with expectation as Draco yanked his hand back. The boy was dumbfounded, "Draco, mate, you okay?" He asked quietly. "What's wrong?"

Draco was unsure of what to say, he obviously wasn't 'ok' and he feared if he spoke, the blood that was pooling in his mouth would make an appearance. But thankfully, Snape chose that exact moment to glide over. He must have some sort of a sixth sense, one specifically catered to Draco that alerted the man when he was in trouble. "Parkinson!" He snapped, "You've just earned yourself a private lesson with me, in detention." He then turned his attention to Draco, "It seems you haven't fully recovered from your illness yet Mr. Malfoy, you are excused for the rest of my class."

Draco nodded, he tossed his book back into his bag, made sure his robes were covering the very noticeable tent in his slacks and rushed from the room. He stumbled up the steps leading out of the dungeons, unsure exactly where he was going, but then he stopped. His legs felt like jelly, he was sweaty and his injured tongue continued to bleed.

He swallowed the mouth full of blood, grimacing at the taste. He leaned against the stone wall, waiting for his legs to regain their strength and his body to stop shaking. Pansy had only touched his hand for a second and he'd almost lost it. He took several deep, calming breaths then focused on Potter. How was he going to get Potter back? An idea popped into his mind, so instead of going towards the Entrance Hall, Draco spun around and walked towards the kitchens. When he reaches the large painting, he sighs, not particularly wanting to tickle fruit, but does so anyway. He leans against the wall then, waiting for a house elf to make an appearance.

When one finally does make an appearance, he's relieved to see it was the same one as before. She stares up at him with her ridiculously massive orbs and gives a little curtsy.

"Poppy right?" He asks, the elf nods. "Excellent. Well Poppy I was hoping maybe you could help me." He pushes himself off the wall with his foot and crouches down in front of the small elf. "I will do my best to assist you master Malfoy,"

Draco swears he sees the tiniest blush appear on her cheeks when he drew close. "Alright Poppy," he said, trying to come up with the best way to explain things. Poppy's ears perked up as she got ready to listen. "My family has house elves, I grew up with them obviously, but I'm still not entirely sure how all the rules and your magic works." Poppy nods quickly. "Yes sir, it is difficult to understand, Poppy knows.

"So I'm going to do my best to not say anything...bad." Poppy nods again. "Okay. I asked Dobby to help me find my friends and he agree, but after he was already gone I found out some information. Information that would be useful for him to know, I have no idea how to get a hold of him to tell him the information. I was hoping there was a way that you could find him or get a message to him."

Poppy grinned, Draco hoped this meant she could help, and he wasn't disappointed.

"Oh yes Master Malfoy, Poppy can do this!" Draco was thrilled, his lips turned upward in a massive grin. "Thank you Poppy." He said warmly. "Just tell him to come find me so I can talk to him."

"Yes Master Malfoy, Poppy will do this now." She said, and with a snap of her fingers, the elf was gone.

## Chapter 23

Draco walked the short distance back to his dormitory with a spring in his step. He was immensely proud of himself for coming up with the idea, going to Poppy for help was brilliant, honestly. He had a couple hours to kill before Quidditch Practice started, so the blonde was going to grab his broom, change into his practice robes, and get a head start on training. He spoke the password to the portrait and stepped inside. His sitting room was dark, the fire dim and barely going, but that wasn't what drew Draco's attention. He could hear light footsteps, an odd shuffling to the intruder's gait, and something or someone was moving things about. There was also quiet hooting, but it sounded as if there was more than one owl waiting for his return. He walked up the spiral stone steps to his room, pulling out his wand having no idea what he would find. He peeked around the corner, wand raised and mumbled "lumos" and his wand lit up, filling the room with light.

There was a small brown owl sitting on his armoire with a letter clutched in its tiny beak. Draco perked his brow at the first unknown being in his dorm. Silver eyes drifted down to search the rest of his room. And standing awkwardly next to his bed was Dobby. Orion was standing quite contently on top of his bald head and, oddly enough a pile of Draco's socks were the elf's small arms. The elf was muttering about messy wizards, which he was sure no one was supposed to hear. The elf turned to grab more laundry, and caught sight of the Slytherin's looming figure. When he saw Draco, he let out a squawk and jumped in surprise. Draco's socks went flying and Orion hooted in annoyance. Draco held out a hand, "Oh Dobby I'm sorry, I didn't know you were here." He waved his wand again, the light at the end extinguishing, and the room filled with comfortable orange-ish light from the many candles hung up on the walls in sconces. Draco was pleasantly surprised to see that while Dobby had been waiting for him to return, he had tidied up Draco's room. The elf smiled sheepishly, "Dobby hopes Master Malfoy doesn't mind." Draco shook his head, "Oh no Dobby of course not! Thank you." He said, genuinely grateful for what the elf had done.

The blonde plopped down on his bed, his eyes focusing in on the small brown owl, "Dobby, do you know who that owl belongs too by chance?"

"No sir, it was sitting there when Dobby got here."

He watched the owl hop off the armoire, the letter it was holding had no writing on the front and when it was dropped into his lap, the owl left through the window. "So it brings me a letter with a blank envelope and doesn't expect payment, who could this possibly be from?" Draco wondered out-loud. He opened the envelope and unfolded the thick parchment. On the parchment, only four words were written 'We need to talk'. It was signed P. M.M and the handwriting was similar to what he frequently saw on his transfiguration homework. It was Professor McGonagall who had sent it. Obviously since the bird had left, he wasn't expected to reply, just to show up. So Draco decided he would drop by her classroom before heading to the Quidditch Pitch.

He opened the letter Orion had brought next, suspecting it was Ginny replying to his own letter. He opened the envelope, noting some what humorously that it was addressed to 'Malfoy'. He unfolded the parchment and began to read.

"Draco, thank you for telling me what you found out, I knew if someone was going to get hurt it would be Ron. Also, Ron failed his Apparition test so that dunderhead had no business Apparating to begin with. I am glad they are safe though, and I'm pretty sure I know where they are. I told mum and dad what you told me. Mum was worried for all of five seconds before she started yelling about all of her sons being idiots.

Oh and I talked to McGonagall, she told me she wanted to speak with you so i suspect you'll be hearing from her soon.

Thanks again, and let me know if you find out anything else.

Ginny

P.S. There's something wrong with your bird, it attacked Dean when I tried to open the letter and wouldn't stop until he left."

Draco chuckled, feeling ornery and far too proud of himself and his owl. "Excellent job Orion, just excellent." He patted the owl lovingly on the head, it gave a loud hoot and with a powerful flap of its wings, rose up into the air and went in the direction of the window. Draco suspected the owl was ready to return to the owlery, his job was done after all. So, the blonde retrieved a small treat from his nightstand and walked to the window where the bird was now perched. Once Orion had the treat in his beak, and the blonde opened the window, he took off through the window. Draco returned to his spot on the bed. Dobby was still standing next to it looking at him expectantly. "You have something to tell me sir"

"Yes Dobby, I found out Potter and the others are somewhere in the woods, close to where the Quidditch World Cup took place, also that Ron got Splinched. He's alright though!" Draco added quickly when Dobby's already large eyes grew even larger in his horror. Dobby calmed down immediately so Draco continued, "My only concern is if you bringing them back here will harm him further."

Dobby's bald head tilted as he mulled over the blonde's words. His ears tilted back slightly in an almost adorable fashion and as he watched the elf ponder, guilt snuck its way into Draco's mind. While he was never truly cruel to the elf, he did nothing to stop his father's terrible actions against the elf. He had uttered not a word of protest when the elf was threatened most heinously, and stood by when with even the smallest of mistakes resulted in the elf to be beaten mercilessly. Lucius had demanded Draco watch at times as he doled out their servant's punishment. It was a lesson, Lucius had claimed, a lesson on how to keep the lesser beings in line. Malfoy sighed. Dobby had every right to be wary of him, so the fact he was willing to help said a lot about the elf's genuine kindness. Not to mention the little creature had tidied his room. The sincerity of the elf gnawed at Draco's conscience. The Slytherin waited patiently, but his eyes slowly drifted to his trunk that sat mere inches from his legs. He longed for the item tucked away within it. The seductive promises filling his mind made him groan and his vision began to blur. He felt himself leaning towards it, but then Dobby's ears perked up with sudden movement. Startled by the action, he straightened, trying to remember what he had been doing, and why he was almost laying sideways on the bed.

"Dobby doesn't think so sir, as our magic is not the same as a Wizard's. Us house elves do not get Splinched sir, even when we go to a place we have not been before, sir."

"Thank Merlin." Draco sighed in relief, both for the elf breaking the trance from the locket and for the news. He was trying his best to focus fully on the elf but he could help but groan quietly. The potion was almost unbearable by this point. "Do you think you could go get them Dobby?" he asked, a little more forcefully than he intended.

The house elf looks down at his shuffling feet. "Dobby has work he must do here, sir. There is lots to do and Dobby is expected to help, sir."

Draco's face fell as realization hit him. "Oh... yea, of course."

"I have to help prepare the meals. I also have to help get things ready for Halloween and set up the decorations. I also have to catch up on my other duties that I am missing from while I was helping you and Harry Potter, sir."

Draco nodded. Of course Dobby had other things to do, he works at Hogwarts after all. Plus Halloween was only a week away and it was quite the affair at Hogwarts.

"But as soon as I am done with those I will go find Harry Potter and his friends!" Dobby quickly added.

The blonde's face lifted; it seemed things were finally taking a turn for the better. "Brilliant Dobby. Thanks a bunch!" The elf gave him a toothy smile, and the Slytherin swore Dobby looked a bit red at the unexpected thanks. He nodded once more in thanks and the elf bowed. Draco jumped

up and went over to the armoire. He had to find his practice robes and then it was off to McGonagall's office. He heard a crack behind him indicating the house elf's departure. He pulled out black and emerald robes, quickly changed, grabbed his broom, and began to walk from the room. Yet as his feet skirted the trunk, they came to a shuffling pause before it. He stared at it, sensing the pull once more.

The boy's body was frozen in place, anticipation buzzed over his entire body, and his vacant gaze was glued to the trunk. It was almost as if Draco had been Imperioed by what was inside. He could feel his feet stuttering forward as a quiet voice in his head whispered to him, coaxing him into taking the locket with him. Promises of power, control, and pleasure were almost too much to ignore and the heady warmth it brought to his live-wire nerves was even more difficult. Draco's hand went down to his cock, and as soon as his fist wrapped around it, a moan slipped past his lips. His head lolled back ever so briefly at the antagonizing need skyrocketed after he tightened the grip on his cock. A new wave of ever growing heat slammed into him. The blonde stumbled forward, one hand reaching out, the other still working his cock through his slacks. A toe bumped the trunk, and cool wood brushed his heated fingertips. Reality slammed into the Prince. His eyes grew wide, as the trance was broken. His gaze flicked down to the wood beneath his fingers and he recoiled swiftly. Fisting his hand at his side, and shaking his head to clear his mind, Draco rushed down the spiral stairs.

He dashed through the portrait hole, nearly slamming into a young Slytherin couple making out in the corridor. "Hey! Do that somewhere else!" He shouted, as he swerved around them, his eyes landing on the girl. Silver eyes raked down her body, taking in her appearance. Pretty, and obviously easy. He wanted her, wanted to do things to her, they needed to leave. The couple glared, continuing their session. Draco stopped, fighting the urge to take the girl into his dorm "Oy! I'm head boy! Go somewhere else or you lose house points." He said a bit desperately. The couple broke apart, the male grabbing his partner's hand and dragging her further down the corridor at a panicked pace. Draco bit his lip harshly, eyes following the Slytherin girl until she was out of sight. Even watching others getting intimate was effecting him, the end of the weekend truly couldn't get here fast enough. However, scaring the mess out of the younger students made him feel a tad bit better. Draco chuckled evilly as he hit the stairs to the Entrance Hall.

When Draco reached the door leading to McGonagall's classroom, he hesitated. His mind was still filled with lust, and he honestly wasn't sure what this meeting would bring, but the woman's thick accented voice carried through the door. "You may enter Mr. Malfoy." The blonde shivered, how did she know he was out here? He opened the thick wooden door, stepping into the empty classroom. It was strange walking into the large room when there weren't other students around. The animals she kept in cages for lessons were oddly quiet, all the desks were empty and the absence of parchment sliding across them was disconcerting and oddly enough, it's usual warmth was missing due to the absence of the bodies. McGonagall watched him approach through her small circled spectacles, her sharp eyes unblinking and incredibly intimidating. Her stare wasn't unfriendly per say, but it was sternly focused. And had he mentioned intimidating?

Draco stood in front of her desk, his hands nervously tightened around the neck of his broom. "You wanted to see me professor?"

McGonagall eyed him intensely for a few moments longer before reaching into her desk and pulling out a square tin. She held it out across her desk, "Have a biscuit Mr. Malfoy, you look dreadful."

Draco leaned forward and took a biscuit from the tin, shifting uncomfortably as McGonagall always made him nervous. He tried not to cringe when she suddenly waved her wand. Merlin, he needed to relax. McGonagall would never attack a student, no matter how reprehensible she found them. She motioned to the newly summoned chair. "Have a seat while you're at it Mr. Malfoy. Honestly, you look as if you need it." The blonde perched himself in the uncomfortable wooden straight backed chair, yet was warmed by the woman's thoughtfulness. Her gaze never left his

form as he willed himself to relax.

McGonagall cleared her throat. "Yes, I wanted to speak to you about your sudden change of heart concerning Mr. Potter and his friends. I am aware that you have been helping them on their quest, and after what I heard from Ginny Weasley, I do not doubt your motives nor your loyalty. I do however feel some concern over your safety, as I know with whom your allegiance was alienated with previously." She looked at him over her glasses with her usual stern expression. "I cannot help but feel you are putting yourself in the most severe of dangers by helping Potter. You are playing a dangerous game Mr. Malfoy." her thin lips were pursed, eyes boring into Draco's. Of course he knew she was right. Hell, he knew even before she said it. But reason for putting himself in such incredible danger was born of necessity. Potter was the only one who could help him.

Draco's jaw dropped, he wasn't sure what he was expecting this meeting to be about, but it most certainly wasn't this. "Are you saying I should quit helping and go back to Voldemort?" McGonagall placed her hands in her lap and the blonde swore he saw genuine horror flash through her eyes at the suggestion. "No Mr. Malfoy, I wouldn't wish that evil on anyone. Least of all one of my students. You may not be in my House Mr. Malfoy, but I have watched you grow into a promising, albeit, misled wizard." The professor paused in her answer, the sincerity of her words throwing him for a loop. Her lips twitched up almost imperceptibly before she cleared her throat and continued. "That being said, you are a great asset to the Order, one that unfortunately is far too valuable to lose. I am, however, suggesting that you make sure your interactions with those that don't share the views of those you are supposed to work for, is far more discrete. I saw and heard your conversation with Mr. Longbottom outside of Professor Binns classroom. The repercussions, I dare say, if it hadn't been I whom heard you would have been truly disastrous." Draco swallowed thickly. "Oh. Thank you professor." The severely serious witch studied him for a few moments more before she nodded curtly.

Draco stood and turned to leave, assuming the strange conversation had finished.

"Mr. Malfoy," he turned, looking once again at McGonagall.

"Yes Professor?"

"The owls are also not a safe method of communication." She said, her eyes looking down at the papers on her desk.

"But Professor-"

"I would recommend the same method Mr. Potter used. I would also recommend he be your teacher, as he seems to have a knack for bringing out the light in even the darkest of people."

McGonagall said, one of her small, rare smiles forming on her thin lips as she looked up at him over her spectacles.

Draco nodded, his grip tightening on his broom even more to hide the shaking of his hands. She knew, Professor McGonagall knew everything that has been going on with him. Draco was sure of it. He left her office after that, munching absentmindedly on the biscuit she'd ordered him to take.

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The potion was turning Draco into an animal, he'd managed to hold it off yes, but when he saw the girl standing in front of him as he reached the Entrance Hall, only one thought crossed his mind. He knew very little about this girl, mostly just her pure blood status and her name. There was something else he knew about her, but at the moment, he couldn't come up with it to save his life. She was a Slytherin of course, younger than him, a fifth year he thinks. Draco saw her frequently in the dungeons, her name was Ismelda he recalled, and the look she was giving him was promising. He approached Ismelda, his eyes roaming her body approvingly. She had curves in all the right places and her tits would definitely fit in his hands perfectly. Though he had to be at the Quidditch Pitch soon, if he wanted time to himself, there was something about this girl that he couldn't resist. He stopped in front of her, his silver eyes locked on her dark brown ones, "You

want me.” he drawled, the girl nodded. “You know who I am.” the girl nodded again. Draco had a strong suspicion that the only reason she was interested in him was because she knew about him, what he was a part of. However, in that moment, Draco didn’t care.

Her small wrist flexed instinctively in his tight grip, but she followed willingly as he lead her to his Dormitory. She stood back respectfully as he approached the portrait hole and whispered the password. Once inside, he barely paused to put his broom on the floor next to one of the leather couches before he sank into one of the aforementioned couches. He relaxed against the cushions and spread his arms along the back of it. With heavy lidded eyes, he studied the girl gazing back at him. “Strip.” he ordered, and the girl immediately complied. Her fingers deftly undid the clasp of her school robes. His throat went dry as she shimmied out of her vest and kicked daintily out of her shoes. He smirked as she gave him a mischivious look, turned her back to him, and slid that ghastly school skirt from her hips. He stared appreciatively at the tight arse bared for his view by skimpy knickers as she rid herself of her socks. Grinning impishly over her shoulder she unbuttoned her top out of his view but when she turned he growled his approval. Merlin those tits were flawlessly cupped by black lace. the white garment slid from her shoulders and she wasted no more time playfully shimmying out of her underwear and bra.

Draco stared lustfully at her naked body. Merlin, he wanted to touch, bite, suck, and mark everything he could see. She was pale, the black hair falling over her shoulders made her skin almost glow in comparison. He groaned and sank further into the leather while his legs opened invitingly. The girl got on he knees, crawling over to Draco’s open thighs. Small hands slid up his legs, and over his thighs to his belt. She opened his pants and moaned appreciatively as she pulled his cock out. Giving him one last lust filled stare of longing, she began working it into hardness.

Draco’s head fell against the back of the couch, his tongue sneaking out to lick his lips. “Yes.” He hissed quietly. Her grip was perfect and palm smooth and expertly working him. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he knew this was a terrible idea, but when Ismelda wrapped her lips around his length, his mind went completely, blissfully blank. He growled, lifting his head and looking down at the girl through slitted eyes. His hand went to the back of her head, pressing it down so his cock hit the back of her throat. The blonde heard and felt her choke at the sudden clogging of her airway, but he didn’t care. He held her there, feeling her throat constricting as she tried to breathe. Her mouth was warm and wonderfully wet. He couldn't let her go even if he had the willpower to do so. Panic took over, and her hands gripped harshly at his thighs and her nails dug into his skin. He knew she was suffocating, was crying in fear. She tried to scream, the movement and humming of the muffled noise so delightful he hoped she would do it again. He could feel her shaking beneath his grip but he didn’t care, he was so close.

Ismelda gave another muffled scream as her nails clawed viciously into his exposed thigh. Draco shouted with relief as the friction and pain exploded through his nerves sending him straight into release. Only after his cum filled her throat did he release his hold and let Ismelda fall backwards. His cum and saliva dribbled down her chin and flying from her mouth as she coughed and gasped. She took in massive gulps of air, glaring at him through teary, reddened eyes. “What the fuck is wrong with you?” She shrieked through sobs as she watched Draco stand and put himself back in his pants. His cold silver eyes were filled with unused lust and anger as he looked down. “Put your clothes back on and get out of my dorm. “He said harshly. Doing his best to hide the tremors in his voice. He’d been right of course, she’d only made things worse. He picked up his broom and hastily left not even waiting for the girl to exit.

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Draco was happy to see that the Pitch was still empty when he finally made down to the castle grounds. He was later to arrive than he intended but there was still plenty of time for him to get some practice in. After the ordeal with Ismelda, he was hoping some flying would clear his head.

He mounted his broom, a Firebolt like Harry had, his father bought it for him as a gift when he received the mark. It felt good to fly again, with everything that has been going on, Draco hadn't had the time to enjoy it. Flying has always been one of Draco's favorite things to do, ever since he was old enough to be on a broom, Draco would fly every chance he got. He zoomed toward three of the massive goal posts, zigzagging around and through them with astonishing accuracy and speed. The wind making his hair blow out of its normal slicked back style and his robes were billowing behind him. He was happy, giddy even as he dove towards the ground, pulling up and straightening out mere seconds before he'd hit the immaculate lawn.

He flew around and around the Pitch, rolling, diving, anything and everything he could think of. After another truly spectacular dive, he slowed down, hovering mere inches from the ground. He ran a hand through his wind-swept hair and sighed in contentment.

"Nice to see you haven't lost your touch Malfoy." A deep voice drawled somewhere to the blondes left. His head whipped around, Zabini was walking towards him with Pansy in tow. "We were all worried Draco, you missed so much school because of your unexpected illness."

"Yes Draco, we weren't sure if you would be well enough to play." Pansy chimed in. "Especially since it's against Gryffindor." Her face scrunched up into an expression of disgust when she mentioned the house.

Draco's eyes narrowed, "Why are you here?" he asked a tad harshly.

Pansy recoiled slightly at his tone but recovered quickly, her haughty mask sliding back into place. "Warrington told us he saw someone out here flying, he said it looked like you. We came to check."

Draco groaned in exasperation, eyes looking off to the side as he says, "Well you've seen me so..." he could see the rest of his team making their way to the pitch and wasn't in the mood for an audience while they practiced.

Pansy scoffed, her intentions it seemed, were not to leave. "No. I think we'll stay."

Zabini however, clearly didn't want to be any part of the power struggle between the two. He also had no interest in watching the practice, as he would honestly rather be doing pretty much anything else. "C'mon Pansy lets just go. It will be boring, and it/s getting rather chilly." He rubbed his hands together. It seemed just mentioning the cold had an effect on him.

Pansy stomped her small foot on the ground, her face sour, "I said we were staying."

Zabini rolled his eyes at the theatrics but nodded all the same.

Vaisey and Urquhart, two of Malfoy's chasers, walked over to the small group. They were carrying the large trunk that contained the necessary balls for their practice in between them. "Oy, we ready to get started?" Harper asked. Draco had made the boy his new Keeper for the season. The kid was good and, since Draco was obviously playing Seeker, he didn't want the boys talents to go to waste. The blonde nodded, rising higher into the air as the rest of his team mounted their brooms. He pointed towards the stands, "Pansy go sit down, I don't want you in the way." The girl glared at him fiercely, but walked to the seats just the same. Zabini went to follow but Malfoy had an idea, "Zabini, you'll be our unofficial referee. Open the trunk and release the Bludgers and Snitch ok?"

Zabini nodded, looking a tad nervous about having the Bludgers so close to his face when he removed the clasps. The three balls zoomed into the air, Crabbe and Goyle immediately flew after them swinging their bats and guffawing stupidly. They were like dogs chasing tennis balls and Draco snorted in amusement as he followed them with his silver eyes.

By the end of practice, Draco was more than pleased with how his team was doing. Harper was a fantastic Keeper, his slight build, quick reflexes, and hawk like eyesight, all of which is thanks to his time devoted to becoming a great Seeker, made him an excellent Keeper as well. He was incredibly fast and fantastic at predicting where the Quaffle was going to be, Draco couldn't be happier. Even the slight mishap that occurred couldn't dampen Draco's spirits. Especially since the slight mishap, to Draco, wasn't really even a mishap of any consequence. It was a simple case

of bad aim, but Draco was calling it good aim. The Bludger Goyle hit that was meant for Warrington, instead went zooming into the stands right at Pansy. Fortunately though, or unfortunately as far as Draco was concerned, the girl dove onto the floor at the last second and was completely unharmed. Draco congratulated Goyle on the fantastic hit nonetheless, leaving the Beater utterly confused.

The blonde walked off the pitch, setting a brisk pace to insure he was as far away from Pansy as possible. He could hear her yelling for him, as she had just made her way down from the stands, and the tone of her voice made it sound like she had a few choice words for him, and none of them were nice. He normally would have changed in the locker rooms but because of Pansy, it didn't feel safe. He was sure she would have ambushed him either in the locker rooms or outside once he'd changed. He wasn't truly sure what her intentions with him were, but she knew about the potion, and if she made a move, he would be powerless to stop her. So Draco rushed back to his dormitory, not stopping until he was safely inside, and once he was, he showered and went right to bed. The boy was so incredibly exhausted, after his usually tossing and turning, he actually went to sleep. It was a restless sleep of course, but there were no visits from Voldemort and his dreams were completely uneventful.

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When morning came, Draco felt marginally better. His nights were still tough, the potion making it impossible for him to actually get a good nights rest. Not to mention, Ismelda sucking him off had only increased his urges. But when Voldemort didn't take a trip into his head, sleep was slightly more possible, brief and restless as it may be. The blonde still wasn't feeling like himself. Draco suspected that wouldn't be happening until things were back to normal, but he'd take what he could get. A yawn forced its way out as Draco reluctantly removed himself from the warm confines of his bed. It may have been the weekend, but Draco knew he would be spending the better part of it in the library.

After stretching and grumbling about having to get up for several minutes, the blonde threw on pants and went in search of clean robes. It took him far longer than he cared to admit, for him to realize he had several sets in his trunk. He opened the sturdy lid and grabbed the first ones he saw. The locket toppled into view as it had been hidden inside. Draco stared at it, mesmerized. He truly never noticed how beautiful it was. The emerald green S practically sparkled, and the silver chain that was perfectly shiny and appeared new was simply gorgeous. He could hear it whispering to him again. Draco snatched the locket from his trunk and slammed the lid closed. He slid the Horcrux into one of the many hidden pockets in his robes and grabbed his school bag. The blonde ambled down the spiral stairs, stumbling slightly as he wasn't even close to being awake yet, and left his dormitory. The locket slipping from his still sleep fogged mind.

Draco walked through the entrance hall, and he was quick to notice that there was a major increase in spider webs, many were hanging underneath the torches, casting them in an eerie orange light. Even more were intricately spun in the corners of the hall and in between the pillars holding up the banisters of the grand staircase. Hagrid's signature pumpkins had also made a reappearance, and Draco had to admit, the Grounds Keeper had really outdone himself. Each pumpkin was roughly the width and height of Hagrid himself and Draco was at a loss on how they got each one into the castle. Several of the massive Pumpkins were scattered throughout the castle and most had been carved into truly astounding jack-o-lanterns. Their spooky faces glowing with either an orange, purple or green light and some, Draco swore, winked at him as he passed. Hundreds and hundreds of more normal sized jack-o-lanterns were floating overhead in the hallways and entrance hall, their spooky faces grinning down at him as he walked. Draco knew that by the 31st, there would be a ton more decorations, this was only the beginning.

Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Updated

Draco let out a groan of exhausted relief once he stepped inside the perfectly lit, quiet library. Irritably, he rubbed at the stitch in his side, and felt his body shudder when a nasty curse and disturbingly wet splat sounded behind him. Draco breathed another sigh of relief as he heard a familiar cackle fade away. Shrugging as he heard terrified shrieks echo through the corridor, the blonde began ambling through the shelves to the heart of the rightmost section. He knew the pesky poltergeist was in a foul mood, having missed his shot at Malfoy, and was most likely off in search to wreak havoc on other unsuspecting students. Not his problem, Draco thought. Especially after he had spent the entire journey to the library dodging well aimed hurtled handfuls of pumpkin guts. Needless to say, the Prince was sufficiently irked. Even as the blonde had reached the library, he had to expertly dodge a surprisingly well aimed pumpkin to the head by Peeves. Thankfully, the vexing ghost was slightly afraid of the thin lipped Madam Pince and kept his ethereal form completely out of the librarian's domain.

Draco decided to occupy one of the comfy arm chairs in between two of the hundreds and hundreds of bookshelves. The lush chair was one of the many Madam Pince had strategically placed for the students that needed a more comfortable way to study. With a glance down the rest of the aisle to assure his seclusion, he dropped his bag down next to his feet. The subject matter of the two shelves he was currently hidden between was about Divination. He had done this on purpose, course. He needed peace and quiet, not to mention to be distanced from people. Draco knew only the dire heart followers of the mystical arts would venture into this area. So, the blonde was wholeheartedly suspecting that he would be undisturbed for most of his study session.

With a wave of his wand, one of the small desktops meant for studying in the armchairs levitated toward him. It settled at his side of reading as the Slytherin reached into his bag. He pulled out his Defense Against the Dark Arts book, a bottle of ink, a brand new quill, and parchment. Draco set the writing utensils on the desk, settled the thick book on his lap, turned to the beginning of the needed chapter, and with an incredibly loud groan, which earned him a stern look from the librarian as she passed, the Prince began to read.

Minutes blurred together as Draco continued to read. His fingers were smudged with ink from the lazy notes he sprawled across the parchment. The Slytherin stayed strong, focusing on the information, gleaning everything he could from the book weighing down his lap. He was pretty far behind in this particular subject, so the blonde had known this would take up most of his morning. But after awhile, he predictably began growing restless. His toes began tapping within his shoe, a crick was growing in his neck from his hunched position, and the lines before him were beginning to run together in an endless loop of incomprehensible letters.

Draco dropped his quill and brought his fingers up to rub his eyes. He rolled his neck, grunting at the stiffness of the muscles and leaned back in his chair. Lifting his head, the Slytherin ruffled his hair and looked over at the pile of notes he'd taken. He grimaced at the messy script knowing he would have a great time deciphering it. Groaning, the blonde dropped his head back against the cushion and closed his eyes. He felt his eye twitch as thoughts invaded his mind once more. Though he struggled to disregard them, he couldn't get salacious images to stay away. When the

Prince closed his eyes, he could see creamy thighs quivering beneath his own even as lust drunk lips slurred every erotic desire that popped in his mind. Phantom fingers were clutching at his body; he could feel the bite of them in his shoulders and hair.

Malfoy rapidly shook his head, hoping to rid his cranium of such provocative imagery. He rubbed his eyes vigorously before Draco refocused on the book before him. Merlin, he was in a library! How could this room, reeking of old parchment, mothballs, and pungent ink, elicit such fantasies! He fought though, he needed to stay on top of his homework. The blonde flipped the Dark Arts tome shut, swiped fresh parchment from his haphazardly lain bag, and turned his attention on the notes instead. Draco had no idea how he could possibly fill two rolls of parchment on non-verbal magic. But maybe if he started now, when he returned to his book his focus would be sharper than before.

Even as several moments passed, Draco found this new idea all for naught. The words were blending; no doubt the untidiness of the scrawl was helping with that. Words bounced around his head forming excellent sentences, all portraying key points with equally satisfying support. But the black tipped feather never hit the yellowed surface. Irritation was growing higher and higher in his body and when footsteps suddenly neared him, Draco snapped his gaze up.

An extremely short female Hufflepuff was making her way down the aisle. She already had a stack of books cradled to her modest chest and she seemed so absorbed in searching for a particular text, she didn't see him until her eyes landed on his bag. Light blue eyes skirted quickly up his leg, over his torso, and up to his face. Her sharp features flushed with embarrassment as she realized who exactly she'd interrupted. Draco watched in amusement as she apologized profusely and politely request he move his bag, as the book she was looking for resided in the shelf behind it. Perking a perfectly groomed brow, the Slytherin gazed coolly at the girl. Her eyes kept flicking between his face and shiny Head Boy badge pinned upon the front of his robes. Slowly he gave her a polite nod, slid his bag from her path, and watched as she hastily grabbed a dark covered text. The Hufflepuff girl apologized once more and scampered off.

Shaking his head, Draco turned his attention back to his own homework. But he found the same block wreaking havoc on his progress. He scrubbed a hand down his face and slumped against the chair. It was impossible, it wasn't going to happen, the blonde surmised with a huff of annoyance. His brain was simply, helplessly blocked. God he never thought he would miss Granger as much as he did in that moment. She would have seen the frustration riding his tense expression and in her own naggy know-it-all, yet extremely helpful way, would have helped coax the words to paper. He pushed his parchment and quill aside, deciding to finish all of his other school work first. The blonde got out History of Magic Grade 7 and A Guide to Advanced Transfiguration, deciding that finishing everything else first would give him the rest of the weekend to piss, moan, and complain over his Dark Arts essay.

As he suspected, the change in subject matter made all the difference. He blew through the transfiguration essay with ease. Smugly, Draco rolled the dry-inked homework up and began reading his History of Magic chapters. At first, he was going strong. But soon, the dullness of the information was causing Malfoy to struggle in a whole new way. His eyes were starting to constantly droop. Blinking was becoming more and more prolonged as his eyelids struggled to open again. Even when they were open, the silver orbs could barely focus on anything. His jaw ached as yawns plagued him. And these were no ordinary yawns; some were so fierce they sounded like snarls. Draco rubbed at his sleep heavy eyes and turned the page.

Despite his wishes, the blonde's gaze strayed from the sentences to the long forgotten lump in the pocket of his trousers. His fingers twitched before his palm fell from the book to his thigh. The Slytherin's fingers drummed against the top of his leg as he tried to go back to reading. One more page was turned, then soon another. A vicious yawn erupted from Draco, and he stretched with

the body shuddering snarl. He tried to relax back against the cozy seat but the locket felt as if it weighed ten pounds now. It grew heavier and heavier, making the blonde lose complete focus on the text. Finally, he slipped his hand over the lump. Instantly the burdensome weight lifted and Draco felt a slight calm seep in his body. With a satisfied smirk, the Prince returned to his studying. As he turned page after page, the exhaustion began to turn his movements sluggish. It was taking longer and longer for the blonde to comprehend the print. His eyes slid shut and Draco shivered as a whisper drifted through his mind. The urges they formed, made the blonde want to moan. Deliciously dirty the erotic beseeching was growing louder and louder even when the Slytherin tried to shake them from his eardrums.

After a whole five minutes of staring at the same spot, Draco finally caved. He slipped the ever warming locket from his pocket and pulled it over his head. Once in place, Draco felt a wave of complete tranquility wash over him. He was at peace; the feeling of right to have the locket on was undeniable. He tucked it under his shirt and robes to keep it out of sight to anyone who might pass and returned to his studies. He finished yet another chapter yawned once more. The blonde rubbed at his sleep heavy eyes once more before turning the page. Before he'd made it halfway down the page, the blonde drifted off to sleep.

Light slowly filtered into Draco's blackened world. There was a terrible ache settled in his neck. Eyes still firmly shut, the blonde lazily rolled his neck, hoping to ease the discomfort. He let his head loll back against the chair and stretched his arms over his head. The Prince grunted as his back popped but the satisfied noise morphed to pain as a sharp twinge wracked his temples. The blonde rubbed at his skull. He knew the pounding in his head was caused by the dull throb in his neck. The pain spider-webbed up the tendons and muscles of his throat and into the back of his skull. His eyes slowly blinked, but even with all the movement he'd made, the blonde was still unable to keep the tired orbs open. Annoyance was mounting in the blonde as pain continued to pound at his head. Draco should have known better. While luxurious, the armchairs were not meant for sleeping. And he was certain that the entire reason for his return to reality was because of the headache.

Hysterical anger bubbled in the blonde and he let out a sarcastic scoff at the irony. For the first time in weeks, the Slytherin had slept in total peace. Nothing ached. There were no seductively twisted urges tweaking at his mind. His sensitive nerves were calm. A scowl formed at his lips and he angrily rubbed the sleep from his eyes. How in Merlin could Draco be awoken by something so bloody trivial. As he ranted angrily within his mind, Malfoy rolled his neck once more. His head froze in its leisurely movement when a shudder ripped up his spine. The Prince knew it that very moment, he was no longer alone in his secluded spot. His face pointed toward his lap, Draco tilted his head ever so slightly. He strained to hear any disturbance. The hairs on the back of his neck were standing on end and he slowly opened his eyes. He knew the newcomer was behind him. Bracing himself, silver eyes lifted to search for the intruder.

Turning slowly, cautiously, the blonde glanced up. Surprise painted his features as he spotted her. She was dark seductive specter hidden half in the shadows. Raven hair fell in usual wild disarray. Crimson lips were lifted in an inviting smirk, as dark eyes gazed back at him coolly. She took a step forward, her flawlessly pale skin almost glowing against the shadows playing with her body. "Aunt Bella," he breathed as his eyes roamed over every inch of his aunt. Her corset was gone. Draco knew that the dress didn't sag around her perfectly curved body because of the loss of her corset alone. As she took another barefooted step, one sleeve dipped down her shoulder, making the blonde suspect the back of her gown was clearly not fastened. Draco wet his lips and settled back against the chair, schooling his features into calm indifference. Bellatrix smiled wickedly and began to amble forward. In the quiet stillness, Draco could hear the rustle of her loosened gown, and with each step, it shifted dangerously. Even more detrimental was the fact that Draco couldn't tear his eyes away from his aunt's graceful yet sinful movements. Her hips swayed with perfect temptation. As she drew closer, the fabric finally gave in and slid in sensuous waterfall to her feet.

The deranged witch paused as Draco swallowed thickly. She watched as his eyes roved over her now naked form. The blonde wet his lips once more as he shamelessly studied the woman before him. Her curves were highlighted by the soft candle light within the library. The shadows played teasingly over her and every instinct in Draco made him want to pull her closer and touch. Merlin he wanted to touch every inch of that flawless flesh. He wanted to bruise the pale body before him. A seductive smile tugged at her ruby lips as she saw his shifting eyes. Her pale hands glided up her thigh, skirted the apex of her body, cupped her curves until they rested on her full breasts. Her head rolled and appreciative groan escaped her as she let her fingers pluck at her pebbled nipples. Her teeth snagged her lip she kneaded her bountiful breasts. Lust swallowed all his apprehension as Draco watched her pleasure her sensitive tits. When her head swiveled back to face him and Bellatrix focused her lust darkened gaze on him, Draco's cock twitched with interest. When she gave her nipples a sharp tug and she let out a wanton moan, he instantly hardened.

A dark chuckle came from the witch and she effortlessly stepped over her fallen garment. Her head tilted slightly to the side and a wicked smile widened her lips. "Draco, the Dark Lord bid me to come to you. He knows the secret attraction you harbor for your dear Aunt Bella." she whispered as she ambled over. He let out a groan. Bloody hell her voice was like a siren call. It was smoky and sexy, a deranged rasp quieting it. But Merlin it was filled with lewd promises. She continued walking tortuously slow toward her nephew. "He knows the excitement that grows within you at the very thought of ravishing me, of marking my skin, of making me scream." The Prince groaned at her very accurate statements. His hungry gaze swept over her as she paused a mere foot away from him. She cocked her head to the side and he grumbled at the innocent yet sexy demeanor softening her sharp features. "He can feel your hunger Draco. The Dark Lord can sense the madness of lust driving you insane and he wants to sate it. He wants to help," she whispers as she slowly sank to her knees.

Draco swallowed thickly when his Aunts confident gaze snared him as she inched closer. As she settled on her knees between his open legs, her fingers glided up his thighs. Her cheek rested against his knee. She slowly rolled her eyes up to meet his. Her fingers toyed with his belt. "He wants you by his side Draco. He wants to reward you. But first you must bring him Potter." Her words were lost on him as those naughty black tipped fingers glided over his groin. The light pressure from her touch made his stomach tighten. His thigh quivered as she nuzzled her even closer to his cock. The blonde could feel the warmth of her breath through the thick fabric of his robes and slacks. Air caught in his throat as her hand slid over him once more. "His visits in your dreams are useless to help ease your pain dear nephew, you know this, you know the hunger will only be truly appeased by flesh."

Draco groaned at her words. Bloody hell she was right. Every single word that fell from those titillating lips was incredibly accurate. As he stared down at his aunt, Draco wanted nothing more than to grip her hair and shove his cock down her throat. The blonde shuddered at the thought of her muffled scream that would vibrate his cock. He let out a growl as she nipped sharply at his muscled thigh. Instinctively his fingers snatched at her raven locks. Bellatrix chuckled darkly as he yanked her head back. The blonde could see the strain in her neck as she stared up at him. Bellatrix merely giggled again and licked her lips lasciviously. Her fingers flexed, making the young Slytherin to shiver as the pads of those wicked digits brushed along the side of his shaft. "I see it even now, dear nephew. I see the greedy desire drowning out your sanity. I see the all-consuming darkened yearning in you. It's driving you deliciously mad, and you know how to cure it Draco." He whimpered quietly, the pleasure already high and taking control of his mind, as her raspy voice entranced him. A choked groan struggled from his throat as her palm slid over his cock once more. She hummed in approval as Draco's entire body quaked as she pressed her palm into the head of his cock. "I know Aunt Bella," finally came his breathy response.

Bellatrix smirked triumphantly. "Come to us then Draco, bring us Potter, and you will know only pleasure," she whispered, cupping him tightly. Draco's head fell back against the chair, and his

lips parted on a soft moan. The witch remained in place, hand still tightly grasping his rock hard cock. Hazy eyes watched as her free hand snaked down her torso toward her cunt.

Bellatrix rubbed Draco's cock, sending pleasure through his body. He could feel the fire inside him building. Her perfect grip was destroying every sensible thought in his mind. His mind sharpened to lusty need only. Draco heard her soft moan as her fingers slid down her wet cunt. Draco groaned when she swiped over the head of his cock and the whispers from before returned with fervor. They commanded him to rip open his pants and use her throat to milk his needy cock. The blonde groaned as the very image of his fantasy flashed across his mind. He could hear her muffled moans of panic and euphoria as her esophagus flexed around his dick. He heard the wet pop of her lips as the Prince pulled her from his cock. Her face was thoroughly dirtied. Tears streamed from her hungry eyes and saliva and pre-come coated her swollen lips.

Reality slammed into the blonde when he felt Bellatrix push his robes back and unzip his trousers. His eyes burned liquid silver as her graceful fingers skimmed over his boxer covered dick. His ears finally registered the wet sound her fingers were making as she slowly rode her own fingers. The fingers the blonde still had wrapped in her hair tightened and Bellatrix groaned at the sharp pain. Bella easily freed him from his boxers. "Fuck!" he spat forcefully as her soft hand wrapped around his leaking cock. He watched her stroke his cock. She was chewing on her lip and a flush was reddening her skin as she inched closer and closer to her climax. The haze befell the blonde again and he barely registered the locket around his neck grow warm as whispers inside his head urged him to take his Aunt. A new fantasy consumed his mind. He felt her quivering thighs along his as she hovered above his lap. He saw the tortured pain of denial in her face as his fingers wreaked havoc against her g-spot and clit. Draco could feel the gush of fluids coating his palm thanks to his ministrations.

The Prince could feel the biting of her raking nails against his back as she helplessly rutted against his hand. The heat of the locket continued to intensify along with his own fiery hunger. The whispers grew louder; *"Take her Draco, fill her up with your cock, destroy her."* He could no longer tell who the voice in his head belonged too. Was it his own, or was it the Dark Lord's? Control severed and the fire crackling in his stomach erupted into an all consuming inferno when he felt her tongue slide up his shaft. He looked down to see the action. Her eyes were full of temptation as she toyed with the head of his cock with her fingers. Draco ripped her away, making her back arch helplessly against his strength.

The witch watched her nephew roll his head about his shoulders. When the movement paused, his face was directed at her. Bellatrix felt the finger's still wrapped around the blonde's cock flex and his eyes opened. The witch shuddered at the feral hunger glaring out of those silver orbs. "Get in my lap," Draco snarled after several tense minutes. Bellatrix's eyes widened a second before she hastily complied. The blonde could feel her thigh quivering against his. Her fingers wrapped over his wide shoulders and she shivered when one of his hands rested against the flair of her hip and the other slid up her the back of her neck to tangle in the hair at the base of her skull. He felt her inhale as Draco nuzzled into her neck. His soft lips slid along the sensitive skin and Bellatrix gasped at the equally distracting feel of his other hand sliding down her thigh. The blonde his slightly calloused fingers up the inside of her thigh, and Bellatrix felt him chuckle against her skin. Her choked gasp morphed into a strangled keen as the Slytherin sank his teeth viciously into her neck, while simultaneously ramming three fingers roughly into her tight, wet hole.

Draco groaned as the tang of her warm blood coated his taste buds and her walls clamped down harshly against his fingers. Draco pulled away from her neck to see his aunt staring down at him with wanton want. Her lips were swollen from biting at them and her eyes were wild. He smirked, settled his now untangled hand on Bellatrix's hip, and curled his fingers just right. The onslaught of razing nails against his shoulders, the foul curse that rent the air, and the stuttering rock of her hips made the Prince chuckle. His thumb pressed against her clit, making Bellatrix freeze in

anticipation. Those wicked fingers flexed within her and Bellatrix felt her body twitch in response. Her walls fluttered about his fingers and the blonde gave her a vicious glare. "Don't even think about it," he said ominously, making the witch shiver at the dark command. The woman positively keened with need as Draco let his thumb vibrate against the sensitive bundle of nerves. "Ride them." The arrogant command had the witch rocking instantaneously. She was helpless not to. The feral growl of the young Slytherin's voice was exhilarating and powerful. She rocked against his fingers as he bit at the flesh of her shoulder and collarbone. The bruised, bleeding bites stung, but Merlin it didn't deter Bellatrix. No, it fanned the carnal flames within her.

Moans dripped from her lips as her hips snapped desperately to reach her release. The hand still on her hip tightened, bruising the pale flesh, and made his aunt hiss. Draco was relentless, slamming into her, nails scraping her walls. Her juices coated his fingers anew when his thumb thrummed against her sensitive bundle of nerves. He growled commands to her, urging her ride harder. He could smell the pungent tang of blood, knowing he'd ripped at her walls. Bellatrix merely sobbed with desperation. Her body was slick with sweat and was positively moments away from shattering. The blonde stared up at his aunt, lips fitting over one straining nipple. The witch moaned and let her head fall back. Draco teased the sensitive bud; letting his tongue circle the sensitive flesh, and his teeth to tug sharply at it.

Bellatrix was a mess, a needy, desperate mess. She screamed as he slipped another finger into her. She was incoherent, a slurring mess of pleas and curses. Draco reached up and snagged her hair once more. Bella gasped as she felt herself being pulled backwards. Her hands grasped at the arms of the chair. The new angle sent Draco's digits even deeper into her sopping cunt. The witch bucked her hips against his relentless pace, stuttering as she felt him tease her g-spot. She was soaking his palm, screaming out pleas for mercy as she frantically tried to make his fingers touch where she needed him most. Snarling, his hand snatched at her hair and he yanked his aunt to her knees. Bella gripped his shoulders for stability and wheezed as the blonde wrapped a hand tightly around her throat. When her lips began turning a satisfying blue, Draco granted her mercy. "Come," he growled as he curled his fingers perfectly. Bellatrix screeched as release shook her. As the spasms died, her body grew limp with bliss and she leaned against her nephew.

Bellatrix remained rested against the young Malfoy. Draco had truly been a monster while driving her to edge. Bellatrix recalled the silver eyes blown with lust and desperation, and teeth that had been bared in a snarl so brutally savage it had been damn near inhuman. He had so malicious that bowing to the whims of the little blonde that much more rewarding. The witch was still panting, her legs were still shaking as she moved to dismount her nephew, and her body throbbed with familiar aches. A sinfully tight grip seized her hips. Bellatrix whipped around to see Draco smirking sinfully at her. Bellatrix gulped as she was dragged back to him. The tip of his cock brushed her throbbing cunt and Bella sucked in a breath. "I'm not done with you," he growled, expertly positioning himself beneath her.

The witch was helpless to do anything but whine as Draco slammed his aching cock deep into her. She cried out as he stretched her. The burn of the stretch and the strain against the already ripped flesh was too much pain for Bellatrix to handle. Her eyes rolled in her head and the witch heard Draco hiss as her absurdly tight hole clamped down around him. Her nails bit into her shoulders so fiercely they cut past the layers of fabric protecting them. She felt the grip on her hips tighten painfully. The witch looked up at the young wizard with depraved triumph when his hips bucked instinctively against her. He gasped as she rolled her hips against his with practiced ease. He groaned when Bellatrix angled her hips just right so her cunt gripped him at an even tighter angle. She rocked her hips against him, his strong grip on her hips urging the witch on. Draco let himself fall back against the chair when Bellatrix rose up to face him. Her lips and teeth teased the slick expanse of his chest, and he snarled when she bit viciously at one of his nipples. The blonde canted his head as her lips traced up his collarbone. He swore breathlessly as she sank her teeth into his neck as she quickened the pace of her ever rolling hips. Draco heard her whines as she

took pleasure in using him, but the blonde couldn't find it in himself to care. His eyes rolled in the back of his head as her tight hole milked him.

Bellatrix lowered her head, her breath tickling his ear, "Look at you Draco. Do you know who are you anymore? Do you see what I see when I look at you my little Slytherin Prince?" Bellatrix purred with a hint of a dark edge. Draco cried out as pain wracked his torso. Bellatrix giggled at the bloody scratches she'd raked into his flesh. She groaned, head rolling back, as he dug his own nails into her hips and ripped them down along her thighs in retaliation. She lolled her head forward, that mad stare focused on him. "I know who you are, I know what you crave, what you fear...and so does the Dark Lord. We see through you little Draco. You're meant to be a mindless slave driven by lust. You're already on your way there after all." Draco snarled at her words.

Bella gasped when the blonde's arms suddenly wound underneath her ass. His hand snaked up and cupped her lower back. Draco lifted her with ease and slammed into her with one jarring, screech inducing thrust. The witch cackles. "Will you be able to live with yourself knowing what the Dark Lord is going to make you do? And you will, do anything he commands. Happily even. Go to him and you won't have to worry about that. He will grant you your destiny, deny him and the outcomes isn't so appealing to you. No, proud arrogant wittle baby Draco would be fully aware and won't be able to help it. He won't be able to deny that he's nothing more than a mindless whore desperate for his master's cock."

Draco snarls and juts his hips up again. He knows she's right and he's furious, but she's not yet done with her taunting. "Either way though dear Draco, you're his to do with as he pleases," she murmurs. Bellatrix screams as the blonde's rage explode and he begins plowing mercilessly into Bellatrix.

He ignores her cries as he rams so deeply into the elder witch that he breaches her womb. She sobbing, soaking his cock, and snarling out insults. Every word infuriates the Prince more. Draco's pace increases, and the blonde knows he's ripped her more. The tang of blood hits his nose hard. His thighs were slick with her juices and her walls were a fluttering mess of convulsions around his cock. Bellatrix was shuddering against him and she lets out a choked scream when his hand flies up to wrap around her already bruised throat. His thrusts get so rough his aunt had to grip the chair with her hands to stay on his lap. He's seeing red, her words cut into him like a knife. He fucked her relentlessly, her nails now clawing desperately at him as the grip against her throat tightened dangerously. His release was so close, his eyes were watering with the intensity and had begun to roll. His whole body shuttered then....nothing.

Draco's whole body jerks, eyes flying open as a thick thud sounds at his feet. He looks around wildly. He was still in the library...right where he had always been...but it was very apparent he'd been asleep the whole time. While his chest and back stung with phantom scratches, there wasn't a mark to be seen on his body. Draco's cock was throbbing, the intensity so insanely painful he could hardly breathe, and he found himself hunching over in agony. A snarl blew past his lips as he pressed the heels of his hands to his eyes before straightening up and letting his head drop back against the chair. His breath coming in choppy pants and his chest was heaving and covered in sweat. The locket was an unwelcome weight on his neck now. He ripped it off and threw it into his bag. What the hell just happened? His cock was aching terribly, the lust and pain making it impossible to focus on anything else. The only thing that rang clarity to his brain was to get the hell back to his dorm.

The boy clumsily threw his books, parchment, ink, and quill into his bag. Hastily, he stood, knowing he needed to be somewhere much more private until he could regain some resemblance of control. Just as he was preparing to leave, the sound of Pansy's shrill giggle from somewhere between the various shelves made his heart stop. His wild gaze whipped about. How much had she seen? If she had seen him at all, that is. What had Draco been doing while he was asleep? The blonde felt panic rise as her voice sounded again, but this time much closer to his refuge. Draco

swiped up his bag and bolted from the alcove. Madam Pince shrieked at him to stop running but Draco didn't slow. He stormed toward the doors, shoving several younger students out of his way as he flew passed. The contact made his nerves spark with need so intense he almost fell to his knees.

Outside of the library, Draco leaned against the wall to support his ever tiring body. He let his eyes droop and instantly images from his dream clouded his mind. Draco growled and rubbed at his eyes. Can't stay out here, can't stay out here, can't stay out, became his mantra as he sped through the corridors. His heavy, full cock refused to go down as he practically ran down the many sets of stairs. Sweat was running down his forehead, his hair growing damp and sticky. The entire journey there was plagued with flashes of the brutal attacks the Dark Lord had created upon invading his mind. The relentless loop of sadistic sexual torture was making it difficult to navigate the dark halls. He could feel the Dark Lord's fingers ghosting over his body, heightening his responsive nerves.

When he finally reached the dungeons, he realized he had no memory of how he even got there. His hand flew out, slapping against the wall to keep himself upright as he stumbled towards the portrait to his dormitory. His vision was blurred but he could see the outlines of several students waiting. They were standing right next to the portrait he needed to get too. As he slowly approached, they all turned to face him. He growled, feeling confident they weren't there for any sort of a positive reason.

"Draco Malfoy," said the boy in the front, the little ring leader Draco guessed. "you did some not nice things to someone I'm very close too."

Draco sneered, but didn't say anything, provoking them would make things far worse than they already were. He was in no condition to fight them, and based off of the looks on their faces, the group knew it. He rubbed at his eyes with a shaking hand, trying to clear his vision. If they wanted to harm him, he could do nothing to stop them, but he wanted to be able to see their faces, memorize them. So when he was recovered, he could make them pay. He smirked, his mind filling with all the god awful things he was going to do, his grin remained when two of the boys grabbed his arms. The leader stepped in front of him and leaned forward so their noses almost touched. "That girl you hurt, yea she's my sister." He spat as he pulled away just enough to let a punch fly. It hit Draco in the stomach, knocking all the air from his lungs and making his body want to curl. His cock ached in his pants, pre-cum leaking onto his briefs. Draco's Head lolled back, eyes rolling as he grunts from the blow.

The two boys holding his arms held firm, preventing him from moving. He lifts his head and looks at the boy, his silver eyes narrowing as his fury grew. "You should tell your sister thank you for me," he said more quietly then intended as he was still struggling to breath. The look of confusion on the boys face made the beating he was about to take almost worth it. "her blow jobs are fantastic." The hits flew freely after that, his chest, stomach, kicks to his legs, everywhere but his face. Draco felt the pain sure, but the potion had him so messed up that every blow brought not only pain, but zings of pleasure. His hair was a mess, bangs sweaty and sticking to his forehead, cheeks pink and eyes dazed. The leader lifted the blondes chin, pulling his arm back, hand balled into a fist. "You're fucked up Malfoy." He says venomously, the look of disgust on his face increasing when Draco grins.

One of the other boys stepped forward and grabbed the leaders arm. "Not the face remember." The leader yanked his arm away, "He'll just heal it."

The other shook his head. "Or he won't and people will see it."

Through his gasps, Draco chortles and says, "Now I know who is the brains behind this ridiculous operation."

The leader rears his arm back, hitting Draco square in the jaw, fury making his chest heave. Draco's head snaps to the side and the blows continue, to his chest and stomach and Draco

laughed the whole time, he was delirious. The incident with his aunt and now this beating was all too much for his mind to take.

The leader was breathing hard now, sweat dripping down his nose, hitting the blonde seemed to be tiring. He signaled at the two holding Draco's arms and they released him. Draco dropped to the ground, still cackling and spits the blood that had pooled into his mouth onto the ground mere inches from the leaders shoes.

"You're fucking psychotic." The leader says as the group all made their way down the hall. Draco laid motionless on the ground until they all made it through the portrait hole and into the Slytherin common room.

When Draco stumbled through the portrait hole to his own private common room, he only made it as far as the floor in front of the fireplace before he collapsed. For hours after, Draco sat, zings of pleasure his body tremble. He stared into the fire as flashes of a pale body with red eyes swam through his vision making his cock leak with arousal. Eyes unfocused, and unbidden, his fingers slithered down. They gripped his cock, his palm rasped against him. Merlin, the warmth of his grip felt good against his sensitive member. His head fell back as he stroked himself, palm gliding up and down at a tantalizingly steady pace. His whole body was on fire from both pain and pleasure, his mind a mess and his release so close he could almost taste it. A soft growl bubbled from his throat and he pumped faster. But no release ever came. The pleasure became too much, and the boy fell to his side with a whimper, welcoming the darkness.

When Draco awoke, light was sneaking in through the large windows and the fire had dimmed to nothing but orange embers. He gingerly rose from his spot on the floor, his body stiff and sore, his cock, beyond painful. Thankfully though, it was no longer hard and his mind was dazed but blissfully clear. He ambled to a stand, and slowly made his way up the stairs to his room. He felt dirty, his body covered with dried sweat bruises and lord knows what else. Stripping, he limped into the bathroom and turned on the hot water for a much needed shower. He washed his hair, then his body, wanting to get that out of the way. The spray was intoxicating, it relaxed his aching muscles, and he stood underneath the warmth until it ran out. His mind was a foggy, muddled, confused mess now that he was awake, he had no idea what really transpired yesterday. He ran through the events as best he could as he turned of the chilly water. His aunt, she was the one who had visited him in his dream. But how was this possible? He punched the shower wall with a balled fist, and groaned at the pain. It was the locket, it had to be. The locket was Voldemort's, it must have strengthened his connection, that was the only option. But, Draco thought with immense relief, it seemed the Dark Lord was completely unaware that Draco had it. He sighed, wrapping a fluffy black towel around his waist and exiting the bathroom.

The rest of the day went much the same way as the previous one. Draco spent most of his morning and afternoon in the library finishing what remained of his homework. He was doing his best to remain out of site, he had no doubt that the group from yesterday still wanted a piece of him. The locket was never fully out of his mind, he found himself contemplating returning to his dormitory to retrieve it on more than one occasion. The pull was strong, unnatural, and even though he was fully aware of what could happen, something still made him want it. The potion was an issue as well, he had to constantly palm himself and readjust, if only to relieve some of the ache. His little romp with Ismelda and then the visit from Bellatrix had made things worse, as was the plan he suspected. His body was covered in bruises and he planned to keep it that way, the constant ache gave him something to focus on. The burning need to fuck was taking him over and only the pain from the beating was keeping him sane. Whenever he thought he'd succumb to the potion, he'd press on one of the purple marks. He believed that the locket was an accident, it wasn't planned for him to receive it. Also, he knew for a fact that Voldemort was unaware he had it. But the evil radiating from the thing only heightened his connection to the man, much like when his emotions are strong. Draco knows he needs to stay away from it, so when Potter returns, he will be taking it.

When evening hit though, the blonde packed up his things relatively quickly, and made for the Great Hall. When he reached the ridiculously large double doors that were its entrance, the sight took his breath away. The ceiling high windows on both sides of the hall were glowing either an eerie purple or green, hundreds and hundreds of jack-o-lanterns were floating overhead, right below the enchanted ceiling. Even more were floating and bobbing much lower, several just a couple feet above students heads. Their spooky faces were all lit with a dim orange light, and this time Draco knew for certain, their eyes and mouths were moving. Cackling skulls were set evenly spaced along the house tables, and it seemed a couple were even having conversations with some of the students. A Doxy sized creature was zooming around the hall on an appropriately sized broom, a tiny witch's hat atop its small head. Two great black cauldrons, roughly the size of Hagrid's pumpkins were set in front of the Professors table bubbling menacingly.

Draco eyed the two cauldrons with curiosity as he walked over to the Slytherins table at the far side of the hall. He took a seat near Harper, eyes still on the cauldrons and face scrunched up in a frown. He caught Harper looking at the purple mess on his jaw but the Keeper wisely kept his questions to himself. However, Draco's curiosity finally got the best of him when he saw several students begin to approach the large bubbling contraptions, "What are those for?" He asked the Slytherin Keeper.

"Oh, they're bloody excellent is what they are." Harper said cheerfully. "You tell the cauldron what you want to drink and it gives it to you." The blonde watched as a skull shaped chalice floated out of the bubbling depths of the cauldron, hovering a few inches above, waiting for the student in front to take. Draco's eyes grew wide, Harper was right, it was awesome. "There's a list of the things we can order though, can't just ask for anything." Harper added, sounding slightly upset. Draco chuckled, thinking that was mainly for the younger students who wanted to get away with ordering the more heavily alcoholic beverages. He looked back at the cauldrons and noticed a floating piece of parchment hovering directly in between them. Draco was overwhelmed by the effort, Hogwarts was certainly getting very into Halloween this year.

The rest of the evening was dedicated to another Quidditch practice, thankfully this one was noticeably Pansy Parkinson free. He also suspected that Harper had informed the others to not mention the state of Draco's face, as the team wouldn't even look at him. This improved the boys mood considerably, as did Draco's steadily growing confidence about their winning the house cup. Though his body still ached, he was in positive spirits.

They were just finishing up, everyone was hovering in a circle, discussing strategies when a group of students, all wearing crimson and gold robes made their way to the pitch. Draco grimaced, it was the Gryffindors, probably getting ready for a practice of their own. Ginny was at the front of the group, her face serious and incredibly intimidating. He caught her eyes roaming over his face but her mask never faltered. The blonde prepared himself, knowing that while he was with his team, he had to act the part. He grumbled, "Merlin, what the bloody hell do they want?" He shot Ginny an icy glare, she immediately shot back with one of her own and approached the group. Draco spoke up first, "Why are you here Weasley? Not like you stand any kind of a chance without Saint Potter."

Urquhart's eyes roamed over the Gryffindor team and chortled, "Where's King Weasley? Did he finally give up? Was he sick of winning games for the other team?"

Ginny jumped forward, her arms out as she flew towards Urquhart. The Chaser laughed harder as Coote and Peaks, the two Gryffindor Beaters grabbed Ginny, holding her back.

Draco sneered, "Come on, lets go, the Gryffindor's definitely need the practice far more than we do." He hopped off his broom and the rest of the team followed suit. Crabbe and Goyle shoved through the middle of the team, pushing the Gryffindor's out of the way guffawing merrily as Demelza, one of the chasers, hit the ground, hard.

Draco grinned as he passed, being mindful not to touch anyone as he went. He stopped for a

moment, leaning on close to the red head, "Tomorrow." he whispered, hoping she'd understand. The glare he received in return was accompanied by the smallest of nods and her lips formed into a thin line. She'd understood, and her glare held none of the usual hatred and malice. It seemed almost forced in his eyes, it was nothing like the one she'd shot at Urquhart.

Vaisey eyed Draco in question, a hopeful smirk on his lips, "What did you say to the little bitch?" He asked.

Draco grinned lazily, "Told her no one would miss her blood traitor ass if there was an unfortunate accident during our match." The team howled with laughter, several slapping Malfoy on the back, approving of his jab. He inhaled harshly with a hiss, luckily it wasn't heard over the chorus of snide remarks and cruel laughter.

Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

newly edited! thanks for the patience lovely readers!!!

The blonde woke up on Monday morning bright and early with a sour expression, despite the excitement he felt. It had been yet another sleepless night. This time, his bloody anxiety and anticipation over the trio's return had kept him tossing and turning. He dragged himself from the tangled covers and headed toward the bathroom. His body was sore from the lack of sleep and the endless hours of being hunched over his parchment. But that was easy to ignore. The unbridled need to sink his cock into Potter was at the forefront of his mind and the blonde dressed in record time. He chuckled to himself as he buttoned his shirt and slipped into his school vest. He never thought there would be a time where he actually missed the golden boy. Yet here he was, up and ready to go almost immediately, his exhaustion almost completely forgotten.

He put all of his finished homework for the classes he had that day into his bag with smug satisfaction. Draco had finished the Dark Arts essay and he knew the Carrows wouldn't be pleased. He slipped into his shoes with a smirk. The look he knew would grace their ugly faces made the countless hours he'd worked completely worth it. He put on his Slytherin robes and hurried out, bounding down the steps, and bolting out of the portrait hole. He honestly had no idea what time the trio would be back. Dobby hadn't given him a specific time. So when he walked into the Great Hall, eyes immediately zeroing in on the mass of students surrounding the middle of the Gryffindor table, Draco wasn't sure what to think. All he knew was that his heart was pounding in his ears as anticipation rose.

He sauntered over toward the large group of students, deliberately shoving into a couple to open up a hole for him to look into. "Watch it!" He snarled, doing his best to ignore the ache and the waves of lust shooting down into his groin at the contact. He smirked as a couple first years scattered out of his way. Another body bumped his and he wanted to snarl. But that all changed when his eyes landed on three familiar heads. He had to fight back a massive grin when he saw the trio. Ron of course looked terrible, but that honestly wasn't much different than his usual appearance. His arm was in a sling, his face washed out of its color, and eyes red rimmed. He looked positively ghastly, but still seemed in positive spirits. His good arm was waving dramatically as he talked, probably sharing some heroic and dangerous tale about how he injured his arm. Harry and Hermione looked equally as exhausted but otherwise unharmed.

As Draco slinked closer, the trio's gaze flickered as they each caught sight of familiar blonde hair. They made eye contact with him briefly, Harry's lasting the longest, as he walked past. The Slytherin inhaled sharply as he saw those bright green eyes flit over him before returning to the other. Draco fought a shudder. He glanced back and caught sight of Harry wetting his lips before speaking to Finnegan again. Silver eyes tracked every movement of those lips. The urge to jump the boy then and there, on the Gryffindor table in front of everyone was so strong it made Draco freeze. He realized that his feet had even began to take him forward, toward the boy, his steps faltering but gaining ground. The Prince felt himself pale as he regained control. Several students gave the blonde dirty looks as he spun on his heel, and once again shoved past them to reach the safety of his table. He hadn't even noticed that Harry had begun to rise from his spot, concerned over what he'd witnessed and wanting desperately to go help. The look on Draco's face had frightened the golden boy. Harry had almost thrown caution to the wind and gone to him, but

Hermione grabbed his arm. "Harry, no." She frantically whispered, pulling the boy back down into his seat. The Chosen One stared at the retreating Slytherin until he felt another tug at his arm. He glanced briefly at Hermione. But her eyes weren't on him either. "Later." She pleadingly breathed. Both their eyes still on the blonde as he took his seat with the other Slytherins, Potter finally sat and nodded curtly, understanding that while whatever they had witnessed was pressing, now was not the time to confront him about it.

A couple minutes later -not even long enough for Draco to properly prepare his toast- Harper, Warrington, and Urquhart joined him at the table. Warrington immediately began shoveling food into his mouth like his life depended on it. The blonde curled his lip in disgust but the others weren't even paying attention. They had instantly joined in with Malfoy on watching the trio. Ignoring Warrington's horrendous table manners, Draco turned his attention back to Potter and company.

"Looks like 'The Savior' has conveniently returned just in time." Urquhart, spat distastefully. "He has the week to practice with the team before the game. They'll need a Savior to bail out **that** sorry excuse for a team."

Draco rolled his eyes. Urquhart had always been intimidated by Potter, although he'd never admit it. But only an idiot wouldn't be properly compelled to feel begrudging respect around the talented Gryffindor. Draco's teammate knows how good the Seeker is after all. So of course, Urquhart handles it like all Slytherins do, with ridicule and scorn. It was all under his breath of course. The Slytherin didn't want the younger years surrounding them to hear. Draco sipped his orange juice as Urquhart made another sniping comment. This one was geared toward the hope for whatever was ailing the Golden Boy would keep troubling him. Draco suppressed a roll of his eyes as the predictable threat to Potter's health followed almost instantly.

"Looks like the Weasel won't be playing though," observed Warrington in between mouthfuls. Most likely Urquhart's commentary had finally brought the glutton's attention away from the food to act human, Draco observed. He looked up, swallowing thickly. "That's a plus right?" Urquhart punched the other on the shoulder. "I'm not worried," he growled cockily. A couple of Slytherin fifth years giggled as he wagged his eyebrows at them. "I'd take them both on no problem."

Draco felt the urge to roll his eyes once again steadily building. "The Weasel wouldn't have been a problem, he's gotten lucky. What we need to be concerned about is who will be taking his place and also Potter, of course. You can talk all the shit you want about him, but if you don't respect his skill, you're a bloody fool." The expressions on the others faces made Draco want to punch them. It was blatantly obvious it hadn't even occurred to them that someone better would step in for Weasley, not to mention Potter was very much a threat, injured or not. Urquhart looked as if he'd just been scolded like a child, but he nodded nonetheless. Draco exhaled through his nose. "Potter's good, let's be serious. Not to mention, Potter **knows** that he's good. He knows his strengths and his few-if any weaknesses, and how to work around them." The others nodded. Draco was right. Of course he was, when wasn't their cunning leader wrong?

Draco continued to observe the trio as the others at the table continue to talk about Quidditch. He's desperately hoping for an opportunity to talk to them, but as the time before class grew shorter, he realized the opportunity wasn't going to present itself during breakfast. Lustful thoughts clouded his mind while his eyes scanned the curious faces of the Gryffindors as they no doubt hounded the trio about their absence. Even Ginny walked over, but based on her brief interaction with them, she'd already seen them that morning. He chuckled at her look of disgust as she said something to her brother as she watched him shovel enough food into his mouth to put Warrington to shame. It seemed that the Weasel wasn't letting an injured arm keep him from eating himself into a food coma. Draco perked a brow when he caught Harry staring right at him. Their gazes locked until he saw Granger nudge him and emerald eyes shifted away.

Harry seemed distracted throughout most of the meal. his eyes constantly roaming across the Great

Hall to focus in on Malfoy. On more than one occasion, Hermione has to nudge him under the table to get his attention. He was completely not hearing when people spoke to him. Once she'd had enough and looked up to see what had her best friend's attention. She shook her head in exasperation upon realizing almost immediately who had Harry so distracted. Thankfully their Housemates didn't seem to take notice and kept their audience on the rapidly speaking Ron. Hermione huffed with annoyance when Harry continued to stare as the Great Hall began to empty out. It takes yet another nudge to get the point across to Harry that it was time for them to leave for class. The Golden Boy tore his gaze from the blonde and began walking out with his friends. Across the Hall, the blonde scrubbed a hand down his face. Draco knew it was Herbology that the lions were heading to. He also knew that the Slytherins didn't share a class with Potter until Defense Against the Dark Arts. He groaned, it would be a long day, as that was their final class. Draco hoped desperately that it wouldn't be that long before he can corner the raven haired lion.

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While Draco was in Transfiguration, the trio were bickering their way through Herbology. "Of course they're spending a lot of time together Ron, they like each other." said Hermione with an exasperated sigh as she picked up her goggles. Ron pulled a disgusted face still unable to wrap his head around best mate's attraction toward the ferret. This wasn't the first time the subject had come up. It seemed to be the only topic they'd discussed, in private of course, all morning. Not that Harry could honestly blame his friends, especially since they had all seen the look the blonde had shot in the golden boy's direction. Harry had noticed immediately that Draco wasn't okay. The blonde's eyes were rimmed in red, a large bruise decorated his jaw, and he moved as if he were in constant pain. But the look, the brunette had received was at total odds with the perceived pain Draco's body language showed. The look had been intense, utterly smoldering and animalistic. But then panic flared which tripled the worry Harry had felt about the blonde the whole time they were gone. And now the fact that they would be unable to talk until much later worried him even more.

Harry sighed as his mates picked up on their argument once more. The emerald eyed boy zoned them out as he recalled the events from this morning. Both Ron and Hermione now knew how he felt about Draco, and while Hermione understood, Ron did not. But that was to be expected. Ron was on the receiving end of Malfoys cruelty more than anyone. Harry believed it was seen as a sort of betrayal to the red head. In fact, it had come up earlier over breakfast in the Great Hall, as Ron shoved two massive sausages and half an egg into his mouth.

The red head was flabbergasted and unable to grasp the concept of anyone liking Malfoy. Ginny had walked past, a look of disgust on her face. "Do you ever chew your food?" she asked her brother, dropping down next to Hermione. She propped her head on her hand and looked about the trio. "And I kind of like him too, Malfoy I mean." Ron's jaw dropped, large, barely chewed pieces of the sausage exposing themselves to the two witches. "Merlin that is disgusting Ronald! And honestly, is it so hard to believe Malfoy can be liked by people. Merlin Ronald, he is helping us after all." The ginger shot the bushy haired witch a glare before a look of betrayal took over his face as the realization of Hermione's words sank in. He opened his mouth to let a retort fly until Ginny glared. The elder Weasley finally turns back to his food, knowing that an argument with his little sister was not going to end well for him. Hermione returned to reading the Prophet and Ginny glanced around at the other again. "It was his idea to use house elves by the way." She says casually, making Ron choke on his sausages. He hacks obnoxiously and his face turned bright red. The boy struggles to recover, and only when Dean slaps him several times on the back does he finally manage to swallow his food. The redhead huffs as he settles down once again. He turned and gave the ferret a once over. Turning back to his plate, he snags his biscuit, and gives them smug look. "Well I for one, think he looks bloody terrible."

Ginny scoffs and shakes her head in disbelief while Hermione looks at him crossly, "Well I don't imagine you'd be looking your best either Ronald, if you were in Draco's position."

Ron opens and closes his mouth several times while trying to come up with a response but finally admits defeat, focusing entirely on the remains of his breakfast.

The trio had gotten up to leave the Great Hall shortly after. And as they'd walked through the Entrance Hall, the topic was brought up once again. Harry, suppressing a groan of irritation, and mysteriously went deaf as Ron asked him how it was possible. The red head simply could accept it and seemed to incessantly voice it. Apparently that included berating Harry. Noting the brunette's growing agitation, Hermione immediately told him to shut it. The conversation had thankfully turned to a safer subject: their future lesson. But all good things must come to an end it seemed. As they'd made their way across the grounds, then the vegetable patch to Green House number three, it came up a third time. The witch was honestly growing tired of it. She'd said the same thing each time, clearly thinking it was the most obvious thing in the world. They walked inside, nearly bumping into the mass of students standing right in front of the door. Thankfully that distracted Ron from talking about Malfoy.

The trio looked at each other curiously. What would they be working with? Ron shoved his way through the crowd with his usual lack of tactfulness, causing a Hufflepuff girl to bang her hip against a table. She glared at the red head but he didn't look the least bit bothered. Once he was in front, his hand immediately flew up in the air. Professor Sprout shot him a look, "Ye.s Mr Weasley?"

Ron looked at the gnarled stump with upmost disgust and asked, "What the bloody hell are those?"

"Language Mr Weasley." The short woman said as she gestured towards the mass of stumps. "And these are what you will be working with today. Snargaluffs."

After insisting that the stumps were mostly safe, Sprout urged the class forward. The trio put on protective gloves and goggles then reluctantly went to stand around a Snargaluff stump, the Malfoy topic re-emerging and Hermione growing increasingly irritated and telling him to hush. Everyone was eyeing the stumps with mild disdain except for Neville who had an excited gleam in his eye. The trio pulled their goggles down over their eyes and got to work. It took all of thirty seconds before Ron broke the silence, immediately resuming his questioning from earlier. Hermione of course, shushed him several times, but it was utterly useless. Harry groaned as once again the duo on either side of him became locked into low, bickering whispers. The red head continued expressing his confusion and disbelief, his voice growing more and more in volume. Soon it was loud enough to draw Professor Sprout's attention.

"Quite enough chatter over here!" she called briskly as she made her way over to them looking stern.

Hermione again repeated that Harry liked the boy and it was his decision. She then added quietly and coolly, "I bet Draco can be incredibly romantic if he chooses too, plus he's very attractive. I don't blame Harry in the slightest." The matter-of-fact statement sent the Golden Boy flushing. It had the opposite affect on the ginger however. "Shut your mouth!" bellowed Ron, bypassing red entirely and turning maroon. His eyes grew wide at the look on Sprout's face, "Oh no, sorry professor I don't mean you."

Hermione rolled her eyes, not the least bit phased by Ron's outburst. "Honestly Ronald, I don't know how you can be so thick when it comes to these things."

Harry could feel both their eyes on him but he was dead set on staying out of the conversation, even though it was about himself. He instead, took the opportunity to begin wrestling the many tentacle like vines of their Snargaluff. His Seeker reflexes coming quite in handy when one breaks loose and reaches for Hermione. His arm darts out, hand snatching the vine back, and tying it in a knot with the others.

"You know, I don't think I'll be having any of these in my garden when I've got my own place," said Ron with a mixture of disgust and amusement on his face. He pushes his goggles up onto his

forehead, face warping into straight disgust when Hermione plunges her arm into the hole that had opened up in the middle of the Snargaluff.

“Pass me a bowl,” said Hermione.

“That’s bloody disgusting,” Ron said, handing the bowl over as his face turned a light green. He looked faint as he eyed the pulsating pod Hermione had pulled free. The green color his face had taken on turned a truly impressive shade when Professor Sprout yelled, “Don’t be squeamish, squeeze it out, they’re best when they’re fresh.”

Harry, disgusted as he was, was thankful for the change in topic. He grinned, “Yea, I don’t think I’ll have any of these in my garden either.”

Ron, who was attempting to burst the pod in the bowl by putting both hands on it, standing up, and squashing it as hard as he could, forgetting about his injured arm and angrily saying, “Oh yea, I bet they’re too ugly for someone of Malfoy’s status. He would only want the prettiest and fanciest plants in his garden.”

“Oh shut up Ron!” said Hermione with yet another eye roll. “It’s not as if they’re married and getting a house together.”

Ron looked at Hermione, his mouth agape. His pressure on the pod faltered when his injured arm gave out. The pod flew out from under Ron’s fingers and hit the green-house glass, rebounding onto the back of Professor Sprouts head and knocking off her old, patched hat. Harry, wanting to be as far away from the conversation as possible, went to retrieve the pod. “Sorry professor,” he mumbled as he was bending over to pick it up.

When he got back, Hermione was saying, “They aren’t even dating Ron, and why would it even matter if they were?”

Harry wished the pod had flown significantly farther, so that he wasn’t sitting here during this incredibly uncomfortable conversation.

“Because it’s Malfoy!” Ron bellowed, getting shushed immediately by a frazzled Hermione.

Harry had been pounding the pod within an inch of its life with a trowel, trying to be as loud as possible to drown out their chatting. However, the pause that followed Ron’s outburst was long and awkward, making Harry’s loud beating of the pod seem foolish.

“Harry gets to chose who he’s interested in Ron.” Hermione said quietly but sternly.

Upon hearing this, Harry missed the pod, hit the bowl and shattered it.

“*Reparo.*” He said hastily, poking his wand toward the broken pieces, and the bowl sprang back together.

The crash though, had caused Ron and Hermione to be reminded of his presence.

“What is your side of this Harry?” Hermione asked looking flustered as she opened her book of ‘Flesh-Eating Trees of the world’ to find out the correct way to juice the Snargaluff pod.

Ron meanwhile, had begun beating it with a pair of pruning shears so violently that Harry had the sinking suspicion the pod, in Ron’s mind, was Malfoy’s head.

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By the start of Transfiguration, Draco was in an extremely foul mood and the blonde had a sinking feeling it was going to just get worse. The corridors were fuller than usual due to the trio's return. The overwhelming need to gossip kept the students from going to their classes until the last possible second. The Slytherin's nerves were throbbing with need. Every shove against his body, ever touch was a tingle of electricity sparking them to life. By the time Draco finally made it into the room, there was only one seat left. He watched with displeasure as Pansy pat the chair next to her expectantly, eyes mischievous as ever. Draco stared at her, hate making his silver orbs narrow dangerously. Only a stern look from McGonagall made him sit down in the chair feeling utterly defeated and more than a little grouchy. The class was still buzzing with conversation, the topic of course was Harry. Even as McGonagall started the lesson, the hushed voices continued their discussions.

Pansy, of course tried to reenact the events of their Dark Arts class, but Draco was in no mood. After commenting on the state of his face, the girl placed her hand on his thigh, her fingers crawling up towards his crotch like a spider. His whole body grew tense, his breath catching as his cock began to harden. He wanted the pleasure, but not from her. He grabbed her hand, squeezing so hard her bones grated against each other. The girl let out a yelp of pain, drawing all eyes in the room to her. McGonagall's lips pursed as she fixed the duo with a cold stare. "That's quiet enough Ms. Parkinson, I will not tolerate any further disruption."

Pansy scowled, her cheeks growing pink as she yanked her hand from Draco's hold. "Of course Professor," she said bitterly.

Draco's mood only continued to decline as he went to his next class. McGonagall had pulled him aside after Transfiguration, she of course asked him if there was anything he'd like to tell her. Though she was clearly referring to his face, Draco declined all the same. He'd rushed to his next class and was barely in the doorway when he caught the gossip in full force. The only topic on all of his fellow students minds continued to be the trio. The whispers and hushed discussions were non-stop throughout this lesson as well, the constant shushing from the professor having no effect. Draco, of course, then found it impossible to focus on anything else. His leg was bouncing madly, fingers tapping on the desk and eyes shifting around the room constantly, and when the lesson was done, Draco dove from his seat like a bat out of hell. He needed Potter, desperately. Although he wasn't fully hard, his cock had never recovered from Pansy's little stunt at the beginning of Transfiguration. His jaw was beyond sore from the constant gnashing of his teeth, and of course, the massive bruise. His mind was filled with so many naughty things, things that only the golden boy could help with. There was another option of course, but the blonde refused to even acknowledge it.

As he wandered the full corridors on his way to his next class, the blonde was oblivious of the cold, black eyes focusing on him. Boring holes into Draco's tense back, the Potions Master watched. His intentions being to check on the blonde, and it was more than obvious how terrible he was doing. Snape wanted to go to Draco, to help him, but Voldemort's orders ran through his head. "Do what you can to move the potion along." Snape frowned, he wouldn't be able to give Draco any more Potions to help him handle the effects. If the Dark Lord found out Snape had been helping the boy, he was dead. But seeing Draco like this was killing him anyway. He couldn't bear watching his godson descend into slow madness. Snape took off down the hall, walking through the throng of students to reach the struggling boy. He grabbed Draco's arm, and the blonde stumbled as Severus yanked him into an empty classroom. The blonde let out a hiss at the contact, his nerves igniting at the touch.

His lips thinned as the blonde finally looked at his kidnapper. "Yes Professor?" Draco asked bitterly.

Snape wordlessly pulled eight vials of the blue potion from his robes. He held them out to Draco, "Take these and make them last. I won't be able to give you any more."

Draco took them, recognizing what they were immediately. He looked at the Potions Master, "Why not?"

Snape pursed his lips. The look he gave was one of disbelief. "Why else Draco? Because the Dark Lord told me not too." Snape's eyes traveled over the boy's face, his expression hardening even more. "And what, might I ask, has happened to your face Draco?" The boy looked at the Potions Master's face. "I know what you're doing, I'm not stupid, but it won't work."

Snape sneered, "Ah, what thoughts are you trying to conceal from your master, Draco?"

The boy glared, "You already know, but right now it's not him I'm trying to keep out of my head."

"I can still help you Draco." He said simply, leaving the classroom, his robes billowing behind him.

Draco wanted to question, he wanted an explanation, but knew one would not be given. He

immediately downed one of the vials, the numbing warmth rushing through his body, dulling the urges and settling his nerves. He looked at the remaining bottles in his hand, he'd have to make these last.

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Draco's last class before lunch was Arithmancy. Thankfully, it was also one of the several classes he had with Hermione. The blonde walked into the stuffy classroom, his eyes immediately scanning for the bushy haired witch. She was seated at the front of the class as usual, but her body was turned in her seat, eyes on the doors. As soon as Draco entered, Hermione grew tense. She desperately wanted to talk to the boy but there were several others already in the room. Her eyes focused in on the bruise and he could see the worry setting in. Draco looked at the seat behind her, his eyes shifting between the witch and the chair. Hermione got the message, nodding several times. He sat down, leaning the slightest bit forward. He saw her body accommodate, leaning all the way back in the chair to hear him. "I need Potter, bad." He said quietly, unable to hide the desperate edge in his voice.

"I suspected as much," Hermione said. Her voice was equally quiet. "I know we all have the Dark Arts together, but I will tell him to meet you in your dormitory after, since this is our last class before lunch."

Draco breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you Hermione."

The girl whirled around in her seat, a smile on her face. Draco had used her name and she was thrilled. Draco rolled his eyes, but a small half grin formed on his lips as well. His grin faltered as thinking about his dorm reminded him of the locket. "I'll give Potter the locket then too, I uh...I can't have it near me...it...it does bad things to me."

Hermione looked at him with concern. "Oh, I didn't even think about that. I'm so sorry."

Draco shook his head, "I didn't either, don't worry about it." He hesitated then. He wanted to tell the witch what happened, but this wasn't the place to do it. Also, they would be upset, Potter especially.

Hermione watched, Draco's expression changed, something was haunting him. The witch already had worries about their absence from him, and now she truly regretted leaving him alone.

"Something happened didn't it?" She asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yes, but I cannot tell you about it here....and Potter...won't like it. I made several terrible decisions and I paid for them."

Hermione grew nervous, "We will come to your dormitory tonight, after class and once Harry and Ron are done with Quidditch practice.

Draco flinched, "Granger-Hermione, it's not that I don't want Weasley to know, well I don't actually but I know you guys don't like keeping things from him so it's just--"

"You don't want to be around when he's told." Hermione finishes and Draco nods. "That's fair," the bushy haired witch says, "Ronald doesn't handle certain things with....well let's be serious, he's childish and tactless." Her voice was sharp but not unkind as Hermione continued her rant. "He cannot comprehend why Harry likes you. He's so caught up on everything that happened previously."

Draco nods, "I can't be upset, I was a foul git in my other years. I believed in the Dark Lord, everything he stood for. I was foolish, and once the Dark Lord came back things changed that I did not anticipate." His silver eyes shifted down, looking at his arm where he knew the Dark Mark was located. He could feel Hermione's gaze on him, but he couldn't look up, not yet. The witch had been nothing but kind to him, and he felt guilty for all the things he said to her in previous years. The Professor had entered the room, it was time for class to begin. Draco was grateful, he had no idea what he would have said to her.

Having one of the trio in his class was a blessing, as the other students refrained from gossiping as soon as they realized the witch was among them. Sure all the students couldn't keep their eyes off

the witch, but it was silent curiosity. Draco was more than fine with that. And once class was over, he finally felt liked he'd learned something as the blonde finally had been able to pay attention. He wrote down the list of pages he had to go over to do the homework then stood, walking out of the classroom behind the bushy haired witch. He spoke quietly, trying to not be overheard. "I'll be in my dorm," he breathed as he was shoved into the witch by a passing student. She nodded subtly and ignored the predicted nasty comment he made as he brushed his clothes off. He tried not to flinch as she gave back a fiery retort, thought it was to be expected. As they waited for the other students to thin out so they could exit, he spared her an apologetic look but she simply nodded again. Her expression didn't have the usual hostility in it. Even her reply had sounded more exasperated than angry. Once they left the room they broke apart without another word. Even though they were both heading down to the Entrance Hall those passing couldn't know they were on friendly terms, let alone friends at all.

Draco immediately put on his mask of Pure Blood Slytherin arrogance as he began shoving younger students out of the way pause at the foot of the Grand Staircase. He waited patiently for one of the sets of stairs to return while giving dirty looks to all who dared glance his way. Though his body was still sore, he walked quickly, making sure to hop over the middle step. By now it was second nature, but much of the younger students hadn't picked up the routine yet. He heard a gasp behind him once he reached the first floor platform. He turned, looking behind him to watch several second year Ravenclaws struggling to pull their friend out of one of the stairs. He chuckled. Though it was a frequent occurrence, he always got a kick out of the younger students sinking into the mischievous trick steps.

When Draco reached the dungeons, a wave of arousal crashed through his body. Potter was leaning against the wall next to the portrait that housed the entrance to his dormitory. However, several Slytherin students were walking around the corridor, either talking or making their way to or from the Slytherin common room. He scowled, there was no way he could let Potter into his dormitory with the other Slytherins around. He approached the Golden Boy, a scowl on his face. "Potter," he spat, "what are you doing here?" He saw the look of confusion on Harry's face, his silver eyes danced around the corridor alerting the other that they were not alone. He watched the boy's face as realization clicked and his expression was quickly switched to dislike. "I came to talk to you Malfoy," Harry said spitefully, "You took House Points from Gryffindor because Ron looked scruffy, you can't bloody do that Malfoy!" Draco guffawed, it might have been a complete lie, but it was a good one. He found himself honestly wishing he'd thought of that himself. He heard the other Slytherins in the dungeons laughing. Draco couldn't help but admire the raven haired boy's wit. Potter's quick thinking was fantastic.

Draco walked up to the boy, getting right in his face, his own wearing an expression of fury.

"You will find Potter, that I can in fact do that."

Harry pulled out his wand, pointing it right at the Prince's chest. "Back up Malfoy." He said tone aggressive and firm. His eyes drifted left and then right to watch the students in the corridor scatter. They suspected a fight and didn't want to be around when the duo was discovered. It took only seconds for the dungeons to be deserted and Malfoy moaned in relief. "Fuck. Potter, I'm losing my shit." He mumbled the password to the portrait and stumbles inside with Harry right behind him.

"I know." Harry says as they cross the sitting area. "Hermione told me. She also said you look dreadful, and I saw the bruise on your face earlier. I thought she was exaggerating..."

Malfoy's head shot around, fixing Harry with a vicious glare but the boy just chuckled, until Malfoy removed his shirt. Harry inhales with a hiss. "What the fuck Malfoy?"

Draco looks down at his marred torso, "The potion was bad Potter. I was lost to it and this fifth year wanted my cock...so I gave it to her. It ended with bad results, needless to say."

Harry had no idea what to think, he was going to press the issue but the pleading look on Draco's face made him stop.

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A moan slid passed Draco's swollen lips as his silver eyes slid shut. He leaned backwards, his back making contact with the headboard of his bed. He was overwhelmed by sensation. Potter's hands were roaming and exploring his naked, pale skin. Draco let his head fall back, his neck stretched and bared. "Please." His voice was breathy and desperate. Nothing could stop the need, and Draco absolute needed Potter to take his aching, hard cock into his mouth. "The potion Potter, it's burning me alive." His eyes slid open just long enough to see Harry nod. Then he felt the boy's hands dragging lower and lower towards the thing that needed attention the most. With Potters hand's resting on his hips, he felt lips wrap around him. Draco choked at the sensation. His eyes rolled behind closed lids and face contorted into pure bliss. All he could focus on was the moist heat enveloping his length. He vainly tried to resist the wanton thrust of his hips, not wanting to hit the back of Potter's throat this quickly.

Harry was sucking and swirling his tongue, hitting all the right places and Merlin the boy needed an award because the suction was perfect, Draco could already feel himself tensing, but when he tried to thrust, Potter's hands held firm. Then Harry swirled his tongue around the tip of his cock and the blonde felt his hips buck jerkily. Vaugely, he heard the Chosen One let out a husky chuckle at Draco's attempts, but Harry's strength was no match for the blonde when he was in this state. Malfoy's head lolled aimlessly as he lost all ability to control his movement. His blonde hair didn't even move due to the sheer amount of sweat plastering his bangs to his forehead. He felt like jelly. He couldn't help himself. Potter was working his swollen member just the right way. Through slitted eyes, the Slytherin glimpsed Harry's sly smirk. He groaned as the boy lowered his head even more, taking Draco in completely. Silver eyes slid shut once more as he marveled in the hot, wet cavern of Harry's mouth. The brunette hummed in satisfaction as even more pre-come dotted his taste buds. Draco's chest heaved with his panting. The Golden Boy was moaning around his member and vibrations were driving the blonde insane. When he felt his cock hit the back of the Golden Boy's throat, Draco finally lost it. The sensation shot him over the edge until he was shuddering from orgasm.

Draco's chest was heaving, and his face and chest were sweaty and pink. He breathed out through his lips and silver eyes lazily slid open. What he saw made him groan. Cum and saliva was dripping down Harry's chin as he looked at Malfoy with a wide grin, and then he swallowed. "Feel better Malfoy?"

Draco hissed. "If I could move my body right now Potter, I'd show you exactly how I was feeling." Harry laughed, wiping the ropey strings from his chin and scooting himself up the bed. He plopped down beside Malfoy. A comfortable silence enveloped the air, and although he said nothing, it seemed the boy wanted to talk before they took things any further. Draco sighed, "Granger told you something happened with the locket huh." Though it wasn't really a question, Harry answered anyway.

"Yea she did. She told me you seemed really upset by it."

Draco chortled darkly, "When I tell you what it was, you'll be upset about it too Potter. Trust me." he wipes at his sweat slicked forehead with the side of his arm, head rolling to the side, eyes locking with Harry's. "I'll tell you everything, just..."

Harry placed a hand on Draco's lean, muscled thigh, "I won't hold it against you, I know the Horcruxs have power. Hermione was worried. While we were gone, she came to me as soon as we'd set up camp. She told me it might be more difficult for you because of the potion. She figured the link you currently have to Voldemort would make you more susceptible to the locket's effects."

"She was right Potter. I felt it almost immediately. I was able to fight it off for a while, but it was calling to me, whispering to me. I put it in my trunk, tried to stay away but finally I couldn't resist. I put it on Potter, when I was studying in the library I put on the bloody locket."

Harry made a disgruntled noise, frustration warping his features. "What happened when you put it on?"

Draco closed his eyes, head falling back against the headboard, "My aunt came to me, I was still in the library but I guess I'd fallen asleep." Draco sighed. He could feel Harry's eyes on him. It was obvious the boy knew what happened to Draco in his dreams, but clearly wanted Draco to say it. "She was naked, seductive, and I fucked her."

Harry was silent, but his body was tense against the blonde's. He honestly didn't know how to feel, it was fucked up but Draco also wasn't himself. Harry knew if Malfoy was in his right mind he'd never do most of the shit he'd done under Voldemort and the Potions influence. He sighed, "Fuck, Malfoy that's fucked up."

"I know." Silence blanketed them again. Anxiety began to ride Draco. His fingers tapped nervously against the sheets. He jerked when the Golden Boy bumped shoulders with him.

"I know it wasn't your fault. Merlin knows none of this shit is your fault." Harry moved his hand over Draco's thigh, gently massaging the muscles. Then, it slowly moved up, taking the blonde's cock firmly in his hand. Draco groaned, letting himself relax and melt into the bed. "Thank you Harry." he said gruffly. And as amazingly brilliant as the smile Potter graced him with was, Draco was determined to wipe that happy emotion away and leave nothing but desperation in its wake.

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Draco shoved his cock deep into the Golden Boy's hole, not stopping until he bottomed out and his balls rest against Potter's ass. He hears the boy moan "oh god", as he shudders against Draco's lean thighs.

Draco snarls, his voice harsh, almost inhuman and his hands twitch at his sides. The blonde leans forward, his sweaty chest flush against Harry's back. His fingers wrap around the Chosen One's neck and squeezes. Harry lets out a choked gasp that turns to a whimper as the Slytherin lets out a dark chuckle. "There is no God here," he hisses in Potter's ear, "God won't fuck you like I do." The answering groan almost sends the blonde into a frenzy, but he waits, giving the other time to adjust. He'd entered without any prep so he knew the boy was in pain. He used oil of course, but once he was slick Draco had shoved himself in without a care. The blonde's neck rolled on his shoulders and his hands moved down to grab pale hips. Harry braces himself. His forearm was flat on the bed and head in the crook of his elbow. He could tell Draco was somewhere else, his mind almost completely gone, and the potion almost in full control. Harry was ready though, the other boy needed this and he was prepared to take it all. He could feel the other shaking, what little control remained of himself was fighting to wait for Harry to be ready. Harry could hear quiet grunting, the shaking worsening as the battle in Draco's mind grew more and more intense. He turned his head, looking back at the blonde. Draco was grimacing, sweat dripped down his face, and his eyes were squeezed shut. Harry's heart ached at the sight. The blonde looked utterly ravished already and desperation hardened his features. His chest was heaving with his struggle to maintain control. "Draco," Harry breathed making the blonde jerk, "move!" The reaction was immediate. The blonde began thrusting into the other like his life depended on it. His fingers were gripping Harry's hips so strongly his nails were digging into skin. The sound of skin slapping skin was rapid fire in Harry's ears. Draco's cock filled him so completely that he swore his knees would give out. The guttural groans from were a symphony of debauchery. The overwhelming combination of pain and pleasure took Harry's breath away. He could feel his cock filling and soon pre-cum was oozing out and staining the sheets. The Golden Boy was so lost to the pleasure that he didn't give it a thought.

Draco somehow manages to hit the boy's prostate with every inward thrust and revels in the shaky gasps and needy moans coming from the boy beneath him. Bright spots appear in Harry's vision, and he's honestly not sure if that's because he's forgotten to breath or because of the pleasure that bursting inside him. He can't keep quiet. Moans of wanton bliss echoed in the blonde's ears. Harry could feel Draco urging himself deeper, harder. He was pulling the brunette back to meet each claiming thrust. For Draco, the sensation is just too much. All he could feel was the scorching heat

of Potter's hole gripping him tightly and the slick friction of their bodies colliding. He's steadily losing his mind because of it. Moans and groans constantly leave his open mouth. Sweats leaving a salty aftertaste on his tongue as it drips down his nose and off his hair. He can feel the other boy's body tensing, shaking, and he knows they're in the same boat. Harry's neck and back arch almost painfully as Draco grabs a fist full of black hair and yanks backward. The blonde's free arm wraps around the raven's throat and locks the boy against his flushed chest. The Gryffindor hears the animalistic grunts as Draco increases the speed and power of his thrusts. "God, fuck! Right there Draco, just like that. Fuck!" Harry babbles as he feels his orgasm peak. "I told you Potter," Draco pants fiercely. "God doesn't fuck you, not like I do." He gives a final deep thrust and releases deep inside the other boys hole feeling content at last.

## Chapter 26

Draco collapsed against the headboard covered in sweat. His whole body is buzzing with the lingering pleasure and Harry appears to be in the same state. He knows his body will hurt terribly after the adrenaline wears off, but at the moment, he doesn't care. They're both breathing hard, Draco's chest is heaving and his body drenched in sweat. He hums, feeling utterly spent, "Thank you Potter." He says, still out of breath.

Harry's laying flat onto the bed, his face buried in the sheets. But he turns to look at Draco then, glasses askew, cheeks pink and hair a ruffled mess. "Of course Draco, I told you I'd help you." He rolls over then, legs outstretched, arms going up behind his head and his soft cock laying against his thigh. He looks at Draco, his eyes roaming over sweaty, pale, bruised skin. "You look better," he says finally, "more color and most of the pains left your face."

The blonde nods, "yea, I feel better," he affirms, knowing Harry wasn't talking about the physical pain. "but I don't think it'll last, feels like the potion is getting stronger."

Harry's face fills with worry, they had to do something. That made him remember the locket and the Horcruxs they still had to find. "Malfoy, you have the locket right?"

"Yes Potter, it's in my trunk. You need to take it, I can't handle the evil, it calls to me."

Harry rolls from the bed, feet hitting the floor by his pants. He pulls them on and makes his way over to Draco's Hogwarts trunk. He opens it and pulls out the locket, he turns to Draco. The blonde's eyes had immediately jumped to the jewelry. His eyes grew unfocused, a look of longing on his face and a lustful groan flies past his lips. Harry swallows and quickly stuffs the Horcrux in his robes which were in a messy pile on the floor with the rest of his clothes. He then hops back on the bed, jarring Draco from his trance. "What does it say to you?" He asks curiously.

"It promises me pleasure and more power than I could possibly imagine. It says it can give me what I want if I only put it on." Draco breathes.

Harry passes the blonde his clothes, "we need to talk with the others, come up with a plan." Draco nods, and once they are both fully dressed, they leave the dorm.

Harry decides to bring up Draco's bruises again, they were alone, walking down one of the dungeons many corridors. "Tell me what happened to you Draco, please.

The blonde was stunned by the use of his first name, and the gentleness in which it was used.

"Potter..." he said in warning.

"I know I won't like it, but I also know you're not ok, I won't judge you, you should know this."

Draco nods, "Ok Potter, I'll tell you everything." He explains it all, the girl, how he lost control and almost killed her, and the guys that wanted him to pay for what he did. Harry bared his teeth, anger radiating from his body, Draco was ready for the boy to tell him to fuck off, but it wasn't Draco he was mad at.

"What the fuck is wrong with them?" Harry shouted, his voice echoing through the Entrance Hall. Draco's eyes grew wide, he hastily looked around the Hall, Harry's outburst could cause unwanted attention.

"I don't know Potter," Draco said hastily, his eyes still scanning for others. "but I know who they are, and they're going to pay."

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Things were taking a dark turn for Draco. He was hallucinating far more frequently as Halloween came and went. His rage took hold of him often, his lust uncontrollable. When he was touched, even by accident, or when he saw anyone remotely attractive he could no longer hold himself back. Harry of course, did every he could, but they were swamped with homework and Quidditch. All of the 7th years were given piles of homework from all their Professors. Not a minute went by that didn't have Ron's misery filled voice complaining about the homework load.

It was even worse for Harry and Draco of course, every minute that wasn't filled with homework, was filled with extra quidditch practices. The tension between the houses and the pressure to win was causing both teams to exhaust themselves with extra training. Every night, at some point in the evening, both captains could be seen entering the Entrance Hall sweaty and sore, their eyes barely open. The other 7th years on the team had it just as bad of course when it came to the overload of homework. Except, they didn't have the threat of Dark Lord to worry about.

Even the extravagant Halloween feast couldn't brighten the boys spirits. The cool, calculated, prideful Draco was quickly leaving, his mind was filled with Voldemort's wrath. A venomous viper replaced him with a bite as stinging as the poison in his words, and a personality so dark that even the Slytherins began to avoid him. The Dark Lord had finally noticed the absence of yet another of his Horcruxes, his patience for Draco to return with the golden boy had at last worn out. The blonde was plagued by the Dark Lord's torture, sleep was now almost impossible. Now, even during the day, his cold voice slithered through Draco's mind. He was furious that Bellatrix hadn't won the blonde over, and he had at last figured out the trios plan, and his only real link to them was Draco. He was merciless in his attacks on the boys mind, his rage endless and it was taking its toll.

The first Quidditch match and Draco's steady decline into madness became the only thing talked about throughout the school. Rumors flew throughout the halls and the tension between the houses was at its limits. Members of the Slytherin house would do their best to trip those on the Gryffindor team, some even went as far as trying to trap a couple in one of the unused dungeon classrooms. The Gryffindors didn't take it idly though, whenever they got the chance, hexes would fly. More than once a Slytherin ended up in the Hospital Wing with bats flying from their nose, antlers sprouting from their heads, and one poor student had his knees switched from the front of their legs to the back. Draco though, was excited, regardless of the outcome, and was thoroughly enjoying the battling houses. It was definitely going to be one hell of a match. The Slytherin team trained and trained, but so did the Gryffindors. The only real threat on the red and gold team was Harry, it seemed his absence had no effect on his Seeker skills. Draco was definitely up for the challenge.

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The night before the match, Harry snuck his way into Draco's dormitory. He sat on the boys bed, waiting silently for Draco to finish reading his Transfiguration book. Then before he could even put the book down, Harry burst to life. "How are we going to play this Malfoy?" He asked, his tone all business.

Draco rolled his gray eyes, "whatever do you mean Potter?" He asked, knowing exactly what Harry was talking about.

"You're uh....you're clearly not yourself Malfoy."

"Oh yea Potter?" Malfoy said harshly. "And you've known me for so long, you're one to judge yea."

Harry glared, "I'm trying to fucking help Malfoy, I'm trying to figure out what we're going to fucking do."

Draco looked at the other, an apologetic expression on his face. "I'll be ok Potter, you have other things to worry about, same as me. Let's get through this Quidditch match and then go from there."

Harry nods, clearly not pleased with the answer, but he knew the other was right. "Ok, and the match." He said, running a hand through his raven hair.

"Yes?"

Harry glared, "you know what I'm going to say Draco."

"Of course I do Potter, it's Gryffindor against Slytherin and we need to act accordingly." The blonde grinned slightly, a mischievous glint in his silver eyes. "The minute we hit the pitch, you're my enemy Potter. I'm not going to hold back, I expect you to do the same." He said, evil grin still

in place as he yanked Harry on top of him by his robes.

Draco's words were rolling around in Harry's mind as he sat down at the Gryffindor table. It was the morning of the match and the Great Hall was alive with cheers and the two teams colors. Even the other houses were wearing either Gryffindor or Slytherin colors to support the teams. He immediately noticed Luna, sporting her ginormous roaring Gryffindor lion atop her head as she sat down at the Ravenclaw table, and it seemed that most of the others at the table were rooting for Gryffindor as well. Harry, excited as he was, kept to himself for most of breakfast. The fact that Malfoy seemed almost excited about the way they had to treat each other during the game made him nervous. But when Ron plopped down next to him wearing his Quidditch robes, everything else flew from his mind. "You got cleared." Harry said excitedly.

Ron grinned, "Yea, Madam Pomfrey looked me over and said I was all good."

Harry's expression mirrored the red heads as he slapped him good heartedly on the back. "Bloody excellent." he said, noticing that Ron also seemed to finally be over his pre-game nerves as the boy immediately filled his plate with everything he could.

Hermione looked at him disapprovingly, "Ron, if you eat all of that you'll be sick. You have a game to play soon."

Ron just looked at her, shoveling egg into his mouth like his life depended on it.

When Malfoy walked in, his silver and emerald robes billowing behind him as he walked quickly across the hall. He immediately caught Harry's eye, and nodded subtly before making his way to the Slytherin table. His face, of course, bore that signature Malfoy smirk that let Harry know he was in for one hell of a game. Ron shivered next to him as he eyed the blonde. "Nothing that makes Malfoy look that excited could possibly be good for the rest of us." He mumbled under his breath, making Harry snort into his pumpkin juice.

The blonde sat down in between Warrington and Vaisey, his silver eyes narrowing and scowling fiercely at the red head seated next to Potter. "Weasley's been cleared."

Vaisey choked on his toast, coughing madly at the news. He looked up, eyes scanning the Gryffindor table for the Keeper. "Oh shit." He said dumbly.

Warrington however, didn't look surprised. "Yea, he was in the hospital wing this morning."

Vaisey turned, leaning forward to look around Malfoy, "How do you know that? Why were you there?"

Malfoy raised a thin brow, "Yes Warrington, what happened to you?" he asked amused.

Warrington blushed slightly as several of the other Slytherins at the table had turned to listen, "I was going to hex that Weasley girl but she beat me to it."

A chorus of groans erupted around the table, Ginny and her hexes were legendary, everyone knew not to mess with her.

Draco rolled his eyes, "you're an idiot." He said flatly. "What did she hit you with?"

"A Steleus." Warrington replied, looking ashamed. "I was sneezing so violently I was passing out, I couldn't remove it myself."

Draco chortled, along with most of the others around them, "You deserved it honestly, you should have know better."

Warrington looked down at the table. "Yea." He muttered quietly.

Harper rushed over shortly after, he sat down across from Malfoy looking slightly winded.

"Almost overslept." he breathed. He grabbed a slice of toast and took a bite, "so Weasley was cleared." he said, his mouth still full.

Draco nodded.

"Anybody know what actually happened to him?" Harper asked after he finished off the slice.

Draco shook his head, knowing he shouldn't have the answer, but Warrington beamed, glad he knew something the Captain didn't. "Yea, I overheard them talking in the hospital wing, he got Splinched."

The table erupts with laughter, a Slytherin girl scoffs as she rolls her eyes, "Weasley is the worst kind of Pureblood, can't even apparate properly, he's a disgrace honestly." For the remainder of

breakfast the Slytherin table jokes and makes fun of the red headed pure blood family. Draco joked and laughed along with them but his heart wasn't in it. He stands finally, announcing he was heading down to the quidditch pitch, the rest of his team stood and left the Great Hall with him.

The stands were filling up quickly as the Slytherins entered the locker rooms. Luna and her lion head were in the front row, several unfortunate Ravenclaws were sitting behind her, their heads bobbing side to side as they struggled to find a view that wasn't obstructed by the roaring beast. Draco sat down on the nearest bench, he needed to clear his head. All of the lustful and negative thoughts were fighting for dominance in his mind and that would be disastrous once the game started. He took a deep breath and let his eyes slide closed. He exhaled through his nose and sat quietly, doing his best to cancel out all the activity going on around him and willing his mind to relax.

After a few minutes, his silver eyes popped open. "Let's go." He said as he stood. The others on the team filed in a line behind him and together, they left the locker room. As he marched onto the field, his team following behind, Draco looked around the stands for Hermione. Unfortunately, it was Pansy who caught his eye first. The girl smirked mischievously and waved at him with a gloved hand. Draco's lips twitched in dislike and he of course, did not wave back.

The Slytherin team walks to the center of the field, circling around Madam Hooch and mounting their brooms. They lift off the ground, and hover above the yellow eyed Referee. The team all move to one side as the Gryffindors walk onto the field, they also quickly mount their brooms and hover on the other side of Hooch.

The woman's yellow cat eyes scan each player, both teams glaring murderously at each other. Hooch opens the trunk and the medium sized, jet black balls fly into the air. The small Golden Snitch zooms out next, it's tiny wings flapping so quickly they're almost invisible. It soars around Ginnys head once before disappearing from sight. Next comes the Quaffle, Hooch grabs it from the trunk and holds it against her hip. She looks up at the hovering students, "Now I'm sure I don't have to remind you," The witch says, sounding like she honestly doesn't believe her own words, "I want a nice clean game," her eyes scan each player once more as she says her final words. "from all of you." The Slytherins all grin, mischief in their eyes as Hooch puts her whistle between her lips. She blows it once and throws the Quaffle straight up into the air.

Harry rose up high into the air as the Chasers from both teams flew towards the Quaffle like bats out of hell. Ginny of course was the first to reach, and once it was safely tucked under her arm she took off towards the three rings at the Slytherins end of the pitch.

"And off she goes!" The commentator shouts, "Ginny Weasley, the youngest sibling and the only sister of my two best friends in the world."

Harry's head quickly turns to the stands, sitting in the front row next to McGonagall, microphone in hand and all the Professors sitting behind him was Lee Jordan. Harry grins and flies over to the stand. And his grin only grows wider when he sees two matching sets of red hair sitting directly behind him. Fred and George were there for the game as well. They both wave at him madly, their cheers audible over all the others. Harry waves back and then returns his attention to the game but keeping an ear open, not wanting to miss a word of Lee's commentary.

"Look at Ginny go, her silky red hair blowing so majestically in the wind, she's really turned into such a gorgeous woman, I think I'm going to find her after- oh sorry Professor." Harry chuckles as his eyes scan the field for the tiny gold ball.

Draco soars around the field a couple times, his eyes searching as well. When he reaches Harry though, he halts, hovering next to the golden boy.

"Oy Potter, don't think im going to take it easy on you just because you've missed practices." he shouts, scowling at Harry.

Lee of course, couldn't help but comment, "Ah, it seems Draco Malfoy has somehow managed to buy his way back into Hogwarts for his seventh year. And as usual his shit talking is outdone only

by his signature look of constipation.” The Gryffindor stand explodes with laughter and even Harry couldn’t help but chuckle. Draco gives Lee the most murderous of looks before flying off to the other side of the stadium. The laughter dies down though, as Ginny is about to take her first shot at the hoops.

“Ginny really is the complete package, gorgeous, athletic, smart, and has a hell of an arm on her as well. What a throw, there’s no way Harper can- oh that’s a foul, he obviously used magic Professor, there’s no way he could have actually caught that on his own!” Lee shouts and then briefly bickers with McGonagall, trying desperately to get a redo but clearly not standing a chance. “Well that dunderhead got lucky and now the Slytherin Chaser, Wafflebern or something has possession of the Quaffle. It’s amazing the man can actually see, let alone fly a broom with a face so closely resembling a baboons backside- oh right, unbiased, sorry Professor.”

Harry watches Warrington fly across the field, he passes the ball to Viasey, the Gryffindor Chasers hot on his tail with Ginny in front. She ducks quickly, a Bludger narrowly missing her head.

“Look at that speed and agility, what amazing reflexes that beautiful vixen has. The complete opposite of the two Slytherin Beaters. Not to mention just having maybe half of a brain between them, it’s amazing they can function at all. Crabbe and Goyle make it clear that when it comes to the Slytherins choice of Beaters, size actually is everything.” The Slytherin stand boos loudly.

“Good lord what an amazing save by the Gryffindor Keeper. Ron Weasley really is living up to his title as King. And what a spectacular throw as well, landed right into the hands of one of the Gryffindor Chasers Demelza Robins.” The Gryffindors and a big portion of the Ravenclaws cheered so loudly they drown out the disappointed groans from the Slytherins.

“Oh what a fantastic game this is turning out to be,” Lee said excitedly, “the Gryffindors are as excellent as ever! Harry Potter has selected a fantastic group of players indeed.” Draco couldn’t help but roll his eyes, as usual Lee Jordan was incapable of being unbiased. He does another lap around the field, eyes following the battle of the chasers below.

“Demelza passes the Quaffle back to that sexy little firecracker Ginny Weasley- sorry Professor couldn’t help it- Ginny zigs and zags between the Slytherin Chasers, making them look like the buffoons they are. Ginny passes the Quaffle to Dean Thomas, truly a spectacular hand off. Dean is approaching the Goal Posts, will the Slytherin Keeper get lucky a second time? This Commentator doesn’t think so and GRYFFINDOR SCORES! That’s 10 points to Gryffindor!”

Malfoy frowns, as much as he hated to admit it, Dean did an excellent job. There was no way for Harper to prevent it. His eyes then land on Potter who was whooping and pumping his fist in the air like a fool. Ok maybe it was deserved, but Draco wasn’t happy about it. He watches Harry’s emerald eyes shift behind his glasses as he scans the entire stadium for the Snitch. The overly excited Lee Jordan still raving about the spectacular goal, making it almost impossible for the blonde to focus at all. To make matters worse, the Gryffindors had also regained control of the Quaffle, Draco felt stress rolling over him in waves. “Fuck!” He spat forcefully. He looked around, spying Goyle near the Slytherins goals and speed over. Without a word he snatched the short club from the large boys pudgy hands, and hit a passing Bludger as hard as he could towards Demelza, who currently had the Quaffle. He grimaces, moving his arm the way he had pulled painfully at the bruises on his torso. He watches as the Bludger hits the girl square in the chest, the large crimson ball falling from her hand as she floats steadily downward and hits the ground in an unconscious heap.

Harry can’t believe his eyes, what had Draco just done? The Gryffindor fans were booing and yelling in outrage, Lee was beside himself, demanding a foul and calling Draco every explicit word he knew. It got so bad that McGonagall had to take the microphone from the boy to give him some time to cool off. Especially because what Draco did wasn’t against the rules, cruel and uncalled for maybe, but not against the rules. The stadium watched with baited breath as Madam Hooch rushed over to the fallen girl, kneeling down and checking her condition. After several tense minutes, the Gryffindor fans cheer as Hooch helps Demelza slowly walk off the field. But

during that time, Slytherin had managed to score. The Gryffindors had paused to make sure their fallen teammate was ok, while the Slytherins couldn't be bothered. The score was now tied and Gryffindor was one player down, things suddenly weren't looking good for the red and gold team.

## Chapter 27

Draco did another lap around the field, grinning from ear to ear as his team cheered and congratulated him on his fantastic play. He purposely ignored Harry, knowing the boy wouldn't be pleased. However, it seemed they were going to have a chat, whether he liked it or not. Harry flew over to the blonde, cutting him off and glaring furiously. "What the fuck is wrong with you Malfoy?" He all but shouted. Draco sneered, he knew all eyes were on them and he couldn't disappoint. "I told you I wasn't going to take it easy on you, didn't I mention that included your teammates as well, Potter?"

The raven haired boy glowered at him, "You're a right foul git, you know that Malfoy?" Draco chuckled. "It's been brought to my attention before, yes." The blonde's eyes roamed lazily over Potter's agitated face. "Well this has been fun but—" he stops dead when he sees Harry's eyes grow wide, the boy darts past with a woosh and gust of wind that makes Draco's broom buck like a horse and has him clutching at the handle desperately to stay on. He turns his broom quickly, and flies after the boy at full speed. He knew Harry had seen the Snitch and had every intention of catching it before him.

Draco quickly pulls up next to Harry their bodies bent low against their brooms trying to go as fast as they possibly could. Draco spares the other a glance and the look of determination on the golden boy's face made Draco all the more eager to beat him. "The Snitch is mine Potter." He shouts over the wind, his hair blowing every which way and a couple strands even slapping his forehead and sides of his face.

Harry turns his head slightly, looking at Malfoy through the side of his face, "You wish." The blonde grins, that sounds like a challenge to him, one he's more than willing to accept. He leans forward even more, until his stomach is flat against the wood. He tilts sideways, hitting Harry hard on the side, causing him to swerve off course. The Gryffindors and Ravenclaws erupt into a truly impressive chorus of boos and Lee, who had recovered, laid into the Slytherin Seeker. "Draco Malfoy everyone, the Death Eater with no real skill of his own, having to resort to cheating and violence to get ahead. Have no fear though folks, Harry has recovered! He's reaching his arm out, the Snitch mere inches away from his hand and—" It had come out of nowhere, Draco's body went cold, a Bludger hit Harry in the side of his head with a deafening crack and the golden boy fell.

"The troll of a Beater Crabbe or Goyle I cannot be certain, has some how managed to hit a Bludger folks, Harry has been hit. The Gryffindors have lost the game." Lees voice was shaky at best, he was struggling to keep the tears from flowing freely. "Draco Malfoy has caught the Snitch, that's 150 points for Slytherin...."

Draco's feet hit the ground, he dismounts, Snitch in hand and walks off the field. His hair is a mess, cheeks pink from the wind and his mood foul as can be. He didn't want Harry to be injured, anyone else was fair game, but not Harry. He reached the locker room without incident and throws his broom onto one of the benches. The hand that still held the Snitch was balled into a fist and he hit the metal lockers with as much force as he could muster. "Fuck!" He shouts to the empty locker room. He quickly changes out of his emerald robes, the house elves having deposited a clean pair of school robes into the lockers during the game. Once he was changed he walked out of the locker room, the pitch was still crowded as could be, all the Slytherins and Hufflepuffs having swarmed onto the field to support the team. Draco tosses the Snitch to Madam Hooch and jogs across the grounds, he was not in the mood to celebrate. As soon as he walked through the doors into the Entrance Hall, he was punched, hard, square in the face. The back of his head bounced off the stone walls, stars filling his vision and he slid to the ground. "What the fuck is wrong with you Malfoy?" Ron bellows, his fist still balled and his arm rearing back to hit the boy a second time.

The blonde scowls, "You honestly think I wanted Potter hurt? If you believe that then you're even

more daft than I thought.” He watches the red head, his face scrunches up in fury for just a second then fades. His whole body sags in defeat. “No....I suppose not.”

Draco pulls himself up using the wall and wipes the blood dripping from his nose. His body still ached from his previous beating, the pain from Weasleys hit only made it worse and him significantly more cranky. “If I wanted him gone, why would I have worked so hard to get you lot back here?” He asks the other in annoyance.

“Ok. Ok Malfoy you’re right...” Weasley looks at him apologetically, “I’m uh...I’m sorry about your face.”

Malfoy waves a hand dismissively, he had to pick his battles, and this wasn’t one he wanted to fight. “How is he?”

“His skull is cracked....again....but Madam Pomfrey fixed him right up. She just wants to keep him over night to be safe.”

Draco nods. “And Demelza?”

Ron tenses, his anger returning slightly. “She’s ok too, but that was pretty low of you Malfoy.”

Draco rubs the back of his head, he didn’t feel bad about it, but he knew if he didn’t show at least a little remorse, the probability of getting hit again was pretty high. “Yea. I know. But I had to act the part.”

Ron frowned, “And acting the part meant hitting Demelza with a Bludger?”

“I acted on instinct to be honest, was the first thing that came to mind.” The blonde walked past Ron, wiping the blood from his nose a second time. “Tell Potter I’m sorry though yea? I didn’t want him hurt.”

Ron nods and heads in the direction of the Grand Staircase, while Draco heads off towards the dungeons.

When Draco makes it back to his dormitory, he immediately heads to the bathroom, the damage done by Weasleys punch was something he was more than happy to repair. Once that was done, he took a much needed shower, his body hurt something terrible, then he slid into some pajama pants and got into bed. He laid in the darkness for a while, sure he was exhausted, but the fear of Voldemort visiting him was strong. He had a feeling, a dark feeling filled with dread that the Dark Lord would pay him a visit if he closed his eyes. But he was just....so...tired....his eyes slid closed and he was instantly back in the manor, chained to the large wooden dining room table.

Voldemort was standing over him, his already slitted red eyes narrowed so much they were almost closed. “Draco, Draco, Draco...” he said with a chilling hiss at the end. “You’re beginning to hurt my feelings.” The blonde struggled in his binds, the chains holding his wrists clinking against the dark wood. “If I didn’t know any better it would seem as if you don’t want to come join me in my battle.” As the man drew closer, Draco’s struggles increased. His silver eyes were wide, his chest heaving with heavy breaths. “It’s, it’s not that.”

Voldemort paused, the skin of his forehead creasing as he raised a nonexistent brow. “Oh?”

Draco nodded desperately, “Yes! It’s Potter, he doesn’t trust me yet and there’s really no point in me returning to you without him. They’d notice my absence eventually and they’d grow suspicious.” Draco said quickly.

Voldemort remained silent, the only noise in the otherwise empty room was Draco’s panicked breathing and the clanking of the heavy chains. The Dark Lord still didn’t speak as he closed the distance between them, he reached out a bony hand and ran it over Draco’s shaking thigh making the blonde whimper and groan.

When he finally spoke, it was only to give the boy an order. “Raise your legs and spread them open for me.” Draco complied, fearing what would happen if he didn’t. His knees bent as his legs raised, the quivering only increasing as the Dark Lord moved his hand to the others entrance. His long, thin, bony finger circled Draco’s hole. Then pushed a finger inside, cause the boy to arch almost painfully off the table. “Snape has informed me you have been trying to bond with the boy,” Voldemort says as he rubs the pad of his finger against Draco’s prostate. “So I am inclined to believe your words,” The pressure of his finger increases, making Draco convulse in pure

pleasure. “however, some unforeseen circumstances have occurred.” he paused in his ministrations, a wicked grin twisting his frightening features even more. “Potter and his little friends are looking for certain items, items of great power that belong to me, they have already destroyed my diary and my ring but I have several others still safe.” Draco tries to listen to the Dark Lord, though his sex fogged brain was making it incredibly difficult. “I think, Draco, I think you should help them find one since they have not the means to destroy it.”

Draco’s eyes shot open, he lifted his head off the table to look at the snake like man. “W-what?” he was sure the man was referring to a Horcrux but had to act as if he had no idea what he was talking about.

“Yes, yes Draco you will tell them that there is an item of mine that once belonged to Rowena Ravenclaw hidden somewhere in the castle. If I am correct, Potter and that little mudblood witch will be able to figure out what it is.” Voldemort said as he returned his attention to Draco’s prostate with a vengeance, making the boys head hit the table with a loud thump. “Tell them that Draco, and they will trust you.”

Tears were falling down the sides of Draco’s face, his eyes squeeze shut so fiercely it hurts. His body was moving on its own, his brain filled only with the pleasure caused from Voldemort’s ministrations. It was almost embarrassing, the level of control Voldemort had over his body. The man cackled as he watched the boy writhe, it was a cold, hallow, frightening sound. “I cannot lie Draco, your resilience continues to impress me. None of my other Death Eaters would have lasted this long.” He says, adding another finger to Draco’s twitching hole. “though it is all in vain, at some point, you will fold. The effects of my little potion will continue to worsen, and you will either come to me or go utterly mad and die. Those are your only two options.” Draco yells, the pleasure finally too much for him to take, and right as he’s about to come....he wakes up. He bolts up to a sitting position, crying out in agony as he goes through the motions of an orgasm, reaching his climax and then being stopped by the potion. It was just a dream, Voldemort had threatened, told him this would be the outcome time and time again. It was torture, his balls felt like they were being stabbed with hundreds of tiny needles, his cock feeling much the same. His hands fist into his hair, eyes squeezing shut, tears spill down his cheeks and a sob blows past his lips, “he’s going to win, I’m going to bring him Potter, I can’t take this anymore,” said Draco with a groan.

The blond laid in bed for the rest of the night, his eyes locked on the Emerald hangings of his fourposter but not really seeing anything. He was checked out, his mind completely blank and when the first signs of morning came, he rose from his bed like an Inferius and walked unsteadily into the washroom. His balls ached terribly He turned on the shower, stepping in before the water had turned even the slightest bit warm, hoping the chill would wake him from the dazed exhaustion he was experiencing. It was Sunday so of course there were no classes, but most of the students were awake and in the Great Hall for breakfast. No one had done any of their homework due to the Quidditch match the previous day so everyone was up bright and early. Many students had books balanced against jugs of pumpkin juice, or laid out flat on the table. Others were sitting sideways facing one another, quizzing each other on lessons. Draco looked over to the Gryffindor table and of course Granger was there with many of her books laid out around her on the long table. Harry was absent as well as Ron but Draco wasn’t surprised. He watched the witch study, a thought popping into his head as he sat down at the Slytherin table. He wracked his brain, knowing it was important. He set his bag down in the empty spot next to him and poured himself some juice before he too pulled out a book and began to study. It was history of magic, an incredibly dull subject, but when he turned the page and saw the name Rowena Ravenclaw typed out boldly at the top of the page, the cup of juice slipped from his hand and hit the table. The item, the Room of Requirement, it all came flooding back. He slammed the book shut and hastily shoved it back into his bag. The spilled juice was left on the table, forgotten by the blonde as he rushed over to the Gryffindor table.

Draco stopped at the far end, not wanting to draw any further attention to himself, he waited for several minutes hoping Granger would raise her head long enough to see him....but then realized

who exactly he was waiting for. An idea came to him, it was something he'd done with Potter their third year. He pulled a piece of parchment from his bag and quickly drew out a picture of Potter being hit in the face by a Bludger, below it he wrote "I need to talk to you", then folded it and sent it flying towards the bushy haired witch. Anyone who would happen to look at the paper would see Harry and think Draco had sent it to the witch strictly to make fun of Potter, but Draco was sure Hermione would know better. It landed in front of her, the witch jumping slightly in surprise. She looked around the Great Hall in search of the sender, and once her eyes locked on Draco, she opened the note. Draco left the hall, standing outside it's large doors, waiting. A few minutes later, Hermione emerged. "Was the drawing of Harry really necessary?" She asked tersely, knowing full well that it was. Draco smirked, "Of course." Hermione rolled her eyes, "The Dark Lord gave me a message, there's a Horcrux in the castle, something that belonged to Ravenclaw." He said quickly. "I'll fill you in on the details later, but I hope that's enough to get you started on research." He walked away after that, not wanting to wait around and risk the chance of being spotted.

Since Draco had summoned Hermione and informed her about the 'item' less than a week had passed. Though Draco had promised the witch that he would fill the trio in on the details, he found himself attempting to avoid the topic as much as he possibly could. It wasn't because of Voldemort, not really, it had more to do with the fact that the trio knew what happened when he was visited by the Dark Lord in his dreams. At least Harry and Hermione knew, which was bad enough, it was embarrassing. He had no idea what the weasel knew and he was perfectly fine keeping it that way. So when he shared classes with any of the trio, he was out of the room as soon as the lesson was done. He would avoid them in the hallways, take less known corridors, and was chugging the remaining bottles of the blue potion hoping to keep the need at bay, only drinking one when the pain and lust became too much to bare. But there weren't many left, and he knew it wouldn't be long until he had to call on the golden boy. Not to mention, the Carrows were making it their personal mission to call out Draco and give him a hard time. He of course did his best not to provoke them, but there was only so much someone as proud as Draco could take. Constantly being talked down too, ordered about like he was no better than a house elf and put into embarrassing situations had Draco at his wits end. Not to mention, several of the spells were demonstrated on Draco, most painful, physically and mentally. Even when they weren't working on spells, he was called on to answer difficult questions, berated heavily when he couldn't give the answer.

After a particularly brutal Dark Arts class where Draco finally snapped and gave the female Carrow a piece of his mind, he was standing just outside the classroom. He was furious, needing the potion dearly, he was supposed to stay after to have a talk with the woman about his behavior but Draco couldn't be bothered. He knew what the talk would entail, and there was no way he'd go through that agony a second time. The corridor full of students waiting for their next class or walking towards it. He dove into his bag, moving books and pieces of parchment aside in search of a bottle of the blue potion. All he found though, were empty vials. He growled in anger and desperation, roughly brushing his platinum bangs from his forehead and exhaling roughly. Potter was just exiting the classroom and heard the boys disgruntled noises. "Draco? You ok?" He asked, not caring about the confused students passing by and wanting an explanation for the unusual interaction. Draco looked up, he didn't have the energy to put on the usual act with the other so he merely shook his head. He nodded towards the corridor as he began walking, implying he wanted the other to follow. They entered an empty classroom together and Draco closed the heavy wooden door with a wave of his wand. "I've been avoiding you lot." he said.

"I know." Was Harry short reply. He then waited for an explanation.

"I promised Granger an explanation, but you know how Voldemort visits me...and what happens when he does..."

"Yep." said Harry irritably.

Draco sighed, so it was going to be like this then. Potter making him feel like an ass since he's been nothing but supportive. The blonde rubbed a hand up his face. The heel of it rested against

his eye while his fingers swept over his forehead and into the messy fringe he constantly wore now. This lack of energy was certainly affecting his daily hair regime and Draco found himself looking truly ghastly. With a wry smile he imagined how Mother would react to his shabby appearance.

"What are you smiling about Malfoy?" Draco snapped his attention back to the golden boy. Potter was staring at him, agitation palpable in his expression. Yeahhhh, there was no way he was going to answer that. Likely, Potter would find it amusing but also add to his irritation. Draco had pulled him to the aide after giving the Gryffindor the cold shoulder. The Slytherin cleared his throat as the awkwardness mounded between them in the stale silence.

Draco simply couldn't make the words needed leave the tip of his too dry tongue. He felt disgust roiling about the pit of his lust crazed stomach. The warring emotions made him want to vomit almost as much as he secretly wanted the actions that caused it to happen again, he hated himself for it. As he balanced those conflicting thoughts, Harry glared at him some more as beats of time ticked by. Their gazes weren't even connected but those emerald eyes never left the blonde's face. "I was avoiding you because I'm embarrassed Potter." he saw the annoyance in Harry's eyes but thankfully he let Draco continue. "He's getting to me more and more, not just in my dreams. I'm feeling his pull, his evil all the time and it makes me weak." Harry looked over Draco face then, really studying. From the dark circles, and dull eyes to the sag in the boy's posture, the Prince was the picture of nearing unhingement. But even as sympathy damped his anger, Harry couldn't ignore the Slytherin's previous actions. "You hurt Demilza and ignored us for almost a week Draco."

"I know, just let me explain." Draco said quickly, desperately. Harry felt it then, the hate Draco felt for himself, he hated feeling weak. Harry listened in silence as Malfoy let everything out. He laid out every detail of the dream: the acts, the emotions, the message, everything. Draco's voice shook, he was furious, but also terrified. He swayed on the spot, as he stared blankly at the ground. The blonde's admission to needing the attention again made Harry want to vomit. He wanted to strike at the delirious blonde, snap some sense into him. But he saw the madness in those deadening eyes. It was the potion. When Draco was finally done, he slumped forward, a strong body braced itself, and the blonde remained upright.

Mentally drained, Draco leaned against the golden boy. His forehead pressed into the boy's shoulder. Harry twitched, and it directed Draco's full attention to his groin. The Gryffindor's hand was dangerously close to his needy cock, and with the twitch it had nearly brushed it. Bespectacled gaze snapped sharply at the tiniest moan Draco emitted. The feel of fingers at his waist and the rustle of his own robes made his senses spark to life. The sound of a belt and zipper being undone made his eyes close in surrender. And when firm, owning hands gripped his waist and a warm mouth descended over his cock, they went into overdrive. His eyes slid open lazily and saw emerald eyes staring up at him. A thrill slinked up his spine as the eye contact emboldened the raven haired boy. His sucks became deeper, suction just slightly tighter. Draco groaned and control began fraying. His hips stuttered into movement, but the hands at his hips were steadfastly controlling the blonde's movement. Draco snarled and tangled a harsh hand into messy locks. Harry grunted at the pain, trying not to let it distract him. He squeezed harder at the bony hips under his fingers. Draco panted harshly at the bruising grip. Emerald eyes bright with lust flicked up as deft fingers dove beneath the Slytherin's loosened shirt. Nails raked Draco's sides and he moaned in surrender, falling back against the dusty shelves as Harry fucked his throat raw all on his own ministrations. The brunette held the Prince's hips steady as he choked messily around the rock hard cock. Tears were dampening Potter's eyes but he didn't slow his movements. And when Draco noted the boy's own erection straining against his trousers, he moaned again. All he could do was focus on Harry milking his cock, fast hard, and with expert strokes. With one particularly deep suck, Draco let out shout, and shot his load straight down the golden boy's throat. Harry sucked, swallowing the bitter substance. When Draco was fully spent, the brunette pushed to a stand, straightened his glasses, and wiped his mouth.

Draco watched his companion through a hazy, half lidded gaze. Bliss held him in a state of fuzzy contentment. His eyes drifted shut but snapped open when his name cut through the air. Potter was staring at him with a hard gaze. "There's a Hogsmeade trip coming soon. Meet us there. You need help, we need help. You're going to tell everyone what exactly is going on." Draco nodded, knowing he had no right to refuse. Harry nodded curtly, "you're not alone Draco, remember that." He said as he left the room. As the door snapped shut, the blonde's head fell back. Now all he had to do was get through the next couple of days until his big meeting with Potter's little army.

## Chapter 28

When the weekend finally came, Draco was filled with dread. Telling a group of Potters little worshippers all about the dark side of magic and all the terrible things that happened to him was not something he was looking forward too. Though, at his request, Harry had come to him the two previous nights; Draco still felt on edge, and he knew the smallest thing would set him off. So as he walked through the dungeon corridors and up the steps to the Entrance Hall, Draco did all he could to mentally prepare himself for the mass amount of bullshit that was about to ensue.

Draco gets in line at the large doors, waiting for Filch to check the names off the list of students who had permission to go to Hogsmeade. It was of course taking an obnoxiously long time since Filch was also checking each student with his Secrecy Sensor, something he had started doing every visit since the beginning of Draco's Sixth year. The trio was easy to spot, Ron's red hair standing out in the sea of black robes and not as vibrant hair colors. He couldn't help but chuckle when the Rons red head flew back dramatically with a loud sigh as Filch ran the sensor over his body. "Filch my good man, we've been over this. What does it matter if we're smuggling stuff OUT? Surly you should just be checking what we bring IN." Filch grumbled angrily, making sure to poke and prod Ron a little more forcefully than necessary. Draco watched with a lazy grin until he hears the truly dreadful shriek from Pansy, upset about the length of the line waiting at the door. His body tenses, Pansy was the last person he wanted waiting in line behind him. The blonde grimaces, then begins shoving his way to the front of the line ruthlessly. The contact from the many bodies rubbing and smacking into him were making his vision blur but Draco didn't care, he needed to put as much distance between Pansy and himself as possible.

Once Draco reached a spot near the front, he let himself breathe, his nerves were on fire, and cock achingly hard but he hoped once outside, things would calm down. Filch gave him a dirty look, one say he knew what Draco had done but the snarl Draco gave back was enough to convince the Squibb to let it go. The man quickly checked off Draco's name and ran the sensor over his body, nodding once he was done and letting the boy proceed through the massive oak doors. The trio wasn't far ahead, he could see them clearly further on down the path but he knew better than to try and catch them. He took his time, and the short walk to the village was uneventful, Draco was immensely grateful. No one had attempted to talk with him and he was left completely alone, not even his usual group dared approach, he could hear them behind, clearly walking slowly so they didn't catch up. His face was set in a permanent scowl until he reached the Hogs Head, other students giving him a wide birth as they rushed past. Those that dared to look at him as went by, quickly looked away. His skin was abnormal pale, making the light freckles across his cheeks and nose stand out, grey eyes rimmed in red and narrowed with a murderous gaze. It was more than clear that the Slytherin boy was not to be fucked with.

Draco stood outside the dingy wood door, his mind whirling, nerves getting the best of him as he thought about who was all inside waiting. Several scruffy, cloaked, rough looking wizards walked out of the run down pub as Draco was trying to re-evaluate his life choices. They would have their heads down, trying to stay inconspicuous until they saw the blonde. Their heads would shoot up, beady blood-shot eyes blearily looking over the Slytherin boy pacing across the path. The first man got an angry "Can I help you?" Spat in his direction, sending him scurrying away like a wounded animal. The others just got a savage glare, the result was however the same. His head was out of control as he paced, the constant pangs of need pulsing through his mind was a reminder that he was fighting a losing battle. Thus making his mood all the more foul, especially since he was continuously interrupted. It made his visit with Potter and his little fan club all the more important, unfortunately... so with a groan and one more fierce scowl, Draco yanked the door open and walked into the dark and dismal pub. He gave the bartender a nod of acknowledgement as he walked past on his way to the large group that had formed in the far

corner of the bar. He was slightly relieved to see that it was only the members he's had interactions with in the past. Ginny, Neville, Luna and then of course, the infamous trio. They all greeted him as he sat down at the table, Ron and Neville a bit reluctantly, but the others were cheerful enough.

Harry placed his hands on the table, his face filled with determination. "Right, so let's get to it. We have a lot to go over." Draco sighed, running a hand over his face and pushing his bangs from his forehead. He didn't even know where to begin, but Hermione took over.

"Yes, as you all can see, Draco has been helping us. Also, before you all say anything, he is in fact a death eater," she signaled at Draco who pulled the sleeve of his left arm up to reveal the black mark. There were sharp, loud inhales from both Neville and Ron but Hermione was quick to shut the red head down. She rolled her eyes, "Honestly Ron, you've seen it on him before. You've been working with Draco this whole time!"

Ron blushed slightly, "Yea, I know, but it's just so...so angry and dark looking."

"It's called the Dark Mark Ron." Quipped Luna.

"Yes I know, thanks Luna." replied Ron harshly.

"Oi! Dont take that tone with her Ronald. Honestly. The noises aren't needed. S'not like we didn't already know he had one," Ginny huffed with an eyeroll. Draco hid a smirk as the Weasel turned bright red at his sister's chastisement. "Speaking of talking...Lee certainly had a lot to say about you during the game. Maybe Malfoy isn't the only one we need to question." Ron added hotly. Ginny glared at her brother before a mischievous smile took over her lips. "Oh didn't you hear Ron? There wasn't a whole lot of talking going on between Lee and myself."

Ron's jaw dropped and his hands flew up to cover his ears. "Nope, nooooope stop it. I don't want to hear about my sister snogging guys."

Everyone at the table-besides Ron of course broke out in laughter over Ginny's handling of her brother.

As the laughter died down, Draco leaned back in his chair, his legs spreading under the table and right arm resting in his lap. His left was still resting on the table, sleeve pulled up and the Dark Mark still visible. The blonde looked at it, he'd forgotten to cover it because of the whole ordeal between Weasley and his sister. As he went to cover it, Neville made a noise, making Draco pause and look up at the nervous boy. He wanted to ask a question but wasn't sure if it was ok to do so.

Hermione heard him though, "You want to ask Draco something Neville?"

The boy nodded, his hands fidgeting on the table. "Yea," he looked down at the table, "did it hurt when you got it?"

Of all the possible questions that the boy could have asked, Draco hadn't expected this one. He spared a glance at Hermione, he figured she of all people was aware of how the Dark Mark was given. It wasn't pleasant and he wanted to make sure it was something he should be sharing. Hermione nodded her approval but added her own piece first. "Draco has agreed to talk to us and answer our questions, in return I expect you to not share anything you hear today. Also I'm expecting you to not judge him and to show him respect. I am sure you are all aware of the extreme amount of danger he is putting himself in just by being here with us."

Draco listened to the witches speech, his jaw getting closer and closer to the table as she said progressed. When it was done Draco felt a warm, fuzzy feeling towards Hermione and if they weren't in public he might have actually hugged her.

Luna released an odd full bodied shudder as her already pale complexion turned a sickly white. "It's not a lovely experience Neville. It makes me wonder why people choose to bear the Mark in the first place," Luna intervened before looking to Draco. Those misty eyes were dark with emotion. Of course the Ravenclaw would know something. Those braniacs drank in any

information they could, and it was quite obvious Luna knew a lot more than he had expected. So he cleared his throat and sat upright in his chair, this was not going to be a pleasant conversation, he felt himself shiver as he thought about that night. "Yes, it is incredibly painful to get. Most think it's just a simple spell that makes the mark appear, like one of those ink things muggles get," Hermione cut in then, "They're called tattoos."

"Yes thank you, like a tattoo, and they are partly correct. What most don't know is that the mark isn't a tattoo, it's actually a brand." Draco watched all of their faces pale just as Luna's had. Hermione's did as well, even though he was sure she already knew. "There's no way to remove it, is there?" Ginny asked, her voice weak with horror. He saw it in their faces. Just that small taste of torture turned their stomachs.

Draco shook his head, "No, there's no way to remove it. The Dark Lord burns the mark onto our skin, he doesn't want it to come off, he wasn't us to never forget who we belong to."

The large group sat in a stunned silence, save the retching Ginny let out. The girl had turned positively green at Draco's admission. Hermione reached over and patted her arm. The girl gave the elder witch a weak smile before turning her attention back to Draco. They all looked at him with the same expression: sympathy, guilt, shock, horror. They couldn't believe the sympathy they were suddenly feeling towards the arrogant Slytherin boy, Ron especially. However he couldn't help asking a question of his own. "But you wanted it though, didn't you Malfoy?" To Draco's surprise, Neville cut in before he could reply. "No offence, but could you really see Malfoy willingly going through that? Malfoy of all people, getting it permanently burned into his flesh, where others would see?"

The blonde scowls, "I was raised to want it, my whole life I was told my future would be serving the Dark Lord. So yes Weasley, for most of my life I wanted the mark. And yes Longbottom, if I'd known the mark would be painfully burned into my skin, and that I'd be stuck with it indefinitely; I might have been a bit more reluctant. But as I said, I was raised to want this mark and the chance to loyally serve the Dark Lord.

Harry had been silent since he'd started the meeting. Hearing all Draco had said, it gave him a lot to think about, until now, he spoke at last. "But things have changed, Draco's decided to help us. He's already done a huge amount to take down Voldemort." Many at the table twitched at the use of the name but Harry ignored them. "Since Draco has done so much to help us, it's our turn to help him." Neville and Ron were the only ones who seemed reluctant, their faces clearly skeptical, Harry wasn't surprised. Though they'd both witnessed Draco having a breakdown, Ron especially, they still weren't sure of his true intentions.

After a tense silence, where the group all looked between Malfoy and Harry, it was Ginny who finally asked the question. "So what's going on with him? Don't get me wrong, it's clear that Malfoy isn't ok, and I'm not saying no to helping him. I just want to know what's wrong, we all would." She said gesturing to herself, Neville and Luna.

"That's fair of course." Said Hermione, placing her hands on the table and folding them in front of her. "Draco as agreed to share that with us, but I need to warn you, it's truly vile and a horrible thing to do to a person. Especially one our age."

Neville paled, his nerves getting the better of him. Without thinking he said, "Well they obviously didn't kill him, he's sitting right here in front of us isn't he."

Draco sneered, "What an astute observation Longbottom, but you of all people should know that death isn't the worst thing that can happen to a person."

Neville's face turned dark red, his hands balled into tight fists on the table top. "You shut your mouth Malfoy!" Draco smirked, it was so easy to get under the idiot boy's skin.

Harry glared, "You're not helping." Draco sighed, once again the golden boy was correct, if he wanted their help, he shouldn't be antagonizing them. Regardless of how much fun it truly was.

"Ok, ok, Potter you're right. You win." He turned to Neville, "My apologies Longbottom, it was cruel to say it the way I did, however true it actually is." The table was stunned into silence, Malfoy had actually just apologized. "Out of everyone, only you and Potter have experienced

how truly terrible the Dark Lord can be."

The youngest Weasley pinned him with a hard stare, eyes scrunching as she studied him intently. "Ok, are you dying or something Malfoy?" Ginny asked. Draco chuckled, it was a dark, hollow sound. It made the others look uneasy. He knew she meant it as a sort of joke, but she had actually stumbled on one of the possible outcomes of the potion quite accurately. "Yes and no." Draco said casually.

Ginny's face turned pink. It was evident she was regretting the decision to ask. He gazed at his audience, well all of them except Harry. Looking at the golden boy made his mind go a bit haywire. And he was already anxiety ridden at telling the Potter minions the particulars of his steadfast descent into madness.

Finally, Hermione sighed, "Honestly Draco, just tell them." She was growing tired of his theatrics. "Alright, I'll start at the beginning then." He leaned back in his chair once again, his legs spread and arms resting on his upper thighs. "I'm not sure how many of you know this but," his silver eyes briefly slid over to Harry's, "besides my orders to fix the vanishing cabinet in the Room of Requirement, I was also assigned the task of killing Dumbledore." There were many loud gasps of horror and outrage but Draco didn't allow anyone the chance to speak. "I was unable to kill him, so Snape did it for me. I returned to the manor and word had already reached the Dark Lord of my failure. He knew I hesitated and he was furious. He tortured me for days, physically and mentally, then finally revealed his true punishment for me. He made me drink a potion that...well it messes with my mind and causes me pain until I return to him. But I cannot return to him until I bring him what he wants."

"What does he want?" Neville squeaks.

"Me." Harry says firmly.

Luna blinked owlishly, yet her lips were thin with...something. Honestly it was hard to tell. Ron twisted on Draco with murderous rage. "If you even thi-" The Slytherin held up his hand for silence, which in turn made Longbottom raise his meak little hackles. Draco kept his gaze on them as he inquired a polite "please." They glared back. Hermione turned and looked at Ron. Draco saw the ginger flick his attention to the witch before switch right back to his hostile stare down with the blonde. "Give him a chance," she beseeched, glancing at Harry for backup if necessary but all at the table were silent.

Draco's lips twitched in irritation, "If I was going to turn on you all and hand Potter over to the Dark Lord, why would I have helped you lot find what you need to take him down huh? Why would I have done any of the bloody shit I've done? If any of the Death Eaters find out, if Voldemort found out all I've done to help you, I'd" he looked down at his hands, his jaw flexing uncomfortably, "...id wish I was dead, probably begging for it."

Everyone at the table looked around, they felt ashamed for jumping to conclusions. Then Neville spoke up, "Earlier, you said this potion messes with your mind, what do you mean by that?" Ginny nodded, she was curious as well.

"I uhh," Draco started, not wanting to share, but Hermione had other ideas.

"You should tell them Draco. We'll need their help to find the Horcrux in the school, it's only fair they know how you found out about it."

"Fine." Draco bit out irritably, "The potion makes me crave sex, my body, my mind, it's all I ever think about and only the Dark Lord can sate me." Neville turned bright red in embarrassment, coughing into his closed fist. "The potion also links me to him, allows him to whisper to me and visit me in my dreams, I'm linked to him." his silver eyes jumped to Harry, he was the only one the boy could look at as he spoke. "Voldemort told me that there's an 'item' of his in the castle that once belonged to Ravenclaw, and that he knows you lot are interested in it."

“Why would he tell you Malfoy?” Ron asked loudly in suspicion.

Draco’s gaze shifted, “Because Weasley, he’s arrogant, confident that you won’t be able to destroy it, if you find it. And because he thinks it’ll make Potter trust me so I can deliver him to the mansion.”

Ron sputtered, he wasn’t expecting the blonde to be able to answer, he sat back in his chair. “Oh, alright then.”

Draco rolled his eyes and shoved a hand through his hair. “There, now you lot know everything.”

“So that’s why you lost your shit in class?” Neville asked.

Draco nodded, “Yea, the Dark Lord was in my dreams. That’s why I hit you when I woke up, I was dreaming.”

“And that’s why you look look like shit. Ginny added. “No offense.”

Draco chuckled, “Yes, because I can’t sleep and the potion is driving me insane.”

Luna slapped a hand down on the table making Ginny jump and look at the girl in surprise. “I will help you Draco.” She asserted.

Ginny and Neville both nod, “Yea, me too.” Said Ginny.

“Thanks.” replied Draco quietly. He felt a hand run across his thigh briefly, his nerve endings firing off in pleasure and his whole body shivered. He glanced at Harry who was looking straight ahead at the three D.A members with a wicked grin.

The blonde chuckled, a sideways smirk forming on his lips. If only the other knew how close he was to being taken in front of everyone at the table. Bent over the dark, disgusting wood and fucked savagely until he was screaming Draco’s name. Draco’s nails dug into his twitching thighs, Merlin he wanted too.

Hermione beamed, she was elated that the three agreed to help. She pulled parchment and quill from her bag. “We need to figure out what this item belonging to Ravenclaw might be.”

Draco opened his mouth, he’d seen the Diadem in his book, that had to be it. But Luna cut him off. “It’s the Diadem, it belonged to Rowena Ravenclaw, it’s been missing for years though.”

Draco couldn’t hold back a glare, he wanted to be the one to tell the group.

“Ok, good, that’s good. Now we have a place to start.” Said Hermione happily. “Now all that’s left is—”

“Finding out which of the hundreds of rooms in the castle it could be hidden in.” Finished Ron sorrowfully.”

“Way to stay positive Weasley,” Draco joked. The red head scowled.

“I thought we’d start with the Ravenclaw tower actually.” Hermione said harshly, glaring at Ron.

“Oh, yea, that’s a good idea.” Ron replies sheepishly.

Hermione rolls her eyes before writing several words down on the piece of parchment, her focus then turns to Luna, “Would you be able to look around the Ravenclaw common room, or perhaps get either Harry or myself inside?” She asks hopefully.

Luna looks up towards the ceiling, her slim finger tapping on her chin. The silence is unnaturally long, the group looking at each other with silly grins until Luna answers. “I bet if you went to Professor McGonagall and had her talk to Professor Flitwick it would be a lot easier. We would be able to search far more thoroughly if we don’t need to sneak around.”

Hermione ‘harumphs’, once again upset she hadn’t thought of something. Ron snorts but doesn’t say anything, too scared to make fun of the know it all witch. Harry shares an excited look with Draco, he couldn’t believe things were moving along so quickly. They’d only found the locket a month ago! Draco grinned back but he wasn’t as thrilled, surely it wasn’t going to be so easy, not to mention, the Dark Lord hid the item, it had to be someplace he could access. The Ravenclaw tower didn’t seem likely. He would save his concerns for after the meeting though, the trio needed something to be excited about.

So he sat in his chair quietly, and waited.



## Chapter 29

Draco shared his feelings over the Diadem with the trio but no one had any better ideas. It took a couple days, but finally they got the approval from McGonagall. Luna and Hermione searched the Ravenclaw tower and came up with nothing, as Draco had suspected. Hermione had tried everything she could think of, spells to reveal hidden objects, *accio*, and several things she read from the book she'd brought with her. Luna of course, seemed convinced that the Gnomes that lived in the Hogwarts walls were responsible for the missing item. "They steal you know, they always take my shoes at the beginning of the school year."

Hermione was speechless as she walked to the portrait hole. "I uh, I have tons of homework to finish. Thank you for your help Luna." Hermione said, flabbergasted. She chuckled the whole way to the Gryffindor tower. Though she had used homework as an excuse to leave Luna, she wasn't actually lying. The increase in homework was due to the upcoming holidays. It seemed the teachers were trying to make up for the time that would be lost over Christmas by overloading them with work.

Ron of course, made his dislike of the situation known, loudly and repeatedly to anyone within earshot and it wasn't helping Draco's mood. He was growing increasingly irritated at the trio. He'd shown them the Diadem in his book and told them once again that it wouldn't be in a place they expected, Voldemort was no fool, but he was ignored. Several more rooms were searched, slow as it was due to homework, empty classrooms that had become storage rooms as well, even the Slytherin dungeons. They'd still had no luck as November came to an end.

As December was upon them, Harry was still in good spirits and hopeful as ever, the possibility that Voldemort was lying never entering his mind. The opposite of Draco in fact, who'd spent countless nights hovered over books that had information on the Diadem. He'd looked at several and was growing more and more convinced that he'd seen this particular item before. He'd managed to find a book specifically about the history of Ravenclaw, it showed how the Diadem looked throughout the years. A particular picture made him pause, the Diadem had been dirtied, lacking its usual elegance and Draco was sure he'd seen it, somewhere in the castle, he'd seen it...and that's when he figured it out. It hit him like a punch to the gut, the Room of Requirement. His foul mood immediately dissipated and excitement took over. Draco asked the trio to join him in his private dormitory that next morning at breakfast sounding much less cranky, the trio hoped he had good news.

The trio walked into his spacious common room a couple hours after breakfast. Hermione had insisted they finish their Herbology homework first, because priorities. They sat down on the comfy leather sofa across from the blonde looking hopeful. It was the weekend and if Draco had discovered the Diadem's location like they hoped, nothing was stopping them from going to get it immediately. He'd set out several books on the coffee table, all facing in the direction of the trio. "This is the Diadem," he said, pointing to the picture from his book, the others nodded. "I knew I'd seen it before, and Potter I suspect you have too, however it doesn't currently look like this." He looked at the golden boy's face as it switched from confusion to realization.

"Bloody hell Malfoy you're a genius!" he shouted excitedly. Both Ron and Hermione looked at the duo perplexed. "What are you two going on about?" Ron asked.

"Potter was dead set on catching me in the Room of Requirement last year, so if he had the room looking the same as I did, he's seen the Diadem. It took me a while to realize it because it looks so dirty and disgusting now, but I'm sure it's the same." Draco explained.

"Yea, I remember now, I used it to help hide my Potions book from Snape!" Harry said quickly.

"So it's in the Room of Requirement, that's where Voldemort hid it?" Hermione questioned.

Harry nodded, "Yea! I know it's still there, it's got to be."

The trio and Malfoy rush to the 7th floor corridor and walk up to the part of the wall where the Room of Requirement door would appear. Harry walks up and down the corridor, passing the wall three times wishing for some place to hide a book like he did in his Sixth year, and sure enough, the door materializes. Harry yanks the door open and makes a b-line for the shelf he'd hid the book belonging to the Half Blood Prince. He looked around the shelf, pushing random empty bottles, dusty books and scales aside and then he spots it, shove all the way against the back of the middle shelf. "I've got it!" He shouts to the others who'd started looking various other places.

They crowded around the golden boy, eyes scanning the dirty Diadem. "That's it then?" asks Ron suspiciously.

"Yea, once we clean it up a bit, I guarantee it'll look just like the picture in Draco's book." Harry says excitedly.

Draco scoffed, "Oh yes Potter, nicely done. Except the Dark Lord seemed quite certain you don't have any way to destroy these recovered Horcruxes." The trio looked at Draco irritably as he continued. "It's the whole reason he was so comfortable telling me about the Diadem you know." He leaned back against the wall, arms crossed as he observed the trio.

Hermione gave a reluctant sigh, "He's right Harry. Scrimgeour wouldn't let you take the Sword, remember? He said the Sword is a school heirloom, it wasn't Dumbledores to give away."

Harry frowned, his teeth flashing briefly in a silent snarl. "Yes Hermione I know, thank you."

The trio and Malfoy left the Room of Requirement, Harry and Hermione standing on opposite sides as they made their way down the hall. Hermione was hurt Harry had been short with her. Harry was irritated that Hermione was such a know it all. And Draco was thoroughly enjoying both Harry and Hermione's negative moods. The silence was fierce and Ron was growing more and more anxious over his friends disagreement. He tried desperately to break the tension with a question, "So if the Sword is a school heirloom, that means it should still be at the school yea?" Draco chortled, "I guarantee it's not here Weasley. Either the Ministry has it, or Voldemort." He paused then, tapping his chin inquisitively, a sly grin on his lips. "Though, nowadays, the two are pretty much the same aren't they?"

Ron huffs, "Well it wouldn't hurt to check."

Draco holds out an arm, gesturing to the empty hallway, "Oh by all means Weasley, go ask Snape if you can go tear up Dumbledores office in search of a Sword we know damn well isn't there."

Ron glares icily at the blonde.

So we need to find the Sword then, "Harry quickly adds, not wanting to give Ron the opportunity to royally piss off Malfoy with a snarky reply. Hermione had her head tilted slightly, deep in thought. "I think," she finally starts, "I think you should go to talk to Snape, Malfoy. He is the current headmaster and the only link we have to the inner circles of both sides. Not to mention, Dumbledore trusted him."

Ron snorts loudly, "Oh yea, and look where that got him."

Draco shot the red head the iciest of looks before returning his attention to Hermione, "I will ask him, but I make no guarantees."

After that, Draco split off from the trio, taking his secret shortcut down to the dungeons. Once he'd made it to the dark, eerie corridors, he quickly walks past his dorm, the entrance to the Slytherin common room and the Potions classroom. He finds Snape in his Potions office, one open to students if he wishes. Draco doesn't bother to knock, he walks right in, ignoring the frown from Snape and plops down in the chair in front of the headmasters desk.

Snape sighs, the fingers of both hands coming together on top of the desk, "So now that you're all buddy buddy with Potter, you've decided to forgo basic manners as well." Snape says coolly, "The main one being knocking before entering a Headmasters office."

Draco rolls his eyes, "This is your Potions office 'Professor'." He says, adding sarcasm to the title. "Be that as it may, it would be in your best interest to remember your place Draco," Snape warns. It was obvious to the blonde that the warning was for more than just his actions at the school. "Ah," Draco said grinning smugly, "so the goblin told you how I've been in class then." Snape slammed his hands on the desk. "Dreadful as she may be, Alecto Carrow is a Professor at this school Draco. A professor and one of the Dark Lords most loyal Death Eaters. You must treat her with respect Draco!"

Draco barked out a laugh, "I am a Death Eater as well Professor, does that not make us equal? I only treat her with as much respect as she shows me."

Snape pinches the bridge of his nose. "Draco, you are a boy! You are seventeen years old, Alecto is an adult, there is a difference, I know you are aware of this."

Draco leans forward in his chair, his expression serious, "By age only, Severus. No other my age has gone through what I have, seen what I have seen, I am no boy."

Snape exhales sharply through his nose, "I can tell we will not see eye to eye on this." the Potions Master leans back in his chair, his hands disappearing under the desk. "So what can I help you with Mr Malfoy?"

"The Sword, the Gryffindor Sword, where is it? You know where it is, I know you do."

Snape smirks, "You are correct Draco, I do know where it is."

"Potter needs it to destroy the Horcruxes."

"The Ministry of Magic had what they believed is the Sword for a while. It was returned to Hogwarts, then the Dark Lord asked me to give it to him and of course I complied. However, it is a fake. I am aware of the location for the real Gryffindor Sword. I will find a way to have it mysteriously appear into Potters possession." Snape says, his expression impossible for the boy to read.

Draco nods, "Thank you Severus." he says, standing up and walking to the door. He turns back, his hand on the knob but his head facing the Potions Master, "I am sorry for my behavior, this isn't easy, I'm barely hanging on."

Snape nods, "I know Draco, but as you said, you are a boy by age only. Remember that and act accordingly, otherwise you will not make it through this."

Draco goes pale and leaves the office without a word. He walks back to his dorm slowly, Snapes words running on repeat in his mind. He finds himself standing outside the portrait to his room and honestly didn't remember walking to it. He mumbles, "Astragalus," to the portrait and it swings open for him. He steps inside and immediately sees Harry sitting on one of the leather couches, clearly waiting for his return.

"What did Snape say?" Harry asks immediately.

Draco walks to the couch across from Harry and drops onto it and drapes an arm across the armrest. "The Sword the Ministry took was a fake, Voldemort told Snape to give it to him once it was returned to Hogwarts."

"Ok," Said Harry quickly, "where's the real one?"

"I don't know," Harry's face falls, "but Snape does." hopefulness shines across the golden boys features. "He'll find a way to get it to you."

Harry jumps to his feet, a massive grin on his lips, so big it reaches his eyes and he runs around the coffee table to the blonde. He drops down next to Draco and hugs him tight.

Draco jumps at the sudden contact, his body immediately reacting to the touch, but he embraces the other all the same. He groans, "Potter." his voice low and rough.

Harry pulls his head away from the blondes shoulder, his eyes meeting Draco's and he blushes, slightly embarrassed and feeling guilty, "Oh fuck. Sorry, I forgot." He starts to pull away but Draco yanks him right back, his forehead resting on Harry's.

“I’m fucking scared Potter.” He whispers, fighting to keep his emotions in check. Harry tightens his hold, squeezing the other as if his life depended on it. Then their lips touch, it’s gentle, barely making contact, soft pecks. But that doesn’t last, Draco’s hungry and Harry can sense it.

The golden boy grabs the sides of Draco’s face, their lips smashed together so fiercely it hurts. He takes Draco’s bottom lip between his teeth, biting down hard. He smiles devilishly, he can’t deny it, watching Draco’s eyes roll as he bites turns him on in the darkest of ways. They don’t stop, both panting, needing air desperately, but they need this more.

They fuck, of course, Draco needing the relief, temporary as it is. He sighs contently, laying against Harry’s chest, naked as the day they were born, as the boy played with his sweaty platinum hair. “Potter,” he says, breaking the pleasant silence, “Snape never said when he’d get the Sword to you by the way.”

The golden boy’s hand pauses its ministrations briefly. “Of course he didn’t, it’s Snape.”

“I’m sorry,” Draco says, “We talked about other stuff too so by the time we got to the Sword I wasn’t thinking straight, I was pissed.”

“Oh?” Harry questions.

Draco shifts, the leather of the couch was sticking to his sweaty back, making him frown. He turns sideways, the leather making a strange noise as he pulls himself free. He looks up at the golden boy, “Yea, I got scolded for my attitude towards the Carrows.” He scoffs, remembering the conversation.

Harry chuckles, “You’re not going to change anything though, are you?”

Draco rolls his eyes, “Of course not, Alecto Carrow is a cunt.” Harry laughs, making the blonde smile.

They talk about happier subjects for a while. Draco was curious about what Potter did for the holidays, as he himself went home and spent them with his parents. Harry told him he’d spent almost every holiday he could with the Weasleys. He told him stories, the traditions that had formed over the years. To his surprise, Draco found himself feeling jealous. He feels Harry shift, his body tensing, “I uh I’ve actually been meaning to ask you actually.”

Draco’s brows raise, “Ask me what Potter?”

Harry’s face turned pink as he cleared his throat awkwardly. “If you want to come to the Burrow for the holidays.”

Draco coughed, he was not expecting that at all, holy shit. “I uh, I don’t think the Weasleys would want me there, Ron especially.”

Harry frowned, “You wouldn’t be going there for the Weasleys, you’d be going there for me. And besides, I don’t care what Ron wants and the rest of them like you Draco.”

“Alright then, yea I’ll come.” Draco says sounding significantly happier. The conversation died slowly, both boys feeling drowsy and content. They both yawn, Harry takes his glasses off and tosses them onto the glass table and it’s silent after that. Draco drifts off to sleep with Harry’s fingers still in his hair.

## Chapter 30

### Chapter Summary

This is the last chapter for this part. A part 2 will be coming soon

The weekend was uneventful, it was a nice change, though Draco almost felt bored and unsure how to handle it. He spent a great deal of time in the library doing homework and searching for any information he could find on Horcruxes. He'd attempted to grill the snarky, short tempered woman on what books would contain the information he required, but it wasn't until he'd cast a quiet Impirius on the witch that he obtained the truth. It turns out, the one book in the library that contained any useful information on the subject, had mysteriously disappeared over fifty years ago. It had been checked out by Tom Riddle last, but it was only after it'd been returned to the Restricted Section that it'd disappeared.

The blonde made sure the witch didn't remember their conversation then hastily left. It was strange, why would the Dark Lord return the book, only to then take it later? Draco was thoroughly confused, it had to be someone else who took the book, someone who didn't want the information to be available to anyone else. It was a teacher, Draco guessed as he walked back to dorm. A teacher found out Voldemort was interested in the dark art and wanted to stop him. He decided then that he'd go back and talk to Madam Pince later and 'persuade' her to tell him the name of the book. And only after he had that thought, did he consider what he'd done. He'd cast an Unforgivable on a teacher and didn't even bat an eye. The boy immediately pushed the thought from his mind, he decided he was going to shut it in the little box in his mind; like he'd done with all the other terrible and fucked up shit he'd done and experienced. After that, he'd not have to worry about ever remembering it.

Though most of his weekend was peaceful, that all changed Sunday night. He received a visit from Voldemort during the night, and he was beyond terrified. Whatever was happening in the Dark Lords world, it seemed to be taking up most of his time. He seemed rushed, irritable and didn't touch the boy at all. That almost scared him more than all their previous interactions. He asked Draco about the Diadem, Draco told him they'd found it but in fact had no way to destroy it. The Dark Lord seemed pleased, and it only increased when Draco told him about his invite to the Burrow. He told the snake like man that after the Burrow, he'd bring him Potter. "I want to make sure there's no doubts, if I act accordingly at the Burrow, he'll be mine." he said quickly and without thinking. He was trying to stall, get himself more time without thinking it through. Voldemort clapped his bony hands together, "Ahha! Yes! Very nice Draco, very nice indeed! You're finally becoming the well-trained animal I've spent so much time and effort making." Draco frowned but the man had disappeared and he woke up with a start. He had two weeks to figure out how to tell Potter the dream and a month to come up with a plan...if the boy even agreed to help him. What had he done..? If this potion wasn't the death of him, his mouth definitely would be.

Draco hadn't been able to get back to sleep after Voldemort's visit, his mind was a mess and the dark snake on his arm wiggled as if it were real. So he'd spent the remaining time before breakfast working on an essay for his Advanced Potions class, Snape will be so proud. He'd left his bedroom, walking down the narrow, winding stairs to his common room. He'd left the window open in his room, hoping Orion would fly in to visit at some point. He missed the Owl, he was one of the few reminders of home he could still enjoy, one of the few things left untainted by the

Dark Lords evil. He was also secretly hoping at some point he'd receive a letter from his mother. It's been months since he's heard a thing, since she'd saved his life. He was worried about his mother, he was sure she hasn't been captured but he has no idea how she's faring. Draco decided then that later he was going to send her a letter.

His room was located above ground, a small tower facing the water, nestled in between the many massive protrusions that made up the cliff the castle sat atop. The private common room that was also a part of Draco's dorm though, was under ground, like the rest of the dungeons. Though he was in the dungeons, and the windows were fake in the common room, they'd been enchanted to copy the weather outside, and by the time Draco had finished his work, the sun was shining in through the tall windows of his common room. The warmth of the sun might have been fake, but Draco enjoyed it nonetheless. It made him feel like perhaps not everything in his life was cold and dark, it gave him hope, silly as the feeling was. Especially since if he walked up to the windows, shinning bright with the sun, he wouldn't be able to see any of the outside world. All he'd be able to see was a bright light and feel the warmth of the enchanted sun. He did this briefly, sighing in contentment and enjoying the feeling, short as it was due to the twinging mark on his arm. His eyes slid closed for a couple seconds, willing the Dark Mark to be still before he walked across the room and left through the portrait hole.

Though Draco had been up before the sun, he didn't make it down to the Great Hall until half way through breakfast. By the time he'd taken his seat at the Slytherin table, McGonagall had already made her way through the Gryffindor table, Hufflepuff and half of Ravenclaw. Draco knew she was checking with the students to see who was staying for the holidays, like she did every year. Draco's eyes followed the Professors progression, doing his best to ignore the odd feeling forming in his gut. When she reached him, he'd have to tell her he wasn't staying, others at the table would hear and expect an explanation. She was getting the students names down far quicker than she'd done in the past, Draco thinks anxiously as she walked the couple of steps over to the Slytherin table. He picked up a couple slices of toast, not really planning on eating them, he just needed a distraction to prevent him from reacting to the persistent wiggling brand. He put the pieces on his plate and grabbed a large amount of butter with the edge of his knife. He began running the knife across his toast mercilessly, buttering it within an inch of its life as McGonagall walked up behind him. His body tensed, still focusing on the battered slices of bread sitting on his plate.

"Mr Malfoy," McGonagall said tersely, look down at the blonde over her glasses. "Will you be staying with us over the holidays?"

Draco dropped his knife on the table and looked up at the Professor. "No, I'm leaving." He said simply and McGonagall nodded and moved to the boy sitting farther down.

Draco pushed his plate into the center so he could rest his forearms safely on top of the table. He felt Pansy sit down next to him shortly after, her perfume overloading his senses and making him want to gag. She'd been sitting at the other end of the table, the end McGonagall had already done. But of course when she'd reached Draco, the nosy witch couldn't help herself, she'd heard he was leaving.

"Where will you be going over the holidays Draco?" she whispered, leaning in so the blonde could hear and ignoring how his entire body practically turned to stone at her close proximity. Draco's top lip raised up, revealing his teeth. He let out a low, frightening snarl, making Pansy recoil slightly. "Pansy, if I have anything I want you to know, I'll tell you. If you have to ask, that means it's none of your fucking business." He says turning to the girl in a murderous rage. "We are not together, I don't even particularly like you, so please, leave me alone."

Pansy was lost for words. Her face scrunches as she fights back tears, her lip trembling severely. Draco rolls his eyes, "Please. Like you are even capable of actually crying Parkinson." He says as he stands.

Pansy scowls, watching Draco walk to the massive open doors of the Great Hall.

The remaining two weeks before the holiday break went as smoothly as Draco could possibly hope for considering the Potions effects continued to worsen along with the mark, and he was unable to keep Potter with him 24/7. The amount of homework only continued to increase, as did Weasley's complaining but Draco found it incredibly amusing. It seemed that along with being buried under mountains of homework, the red head had at last, also been told about Draco joining them at the Burrow and he was NOT pleased. He complained frequently to Harry, not understanding why the golden boy would invite that 'foul mouthed git' to the Burrow for the holidays, but Harry was having none of it.

Nothing Ron had to say came close to changing his mind he was dead set on Draco joining them, "I want him to be there Ron, you're the only one who isn't happy about it." The red head didn't have a reply to this, so he just sat down in one of the comfy arm chairs in the Gryffindor Common Room and glowered. He wasn't going to admit this, but he was nervous about how Draco would react when he saw the Weasley house. Draco came from money, something he frequently reminded everyone. The Weasleys of course, didn't. Also something Draco frequently reminded everyone. He didn't want to see the look of disgust on Malfoy's face when he saw where the Weasleys called home. He didn't want to hear all the terrible things Malfoy was bound to say those two weeks of break, he was beyond irritated that his best friend didn't consider his feelings, that none of this even occurred to him.

Draco was in high spirits as the holiday break approached. Though the Potion and the Dark Mark was giving him hell, he was somehow managing to stay positive. Voldemort was mostly leaving him alone, staying out of his dreams and only whispering him little reminders randomly during the days. Also, due to the onslaught of homework, and thus the major increase in grading the Professors had to do, even the Carrows left him alone. He was excited honestly, about going to the Burrow and spending the time with the Weasleys, Harry and Hermione. It wasn't something he'd ever admit, but he was. They had no money but they were an incredibly close and warm family, the exact opposite of his own. His mood was partly due to the upcoming break and being left alone, but it also had a lot to do with the golden boy, Harry was honestly a blessing. He's been pretty much the only thing keeping Draco some what close to sane. On top of helping him keep the potion bearable, the boy was also there when Draco needed to talk. Harry knew what it was like to have Voldemort in your head, he understood how maddening it was, how it could mess with you. However, Draco still had one major stain tainting his otherwise fantastic couple of weeks. Harry was also there when said stain revealed itself.

The boys who had beaten him appeared at last.

It wasn't until just a few days before they were to depart that Draco saw the group, they were walking down the corridor of the dungeons, likely just having just left Potions. Harry and Draco were just leaving the blondes common room when they almost literally bumped into them. The lead boy who Draco had found out was named Darius Murk chuckled when he saw the duo. "Oh who do we have here boys?" He asked the others.

Draco growled, "You made a mistake showing your face again," he took an intimidating step forward, his body vibrating with lust and adrenaline.

"Draco no, he's not worth it." Harry pleaded, but Draco ignored him. He pulled his wand from his robes and pointed it directly at Darius. He mumbled 'crucio' and a jet of red light burst from his wand. The boy dropped like a sack of bricks, rolling from side to side in agony and screaming bloody murder.

Harry's face grew pale, he looked at the group, "Leave unless you want this to happen to you as well," he warned. Before the boys took off he added, "Tell anyone about this and the next time we see you I won't stop him." The boys fled with looks of pure terror on their faces.

Harry then turned his attention to the writhing ball of pain on the ground, "Draco, that's enough," Harry says, not looking at the blonde. Draco doesn't stop though, he was enjoying the torture, the pain he was inflicting on the other. His cock was hardening quickly, pleasure flowing through his

body in waves. Harry placed his hand on Draco's wand arm, pushing it down gently, "I said that's enough Draco." He said more firmly, looking up at the other's face. The smile on his lips was frightening, evil, it gave Harry chills. But after a couple more seconds, Draco broke the spell. The boy on the ground sobbed in relief, tears spilling from his eyes and looking onto the ground. Draco just looked at him, his face emotionless.

Draco turns on the spot and walks down the corridor leaving Harry to panic briefly, he had no idea what to do. He made a split second decision, he bent down near the boy's head. "Tell anyone and next time, I won't make him stop." He pat the boy's shoulder, causing him to flinch and curl into a tight little ball but he nodded numbly. Harry stood then, jogging down the corridor to catch up with the blonde. When he reached him, Harry didn't know what to do. They'd hurt Draco sure, but the cruciartus curse? That was uncalled for. But before Harry could speak, Draco did, his cheeks dusted with pink and eyes still shining from the adrenaline high. "I don't regret it Potter, he deserved it, but I deserved the beating as well. Now we're even, I'll leave him alone." he said, absentmindedly rubbing at his left arm.

Harry knew if he said the wrong thing it'd start a fight so the golden boy nodded once and said, "ok."

Draco ate dinner in the Great Hall with the other Slytherins after he'd finished packing, Harper and Warrington made a b-line for him the second they'd entered. Throughout dinner the sole topic was Quidditch, they kept reenacting Demelza's fall from when Draco hit her with the Bludger. He laughed when they did, periodically grimacing and grabbing at his arm, but the only thing on his mind was his visit from the Dark Lord. The boy had no idea what to tell Harry, or when to bring it up. The trio and Malfoy left Hogwarts the next morning for the Burrow and he didn't want to ruin the Holidays. On the other hand, he knew if he left it until they got back, Potter would be furious. Not to mention, Harry hadn't spoken to him since their incident with Darius and the others. It wasn't like Harry was avoiding him exactly, it was more like he simply didn't know what to say. Draco understood, he did, but he really needed the boy and the cold shoulder was just making things incredibly difficult and awkward. So when dinner was done, the blonde waited by the Great Hall doors, shooting glares at anyone who dared look at him. When Potter finally reached him, he held out an arm, preventing the boy from moving forward. He leaned in close to Harry's ear, "I need to talk to you Potter," he whispered before shoving the boy through the door. Harry scowled, but he was simply acting the part for any onlookers and when Draco turn his head back, he caught the subtle nod. Merlin, he wasn't looking forward to this evenings conversation topic.

Harry walked through the portrait hole of Draco's dorm, he could tell by the blonde's nervous pacing that he wasn't going to enjoy what he was about to hear. Draco nodded at the boy, gesturing for him to take a seat with a shaky hand. The Golden boy sat, his leg bouncing impatiently on the dark carpet. His emerald eyes followed the Slytherin, "You're going to start digging yourself a path in the floor if you're not careful Malfoy." He grumbles jokingly. The blonde glares but sits down on the leather couch across from the other boy anyway. His arms move up to rest across his knees, his hands joining loosely between his legs. He sighs dramatically, staring down at the floor briefly before looking up at Harry. "I'm sorry about this Potter, I didn't know what else to do."

"You're joking," Harry said flatly. Draco had just shared the details of his dream with the boy, and he was actually taking it a lot better than Draco had originally thought. "you must be joking" Draco shook his head, "I'm sorry Potter, I panicked."

Harry ran a hand through his already messy hair, eyes drifting around the room briefly, "Honestly Malfoy, you need to think shit through before you say it."

Draco looked at him with aggravation. "I know this very well Potter. Again, i panicked. I didn't know what else to say to stall him. He's becoming impatient and i have to play along."

Harry sighed and nodded. "Let's hope Hermione can figure something out." Draco nodded, hope blooming. If anyone could get them out of a shit situation, it would be that bright witch. Now all

he had to do was get through the holiday, something Draco was growing less and less confident he'd be able to do.

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