Despoiling Harry

The characters and the situations within these fanfiction stories are not my property. They are the property of J.K. Rowling, Warner Brothers, and others, and are used without permission; challenge to copyright is not intended and should not be construed. No profit is being made from the use of these characters and situations; these written-down imaginings are only presented in an internet forum for the interest of and consumption by the like-minded individuals who enjoy them and recognize them as unauthorized fanfiction only, and are not in any way meant to be confused with the originals NOR presented as authorized materials of these owners.

Waking In Light

by Amanuensis

Summary: Harry takes desperate measures, Draco has a desperate solution. Slashy-angsty and sweet.

Pairings: Harry/Draco

Categories: Drama/Angst, Hurt/Comfort, Romance

Notes: For every scene of Harry helpless and the delicious thoughts those scenes inspired about him.

.....

Pressing his lips to the side of the pale throat, lingering there so that he can feel the pulse. Still there. Still there, thank god.

Wake UP, damn you. PLEASE.

*****

The door slams open against the wall with a sound that reverberates through every last corner of Hogwarts.

"Drac--oh my god!"

"Get someone. Get Pomfrey, get Snape--" oh, god, no. Snape must be... "Get Dumbledore. Get someone now. I won't let him die."

*****

The proximity of the Forbidden Forest to Hogwarts was offset by the advantage that very few would willingly enter it.

Twelve Death Eaters did not fear a castle full of fledgling wizards, nor a handful of professors, even if Albus Dumbledore was among their number.

Not in the presence of their master.

The circle of binding was steady, as was its hold on the subject at the center of it.

"And so we have come to this at last."

Voldemort, his voice thrilling in a way that was almost sexual to his servants, walked at the periphery of the circle. The loose-limbed way he carried himself, the half-lidded look to his eyes, might have fooled those who knew him less into thinking he was ill or exhausted. He was not. He was as close to ecstasy as

his decrepit soul could come.

The Boy Who Lived would not do so for much longer.

Harry Potter, no longer a boy, really, but a delicate-featured young man, lay at the center of the circle of binding, unconscious, blood still trickling from a scalp wound. His wand had been taken and broken, the circle would nullify any magic from its bound subject, and he was, after all, still only a partly trained wizard. Voldemort would not lose his prey this time.

"Now, my lord?" said one of the Death Eaters.

"No, my eager servant, not yet. I wish him to see his death when it comes. He has cost me too much for me to afford him mercy." Voldemort raised his wand. "Ennervate."

The youth's lips parted to draw in a breath, and slowly his eyes opened. Those eyes searched all around him--until they fell upon Voldemort. And strangely, his _expression appeared to relax when they did.

"Harry Potter." Even without a single sibilant in the name, Voldemort was able to hiss it. "Would you like me to offer you one last chance, Harry? The chance to save your life, become one of my Death Eaters, and bring yourself even greater glory than you could ever have had in life or death? I will give you that chance...if you beg for it."

Harry's eyes closed again. "If... if you wait for that, Voldemort... then I will certainly die of old age."

"I think not." Again the wand lifted. "Crucio."

A cry came from Harry as the spell hit and wrenched limbs, head, and spine into ungodly and hideous configurations. Voldemort treasured his prey's screams for long minutes before halting the spell.

The youth had been too weak to withstand the agony of the Cruciatus; he'd fallen into a dead faint again. Mildly annoyed, Voldemort would not allow him to linger in that oblivion. He began to repeat: "En--"

And then the unthinkable happened.

One of his Death Eaters stepped forward. Broke the circle and stepped forward.

Stepped forward in front of Potter.

"No," he said.

Collective hissing met this from the entire circle. Voldemort alone was silent, fixing the culprit with the full effect of his red stare.

"I won't let you do this."

Voldemort's curiosity overcame his incredulity. "And why, my dear, dead servant, is that?"

The hood of the cloak was pushed back to reveal Draco Malfoy, the youngest of his Death Eaters.

"Because this is fucking bullshit."

*****

The shirt unbuttoning beneath his fingers to reveal bare skin, skin so warm it gives the lie to the death which is slowly leeching the body it belongs to. Skin he touches with only the tips of his fingers, staring as if he can see the blood rushing beneath its surface. That he hopes is rushing.

*****

"Dammit, is it working?"

"Draco, please, it's very complicated--"

"Is it working? Goddammit!"

"I have him stabilized. I think. I will be able to verify if I have if you will let me work uninterrupted! Please, Mr. Malfoy--Oh! Headmaster..."

"Madam Pomfrey. Let us see what we can do together. I ask that you allow Draco Malfoy to stay. I think he's earned that right."

"Save him." No one has ever heard that kind of tone come from Draco Malfoy, and they have certainly never seen tear tracks, as they do now, cutting through the grime on his face. "Please, Professor Dumbledore. Save him."

*****

"Draco, get back into the formation or I will strike you down myself."

Draco looked helplessly at his father... until this moment, the only man he'd ever wanted to make happy. To say this was the hardest thing he'd ever done would be like calling a bottomless pit a little deep.

"No. No, father. I can't."

"No, Lucius, let the boy talk. Tell me, boy. Tell me why my newest Death Eater thinks he can defy me. Why he needs to defy me."

"Because he's right." He was startled at the way the words seemed to rise from his soul and not just his throat. "You aren't a leader. You aren't even a goddamn villain. You're a fucking parody." He couldn't stop. "Look at you. Keeping Potter alive for one minute longer than necessary is the stupidest thing you could do. You could have hit him with Avada Kedavra as soon as we had our hands on him. Last year you kept him in a dungeon for two weeks because 'the time wasn't right,' and he slipped away from you again! And any of your enemies would have worked to resurrect you, but you had to have Potter! Had to work to get someone so heavily protected that you had to engineer one of the most insanely complicated plots imaginable. You... are... wrong. You are not only obsessed about this, you are wrong about everything. And if you are wrong, that means he's right. ABOUT EVERYTHING!"

"Look at that mark at your arm, boy. Look at it and ask yourself if you can back away from all this now."

"I already have. Take your goddamn revenge and choke on it. You won't win."

"Draco!" There was still urgency, not just fury, in his father's voice. It was... something, something he could be grateful for.

"Ah, so that's what this is about." Voldemort sounded amused. "Being on the winning side."

"I would have thought that once. I did even when you put this mark on me. But not anymore."

There was silence.

Then Voldemort spoke.

"Lucius... kill this boy for me."

*****

Kissing that skin, beginning just at the collarbone, lost in reverence, knowing he has wanted to do this for a long time. Never really acknowledging it because he knew it would never take place except by force.

How strange this all is.

*****

"Is it true? They say Voldemort's dead, is it true?"

"It would appear so, Mr. Weasley. Mr. Potter's plan, while still not quite clear to me, seems to have discorporated Lord Voldemort once and for all. Or so we can hope."

"Then--where's Harry?"

"Ron, you have great courage. I need you to be courageous now."

"What--no, don't tell--oh, my god, Harry! No, no, he can't be--What--Draco? What the hell are you doing here?! What the fuck did you do to him?!"

Draco makes no move to defend himself from the boy's wrath, and that is what stops Ron.

"I think I've killed him."

*****

Draco could only pretend that the slow, deliberate way his father came forward was designed to disguise his hesitation to obey this particular command of his master's.

But he knew it was just a fantasy, to comfort himself before he died.

He hated himself for the word that came from him: "Father..."

Lucius pushed his hood back, shaking his head, pale blond hair exactly the shade of his son's. "No. Not anymore, my traitorous boy."

If he defended himself, then what? Ten other Death Eaters and Voldemort to do the deed.

It struck him that one small thing was indeed going to be granted him: he was not going to have to watch Potter die. It wasn't comfort. But it was something.

Not that he deserved comfort. It had taken far too long for him to see the truth.

Eyes blurring with tears as his father raised his wand--so that now, really, he could see nothing at all--Draco clenched his hand around his own, still unwilling to go down any way but fighting...

"Av--"

Something wrenched his ankle hard, and the sudden dash to one side he had been preparing turned into

a stumble. "Draco, down!"

The words really didn't have time to penetrate, but he was already falling. Next to Potter.

An awake Potter, who was already interposing himself between Draco's fallen form and Lucius Malfoy.

"--ada Kedavra!"

The blast of light from his father's wand was coming directly toward Potter--

--and now there was nothing Draco could do about it in time, how typical--

--and the blast struck the thing in Potter's hand, a green glowing thing the size of a fetal skull, no wait--it was a skull, a skull that looked like it had been carved from a single emerald, ablaze with light even before the killing curse hit it--there was no way that had been in Potter's possession when he'd been captured, where had it come from?--

--and the light jetted out of the skull in thirteen different directions, the first bolt aimed directly at the caster of the spell, and the largest aimed directly at Voldemort, and Draco saw his father drop, screaming as the bolt of light drove into his arm like an execution by injection, the Dark Mark on his arm surging green, and then a dazzling blackness (how could black dazzle?) fled up his arm and through his body--

--and that was all he saw of that because the next bolt had reached Voldemort but went directly for the Dark Lord's chest, there being no such mark on his arm--

--and then he could not see that any more because two things were happening to him; Potter was clawing at him, screaming something, and the world was turning bright, bright green in front of his eyes, and he realized what Potter was screaming was, "Damn you, Draco! God DAMN you! Why NOW?" and the pain, the agony in his arm was-- ohmygod it was consuming him he was dying if he wasn't he wanted

to die--

--and someone was screaming I won't let you and the agony was sucking back from his body not leaving him no but no longer consuming oh my god his arm was still killing him with the pain he had to die

The green light was gone.

A single guttering torch was all that lit the clearing. That, and something faint and silvery, very near his eyes.

Draco blinked, pushing at the body on top of him as he sat up.

He wasn't even hurting. His arm... the Dark Mark on his arm was limned in silver, glowing faintly around the ebon blackness of the skull and snake burned into his flesh.

Barely visible around the periphery of the clearing, he saw the twelve piles of black ash, already being licked at by lazy swirls of wind, feeding on them, carrying the remnants off a few sooty flakes at a time.

And the motionless body lying across him was--

"Potter, you son of a bitch, no!"

*****

The rest of the smooth muscled torso completely bared now, but he cannot bring himself to go further with it, it's too much, like chocolate and honey and treacle offered all at once: too much sweetness. Instead he takes a hold of the curled, unresisting hands and brings them to his mouth, kissing the fingers, burying his lips against the palms so that the fingers curve naturally around his face, telling himself this is what he's always wanted to feel, his cheeks, his chin cupped in those hands, like the dearest thing in the

world to this slumberer.

*****

"Let me in. I want to see h-- Draco? How--?"

"Would everyone PLEASE stop talking saying my name like th-- Wh-- Snape? You're--?!"

Though it is clear that Snape has come to see Harry, it is Draco that holds all his attention now. He stares at him, curls his lip. "So. He gave them to you. I hope you were worth it."

"What are you talking about?"

"The bracelets, of course, you fool."

"Snape. I do not have the faintest idea what you are talking about."

Snape raises an eyebrow. Then he approaches, draws in front of Draco and without even a by-your-leave grasps the boy's arm and bares it to the elbow. His eyes go wide when he sees the Dark Mark limned in silver.

He looks back at Draco's face. "He didn't give them to you."

"Snape. Please." He begs for explanation.

Snape shakes his head, still looking at Draco with a bewilderment that is completely wrong for his face. He grasps the sleeve of his robe and pulls it back.

Draco sees that the Dark Mark on Snape's arm looks just like his: the faintly glowing silver traceries containing the indelible blackness. But there is one difference: above and below the mark, twin bracelets of silver encircle his arm, They do not glow; they are metal, polished but plain, and yet Draco can feel that they are magicked. Heavily magicked.

"You...really don't know about these. Potter made four, not two. I knew who they were for, even if he wouldn't say."

"No...What... how...?"

"He didn't have much time to conceive or create them. Which means I can't take them off. Ever. He said if he lived he'd work on that, after." Snape lets his sleeve fall back into place, looks at the unconscious figure on the bed. "But it looks like he might have paid the greater price."

"He made them?"

"When he made the artifact that would reflect and amplify a Killing Curse upon Voldemort and all who bore the Dark Mark. Draco..." He shakes his head again. "Harry said if any... any other Death Eaters turned, he wanted another set on hand... I knew of whom he was thinking, but you are not wearing them. How... how are you alive?"

*****

Draco heard the footsteps, but did not look to see who it was. The constant shuttling of people in and out of the infirmary, to weep over or gape at the unmoving figure of the Twice-Vanquisher of Voldemort (Draco thought it sounded like an absolutely appalling title change from the Boy Who Lived) was something he hardly even noticed anymore. Besides, he hated what he saw, or imagined he saw, in the eyes of those who looked at him.

He noticed the smell of food but it did not seem significant to him. What did get his attention was when Hermione Granger stood directly in front of him, hands on hips, and said, "You need to eat."

His eyes were distractingly on a level with her chest. He made himself look up. "I'm not hungry."

"And you should get cleaned up," she went on as if he hadn't spoken. "It's been three days and you haven't moved from his bedside."

"I don't give a rat's arse."

"And thank you for caring about me too. I'm giving you a choice. You let me use a Scouring Charm on you--" she held up not her wand, but a plain washcloth-- "or I use this and spit to clean your face. Don't think I won't."

Draco finally dropped his eyes from hers. Taking his lack of protest as acquiescence, Hermione took out her wand and cast the charm. Draco hardly noticed feeling any different, but she seemed satisfied. "Good. If I could do the same thing and get you to eat, I would. You won't help him by doing this to yourself."

"There's nothing I can do to help him. I did this to him. Did they tell you?"

"Draco, no one knows what happened to him. You don't either."

"He did something." He went over it aloud as he had been doing in his mind for days. "He wasn't even hurt by the spell. That...jewel skull he created... took the killing curse completely. It was...going to take me out with it, with every Death Eater and Voldemort. And he did something." He ducked his head, unable to meet Hermione's eyes. "And now he's dying."

Hermione crouched by his chair, and he felt her hand on his hair. "Draco..." Her voice broke on the word, and he looked at her face after all. The tears were already spilling over. He noticed how red her eyes were and realized she'd probably spent most of the past three days doing more of the same. "He didn't expect to live through it. He didn't want to die but he knew that everything depended on the circumstances, not just the Artifact. But he said if it meant the end of Voldemort it would be worth it. What he--" She choked again. "If he did something to save you...that means he won't live... then maybe all you can do is live your life the way he would have wanted you to." She ducked her head, wiped at her face. "I'm sorry. It's not fair of me to say that to you."

"Hermione, I was a Death Eater. You can tell me to fuck off and die and it would be fair."

"We said that behind your back a lot. You know who told us to knock it off? Harry. He said the rest of us should try having your dad as our father and see where it got us."

"Potter said that?"

She nodded, sniffling copiously.

"Snape thought he made the extra bracelets for me."

She nodded. "I know you were the one he had in mind. He said if any of you turned... I knew he was thinking about you."

Draco thought about it.

"All the times I told him to go fuck himself... and he never stopped trying to reach me... oh god..."

Hermione reached up and put her arms around his neck, and both of them wept.

*****

"I hate you, do you know that?"

Once again Draco was alone with the unconscious Harry, who lay on the infirmary bed, only breath giving any visible evidence that he was still alive. No other movement. Not once in three days.

"They say you don't want to live. That you of all people could stop what's killing you. They've only slowed it, but you could reverse it. Thousand-year-old wizards don't have the abilities you've developed these last few years, but it's not just that you can't wake up, it's that you won't."

More than a little crazed from three days of anguish and no sleep, he had a hold of Harry's shoulders now. His fingers bit into the flesh. "What the fuck is your problem? What the fuck does Dumbledore mean, you won't? Why are you doing this? Goddammit, why are you doing it to me?..."

He shook Harry's unresponsive form. It was the fact that Harry wasn't wearing his glasses, he decided, still in a dazed state of logic. It looked wrong on Potter's face, made him look like he was already a corpse. "They hate me, Potter. They hate me more than they ever could, because they know you did something for me that's killing you. Nobody wants an ex-Death Eater who repented too late to accomplish anything except to fucking get their boy hero killed! If you don't wake up and do something then you might as well have let me die! Dammit, if you believed I was worth it, then I want to be worth it now! Wake up!"

No response.

"Goddammit, Potter!" He balled the front of Harry's shirt in his left hand and raised his right in a fist. He actually stayed in that pose for a number of seconds, panting heavily, before he finally let the fist fall back to his side.

He shoved the unresisting form away from him and collapsed into his chair again, burying his fingers in his hair as his head fell forward. "You were giving your life for mine. You think I don't know that? You think I should thank you for that, be grateful for that? It wasn't like it was a fucking fair trade; I wasn't

saving your life, Potter, I couldn't save your life! All I could do was die with you... and I knew, I knew that that was still better than watching that psycho kill you while I did nothing."

He looked back at Harry, feeling the heat rising in his face, knowing that his eyes were blazing. "You took even that from me. You took the one thing I ever did that mattered and said, 'No, Malfoy, you stupid git, not like that, this is how you do it!' God damn you, Potter, why do always have to be so fucking perfect?"

A lock of Harry's hair had fallen over the scar on his forehead. He found himself inexplicably incapable of keeping his hand from pushing the lock of hair back. "You have always been so... fucking... perfect."

With that same incapability of resistance, he leaned forward and pressed his lips against the scar.

And a moment later, thought he heard something. Something like a sigh.

He backed away, looking down at Harry. His...lips were parted. They hadn't been before.

"Potter?... Harry?"

No response. But he hadn't imagined that. He'd been watching him for three days, he hadn't.

He took a hold of Harry's upper arms. "Harry, you bastard, don't play with me like this. Can you hear me?" He shook him again. The black-haired sleeper still didn't respond; all the shaking accomplished was to make Harry's head fall back slightly. His lips were still parted.

Oh, god. This is so fucked. He's not Sleeping Beauty and I'm NOT Prince Charming!

But all he knew was that Harry had moved for the first time in three days. And that he didn't want him to die. Badly didn't want him to die.

What was shocking was how easy it was to meet those parted lips with his own.

Memory flooded him; guilty memory, repressed memory. He'd wanted this, at one time-- no, that wasn't honest, for a long time. He'd wanted it one way, but imagined it another; he knew it would never be possible for this to be in Potter's fantasies as well, so he'd made himself think about what it would be like to take the boy against his will, imagining all manner of contrivances that might get him to submit, including those that would have Potter hissing and cursing, as well as the ones where he finally broke and pleaded for more. The thought was so heady it made Draco groan, feeling the noise he made vibrate against Harry's passive mouth, and that was just too much; he broke away, ashamed. How could he be even thinking of this?

He heard...another sigh. And then Harry's arm, lying at his side, rolled outward so that his palm was upmost. A completely unnatural move for anyone unconscious, or even sleeping.

Draco immediately clasped the hand in his own, fingers interlacing. "Harry..." he whispered, urgently. This time the kiss on Harry's quiescent mouth was equally urgent, and he pressed his tongue between the dark-haired boy's lips, torn between frustration and despair and desire as Harry neither prevented him nor responded as he probed the inner sweetness of his mouth, exploring, tasting, sucking at him even as his other hand traveled up to the jawline, feeling skin and adolescent beard growth and the pulse beneath.

He thought he felt something different in the way Harry's chest was rising and falling. Hastily he backed away to see. When he did so, he saw, he swore he saw Harry turn his face toward him just a fraction, as if he knew precisely to where Draco had withdrawn, even with his eyes shut, and wanted him to continue.

"Harry?...God, Harry--" he took the hand clasped in his own and kissed the fingers desperately. "Please wake up, please..."

He kissed Harry's forehead again, multiple times, a light desperate scattering, not just upon the scar but careful to include the scar, in case that was the most significant thing in whatever was at work here, and then he kissed the closed eyelids, and brushed his lips over the cheekbones, murmuring, "Harry... Harry, please..." the whole while, almost too frantic to notice if the boy's breathing had changed, but not quite, it was quickening in pace, and he broke off and pressed his face against Harry's chest as he slid his arms

around the boy, moaning, "Damn you, Potter..."

"I think you are the only one who can do that, Mr. Malfoy."

*****

Draco looked up quickly, embarrassed but not enough so to remove his arms from where they circled the sleeping Harry, to see Dumbledore standing near.

"I..." But he stopped looking for words to explain after a moment. What was the use?

Dumbledore was looking at him utterly without censure. "I think you are an extremely brave young man, Draco Malfoy. Obviously Harry thought so too."

"Professor..." Draco looked back at Harry's face. "Why did he do this?"

"Why did he work to stop the evil that was Voldemort? Why did he choose to stand against him alone? Those answers are obvious, I think. Why did he make a choice regarding you?... There, that's the one you want to know, isn't it?"

Draco nodded.

"Draco, I do know why you are alive. You are alive because Harry thought you were worth giving his life for. It is the same choice his mother made about him, those many years ago."

Draco looked at Dumbledore directly. "He did that? Are you saying he did that for me?"

Dumbledore nodded. "Oh, yes. That kind of sacrifice leaves a very obvious footprint. I did not know if you were ready to know it." He took a step closer. "If you had not brought him to us... to me... so swiftly, there would have been nothing anyone could have done, and he would be dead now. But we have enough ability to slow the process."

"But not stop it."

At first Dumbledore would not answer. Then: "I thought we did," he said quietly. "The only answer I have is that Harry does not want to live. And the only reason for that is because he has nothing to live for."

"He has EVERYTHING to live for!" Draco screamed. "He's the goddamn hero of the wizarding world! I'M the one that should have died!"

"Obviously he did not think so."

"Because I turned. Because I turned from Voldemort at the last minute. Too late. How could he have done that? To save one Death Eater with incredibly shitty timing..." He looked at Harry's chest like he wanted to bury his face against it again, but didn't think himself worthy of it.

"I think you are missing something, Draco. He did not save 'one Death Eater.' He saved you."

Draco looked at him.

"Think for a moment, Draco. If Pettigrew, if MacNair... if your father had renounced Voldemort at the last moment... would Harry have made the same choice?"

"No, I...oh, Professor, I don't know-- he probably would have, knowing Potter--"

"Come, Draco, I think you do know him better than that. The necessity of their deaths would have been

bitter to Harry, if they saw their error too late, but I do not think he would actually have given his life for theirs."

"Then--" It hit him. It hit him, and, wonder of wonders, he wasn't afraid of the thought. "Then I can do the same thing for him, can't I? I can sacrifice myself for him."

The smile that crept upon Dumbledore's face was too tired, too sad, to be patronizing. "Draco, how will that convince Harry that he should live? It has gone beyond that."

Draco stared at Dumbledore. Finally he said, "You're answering me, aren't you?"

"Harry gave his life to save yours. But he still does not think there is anything in this world worth living for, Draco."

"Then what the hell can I do, if he thinks that?"

For the first time in three days, Dumbledore had that twinkle back in his eyes. "I think you were doing it when I came in."

Draco pushed back from Harry's bedside guiltily, as he had not when Dumbledore had first come in. "I-- I didn't mean--"

"What you didn't mean was to be embarrassed by your very honest and good intentions. You shouldn't be. It was working, wasn't it?"

Draco looked between the headmaster, and Harry's unconscious figure, his eyes huge. "I-- I think it was, but..."

"Well, then. Something was telling Harry there might be something to live for after all, yes?"

Draco could feel how his face was flaming. "Snogging?" It came out strangled.

He saw how the senior wizard bit his lips to smother a laugh. "It wasn't mere physical reaction to something lurid, Draco," he said primly. "It was because it was you. And from the little I saw, it seemed very heartfelt on your part."

Draco was utterly at a loss for words. Dumbledore went on. "I know you have the depth of feeling, Draco. Do you have the courage to communicate it to him?"

He still could not speak for a long moment. Then: "Are-- are you saying--"

"I do not think he will hear words alone, not as close as he is to death."

The word death snapped him out of any other elements of disbelief that were warring in his mind. "Are-- Professor, how do you know he won't think this is-- just-- someone getting their jollies off him while he's helpless, I mean--"

"Come, Draco, give Mr. Potter-- and yourself-- more credit than that. He can tell that it's you; I think you can make him understand the rest of it." He looked at Draco quietly for a few heartbeats. "Can you?"

Draco looked at Harry's face for a long moment. Then, slowly, he nodded.

Equally slowly, Dumbledore nodded back. "I'll lock the door and tell Pomfrey you're not to be disturbed."

*****

Having kissed every square centimeter of Harry's palms very gently, Draco laid Harry's hands back at his sides and at last returned to the bared chest. Oh, this... it was impossible to be gentle here; he descended on Harry's chest with his mouth, groaning as he laved the length of Harry's breastbone with his tongue. The pectoral muscle drew him like a baby's cheek; he set his teeth against it and bit, controlling himself, telling himself that he could not use his partner's moans to gauge himself here. He licked down the planes of ribs until he was at the belly, kissing again, burrowing his face into the skin and light hair growth there.

He had his arms around Harry's waist, and yes, the pace of Harry's breathing had quickened, he could feel it under his hands. "Harry..." he murmured again, lifting his face to look at the other boy's, but he saw no other change. "Wake up, you idiot... you're either missing this, or missing the chance to stop me... do one or the other, dammit..."

He slid back up over Harry's torso so that he could lie full length on top of him and kiss him again. "God..." he heard himself mutter, overwhelmed. Again he moved his lips to the hollow of his throat, and once again that ate away his ability to be gentle; he clutched at the sleeper's bare shoulders and pressed his groin into Harry's, suddenly rigid with need, gasping at the immediacy of it. Oh, he wanted this too much, this couldn't be right.

And there was a hand touching his hip. Fingers lying gently against his side, such a deceptively light touch he could, if he liked, pretend it had been there the whole time, but it hadn't, and he had to bite his lip, he was so overcome. It was working.

He kneeled upright, straddling Harry on the bed as he pulled his vest off, then his own shirt. Lying down again, he pressed his chest to that of the sleeping boy, seeking his mouth with his own once more, covering Harry's mouth with his, suddenly ravenous for him, for everything his mouth left vulnerable to him, and he plundered it with his tongue, craving him, craving a response so badly he wanted to bite, and did bite, teeth clinging to Harry's tongue, his lips, not in a way that should cause him pain, but in a way that Draco knew he could not ignore if there was anything he could not ignore.

"Stay here," he breathed into Harry's mouth, as if that was the place his words needed to go, as if they were the air that shaped them and the sounds had no significance. "Stay here. Stay here with me, you beautiful, stupid hero. I need you too much."

He closed Harry's mouth with another kiss, and he had his hand on the waistband of Harry's boxers-- that was all the boy was wearing, under the sheets, someone well-meaning had gotten him half-undressed when he'd been brought in-- but he wasn't ready to pull them off yet, as if it were the last of a pile of Christmas presents and he couldn't bear for it to be over, so he slid his hand over the front of the shorts and caressed the bulge of Harry's genitals beneath, quiescent, yielding in his hand, and suddenly Draco needed to get the last of Harry's clothing off, get that flesh uncovered and into his hand, and get it hard, if it was the last goddamn thing he ever did.

He threw the boxers on the floor and threw himself down at Harry's side, eyes boring into Harry's face as he took that soft girth into his hand and began stroking, not wanting to hurt but unable to be gentle here either. "Don't...you dare... hold out on me, Potter," he whispered, fierce and wanting. "Sleep gives a man a goddamn erection, so don't you dare refuse to respond to this. I want you so fucking hard I could impale myself on you, and goddammit, don't think I won't..."

He bit at Harry's shoulder, worrying the skin there until he knew there would be a mark left, working Harry's cock in his hand rhythmically, thumb sliding over the tip in slow circles, until there, he felt it, just those few wet drops that meant everything, moistening the track his thumb was following, and then the way the flesh moved in his hand, beginning to transform from something that was merely a human organ into a thing all velvet over steel, yet still wonderfully, agonizingly flesh and blood, like the warm beautiful creature still breathing at his side.

Draco moaned. He slid down Harry's side until he was at exactly the right level to take his cock into his mouth, which he did, lapping at the head with his tongue as though he was starved for it, wanting to feel Harry's hips move under his hands, his mouth, almost terrified when he did not-- was this only involuntary physical reaction after all?-- but then he remembered the way Harry had turned his palm up to him, and began to suck at him determinedly, drawing the cock almost into his throat, and it was stiff as-- as ice, the idea seeming so appropriate as it melted sweetly over his tongue like sugar candy, and it wasn't like he had oceans of experience doing something like this, but sometimes instinct beat lessons all to shite when it really counted, and he made himself be quiet for a few moments, except for the wet sucking sounds his mouth made, trying to hear something, anything from Harry's mouth--

--and there, there it was, softer than a moan but louder than a sigh, and Harry's hand had moved up, over his own thigh until his fingers were just touching the edges of Draco's hair, and Draco wanted to push his face against those fingers, but didn't want to slow what he was doing, and had to forego it in favor of lavishing his full attention on Harry's pulsing cock, and then found he didn't after all, those

fingers had sought further, were touching his cheek, and Draco thought his heart would stop but only paused momentarily in what he was doing, groaning as he pressed his tongue hard against the indentation just below the head, which seemed to be just perfectly shaped to accommodate the wedged tip of his tongue, and Harry's cock erupted inside his mouth like it gave up a part of his soul to Draco, and Draco held on and held him and sank bonelessly into the surface of the bed between Harry's legs as he heard the sound, not his name but almost as good, a sound that could be spelled out in letters, yes: "Ahhhh..."

Unable to prevent himself, Draco pulled his mouth away and scrabbled up the bed, clutching Harry's shoulders, shaking him again, desperate: "Harry? Harry, god, please...!" The look on Harry's face was unmistakable, mouth open, breathing in shallow lungfuls, he was there, dammit, but his eyes were still closed and he wasn't opening them, nor was he resisting Draco in any way.

So close. No way he was giving up now. Draco let go of Harry's shoulders to fumble with his trousers, unable to get them off anywhere near fast enough, pushing down his own shorts with them over his own painful erection.

He flung himself down on Harry, kissing the other boy's open, dry mouth, gathering the smooth torso to him, pushing his own hard cock against any part of the boy it could contact. "God damn it, Harry, if I cannot convince you, then I am going to take you. You are mine, dammit, mine to take and mine to keep."

Some part of his brain yelled at him that he couldn't just do this like this; if he hurt Harry too badly, certainly everything he'd built would break, and Harry would retreat. Furiously he pulled himself away just far enough to reach for the table beside the infirmary bed; fortunately, there were enough tubes of unguent-like substances there that he wouldn't have to go any farther, and also fortunately, he checked the labeling of each to make sure he chose something that couldn't possibly have any caustic effects.

That was as rational as he could be as he pushed Harry's legs apart further, smeared his fingers with the greasy ointment and pressed them into the cleft of Harry's arse, probing, sliding into him with one finger, then two, leaning forward over the body which moaned softly under him as he worked him open, worked him slick, nearly snarling into the boy's ear, "Just try to stop me, why don't you. I'm going to fuck you so deep you won't dare die of anything else but me, and so hard you're never going to forget who owns your life, you bastard."

He put his hands on Harry's hips, holding him hard against the mattress, and pressed the head of his own weeping cock into Harry's greased arsehole, penetrating him with a sudden dearth of mercy, forcing his way in until his own hips were pressed tight against the boy's buttocks, gasping, panting, even before he started thrusting, so blind with need he couldn't even remember to look for reaction in the face and the muscles and the skin underneath him, he was going to break himself on that body and the devil could take them both if he were so inclined, and he was already starting to cry out as he pulled back and thrust in, a slow building cry that would not stop except for the breaths that punctuated between each build in pitch, and he drove in and out in short excruciating thrusts and then he felt Harry's muscles clutch at him, holding him deep inside, and that was it, it was all over, and he fell atop the one thing he wanted most in the world as he spurted within him, thinking that he was anointing and defiling and marking this splendid mortal creature as his now and for all time, and no force could ever take that from him.

He kissed Harry's face, his own eyes closed now, not caring just now what _expression Harry had, only kissing and murmuring something over and over, many somethings, sliding his arms around that back, fingers spread as if he wanted to count the bones under the flesh...

...and arms slid around him in return, and he heard the choked cry: "Draco..."

--and Draco moaned, and lifted his face, unable to see clearly for the tears that were welling up, but even through the salt water blur he could see the greenness that were Harry's irises, blinking at him through his own saline haze. "Oh-- my god, Draco, you..."

"Harry--" He kissed the drowning green circles below him, or tried to; the involuntary descent of Harry's eyelids meant he got wet lashes brushing his lips, which was the most ecstatic feeling of his life, and he clung even tighter to Harry's back, his shoulders, crying, "Don't you ever do that again, you idiot, you crazy bastard, you stupid, stupid..." He lost the rest in his sobs.

Harry was crying aloud into Draco's hair, sobs of breath like orgasm all over again, and Draco heard him say, "How... how could you do it? For me?"

"You stupid fucker, how can you be asking me that question?!" Draco had to shake Harry all over again for that one.

"Draco... oh, my god, Draco, I -- I killed your father!"

Draco lifted his face and stared. "Who... who was about to kill me, you stupid bastard!"

Harry just stared back, huge-eyed and _expression sick with horror.

"Is THAT was this was all about? Oh, my GOD!" Draco all but screamed. "You thought I could never forgive you for that? And that's why you didn't want to live?"

"I had no idea if you could ever be that fucking RATIONAL about it, yes!" Harry all but screamed right back. "I killed him and I would have killed you! He might have been ready to do it but so was I! Goddammit, I DID! If I couldn't have saved you you would have died right along with the rest of them!"

"STUPID, crazy, do-gooder fucker of a hero, I should throttle you right here and now! Oh, my GOD!" His mouth descended on Harry's, over and over, repeating between furious kisses, "Stupid..." and "Idiot..." with a few accusations of "Hero..." thrown in for good measure.

And finally Harry, still crying, was kissing back just as furiously, his arms twined around Draco's neck, until Draco at last fell silent, gasping, too breathless even to kiss anymore, unable to do anything but hold Harry in return as they lay weeping, Draco finding himself shedding tears for his father for the first time since his death.

At last Harry said something, and Draco said, "What?" and Harry repeated it: "I heard you."

"When?"

"When you said what you did."

"When I--"

And Draco remembered what he had said, had murmured, in the moments after he had come, kissing Harry and momentarily not noticing if what he'd said was for Harry's benefit or not, the words completely unedited and spontaneous and unvarnished reality.

And Harry clutched him and whispered, "Me too."

Draco moaned and pushed his lips against Harry's neck, knowing at last what bliss truly felt like, and completely blown away by how sweetly painful it was.

They held each other, their breathing deep hitching inhalations that finally, finally began to slow, until Harry said at last, "It's so dark in here... Is it night?"

Draco looked up, honestly bewildered. He couldn't remember. "No..." he said, looking around. "The blinds are all drawn, but I think it's day."

Harry kissed his lover. "Open the blinds, please, love. I want to see daylight."

-fin