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Name: The Challenge of being a Veela's Mate
Author: Triola
Chapter 1 to 24

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Chapter: 1

Title: The Challenge of being a Veela's Mate

Author name: triola

Category: Romance

Sub Category: Humour

Rating: T

Summary: Harry wakes up looking like a girl, Draco is possessive, yet oddly cuddly, Hermione squeals like the girl she is, and Pansy is rather likeable. A tale of a Veela and his mate. Or was it a mate and his Veela? Slash HPDM. Pre OotP.

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Author notes: This story is silliness incarnate, except it's not incarnate at all, since it doesn't have any flesh. But you know what I mean. This story has no plot. Nope, none whatsoever. It is over twenty chapters of complete fluff. It is also filled to the rim with Veela story clichés, badly timed sarcasm, and out-of-character-ness. You have been warned.

Warning: ***!SLASH!*** Oh, and do read the author note.

Chapter 1 – Pain. Of the excruciating kind.

I remember it like it was yesterday, it was a warm and humid summer night. The moon was half full, and beneath it I could hear the ever-annoying chirping of the male crickets. In Privet Drive everything was dark with the exception of one window on the first floor of house number four. Yes, you guessed correctly, *my* window. A person passing by might have thought that it was just another insomniac lying awake on just another summer night, but if he did think that, he would be seriously mistaken. Because the insomniac in question wasn't just another insomniac, it was in fact me. And the night in question wasn't just any other summer night, it was the night before my birthday. And it is this very night, at five minutes to midnight, that my peculiar story begins. "Damn, I'll never get this right!" I muttered under my breath while crossing out yet another line from the paper in front of me. I was lying on my stomach underneath the bed in my room, trying desperately to finish the seven foot long essay Professor McGonagall expected us to do over the summer vacation. Leave it to Professor McGonagall to assign us such a lengthy paper. Anyway, you might be wondering why the so called hero of the wizarding world was lying *under* his bed, as opposed to *on* it, and the answer is really quite simple.

I learnt early in my career as an underage wizard that if I wanted to get any of my homework done over the summer, I had to do so without my family noticing it. In the beginning, I had thought it would be enough to just do it at night in my room, but after the time Aunt Petunia noticed the light seeping out from underneath my door, I realized that maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all. I was severely punished for engaging in 'freakish activities', and if that's not enough, she efficiently stopped me from doing any more of my homework in the near future by removing my light bulb. It's just my luck really, in all the time I have known her she has never been even remotely smart, but the minute I'm actually being productive and doing my homework, she suddenly acquires a brain and decides to remove my light bulb. *My* light bulb! The nerve!

However, newly acquired brain or not, I could only be stopped for so long. Before the week was over I had begun to do my homework in the bathroom, using my nonexistent vanity as excuse for the long hours in there. This was a rather brilliant solution, if I can say so myself, but in the end my cousin found out and ratted me out. Bloody git. It led to Uncle Vernon locking the bathroom door before he went to bed every night, keeping me from my much needed light source.

Unfortunately for the Dursleys, a wizard as dedicated to his schoolwork as I am will not be kept away from his homework under any circumstances, especially since failing to do them would land me in detention with Snape, so within the next two days I had come up with yet another answer to my problem. I stole Dudley's old nightlight and camped up in front of it every night. I had also come up with the brilliant idea to lie underneath my bed so that if my aunt ever woke up she wouldn't notice the light. And who said Harry Potter was stupid, eh?

This was of course, as you might remember, the situation in which I found myself the night I'm starting my story. It was mere minutes to my birthday and I'd given up on the transfiguration essay in favour of counting down the last three minutes until midnight. I could tell it annoyed the living daylight out of my owl.

"Two minutes and twenty three seconds left, two minutes and twenty two seconds left, two

minutes –" Well, you get the picture. Of course, it is only to be expected that a teenage boy is rather exited about his birthday, and though Hedwig most certainly would have hacked me to a slow and painful death had she been able to get out of her cage, she would in time forgive me. Against her better judgement, she always did.

Now the seconds were passing by quickly and soon I reached the point where I, to Hedwigs great relief, only had a few seconds left. I was positively beaming by this point, and I'm sure had I lived in the seventies I could easily have outshone a disco ball. People always do tell me I have such a brilliant smile. "Three, two, one –" I was saying, but as I was about to utter the last number, the one indicating that the clock was indeed twelve and my birthday had indeed started, I doubled over in pain.

And it wasn't just any kind of pain either, it was the whole Oh-My-God-I-Think-I'm-Going-To-Die-This-Has-Got-To-Be-Worse-Than-Childbirth kind of pain. Of course, only men have ever been known to experience this exact kind of pain, since women usually have the pleasure of actually going through childbirth, but all the same, I was in pain. Much pain. I know people say that the Cruciatus is supposed to be about the worst you can get, but take it from someone who's been there, the Cruciatus is a ride in the park. I felt like the very blood in my veins was on fire, although I'll be the first to admit that it probably wasn't. Nevertheless, my eyes had rolled back into my head, my mouth was wide open in a scream, but still no sound came out. My whole body was convulsing, and I was bleeding profusely from every pore in my skin. If my aunt had chosen that moment to check up on me, I do believe, to my great satisfaction, that she would have fainted. I never do. Faint I mean. You would think that after that amount of pain a person would faint, but no, not the great Harry Potter. Yes, I did lose my consciousness and I was out for hours, but I did *not* faint. I'm rather proud of the fact.

Now, when I woke up an indefinite amount of time later, I found myself naked on the floor in a pool of blood. My clothes lay shredded around me; I must have ripped them off in my fits of agony. At first I didn't quite remember what had happened and thoughts of Voldemort and Death Eaters flew through my head. However, I pretty soon decided that although most of them were highly incompetent and undoubtedly crazy, not even a Death Eater would have left me there if he already had me at his mercy. No, it was quite clear something entirely different had happened. But I decided to shower first and ask questions later.

After a long and very pleasant shower, I emerged content and soaked to the skin from underneath the spray of water and proceeded to dry myself in a big, white towel. Usually I wasn't allowed to use the big, white towels, but whenever Aunt Petunia was out I took the opportunity to make an appearance in fluffy cloth heaven. It was the height of my week.

As it was, I was soon finished drying myself and I walked over to the mirror to brush my hair and possibly shave. I actually needed to shave at least once every month at that time, and I was rather proud of the fact. It showed that I was getting more and more manly by the minute. However, if I was expecting to see a man when I looked into the mirror, I was sadly disappointed. There, looking back at me from inside the glass, was the least manly man I have ever seen.

My eyes, which had once been slightly tilted and possibly green, were now incredibly large and definitely, without question, a deep, glowing sort of emerald colour. My eyelashes had also grown and were curled in a perfect, black bow that would make any woman's eyes just as green as mine. My hair, once wild and untamed, was now long and, dare I day it, *glossy* and it was falling down beneath my shoulders in a cascade of curls. My tan was completely gone, a shame really since I'd worked so hard on it, and had been replaced by a pale, smooth colour that turned rosy in the cheeks. My mouth was small like it had always been, but instead of the thin lips I used to have, I now had pink pouted ones. Had I been narcissistic I might have tried to kiss myself, they looked very kissable. My body had luckily not changed much, but it looked even more fragile than it used to and I didn't look as angular anymore. All in all, there was only one thing to say about my change in appearance –

"Holy mother of Merlin, I look like a bloody girl!" And with that I did not faint like a bloody girl, but lost consciousness in the manliest way possible. And I think I hit my head on the way down too.

To be continued… dun dun dun.
Now, what do you think? Worth the read? Completely crap? Something in between? Do tell.

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Chapter: 2

Authors note: Thank you for all the wonderful reviews, I don't think I've ever gotten as much feedback on any of my stories before! And certainly not on the first chapter! But before we get to the story, I thought I would clear up a few things for a person who called themselves "sbkar". No, it was not night when Harry went to take a shower, so Vernon had not locked the door. You see, after losing consciousness Harry woke up an "indefinite amount of time later", which actually means it was way past morning. Sorry if I didn't make that clear enough.

And for everyone else that is reading this story, I would like to apologize for any spelling or grammar mistakes you may come over. It is human to err, and not only am I human, I'm also Norwegian, which means my knowledge of the English language might not be the best. However, I do try to write as correct as I can, but some oversights will appear. Do bear with me.

Now, another little comment to this chapter is that the story is pre OotP. You might wonder why, and it's because I love Sirius too much to have him dead. He will make an appearance in this chapter, bringing along our all-time favourite werewolf, Remus Lupin. The two of them are what we might call a couple, but if you don't like that pairing, don't despair. They're not a big part of the story, and the fact that they are together will only be mentioned in the passing by, not described very deeply or anything. Uhm, yes, I think that was all I had to say for now, let's move

on to the story, shall we?

Chapter 2 – An ex-convict and his werewolf.

Upon waking up in the bathroom, I didn't at once remember how I had gotten there, but when I did, I groaned in frustration. As many of you might know, I had for a long time been the smallest boy in my year and this, obviously, annoyed me to no end. Before the summer vacation I had finally experienced one of the much fabled 'growth spurts' and was now standing at an impressive 5'6. When I first noticed it, it was the happiest day of my life. Well, except maybe the time back in fifth year when Sirius was freed of all charges and Aunt Marge's dog Ripper died of blood clot a week later. I celebrated for a month after that one. Anyway, back to the growing. I had, as I said, grown quite a bit the last year. Quite a bit after my standards that is, and I was thrilled. Then I woke up one morning and from going one step forward, I had suddenly gone two steps *back*. To say that I was less than pleased would be an understatement. And I also knew exactly what to blame for my abrupt change too.
Magic.

This strange force had taken it as its personal task to screw up my life, and I had no doubt it was the culprit behind this horrible occurrence as well. I mean, how many Muggles wake up one morning suddenly looking more feminine than Gilderoy Lockhart in a frilly dress? No one *I'd* ever heard of, that's for sure. Fortunately, most things magic are wont to be reversible, and that was the straw of grass my drowning self was clinging to. A way to change me back. And luckily, I knew just the person to contact. Sirius Black.

Ever since my not-as-criminal-as-everyone-thought godfather, Sirius Black, was freed of all charges concerning the murder of thirteen Muggles and the wizard Peter Pettigrew, who was in fact very much alive thank you very much, he had done everything in his power to be as big a part of my life as possible. He showered me in gifts and bad advice and he even had a house bought out in the country so that I could come live with him. Unfortunately Dumbledore vetoed that idea due to something about security wards, but suffice to say, my godfather was dealing with major guilt problems and would do anything for me. It came in really handy at times.

When I left Hogwarts to stay with the Dursleys Dumbledore had said I would be able to visit Sirius after my birthday, and keeping the last few hours in mind, I made the wise decision that the day of my birthday was after my birthday enough. I desperately needed to get away to someone who could tell me what was going on. Of course, I hardly expected Sirius to be able to tell me anything, the poor bloke hadn't laid eyes on a book since the day he went to prison, but as luck would have it, Sirius didn't live alone. Oh no, he was happily engaged in a partnership with the love of his life, Remus Lupin. And Remus knew a thing or two or ten about everything it was necessary to know about. And a couple of other things too. My point being, Remus could help me. And Sirius, well, Sirius could cook. Or not. Uhm, Sirius could, well, sit in a corner and look pretty.

Anyway, after making the decision to flee the Dursley residence, I made my way over to my

room to send Hedwig with a letter to Sirius. I had just let her out the window when the most peculiar thing happened to me. It was as if I was suddenly flooded by *feelings*. *Feelings* that weren't even mine. I felt sadness, agony, confusion and impatience, all rolled into one. They weren't especially strong, but it still made me freak out. You would too if you suddenly felt a rush of emotions you didn't recognize having felt in the first place. I at once put it on my to-ask-Remus list together with the painful experience the night before and the change of appearance. Oh, and the score of the last Cannons game.

The rest of the afternoon I spent packing, unpacking and repacking again in a sort of mad ritual. Yes, I know it sounds stupid, but I just couldn't decide whether to put my books easily accessible on the top of the trunk, or on the bottom where I wouldn't have to look at them for the rest of the summer. A nasty dilemma, I assure you, but they ended up on the bottom. I had, after all, already done my transfiguration essay. Or most of it anyway.

After what seemed like an eternity of packing, I was ready to go and was sitting expectantly at the bottom of the stairs. I had gotten a letter from Sirius saying they'd pick me up at five o'clock sharp, but it was already five minutes over. Drumming my fingers against the wall, I furrowed my brow in irritation. "Where is that blasted godfather? If he's not here in ten minutes, I'll –" but fortunately for him, Sirius chose that exact moment to ring the doorbell. I slammed the door open and threw myself around his neck in a bone crushing hug. "Took you long enough!" I mumbled against his shoulder.

"Sorry, green eyes, Remus was driving and we got stuck in traffic." Sirius laughed and held me close.

"Hey!" exclaimed our favourite werewolf indignantly. "Are you implying that it was my driving that got us stuck?"

"Well, if you *had* gone a little faster we wouldn't –" But what they wouldn't we will never know, because I chose that exact moment to dislodge myself from Sirius, and he stopped talking in favour of doing a great impression of a fish on land. "Damn Salazar to all hells! What in the name of Circe happened to you!"

"I was hoping *you* could tell *me*," I grumbled, feeling slightly annoyed and even more self-conscious than usual.

"You, you, Gods Harry, you look like a bloody –"

"Girl, yes, I know." I growled, my face probably showing just how pleased I was with that particular change.

"It's not so bad, Harry," smiled Remus. Trust Remus to try and make everything better. "You certainly look different, but different is not necessarily bad. I happen to think you've turned into a very beautiful young man, isn't that right Sirius?" He nudged Sirius hard in the ribs, and after shooting the werewolf a nasty glare the black haired man nodded.

"Of course you don't look like a girl, Har! I mean, you certainly have certain male attributes, and though you do have a bit more curves – ow! Remus, stop hitting me! Damn, now, as I was saying, you look a bit more curvy, but in a very male way. Ehm, you still have a flat chest, broad shoulders and all the muscles you're supposed to, you just don't look as, eh, sharp edged and defined as most other guys. You're kind of more soft. Uhm, but that's a good thing! Totally, I always wished I looked soft. Oh, and plenty of guys have long hair and pouted lips and long, dark eyelashes. Don't you worry, there's nothing girly about you at all. Not a thing."

Of course, at this I raised a very sceptical eyebrow and I was rewarded a slight blush from my darling godfather. He really should work on his lying skills, I *knew* I looked like a girl, there was no need to try and soften the blow.

"Ok, so maybe you do look a *tad* bit girly, but I'm sure we can fix it and turn you back in no time! You just leave it to ol' Pads and Moony, they'll get the job done." Sirius said, grinning a bit for the effect of it.

"Absolutely, Harry, we'll find out what brought on this change. I do think it is rather fascinating myself. Did it happen abruptly, or over time?" added Remus.

"Well, seeing as I didn't look like this yesterday, I would say it happened rather abruptly."

"Ooh, that's interesting. And the night of your birthday too, did you notice it happening or did you just wake up like this?" Remus' eyes were lit up with curiosity in a way I had seen only in one other person, Hermione.

"Oh, I felt it alright. It hurt like bloody hell." I shuddered a bit at the memory of the night before.

"Pain, you say. Remarkable. And have you noticed any other changes? I mean, not physical ones?"

"Well, now that you mention it, after I had written that letter to you guys the strangest thing happened. I was overcome by these feelings that didn't belong to me. Almost as if I was feeling someone else's emotions. Weird, eh?"

"Hm, yes, very peculiar indeed, but I have a suspicion as to what might have happened to you. I'll have to check it out though. Maybe if I look in *Powers You Never Knew You Had and What To Do With Them Now You've Wised Up*, and then cross-reference with *Important Modern Magical Discoveries* and *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* and maybe then…" Remus continued mumbling book titles to himself and Sirius shook his head despairingly.

"Now you've gone and done it, you've gotten him into research mode," he sighed deeply. "He'll never rest until he's solved this mystery of yours. Well, it's nothing to do about it, come on, kiddo, let's get you home. Remus will sort this mess out." And with that he led the way to the car, closely followed by a very relieved me.

To be continued… or, in cool, abbreviated form… TBC. Yeah.
Eh-neh-waaaay, will you review my story if I ask nicely? Pretty please?

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Chapter: 3

Authors Note: Aww, all the prettyful reviews warm my little author heart. Thanks a bunch, the whole lot of you! Even those of you who haven't reviewed, but are still reading this story. Now, I don't really have much to say before this chapter, except that Draco will not appear until chapter six. But it's not all that long, so I'm sure you can wait. Now, here you are, chapter three.

Chapter 3 – Can you say "Veela"?

When we reached the house, fittingly enough baptized 'the Dog House' by an overenthusiastic Sirius, Remus at once disappeared to the library while Sirius helped me unpack. It was sort of a godfather/godson bonding tradition of ours, the unpacking. I would be the one to do the actual unpacking, and Sirius would lie on my bed and talk about nothing and everything, depending on his mood. We'd been doing this every vacation since Sirius was freed.

That particular day, we were of course discussing my abrupt change in appearance. Sirius was adamant in his opinion that someone had hexed me and that if he ever found the bastard, he would kill him, then resurrect him and force him to reveal the name of the curse so he could use it on Snape. They were still quite childishly clinging to their old feud, despite having had years to get over it. Nothing like me and Malfoy who had gone from randomly hexing each other to intelligently insulting and sophistically cursing each other into oblivion. Nah, not really, but we'd cooled down a bit over the years, and that was at least something. Anyway, as I was saying, Sirius kept insisting I'd been hexed and I, out of some kind of misplaced loyalty, felt the need to defend Dumbledore's wards and say that no one could possibly have snuck by them to hex me. In the end, we decided it was only one way to settle this. By asking Remus.

And it was on that mission we ventured out of the safe haven of my room, and into the dangerous wilderness of the western wing, more precisely, the library. We located our victim in the furthest corner behind the dustiest bookshelf, where he was absorbed in a thick book by the name of *Humanlike beasts and their mates*. "Harry!" he exclaimed without even looking up from the book, making Sirius rather miffed. He'd hoped to for once be able to sneak up on Remus and scare him. He should have learnt by now not to try and best a werewolf with superhuman hearing. The stupid mutt. He didn't get a chance to comment on it though, because Remus instantly continued. "Don't get too excited, but I think I've figured out what happened to you!"

Don't get too excited, that was easy for him to say. He wasn't the one stuck in a body worthy of the 'drag queen of the year' award. If I wanted to get excited, it was *my* choice.

"You did? Oh thank you, thank you, thank you, Remus! You're the best of the best, the king of kings, the ruler of the world! I looooove you! When can you turn me back?" Ok, so maybe I did get a little *too* excited, but you can't really blame a bloke when he was in my predicament.

"Now, stay calm down, Harry," said Remus. "I said I found out what's wrong with you, not how to cure it. As a matter of fact, I don't believe it is curable at all."

Way to bring a guy back to earth. Here I was, looking like a flat-chested version of Miss Universe, and some lunarly challenged maniac tells me I can't be changed back. You'll probably believe me if I told you I wasn't happy. As a matter of fact, I was a lot less than 'not happy', I was pissed! Who did he think he was, finding out what was wrong with me and then not finding a cure? He was supposed to know everything, dammit! Stupid werewolf.

After running out of the room to scream at the top of my lungs in the hallway, I came back and asked calmly. "WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN I CAN'T BE CHANGED BACK!" Ok, so maybe I didn't ask as calmly as I might have wanted.

"Well, Harry, you got a very special present for your birthday."

"Present, what do you mean *present*?" I glowered at Remus, but my glare just bounced off him and set fire to one of the curtains.

"Uhm, you might want to sit down for this one." He ran a hand through his hair and I smirked inwardly. A nervous gesture! He wasn't completely immune to my glare after all! Harry Potter: 1, Remus Lupin: 0. Ha! Feeling generous, I did as I was told and sat down in one of the chairs nearby.

"Well?"

"Ah, yes, well, you see Harry, it's like this, you are the lucky mate of a Veela." He looked at me as if this was supposed to say me something and I raised an eyebrow at him. "Uhm, you *do* know what a Veela is, right?"

"Nope," I flashed him a toothy grin and I could see him roll his eyes at my lack of knowledge. Remus did that quite often when around me and Sirius. Sirius had this theory that someday his eyes would roll back into his head and disappear forever. We'd been playing up our stupidity to see if it was true.

"Well then, let us start at the beginning then," sighed Remus and started reading from the thick book in front of him. "*The Veela are magical beings of incredible beauty, mostly found in the Slavic countries. Their appearance can vary somewhat from individual to individual, but on the*

whole most Veela have light blond hair and blue or grey eyes. They use their beauty to attract other creatures, and release a hormone called the 'Veela Allure' that makes them nearly impossible to resist. To this day the only known remedy against the Veela Allure is the Selby potion, more commonly known as the 'Veela Resistance', invented by Professor C. A. Selby in 1877. While it is a well known fact that Veela can attract almost anyone, few know that most Veela have a chosen mate. Their mate can be just about any creature, as long as they have certain human traits and a well developed brain. There is one exception to this, and that is the half Veela. A Veela of, for example, human blood will only be able to have a human mate, while one that is half dwarf will only have a dwarf mate. This is because the side of them that is not a Veela often resists a mate of another blood, and resisting his or her mate over a longer period of time increases the Veela's chance of dying before the 'bonding ceremony' is complete."

"What do you mean dying?" I asked, rather interested despite my best efforts not to be.

"The Veela cannot live without their mate, and will die if the mate refuses them, or if they are unable to perform the bonding ceremony."

"What do you mean, *bonding ceremony*?" I was getting a little apprehensive by this point.

"Well," Remus scanned the page in front of him before finding what he was looking for. "*The bond between a Veela and its mate has four stages. The first is called the '*pursuit*' and is where the Veela seeks out his or her mate by scent, sight and feeling. The next stage is called the '*acceptance*', and that is when the mate accepts the bond to the Veela through a kiss. The third step is called the '*courting*', and within this stage the dominant in the relationship will feel compelled to court the submissive one. The last and final stage is often referred to as the '*bonding ceremony*'. It is not a ceremony per se, but merely the final bonding between the two mates. This happens through sexual intercourse, in which both parties will have to willingly participate.*"

"Sexual intercourse!" bellowed Sirius, deciding to join the conversation. "My Harry will not be having sexual intercourse with some hormone driven Veela, thank you very much! In fact, when he decided to have sexual intercourse, it will be called *making love*, and it will be with a sweet, young girl that he has been engaged to for four years *at least*! And he will wait until after –"

"Uhm, Remus…? Why don't you read a bit more?" I interrupted, blushing furiously. Having my godfather discuss my sexual life was not something I appreciated at that particular age. Eh, make that at any age.

"A brilliant idea, Harry, let's see…" Remus dived into his book again. "Yes, yes, "*Inheritance"*, that sounds interesting, here goes: *Another little known fact about the Veela is that they do not necessarily come into their inheritance at their sixteenth birthday, like most other magical creatures. No, when the Veela gets their inheritance depends on their mate. If the mate is older than the Veela, he or she will get their powers when turning sixteen, but if the mate is* younger *than the Veela, he or she will get their powers on their* mate's *sixteenth birthday. This little safety precaution is to make sure that when the Veela gets their powers and feel compelled to seek out*

their mate, the mate will not be underage. "

But being interrupted had never been known to stop Sirius, and he continued as if nothing had happened. " – after they have set the wedding date, because my godson is not some kind of slut! When he finally decided to *make love,* he will be a responsible young man, well over thirty, with a good job and a stable life. His fiancé, no scrap that, he waits until he's married, so, his *wife* will be a respectable woman from a good family, and not some kind of sleazy, perverted Veela! They will – "

At this I started banging my head against the table. Hard.

"Sirius," chided Remus. "Stop that this instant, I think you have gotten your point across."

" – will be very much in love, so much in fact that Harry has to save his wife from mortal danger and they reunite in a fountain of sparkles with serenades and moonlight all around, on a bridge over a small pond where the fairies play along the surface and the stars are reflected in the water and –"

I think I had developed a bump on my head by this time.

" – and then their lips meet in a kiss so sweet it is perfect bliss, and she moves her hands up to entwine them in Harry's hair, and he has his hands on the small of her back, holding her for dear life, afraid he might loose her once again, and she, in a moment of complete trust and beauty, smiles blushingly up at him before taking his hands and moving them to her velvety soft chest, where he slowly starts unbuttoning her dress – "

"SIRIUS BLACK!" yelled Remus, bringing him out of his reverie. "That is quite enough."

"Oh, sorry, I'll just, eh, go get you guys some sandwiches, yes, sandwiches coming right up!" And with that Sirius fled the room down into the kitchen.

Remus shook his head over his impossible lover, then turned back to Harry. "What more do you want to know?" he asked.

"Well, there is one thing, when you talked about the bonding, you mentioned 'submissive' and 'dominant'? What's that all about?"

"Oh, I'll look it up, just a second, yes, here it is: *In a relationship were at least one of the parties is Veela, there is always one submissive and one dominant. Between full-blooded Veela, the male is always the dominant while the female is submissive. In the rare occurrence of same sex relationships, the dominant one will be decided by the magical strength of the two. The stronger one obviously dominating the weaker. In relationships where only one individual is of Veela blood, the Veela will always be dominant due to their unrivalled magical strength. The only known exception to this is if a weak female Veela mates with a very strong male Seraph."*

"Well, that's all well and good, but what makes you think *I'm* the mate of a Veela?" I asked, hoping beyond hope that this would be the one time in his life Remus was mistaken.

"Something I read here somewhere, let me see," he sought through the book until he found what he was looking for. "Aha! Here it is, listen up: *What very few are aware of, is the fact that when a dominant half-Veela gets their inheritance, not only do they change appearance, but their mate does as well. This is in order to please the dominant Veela, and the submissive often ends up looking just as beautiful as the Veela themselves. If the submissive is a male, he will often acquire more female traits, such as a smaller body and softer features.*"

Sighing heavily, I sank further back into my chair and started chewing on my lower lip. I knew it was too much to ask for Remus to mistaken. He never had been before, well, with the exception of thinking Sirius the spy of course. "So you're saying that somewhere out there, there is a Veela who needs *me* to survive?"

"Well, it sure seems that way, Harry." Answered Remus.

"And this Veela is quite possibly a male and will be the dominant one in our relationship?"

"Yes, although, looking at your appearance I would say the Veela is *definitely* a male."

"And this, this *guy*, he's the reason I look like this?"

"You could say that," Remus nodded.

Glaring at no one in particular, I growled out. "When I find that blasted Veela, he's dead!"

CWT…. continued will be… heh.

Oooh, and reviews make me überly happy, so make my day and review my story! Puh-lease?

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Chapter: 4

Authors Note: La vie est belle, and so are you guys! I am very fond of the lot of you, and you couldn't even imagine how happy all your lovely reviews make me. Really, checking my mail each day and seeing all the reviews just send me straight into pink-cloud-floating mode. Now, for the one who wondered how tall Harry is (can't really remember who it was, meh), I think I said in chapter two that he is 5 foot 6. Yeah. That should be about 168 cm, for those of you who use that kind of measures. Yep. And I think I should tell you right away that I've already written twenty chapters of this story, so any requests for things you want me to write will be rather futile.

Oh, and last but not least, *sbkar* is officially my new best friend. He/she said my writing reminded him/her of that of jennavere, and really, that just made my day. She is one of my favourite fandom authors, and I could never imagine a bigger compliment. Thank you so much! That said, here is chapter four.

Chapter 4 – Leaving for school

The days after our little chat in the library, I spent most of my time doing research with Remus. Hermione would have been proud. I soon found out that the *feelings* I'd experienced on my birthday were the feelings of my mate, and that he would also be able to feel *my* emotions when they were particularly strong. I also discovered that a male Veela could get just about anyone pregnant.

Including me.

Joy.

Normally a gay wizard would have to take an insane amounts of potions to be able to get pregnant, but no, not Harry Potter. Harry Potter is such a special boy, let's give Harry Potter a Veela mate so that he can bugger Harry Potter up the arse and then Harry Potter can go about spouting hoards of blond-haired children like another good little Veela housewife.

Shoot me now.

Well, as you can probably make out, I wasn't too pleased with the outcome of things. While most people in the wizarding world thought it very lucky to be the mate of a Veela, I was of an other opinion. Oh, don't get me wrong, I could definitely see the romantic aspects of the whole deal, I hadn't spent the last six years of my life around Ginny and Mrs. Weasley for nothing. The Veela would always love his or her mate unconditionally, and shower them with presents. It was the rosy red dream of any witch, but no matter how much I might look like one, I was *not* a witch! And in my mind, the downsides greatly outweighed the advantages.

One, I was expected to bond with a complete stranger, or else said stranger would die. Two, I looked like a bloody girl. Three, I would have to go through the whole pregnancy ordeal. Four, I looked like a bloody girl. Five, well, there wasn't really a five, but number four counted at least three times. I looked like a bloody girl!

You might be wondering why I was so much against looking like I did, I was after all still male. A small male with long hair and pouted lips, yes, but still a male. Well, the fact is that looking like I did hurt my male ego. I had some pretty strong ideas about what a real man should look like, and girly was not one of them. No, a man was tall, he had broad shoulders, a strong chin and fierce eyes. I know, it sounds a bit stereotypical, but sharing room with Seamus and Ron will do that to you. And I had been living with them for *six* years. No wonder I was screwed up.

Anyway, as I was saying, there were certain ways a male ought to look, and I looked none of them. Not that it had been much better before, but then at least I had the hope that I would grow into something remotely masculine. And I had short hair! True, it was wild, untidy, completely uncontrollable and a real pain in the neck, but it was short! Now my hair was past my shoulders, as flowing as a river in springtime and blatantly refusing to be cut. And trust me, I'd tried.

The second day in the Dog House, Remus had taken me to a hairdresser and I got a rather nice haircut, if I can say so myself. The next day my hair had grown out again. We tried again, this time with Remus doing the cutting, but the next day it was its old, curly self. After that Sirius brought out the big guns. We tried cutting, sawing, slicing, burning and pulling. Nothing worked. In the end we had to admit defeat, and Remus taught me how to tie my hair back with a cord, and how to braid it should that be necessary. I now make a rather mean French braid.

At any rate, life was a bitch and by the time September 1st popped around I was getting mighty sick of it. Come school start, I would do everything to stay out of everyone's way and donate all of my clothes to SPEW, because surely, that would make up for whatever hideous deed I'd done to deserve this? It had been a month since my abrupt change, and although I had stopped jumping a foot into the air every time I walked past a mirror, I still had not accepted it. If anything, it was the opposite. Remus had tried convincing me that I looked ok, but for each day I spent looking like a girl, I came up with a new way to kill my mate. Slow ways. Painful way. *Really* painful ways.

I had just come up with a new method involving shocking amounts of maple syrup, a garden gnome and a fairly sharp wall ornament, when I was brought back to earth by the voice of one Remus Lupin.

"Harry, we're here! Aren't you exited to get on the train?" Excited? I've known history classes I was more excited to go to. "I know you've missed your friends, since you didn't get a chance to spend time with them this summer. But think about it this way, now they'll have all sorts of interesting things to tell you from their trips to Romania and Greece!" Oh, joy. Listening to Hermione talk about all the ancient stone she's seen, it's the height of my year! "And you can tell them all about your ma –" at my angry glare, Remus quickly changed what he was going to say. "About your mad, mad godfather and his horrible partner!"

Snorting, I shook my head. "Nice try, Remus. I know what you were going to say, '*tell them about your mate, Harry*'. Well, I guess I have to, Hermione will find it out anyway, but I'm *not* looking forward to it. And don't think I won't find a cure for this thing, because I will!"

"Of course you will, green eyes," smiled Sirius patronizingly from where he was unloading my trunk.

After that comment, I sulked for the rest of the walk to platform 9 ¾, although not many could see it, because I had made sure the hood of my cloak was completely covering my face. A sort of safety precaution you might say. The last thing I needed was someone noticing my new

appearance and commenting in it. Sirius was bad enough, but if one more person made a wisecrack about me looking like a girl, there would be pain. Lots and lots of pain of the excruciating, highly illegal, much used by Dark Lords sort.

"Now Harry, promise me you'll behave this year," said Sirius sternly when they reached the platform and it was time to say goodbye. "No sleeping in your bed when you could be sneaking around the castle at night, no listening to the Prefects and absolutely no doing your homework instead of pranking Slytherins! Have I made myself clear, young man?"

Laughing, I nodded my head. "Crystal," I answered, even giving my godfather a hug for good measure.

"Oh, don't listen to that lunatic," chided Remus, also getting a hug from me. "Do your homework, be nice and polite, don't bother Madam Pomfrey too much and don't kill your mate."

"Spoilsport," Sirius and I muttered simultaneously, then grinned at each other before I grabbed my trunk and made my way towards the train. "I'll see you guys at Christmas, right?"

"Of course! And if Albus finds he needs the expertise of an ex-convict and his werewolf, we might stop by sooner too. And if not, you'll be getting letters! And sweets and all sorts of other things you're really not allowed to have, but that I will smuggle to you under Remus' nose, without him noticing it!" Sirius ranted, waving like a maniac. Remus only raised an eyebrow and sent me an amused look. We both knew that Remus would most definitely notice it if Sirius tried to smuggle me anything, but Sirius would pout and whine until Remus caved in and pretended not to notice to make the other man happy. It was an everyday occurrence in the Black/Lupin household.

Waving one last time, I made my way onto the train and found myself an empty compartment. By choosing one in the back of the train, I hoped beyond hope that I would be so lucky as to be left alone for the entire ride. However, unfortunately for me, having a mad Dark Lord after you year after year, being entered in the Triwizard tournament at the age of fourteen, and suddenly waking up one morning looking like a girl does not indicate much luck.

"You can depend on TBC"… dun dun dun… heh, sorry, I just always thought TBC sounded a lot like a TV channel… you know, like CNN, or BBC or something like that. Uhm, yeah. Review? I'll smile very prettily if you do.

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Chapter: 5

Authors Note: Hehe, just because I feel like it, I will now quote Sally Field. "You like me, you

really like me!" Hah, the silly woman. But anyweh, you like my story, you really like my story:D Heehee, I can't believe the amount of reviews I'm getting, really, it's mind-blowing. I just feel like I can fly, you know. And I mean without the help of wings, airplanes or hallucinogens. Yep, that's how completely insane you guys make me feel. Be proud, I sure as hell am.

Chapter 5 – Meet Brainy and Stupid

My luck lasted for exactly seven minutes and forty-two seconds before it was thrown out the window. And the pitcher was none other than our favourite redhead.
"Harry, mate, there you are! Me and 'Mione have been looking for you all over the train, good thing I noticed it was you inside that cloak, eh?" Ron grinned widely, and I sighed in defeat. I my cloak could not stop them, nothing would. "Why you wearing that cloak anyway? You cold?"

"Cold? What do you mean cold? Are you cold, Harry? Do you have a fever? Maybe you should lie down a bit," came the voice of Hermione Granger from behind Ron.

"It's ok, Hermione, I'm just a bit chilly. Nothing to worry about." I said as reassuringly as I could, but I suspect it didn't sound very reassuringly at all. I needed to work on that.

"But you should at least take the hood down," reasoned Ron, and I shook my head frantically.

"No!"

"But why ever not?" asked Hermione.

"Don't want to."

"Don't be silly, Harry." And with that she broke the universal cloak rule, and drew back my hood. The nerve. I would have thought 'no' was a rather easy answer to comprehend, but nooo, not to Hermione. And she's supposed to be the smartest witch in our year, I'm not going to think about what that says about the rest of us.

"Hermione, I told you no!" I yelled and tried to cover up my face, but alas, it was too late. Or at least I assumed it was by Ron's fish on land impression and the fact that Hermione actually, for once in her life, looked truly surprised.

"Harry, you look… you look… wow, I mean, you look…" spluttered my bushy haired friend, and I sighed glumly waiting for her to say the G-word. But although the word she said next did start with a G, it was not the word I had been anticipating. "Gorgeous!"

Gorgeous? What did she mean gorgeous? I looked at her in disbelief. "*Gorgeous*, what do you mean *gorgeous*! I look like a bloody *girl*!"

"Oh, no, not at all! You look like a boy to me, it's just, you're so cuuute!"

It was official, Hermione had finally gone off her rocker. I blame overdosage of library dust. Turning to look at Ron, I asked. "Don't tell me you've gone completely bonkers too? You can see that I look like a bloody girl, right?"

Obviously not very comfortable disagreeing with Hermione, she had a nasty habit of snapping people's head off, Ron hesitated a little before nodding slowly. "Yes, and now that you'd finally grown a bit too, damned unlucky."

"*Thank you*! See 'Mione, I don't look 'gorgeous', I look like a girl!" I said with a triumphant nod.

"Well, I'm sorry if I inflated your male ego, but honestly, did it ever cross your mind that males and females might have a different view on things? It doesn't matter if you guys have a thing about being real tall and having big muscles, I'm telling you, every girl in the whole school will find you utterly adorable! Well, ok, maybe not *every* girl, but more than enough. You had a lot going for you with that cute lost-puppy-look you had before, but with this new one, I promise, you'll be mothered like you've never been mothered before in your life."

Lost-puppy-look? Oh no, now she was going too far! I did *not* look like a lost puppy! So maybe I was a bit small and I had big, green eyes and a constantly confused look about me, but that did not qualify to lost puppy! I was about to come with a biting retort, but Ron stopped me. "Don't mind her, mate. Let's get to the important part, what in the name of Merlin *happened* to you?"

"It seems that when I thought my life couldn't get any worse, Murphy's Law kicked in. Apparently, I'm the mate of a Veela." I sighed dejectedly, letting the puppy case go for the sake of wallowing in my own misery.

At that Ron's eyes got, if possible, even wider than they had been when he'd first seen me. "It's always you, isn't it?" he sighed and I was about to nod eagerly, happy that someone was agreeing with me, when he continued. "Bloody lucky bastard, not only are you rich and famous, you have the bloody love of a bloody gorgeous Veela." I looked at him in disbelief. Did he actually think this was a bloody dance on roses, or was he just stupid? Before I could figure it out, he continued. "Do you know who she is? Is she someone we know?"

"Uhm, Ron? How much do you know about Veela and their mates?" asked Hermione tentatively, and I understood that *she* at least had made the connection between my looks and the gender of my mate. That was why she was the smart one.

"Dunno, not much I guess, why?" And that was why Ron was the stupid one.

"Well, judging from Harry's somewhat *softer* appearance, I'd say we don't know who *she* is." Hermione said, her voice filled with heavy hinting. Ron however, only looked confused. "*She* is not someone we know, because of Harry's more *female* features," she tried again, but Ron only looked more lost. "Oh Ron, get a clue!" She snapped finally. "Harry's mate is a male!"

At this I could have sworn Ron's chin dropped all the way down to his chest, if not further. He looked wide eyed between Hermione and me, as if not completely grasping what she had said. After what seemed like hours he finally pulled himself together and asked cautiously, "A male?"

I shook my head yes. "Yeah, me and Remus have been looking into it, and that's the only explanation."

Taking a few minutes to let it sink in, Ron finally nodded. "So, a boy. How do you feel about that?"

I was a bit startled by the question, and who could really blame me? This was decidedly not the temper tantrum I had expected on Ron's part. Obviously he had matured a bit over the summer. If it hadn't been for the angry, red splotches on his cheeks and the way his left eye kept twitching, I would never have guessed he wasn't completely calm. "I don't know," I answered hesitantly. "I'll need some time to think about it, it's, well, a bit unnerving to tell you the truth. But I think, well, I don't think I mind all that much," Really, I'd been happily gay inside my little broom closet for quite a while now, *of course* I didn't mind! "I've had some time to think about it, and I think I'd like to have someone love me unconditionally. You know, love me just for me, not because I'm Harry Potter or the Boy-Who-Wouldn't-Bloody-Die, but just because I'm Harry and because Harry is perfect for that person." Damn. The female appearance came with a soppy side.

"Oh, Harry!" Hermione said gently and enveloped me in a big hug. "I think if anyone deserves the absolute love of a Veela, it's you. You've been through so much," Well, when you put it like that… "And if he ever as much as thinks about hurting you, I will rip his bowels out and feed them to the giant squid before tearing his head off and stomping on it."

I was rather impressed by her speech, I didn't know she had it in her. Death threats and all, it was really rather sweet. "Thank you, 'Mione, but I don't think that will be necessary. That's part of its charm, isn't it? That he can't hurt me without hurting himself even more."

At this Hermione smiled brightly and nodded. "Indeed it is, and if, despite this, he still manages to hurt you, all you have to do is refuse him and his Veela side will do the killing for us!"

At this Ron came with a scandalized "Hermione!", but the bushy girl only laughed and smiled more brightly.

"No one hurts one of my boys," she said simply, and I couldn't help but feel happy that I was back with my friends, fiercely protective or not.

There once was a youngster named Stu
Who simply refused to review
His computer broke down
And the next day he drowned
So let that be a lesson to you
Yes, listen to the limerick, people. The limerick knows best.

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Chapter: 6

Authors Note: Draco, Draco!

Uhm, yes, this is the chapter Draco makes his first appearance… if you didn't guess that already.

Chapter 6 - Mine

We sat in companionable silence for a little while, but of course, as silences are wont to do, it ended rather abruptly. I was just sitting there, minding my own business, when suddenly the *feelings* were back. I'd felt them every now and then since my birthday, but it had never been anything like this. Up until now they had been weak, just a trickle of emotion in the back of my head, but this time they flooded my mind in waves upon waves. I felt happiness, pain, impatience and longing, and they never seemed to stop. As through a haze I saw Hermione screaming something to Ron, but I couldn't grasp what she was saying. All I could do was *feel*. Happiness, pain, impatience and longing, over and over again. It was rather like a broken record when I think back on it.
I don't remember falling to the floor, but when the *feelings* suddenly disappeared, that was where I found myself. Hermione was sitting bent over me, holding my hand, and Ron was standing by the door, ready to run for help if necessary. When you're the best friend of Harry Potter, you quickly learn how to run for help.

"I take it he's on the train?" Hermione asked, and I looked at her in confusion, not understanding what she meant. "Feelings, that's what happened, right? You felt his feelings?" I nodded my head yes. "I thought so, and for them to have been as strong as this, he would have to be close. And seeing as we're on a train in the middle of nowhere, I would bet just about anything he's on the train with us." My eyes widened as I understood what she was saying. My mate was on the train! Oh bloody hell. "And not only that," continued Hermione, and I got the distinct feeling that I wasn't going to like what she was about to tell me. "Since the change was on *your* birthday and not on his, he has to be older than you, and that narrows it down to our year and the seventh

years. The *pursuit* has started." And Harry Potter was proven right once again. I was so hooking up with Trelawney the minute I got to school.

At her words I felt a chill go down my back. I had spent most of my summer reasoning with myself that while I might be the unlucky mate of a Veela, the chances of said Veela living anywhere near me was rather slim. I mean, really, how unlucky would I have to be for my mate to actually be someone I knew? I had decided that while he spent the time looking for me on the other side of the world, I would spend my time getting used to the whole idea. In my mind, I'd *have* the time to get used to the whole idea. But if Hermione was anything to go by, and she usually was, the *pursuit* had already started and that meant that I was one unlucky bastard. Dammit, I wasn't ready for this!

As if reading my mind, Hermione patted my hand reassuringly. "I'm sure if you ask him he will take it slow, he won't do anything you're not ready for." She said, smiling down at me. I must admit, I did feel a bit better. The git was supposed to love me, wasn't he? If I wished to take it slow, he'd probably be all for it. Probably.

As you might have noticed, there was no doubt in my mind I would end up with the blasted Veela. In the beginning I'd toyed with the idea of refusing him, but as I thought about it I came to the conclusion that I could never do that. Although I badly wanted to. It was one thing to insult someone I didn't like, but to deliberately kill a person just because they couldn't help loving me? No, it was out of the question. After all, I did have a reputation to uphold.

Ron, having the intelligence of a flobberworm, did not understand what Hermione was talking about. "What do you mean 'something he's not ready for'?" he asked, making me blush and Hermione tsk.

"Ron, while I have no doubt sex is the only thing *you* think about, *Harry* has never even kissed another person before and might not be as willing to jump into bed with a complete stranger as you would," she said disapprovingly. Yes, Hermione, do go and proclaim my virgin state to the whole school, why don't you?

"Sex? What has sex got to do with… Oh." Ron instantly turned beet red and blinked several times. It looked very curious. "So you mean he has to…? Oh." Oh indeed. "But they're both blokes! How is that even possible?"

As Hermione proceeded to give Ron a lecture on gay sex, I took the opportunity to flee the compartment. I was quite sure my face would stay permanently red if I had to listen to another word of their discussion. Alas, Hermione's curiosity didn't stop at the Goblin Wars, and Ron, well, Ron was just Ron. The two of them and Seamus had spent many a night in the common room last year talking about partners, previous partners, experience and other things like that. Hermione had surprised quite many with the things she and Krum had been up to. To my virginal ears the word 'sex' was as good as taboo, and my knowledge of the castle's hallways rapidly increased that year.

Now I was walking silently down the train, looking out for any people I might know. Neville and Ginny was usually a decent pair, and Luna, although rather blunt at times, was at least better than Ron and Hermione. Unfortunately, I found none of them. I was about to admit defeat and return to my compartment, when I heard the most peculiar sound. It sounded almost as if someone was screaming at the top of their lungs behind a badly done silencing charm. It was sort of muffled, but I could still hear every other word. It was something along the lines of "Must find… need… must have… so close…mate." It was the last word that made me stop and really listen. Someone on the other side of that door had said the word *mate*. Knowing my luck, it wasn't a coincidence.

Now, any person with a shred of self-preservation would have bolted down the corridor the minute they heard that fatal word, but not Harry Potter. No, Harry Potter once again did the stupid thing, and reached for the doorknob. The door slid silently open, and the scene that met me was one I would never in a hundred years have thought I'd see.

There on the floor, thrashing and turning, lay none other than Draco Malfoy. He was being held down by Crabbe and Goyle, struggling against them to get free. Behind him sat Pansy Parkinson and she was desperately trying to shut him up and make him listen. "You can't get your mate right now!" she yelled, turning his face so that he had to look at her. "I won't let you jump some complete stranger until we know exactly who we're dealing with! It's for your own good, Dray!" Hm, forcing people to listen and restraining them for their own good, wouldn't surprise me if Parkinson one day ended up as headmaster. She certainly had all the qualities down.

"No!" snarled Malfoy, trying to bite Pansy's hands. "I need him, must have him, let me go!" He launched upwards and Crabbe grunted with the effort it took to hold him down. For one moment it looked like he was about to make it, and I gasped before I could help myself. Suddenly four pairs of eyes turned to me, and everything was dead silent. My eyes locked with Malfoy's and for a moment the world seemed to stop. He was panting and his lips were slightly parted. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes glazed and his blonde hair falling messily down his forehead. I had never seen anything more beautiful in my whole life.

"Mine," he whispered, and suddenly the spell was broken. I turned on my heels and ran down the corridor, slamming the door closed behind me. All the while that one word kept ringing through my head.

Mine.

Mine.

Mine.

Mine.

Heeheehee. Wanna know a little secret?
Promise not to tell anyone?

Dun dun dun… the only reason I write a Veela story at all, is so that I can have Draco all in love and possessive from the beginning! Genius, yeah? -beams-

Now, this story will of course be continued, can't really stop there, now can I? Though, it would be fun to see what you guys would say if I actually *did* end it here. Uhm, or maybe not. I don't really have a death wish. But anyway, reviews are more than welcome! Hint hint.

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Chapter: 7

Authors Note: -squeals- I honestly can't believe the amount of reviews I'm getting! It's crazy! And people are saying this is such an original story, and I'm just shocked, because in reality it's just a little thing I decided to write one time I was bored, and it doesn't even have a proper plot, and, oh, I just love you guys! -happy authoress sigh- Now, there is a bit more Draco in this chapter, just don't expect too much from the poor bloke. He's possessed by evil little Veela hormones that feed on his capability to think, and leave him with nothing left except the ability to drool -nods-

Chapter 7 – What do you mean, *move in*?

When I returned to the compartment, I found Hermione and Ron still to be in deep conversation. However, I must have looked a mess because they both turned to me and Hermione instantly started fretting.

"Harry, you look like you've seen a ghost!" she exclaimed and Ron looked funnily at her. "Muggle expression," she explained and shrugged, making Ron once again shake his head over 'those eccentric Muggles'.

"No ghost, *mate*," I stuttered incoherently and I could see comprehension dawn on the face of Hermione.

"Oh dear," she sighed then patted the seat next to her. "Come, Harry. Sit down here and tell Hermione all about it." I could only nod and oblige. "Come on, love, tell Hermione what happened. Did you see your mate?" I nodded my head yes. "That's a good boy. Now, is he someone we know?" Again I nodded. "Can you tell me his name?" Here I shook my head forcefully. "Do you *know* his name?" Another nod. "Is it Seamus?" Shake of head. "Dean?" Another shake.

Here Ron decided to suddenly acquire a brain, and for the first time in my memory, he thought of something Hermione had not. "'Mione, aren't Veela supposed to be really beautiful and have

blond hair and grey eyes? From where I'm standing, Dean looks anything but blond and blue-eyed."

"Oh, of course! But who do we know that are unnaturally blond with blue-grey eyes and incredible beauty?" She thought for less than a minute and came up with the answer I'd been looking for all summer. "Oh no," she whispered. "Harry, is it Draco Malfoy?"

Sometimes, she's entirely too smart for her own good. I hesitated a little, then shook my head frantically. Unfortunately I've always been a horrible liar, and even Ron could see through my poor attempt. And really, that meant it was *bad*.

"DRACO MALFOY!" he bellowed and glared angrily at me, as if I had chosen him myself. Which I feel the need to point out that I hadn't.

"Well, it does make sense, I guess," mused Hermione out loud. "There has always been something between them, and really, how big is the difference between hate and love?"

"BIG!" roared Ron, finally throwing the temper tantrum I'd been expecting all along. The only good thing about it was that it brought me out of my stupor, and I was able to think clearly again.

"Calm down, Ron," I said, making the universal 'calm down' motion with my hands. It didn't work. Total rip off.

"I WILL NOT CALM DOWN, YOU TRAITOR YOU! MINGLING WITH THE ENEMY LIKE THAT, HOW DARE YOU?"

Now, it is one thing being upset because your best friend is bound to mate with your worst enemy, but calling said best friend a traitor, that is a whole other case. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'TRAITOR', YOU BLAST-ENDED SKREWT! IT'S NOT LIKE I CHOSE HIM!"

"OH, DIDN'T YOU NOW? HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW THAT? MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN FANCYING THE FERRET SINCE SECOND YEAR, EH? HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW?"

Uh-oh, now that was *definitely* going too far. Ron was going down. "RON, THAT'S JUST STUPID! YOU KNOW I WOULD NEVER FANCY MALFOY WILLINGLY!"

"ARE YOU CALLING ME STUPID?"

Hm, let me think about that for a moment. Yes, I believe I am. "YES!"

"OH, THAT'S JUST PRECIOUS COMING FROM YOU, YOU… YOU… YOU TRAITOR!"

"I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO CALL ME TRAITOR, YOU BACKSTABBING SON OF A BANSHEE!" I was trying to develop a method of putting someone on fire by only looking

at them. It didn't work.

"ARE YOU INSULTING MY MOTHER?"

"Oh, for the love of magic!" Hermione sighed exasperatedly and hit both me and Ron on the back of the head. It really hurt.

"WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR?" Ron and I yelled simultaneously before turning to glare at each other.

"That was because the two of you are acting like children. Calm down, punch each other and let us discuss this rationally. Like *adults*." She stressed that last word, appealing to our mutual wish to be seen as grown ups. I had the decency to feel ashamed at my behaviour. But not before I had landed a pretty nasty punch somewhere in the general area of Ron's nose. Damn, it felt good. Of course, I got as good as I gave, and I would probably get a brilliant black eye by the next day. "That's my boys, now, have you let out some steam?" We nodded. "And you are ready to discuss this rationally?" We nodded again. "Marvellous, now, let us hear Harry's side of it first, then we'll hear yours, Ron. Ok?" We both nodded and I started talking.

"First I would like to make it very clear that I did *not* chose Draco Malfoy as my mate. As a matter of fact, up until today, I did not know who my mate was. Now I know, but it will not change my opinion of this on any level. I will still go through with it and give it my best. Yes, even though he is Malfoy. Why, you ask, well, because otherwise he will die." Here Ron snorted something that sounded suspiciously like 'so what?', but I went on unfazed. I was on a roll. "I will not have another life on my conscience. Oh, and there are advantages. Since he is the Veela in this relationship he can't help loving me, and that means he can't fight me. And he can't fight you either, because that would make me unhappy. So, in theory, he'll have to play nice."

Here Ron perked up. "You mean I can insult him all I like, but he can't say anything back out of fear of hurting you?"

"Well, yes, in theory." I nodded.

"Oh, well, in that case, congratulations! When is the wedding?" Ron beamed at me and before I could stop myself I was beaming back. Maybe having some control over the Slytherin Ice Prince wasn't such a bad idea after all. If I played my cards right, this would be a dance on roses. Although, I didn't have a habit of dancing on roses. But if it improved your dancing skills, who was I to complain? And if everything went as planned, I'd have the most gorgeous guy in school wrapped around my little finger. Huh. I was beginning to like the sound of this.

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When we got to Hogwarts I did my best, with the help of Ron and Hermione, to avoid Draco Malfoy. I knew that eventually I would have to face him, but eventually didn't need to be now. It could be later. Or a week from now. Or even a month. I was hoping for a month. Unfortunately, I

hadn't expected that Malfoy would involve the teachers. But he did. Well, maybe not him, I highly suspect it was Parkinson seeing as Malfoy was a shuddering bundle of Veela hormones and Crabbe and Goyle only had half a brain between them. But anyway, *someone* got the brilliant idea to involve Snape in this madness. And he of course, involved Professor Dumbledore. The result was that ten minutes after arriving at Hogwarts, I found myself in the headmaster's office, drinking tea with Malfoy, Parkinson and Snape. The goons had been left behind.

"Lemon drop, anyone?" asked Dumbledore from behind his desk, his eyes twinkling like mad. I suspect the situation amused him.

We all declined politely, and some not so politely. Here I would have to say 'Snape' in between two coughs. I have never quite understood his relationship with Professor Dumbledore, but most of the time they acted like father and rebellious son. Had I not found it utterly revolting, I might have thought it sweet.

"Ah, your loss," beamed Dubledore and took one for himself. "Now, I understand we have an important matter to discuss, is that not so?" Parkinson and Malfoy nodded and the Professor continued. "Ah, yes, Mister Malfoy, why don't you tell us all what is going on?"

Malfoy was really in no state to tell anything at all. He was looking at me with this burning light in his eyes that, to tell you the truth, rather freaked me out. The only thing that kept him in his chair was Parkinson's death grip on his arm, and it was also she who answered for him. "Draco has always known he was a Veela, and on the 31st of July this year, he came into his inheritance. Since then he has felt compelled to seek out his mate, but up until today he has not been able to find him. As you can see, he is getting rather desperate." And the understatement award of the year goes to… Pansy Parkinson!

"Is that to say that Mr. Potter here is his mate?" asked Professor Dumbledore, his eyes now blinding me with their incessant glimmer.

"Yes," confirmed Parkinson, as if we all didn't know that already. *He* looked bloody gorgeous, *I* looked like a girl, it didn't take a genius to figure out.

As if reading my thoughts, which, when I think about it, he probably did, Professor Dumbledore turned towards me. "And I take it you had already figured this out when you saw Mr. Malfoy on the train?"

"Yes, Sir." Well, maybe not *completely,* but I was getting there.

"And will you be refusing the bond?"

I hesitated for a slight second, but when I saw the anxious look on Malfoy's face I sort of felt sorry for him. "No Sir, I will not." Malfoy's happy expression did not make my heart flutter. It did not. Nope.

"Wonderful!" Professor Dumbledore exclaimed and clapped his hands together. "Now that the *pursuit* has started, I take Mr Malfoy will not want to be too far away from his mate, is that not so, Ms. Parkinson?" Parkinson nodded in affirmation. "Then I will have some special arrangements prepared for the two of you. Am I correct in assuming Mr. Malfoy has his own rooms?" Parkinson nodded again. "And they have their own entrance down the hall from the Slytherin common room?" Another nod. "Splendid! I will have an additional room added to his quarters and Mr. Potter will move in immediately."

Had I accepted one of those lemon drops, I would be choking on it. "Move in!" I spluttered, gaping at Professor Dumbledore.

"Yes, Harry, move in." he positively beamed. "Mr. Malfoy will feel physically ill if he spends too much time away from you, therefore you will have to share accommodations. And I also think that for him to function normally again, the two of you will have to spend some time together in the near future."

I felt like banging my head against the desk. I would have too, if it hadn't been for the fact that I was too stunned to do anything at all. I had figured we would take this whole thing slowly, but moving in together? That was as far from slowly as it could get. Thankfully, I didn't have to think, because Parkinson took the opportunity to ask a question.

"Professor, what about their classes? Will they have to take all of them together?" Ooh, good question, Parkinson!

"Ah, a very good question, Ms. Parkinson," Dumbledore twinkled. "Yes, they will. But seeing as Mr. Malfoy and Mr. Potter here has chosen pretty much the same classes, that will not be much of a problem. The only thing that will cause a problem is Mr. Potter's Divination versus Mr. Malfoy's Arithmancy, but I am sure we can come up with something, seeing as we are all reasonably bright people." Yeah, we can drop Divination, really, I don't mind.

"Why don't they go alternately? I mean, they both go to Divination one week, and then to Arithmancy the next?" Parkinson suggested, surprisingly enough making quite a lot of sense.

"A brilliant suggestion, Ms. Parkinson! Is that acceptable with you, boys?" Malfoy was in no state to do anything but drool at me, so I nodded for the both of us.

"Wonderful, wonderful," declared the headmaster. "I take it this has been solved satisfactorily on all parts? Mr. Malfoy?" Malfoy gazed longingly my way, and the headmaster obviously took it as a yes. "Mr. Potter?" I nodded. "Well then, that's settled. Severus will you take I upon yourself to refill our supply of the Selby potion? I suspect we will need it. And Ms. Parkinson, after the feast, will you show Mr. Malfoy and Mr. Potter to their rooms? Marvellous, now if that is all, I think we have a feast to attend, eh?" And with that Professor Dumbledore rose and swept out the room, closely followed by Snape.

Now listen up people, I have an idea! I mean, there are a hundred and ten people who have this

story on their story alert list. Now, what would happen if all those people were to review? Hmmm? Wouldn't it be nice to find out? You know, just as a little experiment -cough- Erm, yeah, and by the way, next chapter will be up tomorrow, if all goes as planned. Yep.

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Chapter: 8

Authors note: Aww, people people, I know Draco seemed a bit too daft in the last chapter, but that's just because he's been a whole month away from his precious mate! Let's think of it as a disease, and Harry as his medication. Obviously, the longer he's off the medication, the worse he gets. And the more medication he takes, the better he gets and the more in control he'll be. Get it? Draco will be back to his own coherent self within days, trust me.

Oh, and some of you have been complaining that my chapters are a bit short, and I admit it, it's true. But I really don't think I'm capable of writing long chapters! I have tried, really I have, but it didn't work, so I gave up. But I do try to make up for the lack of length by updating every day, and it's not all that bad, is it? Short chapters, but quick updates?

Oh, and to answer the questions from two of my reviewers, no, this story will not be mpreg, nor will you see a wedding in it. I think it is a bit too early for that while they're still in school. Buuuut, I'm keeping the possibilities open, in case I ever feel like writing a sequel -grins-

Chapter 8 – Of tea and kisses

After the two Professors had left, the rest of us sat in silence for a while. I took the time to study my mate. I hadn't noticed it before, but he had changed over the summer. Almost as much as I had, but as opposed to me, although I hate to admit it, he had changed to the better. He now stood at an impressive 6'2", his shoulders were broad and his muscles well-defined. He still hadn't changed into his school robes and his Muggle attire was impeccable, the black dress pants clinging in all the right places and the white shirt hugging his chest. His pale skin showcased a finely chiselled, handsome face, and his eyes seemed to shine with an inner glow. With his silvery hair hanging in his eyes, there was no way around it, Draco Malfoy was stunning. Incredibly so. The only bad thing I could find about his transformation was the fact that he was surely too big to continue to play seeker. A shame really, he'd been the only real competition I'd ever had.
Suddenly I was brought out of my musings by the Parkinson girl. She was standing in front of me, blocking my view of Malfoy. How rude. "Hello, my name is Pansy Parkinson," she said, holding out her hand. I hesitated for a slight second, before deciding that with Malfoy as my mate, I would need all the allies I could get.

"Harry Potter," I shook her hand and flashed her a lopsided grin. "Pleased to meet you," Now, that wasn't entirely true, I had met her a thousand times before and it had never been pleasant, but hey, what's a little white lie on the big scale of things? And if we were starting over, we might as well do it properly.

"Harry Potter?" she exclaimed with fake surprise. "Surely not *the* Harry Potter?" I had to give it to her, the girl could act.

"The very one," I nodded, playing along for her sake.

"Oh, what a surprise! I insist you call me Pansy. After all, we're as good as *family* what with you bonding with my Drakey pooh." I couldn't help myself, I *had* to laugh. I mean honestly, Drakey pooh? It was hilarious!

"Then you must call me Harry," I said after finally managing to cease my laugher.

"Oh, we must have tea!" She cried, clasping her hands together. That did it. I fell over in fits of laughter again. The mere idea of Harry Potter having tea with Pansy Parkinson was so absurd it was almost believable. And just for that, I really *had* to have tea with her. Just to see the look on everybody's faces when I told them.

"Indeed we must!" I exclaimed, also clasping my hands together. "How is this Saturday for you? Around two?"

"Why don't we make that two thirty? Yes? Fabulous, I will meet you outside the Slytherin entrance, hmmm?"

"It's a date," I said and we both toppled over in laughter over the absurdity of the situation.

Suddenly we were interrupted by someone growling loudly next to us. Turning around, I found myself face to face with Malfoy. "Pansy, darling," he said in a dangerous tone. "You are not making dates with my mate, are you?"

Pansy shook her head. "No, Draco. We're just having tea. Just tea."

Malfoy's eyes were steely and I could have sworn his nails had gotten longer. "Good, because I wouldn't want anyone stealing my mate, now would I?" He looked about ready to attack anyone who came in his way.

"Of course not, Dray!" exclaimed Pansy, unconsciously backing away from the jealous Veela. Being the chivalrous Gryffindor I was, the sight of a damsel in distress made me jump right into the conversation.

"Malfoy, calm down, I said I'm not going to refuse the bond, so I'm not about to date anyone else." Malfoys attention suddenly turned to me and I found myself backed up against a wall. I

barely resisted the urge to gulp.

"Are you sure?" hissed the Veela, his hand reaching up to slowly trail the length of my throat.

"Positive," I answered, my voice breaking. Having a jealous Malfoy tracing my neck was doing weird things to my lower anatomy. If I hadn't known better, I would have said I was turned on.

"Good," he said then placed a chaste kiss on the corner of my mouth before turning around and stalking out of the room. I had to take back my previous statement, I *was* turned on. Damn.

Pansy sent me a knowing look before heading for the door as well. "Are you coming, Harry?" she asked. "Wouldn't want to miss the feast." Not trusting myself to speak, I nodded and followed her out.

When we reached the Great Hall, everyone was already seated. It was halfway into the sorting, and I took the chance of sneaking in just as 'Deville, Wilhelmina' was sorted into Slytherin. The moment I sat down I was ambushed by Ron and Hermione.

"How did it go?"

"What happened?"

"What did Dumbledore want?"

"Was Malfoy there?"

"What did he want?"

"What took you so long?"

Getting a tsk noise and an angry glare from Professor McGonagall, the two of them suppressed their questioning somewhat. It gave me the time to actually answer them. "Good, not much, talk, yes, I don't know, I was talking to Pansy."

I could see Hermione was rewinding back to the questions to see what I had answered, but Ron looked plainly confused. I decided to help him out and tell everything that had happened.

" – and then he kissed me and walked out, and me and Pansy followed him." I ended, looking expectantly at my friends.

"He *kissed* you?" hissed Ron, trying very hard to keep the volume down. He wasn't doing a very good job.

"What, is it so hard to believe that someone would kiss me?" I was mildly affronted. The idea of me not being kissable was absurd. To your information, I was the most kissable guy in school,

courtesy of my newly acquired pouted, pink lips. This girly look was thankfully good for *something.*

"Harry, I don't think that's what Ron meant. Try something more along the lines of *Malfoy kissed you*!" That was when it fully hit me. Malfoy had kissed me. *Malfoy* had *kissed* me! My eyes turned very wide and I think I might have blushed. It was the curse of my complexion, easy blushing. And now I didn't have a tan to hide it either. Damn transformation.

"He *kissed* me!" I said, sounding surprised and, dare I admit it, slightly *dreamy*.

Hermione squealed.

Ron choked.

Seamus joined the conversation. "Who kissed who?"

"Malfoy kissed Harry!" gushed Hermione, sounding, for once, extremely girly.

"WHAT!" yelled Seamus, suddenly finding himself on the receiving end of one of McGonagall's death glares. "Sorry Professor," he muttered, then turned back to Hermione. "What?"

And then Hermione proceeded to tell Seamus the whole story, complete with girly appearances, Veela, chosen mates and the whole rest of the ordeal. I shut out her voice. It was a nifty little trick I learnt back in our fifth year, in the months before our OWL exams. You'll probably believe me when I say it saved my life.

I looked over to the Slytherin table, and for a minute my eyes locked with Malfoy's. We just looked at each other for a minute, and then he gave me a smile and turned his attention back to the sorting. I sat gaping at him. He had *smiled* at me. Not a smirk, not a sneer, but a real smile. A dazzling smile. A beautiful smile. And it was meant for me and me alone.

As 'Stapleton, Archie' was sorted into Hufflepuff, I felt a fuzzy feeling in my chest. And I knew, with the certainty of someone who has been hanging too much around Trelawney, that it didn't bode well for my resolve to take things slow with Malfoy. Damn his pretty smile to all hells.

-Sighs- I know I'm a real review fanatic, but please do bear with me. I just love reading them, they make me so happy! And it's wonderful when people tell me things I could do better and such, so yeah, the reviews are really an author's best friend. Buuut, since people, or one person really, has been complaining, I will not ask for any reviews for this chapter. Though, you're still welcome to give them, of course -grins mischievou

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Chapter: 9

Authors note: I'm so glad you guys like jealous Draco, because we will see more of him. Harry pinned to a wall will also reappear, have no fears. Now, I feel I should tell you that I have a penchant for portraits of silly, French vampires. I will say no more.

Chapter 9 – Wild rose

After the feast I said good night to my friends, and looked around the entrance hall for Pansy and Malfoy. I saw them standing by the stairs to the dungeon and I walked to join them as Pansy waved me over. None of us said anything, we just walked in silence, Malfoy staring at me as if he wanted to try something, Pansy staring at him to make sure he didn't try anything and me staring at Pansy to make sure she made sure he didn't try anything. To say it was a tense situation would be an understatement.

After we had walked past the blank stone wall I knew hid the Slytherin common room, we took one left turn and then Pansy stopped in front of a portrait of a beautiful woman. She was tall and stately with an air of superiority about her. Her face was pale and shaped like a perfect oval, surrounded by sleek, brown curls. Her eyes were so dark they were almost black, and they had a calculating glint to them. All in all she gave of the impression of someone you didn't want to get on your bad side. Which obviously mean I would have her on my bad side in no time.

"Lady Sanguina," Pansy curtseyed, and even Malfoy pulled out of his Harry-gazing long enough to give her a slight bow.

"Drrraco," she said, her accent sounding suspiciously French. However, it wasn't her accent that made me shiver when I looked at her. No, it was the fact that when she opened her mouth, I saw something that highly resembled fangs. Trust Malfoy to have a dark creature guarding his rooms. I would bet anything it was a vampire.

"Lady, this is," Malfoy hesitated for a second before continuing possessively. "*My mate*, Harry Potter. Potter, this is Lady Carmilla Sanguina, resident vampire and a close friend of mine." Vampire you say? My my, one point to Harry Potter.

"Oh, Drrraco! You 'ave found 'im! 'Arry, it iz *un plaisir* to finally meet you!" She exclaimed, practically bouncing up and down in her frame. All notions I ever had of her being dangerous or superior instantly flew out the window.

"Erm, nice meeting you too, Lady." I said, smiling hesitantly.

"Oh, izzn't 'ee ze sweetest little boy!" Pansy snorted in amusement and I felt more than a little indignant. Calling me a little boy like that, the nerve! Just because she was probably several

hundred years old it did not give her the right to call people 'little'. It was very rude.

"She takes some time getting used to," Pansy whispered out of the corner of her mouth, but the Lady heard her anyway.

"Panzy Parkinzon, I 'eard zat!" she cried and Pansy grimaced. I snickered.

"The password is 'Églantine'," She said quickly and the portrait swung open with Lady Sanguina yelling profanities in French. They didn't sound very pleasant and I could see Malfoy wince, so they probably weren't.

I looked around the room and was surprised at how nice it looked. Knowing Malfoy, I had expected something dark and gloomy like Snape's office, but instead it was tastefully decorated in warm greens. It wasn't a big room, but it was very cosy. It had three bookshelves, a fire place, two green armchairs and a very soft looking couch. The couch and the chairs were situated in front of the fireplace, with a table in between them. On the left wall were the bookshelves and also a small window. On the other walls were paintings and photos of different landscape scenes, and on the far side of the room were two doors leading to what I presumed were our respective bedrooms. It was all in all a very nice room, and not much different from something I could have decorated myself. I was impressed, although I would never admit it. My whole world might have been turned upside down, but there were still *some* things one didn't say to a Slytherin, and one of them were how nice his or her rooms were. I knew for a fact that it was considered a crime in some circles.

Suddenly I became aware of the fact that Pansy was slowly but surely edging her way towards the portrait hole. "And where do you think you're going?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

"I just thought I'd let you two have some time alone," she said mischievously and before I was able to protest, the portrait smacked close behind her. Cursing sneaky Slytherins to all hells, I turned to look at my new room mate. He was looking right back at me, and his eyes almost seemed to glow as he let them move up and down my body. He slowly licked his lips and took one step forward. I took one step back. Soon we were immersed in a weird dance consisting of him moving forward and me moving backwards. Unluckily, Malfoy was a much better dancer than me, in addition to having longer legs, and he slowly came closer and closer.

Desperately grasping for something to do, I asked a question that had been bugging me for a while. "What does the password mean?"

"Oh, never you mind," purred Malfoy, taking another step forward. Damn, my distraction tactic had failed. Looking frantically around for an escape route, I almost missed the look of pain that flitted across the blonds face.

"What's the matter?" I asked anxiously. "Are you in pain?"

For a moment the burning light almost disappeared from Malfoy's eyes, and he looked at me

desperately. "Harry, I think you should go," he whispered, his forehead glistening with sweat and his eyes glassy. The abrupt change from crazed Veela to distraught teenager made me feel very uneasy.

"I don't understand, what's the matter?" I said, getting pretty concerned despite my best efforts not to be. I mean, he was Malfoy after all.

"Gods Harry! Get away, please, I can't hold back much longer," he moaned, sounding if he was in deep pain. His eyes were shut and he was shaking uncontrollably.

"Hold back what? Tell me what's wrong, Malfoy, are you in pain?" Worried, I took one step closer to him and hesitantly lay my hand on his arm. That wasn't very smart. His eyes instantly flew open and he looked at me in a way that could only be described as feral.

"Don't say I didn't warn you," he growled and then he pounced. Before I knew what was happening I was lying on my back on the couch, getting the living daylights snogged out of me. I was too flabbergasted to move, and I kept thinking that I had been right, the couch really was very soft. After a while I started noticing that this was rather nice, and when Malfoy licked my lips, I slowly opened my mouth. He responded by instantly by slipping his tongue into my mouth and moaning loudly. It was really quite satisfying. Harry Potter, The-Boy-With-No-Experience, could make Draco Malfoy, resident sex god and all around player, moan with pleasure.

Highly encouraged, I tentatively brought my tongue up to meet his, wondering if that would have as big an effect on the other boy. I was not disappointed. Malfoy made a low, guttural noise in the back of his throat that almost made me beam in self-satisfaction. But what was even more interesting, was that as I continued kissing Malfoy I felt a tingle go through my body, starting in my chest and then spreading so that I was filled with a prickling sensation from top to toe. It was gone as quickly as it came, and I pulled back from Malfoy in surprise. The other boy was looking at me with a big grin on his face. For a moment that smile stopped all of my thoughts, but I quickly pulled myself together.

"Did you feel it too?" I asked.

He nodded and smiled, reaching out to tuck a lock of hair behind my ear. "That, my dear Harry, was you accepting the bond." He smirked at my surprised look, and I tried to remember what Remus had said about this. *The second stage is called the '*acceptance*', and that is when the mate accepts the bond to the Veela through a kiss.*

Oh.

"Are you ok with that?" Malfoy asked hesitantly, as if afraid of what the answer would be. I didn't answer at once, but thought carefully about it. Was I ok with that? I was surprised to find that yes, I was. I would still insist on taking it slow, but I didn't have a problem with having given him that one kiss of acceptance. He deserved as much having spent the whole summer looking for me. However Malfoy took my silence as something else and began apologizing. "I'm

sorry, I didn't mean to force you into anything, but I just couldn't help myself, I've been looking for you so long and then you were standing there and I wanted you so badly – "

Here I felt the need to interrupt him. "I'm ok with it." I said, smiling. It took him a couple of seconds to process what I had said, but when he did a big grin slowly spread over his face, making him positively glow.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Malfoy," I nodded. "I'm sure."

"Draco," he said suddenly and I looked confused up at him. "I've had my tongue down your throat, I think you should call me Draco." He explained, smirking when I blushed. But he did make sense, and I nodded in response.

"Draco," I tried, the word rolling easily off my tongue. Said Draco nodded satisfied and got up from his position straddling me. I got up as well, walking slowly towards the doors on the far side of the room. When I got closer I could see that one was labelled 'Harry Potter', and the other 'Draco Malfoy'. Making my way to the one with my name on it, I had just put my hand on the doorknob when I heard Draco's voice coming from one of the chairs by the fireplace.

"Wild rose," he said. "The password means wild rose." And as I walked into my new room, I could feel a happy smile spread itself over my face.

If you don't review, Harry will refuse Draco and Draco will die a horrible, horrible death, his heart literally breaking in two. Then Harry will marry Hagrid and, due to Hagrids giant ancestry, he will be able to impregnate Harry and Harry will have to carry sextuplets of double size for nine months, before pressing the lot of them through an impossibly tight emergency birth canal that shouldn't even exist because of his gender. And all his children will be born with beards and monstrous fur suits on. Oh, and orange ties -nods- Now, if *that* doesn't make you review, nothing will.

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Chapter: 10

Authors note: Yes, yes, I know it is a bit early for Harry to be kissing Draco, but really, what's a boy to do when he's trapped underneath a horny Veela? The choice was between lying still and kissing back, and lying still doesn't sound like much fun, does it? But, don't fret, for everyone who thinks I'm moving forward too quickly, I might reveal that we'll be moving backwards again soon enough. So enjoy the kissing while you have it, that's all I have to say.

Now, before I leave you to the chapter, I must say that there is one thing that scares me. And that is the amount of people that think Harry having Hagrid's sextuplets would be an amusing scenario -shudders- The mere idea freaks me out, and, to those of you who don't agree with the ones above, rest assured, this story will not change *that* drastically anytime soon.

Chapter 10 – Just a safety precaution

When I woke up the next morning I took the time to look around my new room to see what it looked like in daylight. It wasn't very different from the one I used to share with the boys up in Gryffindor tower, except it didn't have five beds in it, only one. It was a large four-poster bed, with a red canopy and red curtains trimmed with gold. Next to it there was a big closet made of dark wood, and on the wall opposite it there were two big windows, one of them with a desk underneath it. Both windows had the same view I used to have in my room up in the tower, which was slightly disconcerting when I knew I was actually *underneath* the ground. Oh the disturbing wonders of magic.
On the wall to my left there was a door leading to the bathroom, and I could hear the shower going so I knew Draco was already up. Waiting for him to finish in the bathroom, I started putting my clothes into the closet. The previous night I'd been too tired to unpack, so my things were still in the trunk next to my bed. I also filled the drawers in the desk with parchment, quills and ink, so that I was completely ready for all the essays we would be assigned now that school had started. Even thought I didn't expect to do very many of them properly, it was always good to be prepared.

I had just picked out the clothes I wanted to wear that day, when I heard Draco exiting the bathroom on his side. I padded through the door and proceeded to do my morning toilette. The bathroom was really very nice, much nicer than the one we had up in the tower, and it was decorated much in the same style as the prefect's bathroom up on fifth floor. Everything was brilliantly white, and there was both a bathtub and a shower. The bathtub was of course a lot smaller than the one in the prefect's bathroom, and it only had two taps, but it was still one of the largest I had ever seen. You could easily fit at least four people in there at the same time, and they'd all have more than enough space. Hadn't I been a blushing virgin, I might have noticed that it was more than large enough for to people to have some fun in. But of course, the child hero of the wizarding world is much too innocent to notice such things. Erm, yeah. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

I took a quick shower and tied my hair back before exiting the bathroom to get dressed in my own room. After my transformation most of my clothes were suddenly too big, so Sirius had bought me a whole new wardrobe. Of course, he hadn't been the one to pick it out. Sirius, despite being flamingly gay, had no fashion sense whatsoever. Unless you call purple robes so tight they left nothing to the imagination and a rainbow coloured belt charmed to sparkle like mad for fashion sense. I most certainly didn't. Luckily, Remus on the other hand, that was a bloke who could dress. He had been the one to pick out most of my clothes, and they were all decent looking and in plain colours that suited me. Most were dark colours, mainly greens, reds and blacks, but there was also the occasional blue and a bit of grey or brown. Today I had chosen a

pair of black slacks and a green sweater that complimented my eyes nicely. Yes, I know that sounded gay, but, as the future spouse of a Veela, I think sounding gay was the least of my problems. But of course, since the Veela in question *was* male, gay was also quite possibly the way I was supposed to sound. Especially since I was the submissive part of that union, and sounding gay actually means the same as sounding female. But back to the story.

When I walked out to the living room, as I had started calling it, Draco was already waiting for me. He was sitting on the couch reading something that looked like a potions book. Go figure. He looked up as I walked over to him, and his chin abruptly fell. I looked questioningly at him, but he only stared back. Feeling more than a little self-conscious, I reached up to twirl a bit of my hair. You see, there was one lock of hair that just wasn't long enough to go into my ponytail, and it often just hung in front of my ear. I had developed a nervous habit out of reaching up and twirling it around my finger, something Sirius teased me a lot about it, saying it was extremely girly. I suspect he was right, but I didn't much care. It was only another thing to add to the appearance.

After a while I couldn't take the staring any longer, and I almost screamed in frustration. "What are you looking at?" I exclaimed, looking confused at Draco. You would have thought I'd be used to people staring at me, but no such luck.

"You," he answered smartly, smirking slightly.

"Yes, I can see that. Is there something wrong with me, have I suddenly grown a second head?" I growled, not amused with his answer. I mean, hello, he could be a *little* more specific, thank you very much.

"No, but you did grow a fashion sense over the summer, you look good." He licked his lips and slowly let his eyes wander down my body, making me blush furiously. Yes, I *did* live by the belief that if I didn't blush at least ten times a day I'd end up looking ghastly pale.

"I, we, uh, we should go," I stuttered, turning my back to him so I wouldn't have to see him looking. Too late I realised that that was probably the worst thing to do, I could vividly imagine where his eyes were lingering now. Blushing even more, I made my way to the door, not waiting to see if Draco followed or not. As it was, he did, and soon we were walking the labyrinth of hallways that would take us to the Great Hall. More than once I had to run a little when Draco looked prone to jump me, but all in all it was a rather uneventful walk.

"I'll see you later," I murmured when we reached our destination, then I made my way over to the Gryffindor table. I was instantly attacked by a fierce something with bushy brown hair, which seemed intent on crushing me to death using only its arms. For a moment I felt sure suffocation was going to be the end of me, but then the something let go and revealed itself as Hermione.

"Harry!" she cried, guiding me to a seat between her and Ron. "How did it go? Did he behave? If he laid as much as *one* finger on you, I swear I'll –"

Laughing, I patted her arm reassuringly. "It was fine, Hermione. He was a perfect gentleman." Well, sort of anyway. He did pounce me and try to snog me to death, but really, Hermione didn't need to know that. For hers *and* Draco's sake. Mostly Draco's.

"He better have been," she grumbled, making Ron laugh appreciatively. "Oh, but Harry!" she exclaimed as if she just remembered something. Which she probably did. "How are your new quarters? Can we see them afterwards?"

"Of course you can, and they're actually shockingly normal," Hermione looked a bit upset at this, as if hoping the rooms would be horrible so that she could demand my removal.

I started loading my plate with food, taking the time to look around at the people around me. It was great to be back at school, but I couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong with the setting. Everyone seemed to be staring off into space, only, they were all staring the same way. Towards the Slytherin table and… I scowled deeply when I realised that the whole student body was staring at Draco. "Hermione?" I said, still letting my eyes roam the hall. "Why is everyone staring at Draco?"

"Oh, that is probably the Veela allure, you know, the attraction he sends out." She answered matter-of-factly.

"So they're all staring at him because they want him?" I could feel my stomach churn at the thought, it was really rather unpleasant. But I was not jealous, nope, not me.

"Well, yes," Hermione nodded.

"But why aren't you or I feeling it?" I asked, a bit confused.

The question was directed at Hermione, but it was Ron who answered. "Oh! That's because Hermione whipped us up a Veela resistance potion last night, so we're immune. And you, well, you're his mate so naturally you're not affected." But of course, why didn't I think of that? Because it is perfectly normal to whip up a seventh year potion after dinner each day, really, it's the new groove.

I nodded absently in reply, not really listening. I was too busy glaring at Millicent Bulstrode, who had her hand on Draco's arm and was fluttering her eyelashes incessantly. I practically growled when she leaned in to whisper something in his ear, and smiled triumphantly when Pansy smacked her above the head and took her seat. Go Pansy! I silently cheered, and smiled at her when she waved at me. 'Don't worry' she mouthed and winked at me, then turned back to Draco leaving me blushing. I wanted to tell her that she was all wrong, I wasn't worrying. Because really, the great Harry Potter worrying? Ha, what a joke! Glaring menacingly at anyone who got too close to Draco was just an extra safety precaution. Yeah, safety precaution.

When breakfast was almost over, Professor Dumbledore rose and cleared his throat. "If I could have your attention please," he said and everyone turned their heads, with great difficulty I might

add, away from Draco and towards the headmaster. "As some of you might have noticed, we have a half-Veela among us." Oh, you don't say? "This takes for certain precautions and every one of you will be expected to stop by Madam Pomfrey's office sometime during the day to receive the Veela resistance. We will know it if you didn't go, so please see to it that you do." Yes, do see to it that you do. "Thank you for your time." You're welcome. After all, it was for a good cause.

"You look happy," commented Hermione. "Any special reason why?"

"Nope," I grinned. "Just your normal back-at-school-with-potions-first-class kind of happy." But of course, Hermione being Hermione and bloody brilliant in general, she wasn't fooled.

"Uh-huh, and it has nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that after today everyone will stop staring at Malfoy?"

"Hermione, you wound me! Why in the world would I be happy about that?" I exclaimed, but the grin that spread on my face sort of gave me away. Damn.

"That's alright, Ron believes you, don't you Ron?" Hermione said, poking Ron in the ribs. The redhead jumped up from where he had been engrossed in his meal and sent a glare at Hermione before nodding.

"Sure I agree. Eh, what is it I'm agreeing to again?" Yep, it was nice to be back.

Ooh, we saw some jealous!Harry in this chapter! Can't have Draco being the only jealous one, now can we?
Now, it seems the more creative I am with asking for reviews, the more reviews I get! The only problem is that I'm really out of creative ideas… -sighs-

Hm… how about we make it a competition? The one who writes the review I like the most, will get to read the next chapter before everyone else? But of course, for that to work only people who aren't anonymous may compete, 'cause I will need an e-mail address… but we'll do it anyway! The one who writes the most prettyful review, gets the chapter a day before everyone else. Let the games begin! Dun dun dun.

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Chapter: 11

Authors Note: Ooooh, guess who wrote the last chapter to this story today? Yes, you guessed correctly, me! Uh-huh, the story will be 24 chapters when finished -nods- can't wait!

And, dun dun dun, the winner of my little competition was… Curalium Lacrimo. Indeed, it was. But now, without further ado… well, maybe a little ado, I think I should mention that this is possibly one of the shortest chapters I've written so far. Wah, sorry! But I will update quickly, yes I will! And *now*, without further ado, chapter 11!

Chapter 11 – The Potions Hallway (a place of dubious activities)

The rest of the day went on like normal, or, at least until we reached the hallway in front of the Potions classroom that is. I had been surprised to find that I had actually done quite well on my OWLs, and that I qualified for Professor Snape's NEWT class. I honestly don't know how I did it. Hermione had of course also qualified, no one had ever suspected otherwise, while Ron the lucky bastard had a free period now. I was a bit jealous of him, but I realised that if I wanted to follow my career plan, I really had to have Potions, so there was honestly no way around it. Unfortunately. Now, you might be wondering what my career choice was, and I can tell you straight away that it wasn't auror. No, after coming with Tonks to work one day I had decided that that was *definitely* not for me. Yes, catching bad people and dark wizards was all good and fine, but the paperwork and the constant vigilance was getting to me. In all honesty, being an auror looked like a dreadfully *boring* job!
It was after that realisation I went to talk to Hermione. I always came to Hermione when I was unsure of something, be it the History of Magic homework or just plainly what to wear. She was a well of good advice and both me and Ron knew how to take advantage of that. Of course, it wasn't really taking advantage when she wanted to be take advantage of, was it? Anyway, when I came and talked to her she was all counsel and squeals, telling me she had always known I wasn't meant to be an auror. No, I was too kind and helpful for that. She said she's done some research and that the best thing for me would be to study to become either a mediwizard or a healer. Or, if worst got to worst and I didn't have good enough NEWTs, just a plain old nurse. I could see she had given it a lot of thought, she even had diagrams.

After our little talk I actually, believe it or not, did some research. Yes yes, I know, 'insert gasps of disbelief here' and all that rot, but seriously, the library was actually full of books on healing and simple healing charms and the more I looked, the more entranced I became. It was really rather interesting, and I soon came to the same conclusion as Hermione; studying healing was actually not such a bad idea. I also interviewed Madam Pomfrey about her job on one occasion, and she said it was nothing as gratifying as working with children. That was when I decided I really wanted to become a Paedimagician. Which is really just the wizarding equivalent to a Paediatrician, or a children's doctor. And that meant I had to have at least an E in both Potions and Herbology, as well as Transfiguration, Charms and Defence against the Dark arts. Yeah, I was becoming something akin to a bookworm to achieve this. Ron teased me mercilessly.

But I digress.

It was the first day of classes and Hermione and I were just about to enter the Potions classroom when suddenly I felt something grab me from behind and drag me away. Unfortunately, or fortunately depending on how you see it, the person attacking me had put a hand over my mouth,

so no one could hear my loud and girlish screams. But if by some chance,someone *had* heard me, I would have claimed to my defence that my appearance must have affected my voice. Anyhow, I tried to fight, but my attacker was much bigger, and might I add stronger, than me, so it was really a losing battle. After what seemed like an eternity, I found myself slammed up against a wall and when I finally dared open my eyes to look at the other person, I only got a glimpse of blond hair and grey eyes before a warm mouth descended on mine.

I should have known.

Bloody horny Veela.

Now that I knew I wasn't in any eminent danger, I took the time to go over the situation to see what the best approach would be. I really didn't want to lose my virginity up against a wall in the dungeon, so somehow, I had to get Draco's mind over on other things. Which meant I really had to get away. With his tongue down my throat and his hands everywhere, even *I* had problems keeping my head clear. And I wasn't under the influence of Veela emotions and hormones.

When Draco moved to suck at my neck, I saw an opening. I had my mouth free and could try to get his attention. "Draco?" Hm, must not have spoken loud enough. "*Draco?*" Nope, no reaction. "DRACO!" A small grunt from the nape of my neck was all I got, but at least it was something. "I really think we should get to class."

"No," he said, biting down on my neck. It would probably leave a mark. "Busy." Then he did something very interesting with his tongue. Hm, that was… Oh! That felt good. Maybe just a couple of minutes… no! I had to keep a clear head.

"If we don't go now we'll be late to class, and then Snape will give us detention." Yes, use the Snape card, very good, Harry.

"Don't get detention," There was that tongue again. Damn, this was getting harder. And I don't mean it in *that* way! Jeez, get your minds out of the gutter! *Anyway,* I decided I would have to use the trump card.

"But *I* do! And I really really don't want one. Please? If I get a detention from Snape I will be ever so miserable," A small hesitancy. Yes, score! Now to exploit it. "And you don't want your mate to be miserable, do you? Think about it, your mate lying in his room crying, and you know it's *all your fault*, just because you wouldn't let him get to class on time…" I trailed off begging to Merlin it would work.

"I, but, you… oh, *fine*," he muttered and took one step back to straighten his robes. "You play dirty, mate o' mine."

Indeed, I should have been in Slytherin, or so I'm told. I sent him a brilliant smile and turned to walk down the hallway and into the classroom. And miracle of miracles, we were actually on time. The only bad thing was that we were the last two people to come, and that meant there

were only two seats left, and they were next to each other. Oh joy, two hours of Potions next to a horny Veela.

This was going to be a looooong class.

Hmm, my ploy to get more reviews than ever and take over the world seems to have failed… I only got half the amount of reviews for the last chapter than for the one before that! -gasps- Well, maybe a little more than half, but plan A certainly failed spectacularly. But not to worry, there will be a plan B! Yessiree, you can bet all your money on it, and it will be a thousand times more shrewd and devious than plan A! Indeed it will, but now you must excuse me, I must go plo

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Chapter: 12

Authors Note: Now, we're halfway my dears! Indeed, twelve chapters down, twelve to go. So, let's get to it, shall we?

Chapter 12 – *Feelings*

As the day proceeded, Draco and I went from class to class. Some of them were mixed between all the houses, some were with just the Slytherins, to my big despair, and some were with just the Gryffindors, to Draco's annoyance. All in all, the arrangement with us sharing classes went surprisingly well. Of course, once or twice we started bickering over some assignment, but on the whole, I was impressed with our progress. We had gone from in our fourth year being enemies, to in our fifth year mostly ignoring each other, to at the start of our sixth being almost friendly with each other. Dumbledore and his inter house relation project must have been dancing in joy.

And to my great relief, Draco did not try anything more than having conversation. Once or twice it looked like he wanted to, and he got that feral light in his eyes, but he always restrained himself and for that I was thankful. However, I quickly learnt what to do and what not to do around him. Pouting and biting my lower lip was a definite no no, that sent him licking his lips right away. Touching him was also a bad thing, something I discovered the hard way one time I accidentally reached out to him for support when I stumbled. He instantly took one step closer to me, his eyes heavy with desire, and I yelped and jumped at least two steps backwards. Taking a deep breath he was able to gain control over himself again, but I knew it had been a close call and I learnt my lesson. As long as I kept my distance and didn't do anything that could possibly be seen as sexy or flirtatious, we were ok.

After dinner I joined up with Hermione and Ron, and Draco allowed me to show them our rooms while he went to the library to study. I walked them through the labyrinth of hallways down in the dungeon, to the portrait of the Lady.

"'Allo, 'Arry, mon petit charmeur! Ar' zeze your friendz?" she asked, looking Ron and Hermione up and down. Ron shuddered visibly, obviously having noticed her fangs. I almost laughed before I remembered I had done the same thing. Darn.

"Yeah, they are. Ron and Hermione, say hello to Lady Sanguina," I said, smiling as they said their hellos.

"Lady Sanguina," Hermione mused out loud. "That wouldn't by any chance be Carmilla Sanguina, would it?" There is a reason why they call her a know-it-all. She really does know it all.

"Mais oui, zat iz me. 'Ave you heard abouz me?" Lady Sanguina practically beamed. Conceited as few that one.

"Of course! I read all about you in DADA last year, you bathed in the blood of your victims to retain your youthful appearance, wasn't it?" There was only one thing to say about that. Ewwww!

"Ah oui, zat I did." The Lady laughed, licking her lips at the memory of all that blood. "Naturellement, I cannot do zat any longer, but I did enjoy it while it lasted." Hm, I was slightly freaked out by this point.

Shaking my head, I said the password and led my two friends into the room. Hermione immediately began gushing about how nice it was, while Ron went to try out the soft looking couch. For a moment I toyed with the idea of telling him exactly what that couch had been used for the day before, but I restrained myself. I wouldn't want to have Hermione sent to Azkaban for murder.

"So, what do you think?" I asked, really rather curious.

"Oh, I love it! It is so nice and cosy here, would you mind much if I came over sometimes to do my homework here? I am sure it is much more quiet here than in the common room," Hermione said. Really, Hermione could bring homework into anything.

"Well, that depends, can you manage hanging around Draco for the time it takes to do all your homework?" I said teasingly.

Wrinkling her nose, Hermione sighed mournfully. "I suppose the library *is* rather quiet too," she said, making the both of us laugh.

While we had been talking, Ron had been checking out my bedroom. Sticking his head out from the door, he exclaimed. "Wow, this looks almost exactly like our room! You even have the same

view!" Great abilities of observation, Ron has.

"Yeah, I know, I think it is Dumbledore's way to make me feel at home here. Although I must admit, looking down at the ground from my window when I know I'm actually under the ground, it is very weird." Hermione nodded in agreement, but Ron just looked at us as if we were completely out of our minds. I was guessing this was one of the times when Muggle-raised and Wizard-raised thought differently.

We sat down in front of the fireplace talking back and forth about nothing and everything, when suddenly I felt the *feelings* againI felt pain and agony in such amounts I almost fell to the floor. Minutes after, Pansy came running through the portrait hole and I looked wildly up at her. "Draco, I need to get to Draco!" I yelled and she nodded, leading the way out of the room.

"I know," she said. "That's why I came to get you."

"What's happened?" I asked while running after her. I was picturing everything from him lying in a pool of blood to him having accidentally broken a nail. Ok, so maybe I didn't imagine that last one, but knowing Draco, I could have!

"He's too bloody stubborn, that's what. He ignored the pull towards you when he first felt it, and now it has gone too far, and his Veela side is screaming for its mate. You remember Dumbledore saying Draco would become physically ill if he spent too much time away from you? Yeah, well, now he has." Pansy muttered, obviously angry with Draco for his stupidity. I didn't blame her, if I hadn't been so worried, I might have been pretty angry myself. Ok, maybe 'might have been' is the wrong term, it was more along the lines of 'would most definitely beyond question have been'. Yeah, that's the one.

Soon we reached the library and I saw Draco at once. He was lying on the floor by one of the tables, his face twisted in agony and his hands clutching his chest. Next to him Crabbe and Goyle were standing guard, fending off the people who hadn't taken the Veela resistance and tried to take advantage of Draco in his state of weakness. Really, Hufflepuffs can sink so low sometimes. Before I knew it I was sitting next to him on the floor, gathering him in my arms. "Stupid, stupid Veela," I murmured, rocking him back and forth.

"Harry," Draco whimpered grabbing one of my hands. "It hurts in here," he took my hand and moved it so that it was resting across his heart.

"I know, I know." I said, my voice low and soothing and my hand slowly stroking his chest, as if trying to rub the pain away. Surprisingly enough, it seemed to be working, and soon Draco was breathing easier and he relaxed in my arms. "Better now?" I asked, looking concerned down at the boy in my arms.

"Yes, much. Thank you," he whispered, leaning into my touch.

"Good," I said, and then made my voice sterner. "And don't you ever do anything as stupid again,

you silly Veela!" I scolded, giving him my best reprimanding glare. It was pretty good, I had been practicing.

Draco had the decency to look ashamed, and he shook his head. "I won't," he mumbled and I helped him get to his feet.

As we were walking back towards our rooms, I brought out the courage to ask something I'd been wondering about for a while. "Draco, what do you feel for me?" Yes, that was one of the big mysteries of Harry Potter's life. Only second to 'how can Ron drink twelve butterbeers in a row and still don't throw up?'

"What do you mean?" he asked, furrowing his brow. Honestly, I would think it was an easy enough question to understand.

"Well, you've disliked me for so many years, and now you suddenly feel compelled to like me, surely that leaves you slightly confused?" Nice rephrasing there, Harry. Oh, thank you, I *was* rather proud of that one.

Pursing his lips thoughtfully, Draco finally shook his head. "No, actually I'm not confused at all, it is really very simple. I spent the whole summer searching for you, not knowing who or where you were, and the happiness of finally finding you outweighs any dislike I might have had for you. You saw me yesterday, you know how desperate I was, just being close to you has helped me immensely and I feel like I'm in control again." Here he blushed a little, and looked away from me. "Excluding the episode in the Potions hallway, of course." He muttered. "And about feeling compelled to like you, I don't just feel compelled to it, I really do like you. I know it's probably just because of my Veela side, but every new thing I learn about you makes me like you even more. I can't help it and I can't stop it, so I decided already on the train to let the past go and start over. Did that answer your question?"

I nodded slowly, thinking over the things Draco had said. To me it was difficult to understand that he could just change his opinion like that, but to the Veela it probably felt simple. And really, was it all that much different from what I'd experienced? I had also decided over the summer to accept my mate for who he was, and finding out it was Draco hadn't changed that. I had still agreed to the bond, and was acting just as friendly as Draco was. As I walked there in the hallway next to my mate, I realized I had truly buried the hatchet the day I saw Draco on the train, and there was nothing I could do about it.

I'm not even sure I wanted to.

Aww, wee little Hawwy is expewiencing *feelings* again -giggles-

Oh, and while I have your attention, I should make it perfectly clear that I'm utterly addicted to reviews, and nothing short of death will stop be from begging for more of them. If that bothers any of you, you can stop reading my little note thingies at the end of the chapters. They don't contain much of importance anyway. So, yeah…

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Can I have a review now? Pretty please? I'll even let you say something horrible about my story. If you want to.

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Chapter: 13

Authors Note: Ooh, here it is, the chapter we've all been waiting for! Harry being mothered and Draco being possessive! Oh yeah! Buuut, I feel I must apologize to those of you who've been asking for more HarryDraco action… sorry, won't happen just yet. Poor Harry needs to take things a bit slow, you see -nods-

Chapter 13 – To belong or not to belong, that is the question…

The second day of school proceeded much like the first one. Draco and I woke up, he went into the shower while I snoozed a bit in bed, then I went in the shower while he waited for me, and then we walked together for breakfast. It was almost scary to think we'd been living together for two days, and already we had our morning routines, like an old married couple. Except we weren't old, and we were hardly married, and we couldn't possibly be called a couple yet, so uhm, what did that leave us with again? Never mind, it's not important, the point is, we had routines. And, of course, I expected the rest of my day to go on as usual as well. But, me being me, that wasn't about to happen. We had barely made it to breakfast, before something strange happened.

I was sitting at the Gryffindor table, minding my own, and Ron's and Hermione's, business as usual. We were discussing transfiguration, or rather, Hermione was telling Ron how he ought to be ashamed of himself for not doing this summer's transfiguration homework, while I was sitting quietly by the side, trying to look as small as possible and nibbling on some toast, as not to attract Hermione's attention, and with it, her wrath. As you might remember, I *had* tried to do my homework, I really had, but it got lost somewhere along the way, possibly at the bottom of my trunk somewhere. I was not quite sure how that happened, I remember clearly putting it next to Uncle Vernon's old socks and the sweaters from Mrs. Weasley I never used, but when I went to

find it that morning, it was gone. I suspect one of the socks had somehow eaten it, but I knew that excuse would never go well over with Hermione. She believed in magic, she had no problems with fairies and she wouldn't even blink if she met a vampire on the street, yet the idea of a homework eating sock was apparently too hard for her to grasp. Typical.

Anyway, as I was doing my best hiding, without really hiding at all, I suddenly became aware of two people flopping down on each side of me. The intense smell of perfume told me one of them was Lavender. The other one I quickly deduced, by looking at her, to be Parvati. The two of them were sending me broad smiles, and Lavender patted my arm in an affectionate manner. I couldn't help it, I blinked. Twice.

"Erm, hello Lavender, Parvati." I looked between them, trying to figure out what in the world they wanted.

"Oh, Harry, how are you doing? Did you have a nice summer? You look a bit thin, did you get enough to eat? You know, growing boys need a lot of food, you really should eat more. Is that piece of toast all you're eating? Tsk tsk, that's not nearly enough. Here, have some bacon, it's supposed to be very good. Of course, I wouldn't know, I have to mind my figure you know, but really, it sure looks tasty. Eat some for me?" I could hardly follow what Lavender was saying, but somehow I understood that she was talking about food. The fact that she suddenly started loading things onto my plate made that quite clear. The fork that was raised to my lips with a piece of bacon on might also have given me a clue.

"Uhm, Lavender? What are you doing?" I looked at her and the astonishment must have been clearly written on my face, yet she just smiled sweetly and poked the fork closer to my face.

"Eat up, sweetie."

"Yes, really Harry, you're way too thin, you need to eat more." Parvati nodded, continuing where Lavender had left off with loading things to my plate.

I looked between the two of them once more, then over to Hermione and Ron, who were still bickering. "Hermione, your room mates are scaring me, make them stop!"

"Oh, don't be such a baby Harry, just eat the piece of bacon! And Ron, if I ever catch you –" I really wasn't all that interested in what Hermione had caught Ron doing this time, and since she wouldn't save me, I turned back to the two girls to fight my own battle for once.

"Girls," I said as nicely as I could without grimacing. "There's really no need for this, I've eaten more than enough, I promise!"

"That's what they all say," nodded Parvati. "And then they end up with anorexia and die of starvation."

"Honestly, it's so silly!" Lavender huffed. "The anorectic look is so last year!"

"Yeah, totally, I mean, I read in Witch Weekly that this year it's the hourglass figure we're after, so you had better eat, Harry." I blinked again. Really, if it wasn't bad enough that my face looked like a girl's, now I was supposed to eat until I looked like an hourglass? Over my dead body! And if truth be told, since I didn't have any breasts, I would probably look more like a pear anyway. Shuddering, I took a deep breath and pushed the hand with the fork away from my mouth.

"Lavender, I'm not getting anorexia, and I'm eating more than enough. I can take care of my self."

The blonde just lifted an eyebrow at me and stuffed the fork forcefully into my mouth. Then she proceeded to lift up my shirt and loudly count my ribs. To say I was embarrassed would be an understatement. "– four, five, six, seven –"

"Fine, I give up, I get the point!" I slapped her hand away and pulled my shirt down while sending her my strongest glare. It was a horizontal glare, 8.7 in strength and with just a pinch of scowl in it, invented with situations such as this in mind. However, Lavender didn't seem to be fazed at all. I honestly considered having my glare checked by Madam Pomfrey. She was the third person to not be affected by my glare in less than a month, something had to be wrong.

"Open." Lavender ordered, and lifted the fork to my face again with another piece of bacon on it. Glowering, I opened my mouth and accepted the food. There was nothing else to be done, not only was she very persistent, I'm quite sure she could have forced me to eat if she had wished to. There was a deadly grip on that girl, much like a Blast-Ended Skrewt now that I think of it.

Just as I was about to accept my third bite, something caught Lavender by the hair and dragged her out of the chair. Looking closely, the thing highly resembled Draco. Except Draco never looked as dangerous as that, and his eyes weren't flashing, nor was his hair usually flying around his head without the help of some elemental power. Yes, I mean wind. Honestly.

The Draco clone thingy growled deep in its throat and leaned forward until its face was almost touching Lavenders. "My mate," it sneered, and that's when it hit me that it was in fact Draco, not some freaky clone as I had first assumed.

"Draco!" I exclaimed, but the minute those eyes left Lavender and landed on me, I started to regret ever having said anything. Gulping loudly, I tried to smile to calm down the enraged Veela, but it didn't seem to work. "Uhm, I was just, eh, wondering why you're trying to kill Lavender, but, er, don't mind me, just continue."

"Trying to save the slut, are you?" Draco's voice was deadly calm. "Don't think I didn't see the two of you, all cosy, her feeding you and touching your arm." He growled and let go of Lavender's hair. Slowly, but surely he came closer to where I was sitting, until he was looming over me, a dark, menacing figure. "You forget who you belong to, *Potter.*" My last name was spit out as if some kind of profanity.

"It wasn't like that, Draco! She was just commenting on how I look a bit thin, and trying to get me to eat more." I prayed to Merlin he would believe me. I did not particularly wish to die at the age of sixteen.

"It's true, Malfoy," Hermione's voice sounded from across the table, where she was watching Draco with much interest. I would have bet anything at that moment that I knew what her next research project would be. "Harry's new looks have that effect on girls now, they wish to mother him."

Draco looked from Hermione to me and then back to Hermione, before resting at me. "Mother him?" His eyes had stopped flashing, and he looked decidedly amused. I figured now was as good a time as any to sulk a little. I had just folded my hands over my chest in a petulant manner, when something Draco had said earlier suddenly hit me with full force.

"Belong to? *Belong to*! I don't belong to anyone, Draco!"

Now Draco was laughing out loud. The nerve. "Yes, you do, Harry dearest, you belong to me. Me, and me alone, got it?"

Narrowing my eyes, I glared at him. "No, I don't get it, and I won't get it anytime soon if this is how it's going to be! You and I are not even a couple, and we won't be one either, until *I* think I'm ready to be, *got it*?"

I hadn't really thought before saying it, and now that I had, I almost regretted it. The look in Draco's eyes certainly made me feel a bit guilty. I knew I needed more time to get used to things, but that had maybe not been the best way to tell him. To tell you the truth, anger is never the best way to tell anyone anything. But now it was too late, and I could only watch as Draco nodded resignedly, his whole appearance speaking of dejection.

"I would never force myself on you, you know that, right?" he asked and I could only nod. "Of course I'll give you all the time you need." Then he kissed me on the cheek, and turned to walk away. I was left with the oddest feeling of sadness and remorse, and the condemning look Hermione sent me wasn't helping much either. I really needed to think about things.

Awww, Harry, what are you doing! Silly little boy! -steals Draco and runs away with him- Uhm, yeah, I don't always agree with everything I write… and Harry was being extraordinarily difficult when I wrote this particular chapter -nods- But, I guess there's no way around it, we'll have to wait until Harry is ready -sighs- Review?

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Chapter: 14

Authors Note: Well, here we are again, predictably enough. Uhm, I can't really think of anything to say to you guys, except you're the best and I love you all!

Chapter 14 – Progress and setback

Almost three weeks into the new school year, I was sitting in the Great Hall absorbed in my new favourite pastime – Draco watching. I figured that if I was going to spend the rest of my life bonded to him, I ought to know him, so I watched. I watched as he struggled to keep our relationship platonic when his Veela side was screaming for him to court me. I watched as he sat down on the other side of the room, deliberately staying away so I could have some time alone with my friends. I watched as he held his tongue every time Ron insulted him, not wanting to hurt me. I watched as girls of all ages threw themselves at his feet, and he just pushed them away, continuing to talk to me about whatever we were discussing. I watched as he jumped around in joy after getting a letter from his mother saying that she accepted his mate and would support him through everything. I watched as he always seemed to be there when I felt down. I watched as he gave me time I so sorely needed. And I watched as he fell deeper in love with me. Yes, I know that might sound very conceited, but it was true. Draco Malfoy was slowly but surely making his way deeper into the bottomless pit that is love, and I'm afraid I was about ready to jump after him. I know what you're thinking, 'Oh, banish the thought!', but really, the bottomless pit was starting to look more and more appealing with everyday that passed. Then why didn't I take everything one step further, you might ask, and the truth is, I was scared. I was scared that if I told him he would laugh at me and say it had all been a joke, I was scared that he would leave me and I would be left alone, but most of all, I was scared that he wouldn't. I was scared that when I told him he would want to stay with me, and demand we complete the bond. And even though I felt something for him, I was not ready to go there yet. So I kept quiet.

I could tell Hermione had figured it out, she'd been trying to get me on her own by giving me the 'look' for quite some time now, but I always managed to come up with an excuse and run off. It must have annoyed her to death. However, it couldn't last forever, and as Draco and I were walking away from the Great Hall she cornered us and whisked me off into a classroom nearby, telling Draco not to worry and to go on, I would arrive in a minute. A minute my arse, a talk from Hermione took at least ten.

Sighing deeply, I sat down on the desk, swinging my feet back and forth. "What did you want?" I asked her in my most innocent tone, although we both knew exactly what she wanted, and that I knew what she wanted.

"I'm not up to playing games today, Harry." She said, glaring at me.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I tried, knowing she wouldn't buy it. She didn't.

"Cut it," she growled. "You've fallen in love with Malfoy," Oh really? How nice of you to notice.

Looking up at her I started twirling that one lock of hair hanging down the side of my face. "I might have," I shrugged, trying to sound calm, but already given away by the twirling. I really had to get over that particular nervous habit.

"And you haven't told him," Hermione stared at me accusingly, making me wince.

"He doesn't need to know."

"Are you daft? Of course he does! Have you read anything about Veela?" she exclaimed, and my face instantly jerked up to look at her. What did she know that I didn't?

"What do you mean?" I asked, half afraid of what the answer would be.

"You have accepted the bond, right?" she asked and when I nodded she continued. "By accepting the bond, you said yourself willing to be courted by Malfoy. You said yes to his advances and yes to the progressing of your bond. But you're not letting any of that happen, are you? You've told him you want to take it slow, and he has answered by keeping his distance. Well, here's a news flash for you, if he continues like this he'll most likely go into a coma by the end of the week! He *needs* to court you, or else I don't know what will happen. It's a wonder he has even made it this far, I've seen the look in his eyes when you're close to him. He's hurting, Harry, but he's hiding it because *you* said you needed distance!"

My eyes were wide and my breath stuck in my throat as I processed what Hermione had told me. In the two weeks I had spent watching Draco, how had I failed to notice this? Was I really such a horrible person that I didn't even notice when someone was hurting? As if reading my mind, Hermione answered me.

"No, Harry, you're not a horrible person. You've just had a lot on your mind, that's all." How in the world did she know what I was thinking? I had to ask.

"How did you know?"

"I know that look," she grinned. "It's the Harry Potter trademark 'it's all my fault, I'm a horrible person' look."

Smiling slightly, I sighed and hid my face in my hands. "I'm just scared," I mumbled, getting a pat on the head from Hermione. Really, sometimes I wonder if she didn't just see me as some dog.

"I know you are, and it's only natural, this is your first relationship after all, but you can't let your fear get in your way. Malfoy loves you, and he needs you to love him back. And even though you let him court you, you can still take it slow. Harry, I'm not telling you to jump into bed with him, I'm just telling you to tell him how you feel. And to let the bond advance. Let him hold your hand, kiss you on the cheek, buy you flowers. Only little things like that will help him a lot, and when you're ready for it, you can go further. Just don't let your fear be the reason Malfoy ends up

in hospital, ok?"

Nodding I flashed her a small smile. "I thought you didn't like him, when did you become the manager of the Draco lovin' campaign?"

"I did some reading up on Veela," she said vaguely, and I couldn't help laughing a little. Trust Hermione to have consulted a book on how she should feel about something.

"Does that mean you're completely ok with the bond?" I asked.

"Well, yes, I'm getting there. I've noticed that he hasn't insulted any of us all week, and if he's making an effort, I can as well. And to tell you the truth, I'm happy for you. You know, the mate thing works both ways. It's not only you that is perfect for him, he is perfect for you too."

"More reading?" I grinned, and laughed out loud when she nodded sheepishly. "Good. And please, continue to tell me when I'm being stupid, ok?" She sent me a look and I blushed slightly. "Ok, when I'm being *extraordinarily* stupid then."

"That I can do," she smiled. "But to tell you *every time* you're being stupid, that would be too much for anyone, even a witch of my capacity."

"Smug bastard," I muttered teasingly and proceeded to run laughingly out of the classroom and down the hallway, with an indignant Hermione chasing me, calling me names and telling me to come back and fight like a man. Who needs enemies when you have friends like that?

Hermione chased me all the way down to my rooms, then she gave me an encouraging smile and made her way back upstairs. Most likely to the library. I took a deep breath to calm myself, then gave the password to the Lady and entered. I looked over to the couch and found Draco sitting there, reading. He seemed to do a lot of that.

"Are you ok? I didn't stay too long?" I asked, something I had made a habit of after that time he collapsed in the library.

Smiling, he shook his head. "No, it was fine." He answered, not once taking his eyes off the book. Nodding, I just stood there at the middle of the floor. As you've all picked up on by now, I had never been in a relationship before, and I was very uncertain on what to do. I mean, hello, how do you tell a person you wish to take your relationship to the next level? I knew Draco wouldn't mind, but it was still hard. And I wasn't sure how to go about it. Did I just tell him, or was there something special one did in situations like this? I had no clue. In the end I settled on walking over to the couch and sitting down. A lot closer to Draco than I usually would.

He finally looked up from the book and gulped when he saw me sitting so close. "Harry, I don't think you should –" he started, but I interrupted him by scooting closer.

"Don't think I should what?" Now he was visibly sweating and his mouth was slightly open. I

was reminded of how encouraged I had been when he kissed me that first night and I was able to make him moan. I felt something akin to that now, proud that I could extract so strong reactions from him.

"Harry, don't tease," Draco's voice sounded strained and now I could see what Hermione had been talking about. It was killing him to have me so close and not being able to do anything.

"I'm not," I whispered, summoning every bit of my Gryffindor courage to lean up and kiss him softly on the mouth. His reaction was instant. He wrapped his arms around me, pulling me closer as he kissed me again and again. Somehow I wound up in his lap and he soon had his tongue inside my mouth, exploring every part of it. Not that I was complaining or anything, I was feeling more and more certain that this kissing business was something I could get used to. After a while air became an issue, and I reluctantly broke away.

"What brought on this change?" he asked, his hand rubbing circles on the small of my back. I didn't know what to answer, so I thought I'd stick to the truth. Bad idea.

"You were hurting."

His eyes instantly darkened, but I was too preoccupied with his hand on my back to notice. "You kissed me because I was hurting?" he asked, his tone was dangerously cold and I looked surprised over at him.

"Well, yes, but –" I didn't get to say anything more before he pushed me off his lap.

"I don't want your pity," he snarled and stalked out the room, leaving me to look confused after him and wonder what in the world I had said.

Aww, Harry is trying to make it all better, but Draco is being difficult. Tsk tsk. When will the two of then realise that people are actually not that interested in their little spats? No, it's the snogging people like -grins- But don't worry, my dears, snogging will occur. Even if I have to put the two of them on wand point to get it to happen. Though, I hardly think that will be necessary. All that pent up sexual frustration will make itself known at some point -smirks-
Now, feel free to review. Constructive criticism is more than welcome!

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Chapter: 15

Authors note: Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't update yesterday as I usually do, it's just that this page wouldn't let me upload the document! Really, it wasn't my fault, promise! Oh, and while I'm at it, my god, I just checked my stats today, and over two hundred people have this story on their story

alert! *Two hundred* goddamn people! -faints-

-chapter miraculously appears while author is unconscious-

Chapter 15 – Making up

The first thing I did after the portrait slammed close was to wonder what in the world had just happened. I didn't understand what I had done, but it must have been something terrible to make Draco run out like that. I instantly started coming up with reasons, one more absurd than the other, and soon I came to the conclusion that Draco hated me. Yes, afterwards I realised that that was a very stupid notion, but at that particular time it didn't once occur to me that Draco was the Veela in our relationship and probably unable to hate me. No, to me it made perfect sense that he hated me and wanted nothing more to do with me. I mean, that was the only possible solution, right? I had kissed him, and he had run out of the room. Really, it didn't take a genius to figure out that either my kissing abilities weren't as good as I thought them to be, or Draco really couldn't stand to be in my company. To my muddled brain, it was the last option that stuck. And it hurt. It hurt like hell.

And it was in that state of mind, lying curled up on a ball on the couch crying my heart out, that Hermione found me hours later. "Harry!" she exclaimed, running over to my side. "What's wrong, what's happened? Are you hurt?" She instantly started fretting and I shook my head no. "Thank Merlin," she breathed, then asked again. "What's wrong?"

"He doesn't want me, Hermione," I whispered, feeling my eyes fill with tears again. "I did as you said, but he doesn't want me. He hates me."

"I'm sure that's not the case," Hermione said slowly, her mind a lot clearer than mine, and therefore able to see all the holes in my logic. Not that I'm admitting to any holes, mind you.

"I kissed him, and he ran out," I sobbed, clutching a pillow to my chest. Hermione looked positively murderous and for a moment I feared for Draco's life, but then she pulled herself together and asked calmly.

"Harry, I need you to tell me *exactly* what happened, ok? Can you do that?" I sniffled and nodded in agreement before clearing my throat and starting by the beginning.

"– and then he just ran out," I finished, the tears once again flowing freely down my face.

"You told him you were kissing him because he was hurting?" asked Hermione slowly, and I nodded. "Oh, Harry." She sighed. "He doesn't hate you, but he's afraid the only reason you were kissing him was because you felt sorry for him."

Realization dawned upon me and I sat up abruptly. "But I would never do that!" I exclaimed. "I'm not some kind of slut, kissing people just to make them feel better."

"Yes, *I* know that, and *you* know that, but Malfoy doesn't. To him you are still a Gryffindor, and Gryffindors are willing do to anything to help others. He probably thinks you felt you *had* to kiss him, since it was you not kissing him that made him hurt. He is feeling insecure and wounded at the moment, but he doesn't hate you." Said like a true shrink.

"I have to find him!" I said, jumping to my feel and drying my eyes. I looked up at the clock above the fireplace and my heart instantly leaped up into my throat. "Oh, Hermione, it's been an eternity since he left, he's probably in real pain by now! He could be anywhere, and I'm not there to help him! I have to find him!" In my frenzied state I had forgotten all about the Marauder's Map, but fortunately for me, and probably for Draco too, Hermione still managed to keep her head calm in a crisis. Well, excluding the Devil's Snare incident in our first year of course.

"The map!" she exclaimed and within seconds I was in my room searching frantically for it. I finally located it underneath my stack of chocolate frog cards and I grabbed it and ran to the living room.

"I solemnly swear that I am up to no good," I muttered and watched as the lines spread in front of my eyes. I scanned the whole castle, but I couldn't find him anywhere. After a few minutes, I was getting a bit desperate. "I can't find him!" I cried in despair, and Hermione instantly rushed to my side. She took one scrutinizing look at the map and located him within seconds. I should have known by now to ask her right away.

"There, by the lake!" she pointed and I was on my way out before she has finished the sentence. I barely heard her yell "Good luck" after me, I was in such a hurry to find Draco. I have never really thought the way from the dungeons to the lake very long, but that night, it felt like more than a hundred miles. My heart beat faster with every second that passed, and I felt that if I didn't find him soon, I was going to explode. Literally.

When I reached the lake I instantly noticed a blonde figure sitting next to a big rock on the shore, and ran over to him. "Are you alright? Are you in pain?" I panted, falling on my knees in front of him and quickly examining his face. He was looking back at me with cold eyes, but I could see he was hurting by the way he unconsciously clutched his chest.

"Go away, Potter. I don't need your pity," Draco sneered and I felt a twist of pain by the use of my surname.

"You don't have it," I said and hesitantly reached out to pry his hand away from his chest. "Does it hurt here?" I asked, feeling the steady rhythm of his heartbeat underneath my hand.

He didn't answer, he just kept looking at me. "What do you mean 'I don't have it?'" he asked after what seemed like an eternity.

"I mean just what I said, you don't have my pity. I kissed you because I wanted to, and I'm here because I want to be. I'm actually rather affronted you believe I would stoop so low as to kiss

someone just because I feel sorry for them," I said, my hand rubbing light circles on the Veela's chest.

"But you said – " he started, but I interrupted him.

"Yes, I know what I said, and I meant it, just not like you thought. I kissed you because you were hurting, but I would have kissed you if you hadn't been hurting too. I rather enjoyed it, and I'm not about to wait until you're in pain to kiss you again," I said, determined to make Draco see.

"So you really want to make our relationship a real relationship, it's not just something you're doing because you feel you have to?" Draco asked and I could hear the slight breaking of his voice that told me he was nervous about the answer.

"Give me some credit," I scoffed. "I wouldn't have done it if I didn't want to. I might be a Gryffindor, but I'm not stupid." Draco raised an eyebrow at me and I hit him playfully above the head. "Stupid Slytherin," I muttered, but it was ruined by the grin that slowly spread on my face. "So are we ok?"

"Yes, Harry, we're ok. More than ok actually, we're brilliant." He smiled and kissed the tip my nose, making me blush a delicate rose colour and scrunch it up, my eyes crossed, to try and see the place he'd kissed me.

"Good," I answered. "Because, well, I was wondering if, uhm…" I was a little nervous about what I was about to say, and I didn't quite know how to phrase it.

"Yes?"

"?" Bravo Harry, I'm sure he understood that perfectly.

"Harry, love, I didn't quite catch that," Draco said, urging me to repeat it.

Blushing furiously I said softly. "I was wondering if maybe you would like to go to Hogsmeade with me this weekend?" I looked down at the ground, too embarrassed to look him in the eyes.

Grinning broadly, Draco placed his finger underneath my chin and forced my head up so that I was looking directly at him. "Harry, are you asking me on a date?" Really, I was inviting him to go with me to Hogsmeade, how many things could it mean?

"Uhm maybe?" I mumbled, feeling about ready to sink down into the ground. I've always wondered if that is technically possible, it would be fun to try some time.

Positively beaming, Draco bent down and gave me a soft kiss. "I would love to," he said and my eyes lit up as I looked at him.

"Really?" Merlin, I sounded like a lovesick puppy.

"Really really," he answered and as he turned me around so that I was sitting with my back leaning against his chest, I couldn't help but feel very content. Love sick puppyness be damned, I rather enjoyed being held.

Was that ok, or was it too melodramatic? I haven't quite decided what I think myself

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Chapter: 16

Authors Note: Ha, I've *finally* gotten the question I've been waiting for all along! Why my story doesn't have any conflict. And I will tell you my dears, that is because, as I said in the very first author note, my story has no plot. No no no, none plot whatsoever, it is just pointless fluff and other nonsense. If you don't like that, well, then this story is clearly not for you -grins- And don't come and say I didn't warn you, I clearly told you this before the first chapter, it even says in the warning part to read the author note, yes it does. Now, onto another one of my meaningless chapters. Yessiree.

Chapter 16 – Hogsmeade, here we come!

The next few days passed quickly, and Saturday found me frantically going through my wardrobe, throwing out clothes and shoes in a tempo worthy of a Snidget. You might be wondering why I was so obviously distraught, and the answer is quite simple. In an hour, I was meeting up with Draco. And it was not just any meeting either, it was a date. A date that I was beginning to regret having ever asked him to. You see, I had never been on a date before. I didn't know what to do, what would be expected of me, and most importantly, what to wear. Yes, I know, only three weeks earlier the notion of me dressing up for Draco Malfoy would have been ludicrous, but now, it was an actual problem. Believe it or not, I wanted to look nice for him. Yes, I know it's silly, but the idea of Draco finding me even remotely handsome made my stomach flutter, and I kind of liked that feeling, so I did my best to look perfect. Only, I had never known it to be so difficult! I had plenty of clothes, all of them new and good looking, one would have thought I would have been able to find *one* outfit that was good enough. No such luck. Fortunately, my knight in shining armour and the defender of my honour chose that exact moment to come through the door. Yes, I'm talking about Hermione.

"Harry! What in the name of Merlin are you doing, your whole room is a mess! Your clothes are lying everywhere!" Hermione exclaimed, looking at me with an expression of horror I hadn't seen since the time she got a mere E on her charms essay. It doesn't say a lot for the tidiness of my room, now does it?

"I don't know what to wear!" I moaned, pulling on my hair. That was the one good thing with its length, I really got a good grasp when I was annoyed and wanted to pull it. Which had happened a lot since my birthday, especially in proximity to mirrors.

"What does it matter? Can't you just pick something?" Hermione asked, furrowing her brows in confusion. I do understand her puzzlement, I had never been one to care about my clothes before. 'Before' being the key word.

"No, it has to be something special!" I whined, diving into the wardrobe again and pulling out more clothes.

"Harry, stop that this instant! You're just going to make them all wrinkly!" Hermione ran over to be and pulled me away from the wardrobe, efficiently stopping the massacre of innocent clothes. "And why does it have to be special?" Honestly, isn't it obvious?

Blushing furiously, I looked down at the floor. "I'm going to Hogsmeade." I mumbled.

"You have to dress up because you're going to Hogsmeade?" exclaimed Hermione incredulous, and I shook my head. "Then what? Why in the world do you even care what you're wearing?" She asked, her voice taking on an annoyed sound. She looked at me for the answer, when suddenly her eyes lit up. I knew she'd get it eventually. "Oh! You're not going alone, are you? You're going with Draco! You have a date!" she practically squealed, and when I nodded she threw herself around my neck in a bone crushing hug. "Oh, I'm so happy for you! My little Harry, all grown up." She looked almost nostalgic for a moment, before her behaviour became business like. "Harry, go take a shower, right away. I'll find an outfit for you, and then I'll help you with your hair." Smiling in relief, I nodded my head before Hermione shooed me away. "Go, go, go!"

When I came into the room again, all my clothes were back in the closet, except for one outfit lying on my bed. Hermione instantly handed it too me, and told me to get dressed. I had long since grown used to dressing in front of Hermione, she was like a sister to me, and I had no problems with her seeing me clad only in my boxers. I put on the clothes, and turned to look in the mirror. It really was a nice outfit. The trousers were a pair of light blue jeans that hugged my hips just so, and to it Hermione had chosen a plain, white t-shirt and over it, a formfitting grey suit jacket that was supposed to hang open. All in all, I looked rather good.

"You look beautiful," said Hermione softly, and I smiled at her. She wasn't one to throw out compliments for every little thing, so her approval meant a lot to me. "Now, come here so I can do your hair." I walked over to her and sat down on the bed, so that she could sit behind me and access my hair easily. Closing my eyes I waited, trusting her to know what would look best. After what seemed like an eternity, she was finally finished and I got up and walked over to the mirror again. The sight that met me made my chin drop. My hair was tied back in a loose ponytail at the nape of my neck using a black cord. It wasn't as curly as usual, and looked almost as I would have expected my old hair to look like, only longer and more, well, organized. A few

locks were left to hang loosely around my face, and they softened up my features, making me look almost handsome. I was truly impressed.

"Wow, Hermione, I didn't know you had such a knack with doing people's hair!"

"Living with Parvati and Lavender will do that to you," she grumbled, making me laugh. Parvati and Lavender really weren't like other people.

"So, you think I can go like this?" I asked anxiously.

"I'll bet my entire book collection that he won't be able to keep his hands off you." Hermione smirked, making be blush. I looked back into the mirror and put on my best calm face. Calm, I told myself, and composed . Oh, and graceful, don't forget graceful. Smiling slightly at Hermione, I put a hand on the doorknob. I took one last deep breath, and opened the door, all the while repeating my new mantra; calm, composed and graceful.

When I came out to the living room the view that met me momentarily took my breath away. Draco was already waiting for me, standing by the fireplace. The soft light made his skin seem almost translucent and his eyes looked like molten silver. He was dressed in black dress pants and a pale blue cashmere sweater with a v-neck. It was a respectable and decent looking outfit, yet it left little to the imagination. Trust a Malfoy to look devilishly sexy in clothes fit for a school teacher.

"Hey, are you ready to go?" He asked, looking at me through the fringe of his hair.

"Yeah," I smiled, every inch the calm, composed and graceful Gryffindor. Oh, who am I kidding? I was a nervous wreck! I had to use every bit of dignity I possessed not to turn around and run the other way. Or jump the boy in front of me. Either one would do.

"Come on then," he laughed and opened the portrait. I followed him down the hall, and when I caught up with him, I threw all my dignity out the window and did the one thing I'd always associated with a date. I held his hand. And looking up at him, I decided it was worth the loss of dignity. The grin on his face was worth anything.

The actual date will come in the next chapter, yes it will! Now, my lack of begging for reviews in the last chapter actually led one of the readers to suspect me of being an impostor -gasps- and we can't have that, now can we? But, since some people seem offended when I get on my knees and beg, although I haven't actually done that yet, but maybe I should, it does sound like a good idea… ah, but I digress, since some people seem offended, this time I won't actually ask you for a review, I'll just tell you to remember Stu. Yes, remember Stu. And if you by any chance *don't* remember Stu, well, then you can go back and read my review plea in chapter 5. Stu was mentioned.

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Chapter: 17

Authors Note: Bah, I'm having lots and lots of trouble with this damned page, so I'm currently updating from my brother's computer. I'll try to get the updates up once a day as usual, but if I don't, then just keep in mind that it's not me that's the problem, it's effing fanfiction dot net. And that I'm ever so sorry. Yes. But now, chapter 17!

Chapter 17 – Gentlemanly behaviour

Outside it was a lovely September day, with weather worthy of the last lingering days of summer. The sun was shining, and although most of the trees were still green, you could see a few eager ones here and there who had already dressed themselves in the beautiful yellows and oranges of autumn. As I walked down the road to Hogsmeade, hand in hand with Draco, I felt nothing but pure bliss. Well, I also felt a bit hungry, somewhat nervous and positively bouncy, but other than that, nothing but pure bliss.
"You seem happy, mate o' mine," said Draco, making me smile even wider. 'Mate o' mine' seemed to be his favourite endearment, and somehow it always gave the butterflies in my stomach a sudden urge to wake up and do the Macarena. I think he knew it too, judging by the slight smirk he always wore while saying it.

"That's because I *am* happy," I laughed, my feet doing a bit of skipping on their own account.

"Any special reason why you're so happy?" Draco prodded further while shaking his head a bit at my childishness. He didn't fool me though, I could see the small smile hiding in the corner of his mouth.

"Nothing, everything, you," I said evasively, grinning like a lunatic and, I suspect, looking quite silly.

"Care to elaborate?" Draco said, raising an eyebrow at me.

"Well, I just, I don't know, I like this new you. I like being around you and being able to just hold hands like this and I like that no one seems to mind and that my friends are happy for me and that for once since I got these blasted looks they seem to be good for *something*!"

Laughing, Draco shook his head. "I'm sorry that you don't like your appearance, for all I care you could have just continued looking like you did, but well, I can't exactly control this Veela stuff, now can I?"

"That is nonsense and you know it! If you hadn't minded me looking like I did, I would have been *looking like I did*! The sole reason I changed was because your Veela side takes some

perverse pleasure in having his bloody submissive looking as submissive as possible. And don't go trying to pretend you don't like the way I look, because if you didn't, I wouldn't be looking like this," I exclaimed while pouting slightly. I was still a bit annoyed with Draco for these looks, although I was past the point where I planned his untimely demise.

"Hey, don't go blaming this on me! But you're right, I do like the way you look. You're absolutely edible," Draco all but purred, while leering at me in a way that was bound to make be blush. And sure enough, the minute he looked at me I felt the heat rise from my neck and up. I must have looked like a tomato, but somehow, Draco didn't seem to mind at all. In fact, every time I blushed his grin only got wider. Which, of course, only made me blush more. It was a down going spiral.

"Speaking of edible," I said in a desperate attempt to change the subject. "Could we get something to eat in Hogsmeade? I'm absolutely famished!"

"It's fine with me, I think I would rather like a bite myself. Where do you want to go?" asked Draco, and I silently cheered. The subject diversion was a success!

"Anywhere with food is good," I grinned.

"Three Broomsticks?"

"Yeah, why not? They have a killer shepherd's pie."

Draco laughed, "Three Broomsticks it is then."

We walked in companionable silence for a while longer, just enjoying the nice weather and each others company. Soon we reached the main street of Hogsmeade, and because of the nice weather it was buzzing with life. Students and inhabitants alike were bustling back and forth, doing their shopping or just plainly taking delight in all the little village had to offer of sights. Hand in hand, Draco and I walked over to the Three Broomsticks where Draco swiftly found us a booth in the back. Usually I used to avoid the little establishment at all costs due to the overly exuberant atmosphere, but today most of the people were outside in the sun, so it was thankfully nice and calm.

"Shepherd's pie and butterbeer?" asked Draco and when I nodded he made his way over to the bar to order. He soon came back with two butterbeers and two plates. The minute he sat the plates down on the table, they filled up with a healthy portion of Madam Rosmerta's best shepherd's pie

"How much do I owe you?" I asked, assuming of course that I would be paying my share. Obviously, I'd never been on a date with a Veela before.

"Owe me?" Draco seemed confused. Almost as if it hadn't even occurred to him that I would be paying for myself.

"Yes, owe you. You know, for my butterbeer and the pie."

"Oh, nothing of course! Honestly, did you think I would let my date pay for himself? That wouldn't be very gentlemanly of me, now would it?" Draco just shook his head and dismissed the whole notion. He even had the audacity to laugh at me for suggesting it.

"And it would be gentlemanly of me to let you pay the whole bill by yourself?" I scowled. Not paying my own part went against about every one of my principles.

"But you don't need to be a gentleman anymore, Harry. You have me to do that now. Just don't worry that pretty little head about it."

I sat in stunned silence. He hadn't really said that, had he? I mean, really, 'don't worry that pretty little head about it', how much more condescending was it possible for a person to sound? Just because my looks had changed for the better over the summer, it did not mean I was some brainwashed, blonde pretty-boy! Practically growling, I glared at my mate. "So you're saying that just because I'm your submissive, I have to act like a bloody girl!" I might look like one, but I was definitely *not* a girl!

"Well, as the submissive, you *are* the girl in this relationship." Draco said matter-of-factly, then turned away from me and started eating his pie. Just like that, as if the conversation was finished and resolved to everyone's liking. It made me furious.

"Well, fuck you, *Malfoy*." I spat out his name as if it was the worst kind of profanity, then got up and ran out. Away from Malfoy and his fucking gentlemanly behaviour.

Oooh, more fighting! -sigh- Will those boys ever learn that all they are required to do it be silent and snog? Ts

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Chapter: 18

Authors ramble: Dun dun dun, here we are again, with yet another chapter of this little story of mine. I feel I don't really have all that much to say this time, so enjoy, and remember, chocolate always solves everything.

Chapter 18 – Chocolaty peace offerings

After I had left the Three Broomsticks I ran all the way up to the Shrieking Shack, not stopping until I had found a way inside. Once there I made my way up the crumbling staircase and into one of the bedrooms upstairs. I lay down on the big four-poster bed, not at all concerned that the hangings were dusty and that the bed linen could do with a wash, if not five. This was the room in which I'd first met Sirius, and somehow I felt more comfortable there than anywhere else in the house. I felt safer.

Lying on the bed and staring up into the dark green canopy, I let the anger surge through me. I'd figured out early on that unless I spent some time by myself and let the anger run its course, I would blow up and someone would get hurt. So every time I got overly angry, I ran. My friends were used to it by now, and they knew that if they made me really angry, they would just have to leave me alone for a couple of hours until I cooled down, and then everything could be discussed and resolved. It had of course taken a while for them to get it, and Hermione had often made things worse by running after me when I tried to escape, but after a while I managed to stop her from worrying and since she left me alone with my anger she had ended up in the hospital a lot less.

Of course, that just makes me sound like some abusive husband, but it really wasn't my fault! When I was angry my magic coursed through me like balefire and I was often unable to control it. Things around me would explode and people would get hurt. That was in fact one of the reasons I ran in the first place, but when we were younger Hermione never understood that, so she went after me to do what she called 'some damage control'. It was a nice notion, but utterly futile. Which luckily, she soon came to see.

As my thoughts drifted from one thing to another, I soon felt the anger subside and I was left with a feeling of emptiness. I knew I should still be furious with Draco, but I couldn't manage to gather enough strength to care. Next to all the other problems in my life, Draco thinking me a girl really seemed rather trivial. What worried me more was that I had left him like I did. By telling him to 'fuck off', as I so eloquently had put it, had I rejected him? I didn't think so, but who knew with Veela? Would I ever be able to get truly angry with him at all, or would he see everything as a rejection? Hopefully he would understand that I didn't mean it, and if he didn't, I would have to go look for him. But not yet. I still wasn't quite finished being angry with him, and I had some crying left to do.

It was weird really, I'd never been one for tears, but since my birthday I had lost count of all the times I'd cried. Not for the first time, I wondered if maybe the transformation I'd gone though didn't only affect the physical side of me. I didn't know for sure of course, but that didn't change the facts; by hook or by crook, I'd changed over the last month. And not for the better either.

I was emotional, lovesick, soppy, insecure, and prone to blushing. A lot. It was no wonder Draco saw me as a girl, I bloody well acted like one! Soon I'd be wearing make-up and gushing over fashion magazines.

Oh Merlin, banish the though!

I hoped for the sake of wizardkind that if I ever went that far, someone would have the decency to kill me. Swiftly. It couldn't be good for the world to have a Harry Potter wearing pink nail polish prancing around. Pink nail polish with a matching purse, of course. Oh, the mental image!

Shuddering, I slipped down deeper into the cocoon I'd made of the covers and I almost didn't hear it when the door silently opened. Of course, the appearance of one blond Veela was a lot harder to miss than a door opening, especially when said Veela sat down next to me at the edge of the bed.

"Go'way." My voice sounded muffled even to my ears. The minute I'd seen him I had been so relieved he hadn't died from rejection that I'd started crying all over again. Which of course also made me angry with him again. Who was he to make me cry? So I'd buried myself even deeper down into the covers, something that made my voice almost inaudible.

"Not until you tell me what's wrong so that we can discuss it and you can stop being angry with me." Draco said softly, reaching out to stroke the top of my head, which was the only thing visible over the top of the covers. "Come on, love, tell me what's wrong."

"You treating me like a bloody girl, that's what's wrong!" I growled, abruptly sitting up to glare at the blond.

"You think I treat you like a girl?"

"Yes! You wouldn't even let me pay for myself!"

"Oh, Harry. Is that all? If it's so very important to you, then of course I will let you pay for yourself, but I want you to know that it has nothing to do with treating you like a girl. It's just my Veela side wanting to prove to you that I can provide for you. I guess its instinct or something, but I want you to have everything you could ever wish for in the world, and I want to be the one to give it to you. A bit silly, I know, but that's the way it is." Draco smiled sheepishly, and I couldn't help feeling a bit embarrassed myself over the anger I'd felt previously.

"It's not silly, it's sort of, well, very sweet," I mumbled, blushing lightly.

Grinning, Draco leaned over to muss up my hair. "So, will you let me buy you things if I promise to never think of you as a girl?"

"Yeah, I guess so," I said, smiling back.

"Good! Because I got you something." He rummaged through a bag I hadn't noticed he had, before pulling out a large box of chocolates. "It's an I'm-so-sorry-for-whatever-it-was-I-did-and-it-was-probably-all-my-fault gift." He said and smirked when I shook my head exasperatedly and hit him lightly on the arm. I know I should have been affronted that he bought me chocolate in hopes of making up, but at that precise moment in time, I didn't really care. I was too fond of chocolate for that.

-waves pompoms-

Reviews are mighty fine
Reviews are mighty great
And if you don't review
You'll feel my mighty hate

Goooooooooooo…review!

-does something that might resemble a split jump, if you squint-

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Chapter: 19

Authors note thingy: I got a review that's almost 500 words! -dances- pretty prettyful review. Oh, and about this chapter… it is the worst chapter in the whole story, just so that you know. I don't like it one bit, and I just wrote it one day I was really, really, really, really, *really* bored, and I really felt like rhyming. Yeah. -shifty eyes- do bear with me! Pwease?

Chapter 19 – Double, double, toil and trouble

The first class on Thursday morning was Potions, and as always Professor Snape strode in at the last minute, his robes billowing behind him. I've always wondered how he did that. A billowing charm mayhap? If there is such a thing. I must check with Hermione. I've always wanted cool billowing cloaks. Anyway, he sneered and surveyed the room before stopping in front of the black board.
"Today, we are making a rhyming concoction. A first year has knowledge enough to brew this in his sleep, so *most of you* should be able to hand in a decent result. Open your books at page 56, and split into your usual pairs. One from each pair may get the ingredients from the cupboard." He glared at his students one last time before sitting down next to his desk. "But remember to be *very* careful" he added with a snarl. "This potion is highly effective, and one mere drop on your skin will make you rhyme for hours. I suppose some of you might think this funny, but I assure you, it is not. It is annoying. And if I hear any of you rhyming, I *will* take away house points. And that is a promise." He said this with a pointed look towards me, then turned towards the essays on his desk. I felt a bit miffed. My potion brewing skills had improved vastly over the years, and I hardly ever screwed up anymore! And he'd said a first year should be able to brew it, so what could possibly go wrong?

I should have known better than to jinx it.

I got up from my chair and moved over to sit next to Draco. We had been working together in potions for two years now and it suited me just fine. At least with him as my partner the chances of failing sank drastically. He wasn't the teacher's pet for nothing.

After silently setting up the cauldron together, I walked over to the cupboard to gather the ingredients while Draco lit the fire. I shuddered a little for myself, the thought of rhyming the rest of the day really was a horrible one! I sincerely hoped Hermione kept a close hold on Seamus. He had somehow managed to snake his way into Snape's NEWT class, and had quickly taken over Neville's place as the class' cauldron exploder. Without Hermione's firm hand to guide him I suspect he would have accidentally killed someone by now. Or worse, made them turn a nasty shade of pink and sprout Shakespeare quotes. It's been known to happen at least once every tenth year.

I was snapped back to reality when Snape glared at me, and I quickly got the ingredients and scurried back to Draco. Half an hour later, I grinned proudly and put the beetle eyes carefully down into the cauldron. We were almost finished, and none of us were rhyming! This had gone a lot better than expected. I looked behind me too see how Hermione and Seamus were doing, and was surprised to see that Hermione was letting Seamus do a little on his own. She had turned her back to the cauldron, talking in hushed whispers with Parvati and Dean, and Seamus was dropping things tentatively down into the cauldron. I saw the other boy pick up the gingerroot and look uncertainly at it. "Eh, Seamus?" I said slowly. "I don't think that goes in…" Seamus dropped the root into the cauldron. "…until later," I finished and looked scared at the cauldron, which started bubbling violently. Suddenly the whole thing exploded, and potion was thrown all over the classroom.

"Finnigan, you brainless bun,
do you know what you have done?" Professor Snape roared.

"My vital rules you did ignore,
fifty points from Gryffindor!" Suddenly his eyes went very wide, and he clasped one hand over his mouth. The students tried to hide their giggles, but it was futile, soon everyone roared with laughter and I could see that Dean had to grab on to the table not to fall down on the floor. Snape sneered and walked over to Seamus, who looked up at him with big, scared eyes.
"You filthy little piece of slime,
you have made the whole class rhyme!"

Hermione's eyes narrowed, and she gave Professor Snape a nasty glare.
"Professor, stop the verbal assault,
this was not poor Seamus' fault!" The whole class burst out laughing again, and Hermione blushed furiously, but continued to glare at Snape.

"What are you, his courageous knight?
You'll both have detention with me tonight!" Professor Snape smirked at Hermione, then turned around and walked up to the front of the classroom.

"In cleaning up you'll all assist,
and when you're done, class is dismissed."

I cleaned up my workspace as quickly as possible before hurrying out of the classroom with Draco close behind me. Gasping for air, I turned to look at him and saw to my great pleasure that he was laughing just as hard as I was.
"Merlin's beard, that sure was ace!
Did you see the bastards face?"

I had to grip on to Draco's arm to not fall down onto the floor. He looked at me for a second before bursting into a fit of snickers again. I awarded him a very miffed glare.
"Why're you laughing? Please, do tell.
Remember, you are rhyming as well."

"I'm sorry, love, but I cannot stop.
When I hear you rhyme, I just crack up." I felt I should be a bit annoyed at that, but I was too busy laughing. Draco was right, it really was hilarious to hear someone rhyme like that!

"You're right, of course, though I must say,
like this I won't survive the day!" I choked out, clutching my sides which were starting to ache from all the laughter.

"I know, I'm feeling out of breath,
this laughing thing will be my death!" Draco exclaimed, and I did not let out a giggle. No, I did not. It was a very manly laugh.

"Oh, Draco, don't you even dare!
If you die, I will despair." Things sound so much more melodramatic when you rhyme, don't you think?

"Really? Do you tell the truth?
If I die, you will feel ruth?"

"Yes, I'm honest, can't you tell?"
I do feel something for you as well." I blushed furiously and tried to turn my head away, but Draco firmly took hold of my chin and turned my head so that I was facing him.

"I'm glad you do, you foolish thing.
I love you more than anything." I suspect I was grinning in a way that can only be described as incredibly silly, and really should be reserved for Hufflepuff third year girls with major crushes, but it didn't last long because Draco chose that moment to capture my lips with his. It wasn't a long kiss, just the briefest of touches, but it left my stomach feeling so fluttery I didn't know what to do with myself. I seriously suspect the butterflies had long gone from the Macarena to a beginners match in Quidditch. Lots of arm waving, screaming and whizzing back and forth without goal or purpose. If I hadn't been so happy, it really would have been insufferable.

Look! Do you see it? Right over there? -points- It was a kiss! It was, it was, it was! Right there, between the horrid rhyming and the shortness of the chapter. See it? A kiss! -nods triumphan

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Chapter: 20

Authors note: The constructive criticism is rolling in! I've gotten two long, constructive reviews in two days! -beams- And lots and lots of other reviews as well, and I adore all of them, of course. I think we just might hit a thousand before this story is over, what do you say? Not much left… -dances-

Chapter 20 – Braving the snake pit

Fortunately, the potion had as good as worn off by the middle of next week. Draco and I had been among the lucky ones who had only gotten a few drops on us and rhymed for about five hours before we stopped. Seamus on the other hand had gotten most of the cauldron over himself, and was the only one who rhymed still. No one quite knew when he'd stop, although Hermione had made a decent estimate of about two more weeks. To say the poor boy was devastated would be an understatement. I know for a fact he was on the verge of attempting to hex himself mute, but fortunately, Dean was there to stop him in time. The school would have lost many hours of laughter if he hadn't.

I was sitting in our living room calmly doing my homework and waiting for Draco, when the Veela suddenly came storming through the portrait with Pansy hot on his heels. "Come on, look at him!" Draco said to the girl, and waved his hand in my direction. "Doesn't he look ready to you?" I looked at him in confusion and was about to ask what he was talking about when Pansy came over and pulled me out of my chair.

"Stand in the middle of the floor," she said and when I didn't do as she told me right away she dragged me over until I was in the right spot.

"What in the world is happening?" I asked, looking back and forth between her and Draco.

"Shush, Harry." Was all the answer I got before Pansy was circling me with Draco following her, making comments.

"See the posture?" He said and Pansy nodded and wrote something down in the notebook she was carrying. Then they made another circle and Draco once again said something else along the

lines of, "And the eyes, look at the eyes." And Pansy did as he said, looking deep into my eyes before scribbling furiously in the book. All the while I kept asking 'what posture?' or what's wrong with my eyes?', but they just shushed me and continued the scrutinizing.

After a while I was getting majorly annoyed, and I did nothing to hide it. "What in the name of Merlin are the two of you doing!" I exclaimed, grasping Pansy's hand as she was opening up my mouth to look at my teeth on Draco's suggestion. However, it didn't faze the Slytherin girl one bit and she made one last circle around me before turning to Draco and grinning.

"He is ready." She said this solemnly as if passing some verdict, but what that verdict was I had no idea. Draco on the other hand seemed to understand *exactly* what she meant and started whooping and running about the room like another Indian. He looked quite ridiculous.

"Ready for what?" I asked exasperatedly, not really expecting an answer. To my big surprise, this time I got one.

"You, my dear Harry," said Pansy, and the grin on her face widened. "Are ready to venture into the Slytherin common room."

"Huh?" I said, eloquent as always.

"Draco hasn't wanted to take you into the snake pit before you were ready, but now you are." Pansy answered, and I felt a big urge to shake my head. I wasn't ready at all! I had of course known I would have to meet Draco's housemates some time, but that time was definitely not now! I was thinking more along the lines of next year. Or maybe the year after that. Or shall we just wait until the reunion in ten years time while we're at it?

Draco seemed to sense my reluctance and he put a calming hand on my back. "Don't worry, love, you'll do great. Pansy wouldn't have said you were ready if she wasn't completely certain it was the truth." He smiled reassuringly and I could feel myself calming under his loving gaze.

"You're sure? I'm really ready?" I asked nervously, looking between Draco and Pansy.

"As ready as you'll ever be," smirked Pansy and I felt the panic rising again. As ready as I'll ever be, what did that mean? Did it mean I was ready, but wouldn't become *more* ready by waiting, so I should just jump into it? Or did it mean I wasn't really ready at all, but I would never become ready either, so what was the use in waiting?

My eyes must have shown some of my alarm, because Draco instantly glared at Pansy and wrapped one arm around my shoulders in a comforting half-embrace. "Don't listen to her, she's just being her usual, nasty self. You trust me, don't you?" He said and when I looked into his eyes I saw nothing but adoration, so I nodded hesitantly. "Then believe me when I say you're ready." He kissed me on the nose, and I couldn't help wiping it with the back of my hand to remove the tingly feeling. That brought a laugh out of both Pansy and Draco, and I took a deep breath before nodding.

"I'll come," I said and Pansy nodded approvingly.

"Right answer, Golden Boy," she smiled. "I would hate to think I'd judged you wrong. It wouldn't look with my reputation as insightful bitch." I snorted and she winked at me before continuing. "Now come on, or we'll be late. The others are expecting you." I didn't even get the time to answer before I was grabbed by the arm and dragged down the corridor to the Slytherin common room. I highly suspect neither Pansy nor Draco wanted to give me the time to change my mind. Before I knew it I found myself pushed inside the common room opening, and suddenly there was nothing left to do but to jump in and hope to Merlin it was water there so I could swim. And if it wasn't, well, let's just say it would be a bloody awful experience. Bloody being the key word here.

I looked around the low-ceilinged room and noticed that every face in the room was turned towards me as if expecting me to say something. However, I was *not* going to be the first one to speak, so I just stood there staring defiantly back at them. I soon realised that Pansy and Draco had never entered the room, and for a minute I felt the presence of a small panic attack, but I soon calmed myself reasoning that this was something I had to do on my own. Of course, I would still yell Draco's face off the next time I met him for abandoning me. It was only fair.

As the silence stretched and stretched, I could feel my hands starting to get sweaty, but I forced myself to keep them hanging down by my sides as they had done all along. This was not the time to show any weakness, not if I wanted to be accepted as Draco's mate. I had nearly given up hope that anything would happen at all, when suddenly a Slytherin first year, at least I think it was a first year, got to her feet and walked over to me.

"State your name and business," she said, her chin up and her eyes steely. Suddenly I was very much reminded of Draco at that age and my lips quirked into the faintest of smiles as I acknowledged her presence.

"Harry James Potter, here by the coercion of Draco Lucius Malfoy and Pansy Zoe Parkinson."

The girl nodded and sat down, only to be followed by a boy who looked to be about a year or so older. He was dressed in dark robes with short, brown hair and a sallow complexion. "Potter," he sneered, baring his teeth. "Do tell us, why should we let you stay?"

"For Draco's sake," I said simply, looking the boy straight into the eyes. He looked back for a long time, before turning and going back to his seat. He was soon replaced by a pretty third year girl with blonde curls and brown eyes. She looked at me for a while, her head cocked to the side, before simply nodding and sitting back down, not even asking a question.

Next came a big fourth year boy I was certain I'd seen before, and from somewhere I dragged out a name to match the face. "Baddock," I greeted, my eyes not once leaving his. The three before him had seemed to think eye contact was important, and if that was what would get me these people's acceptance, who was I to argue?

"You know, as Malfoy's mate, he won't be able to harm you or see you harmed, nor will he be able to compete against you on a very high level. What do you plan on doing about Quidditch? Obviously both of you can't keep your positions." The question almost made me take a step back. To tell you the truth, I hadn't even been aware it was a problem, but now that he brought it up, it did make sense. I wondered why Draco hadn't said anything about it, but it didn't take me long to figure out. He had probably seen it as his duty as the Veela to please his mate, and then just decided to quit the team and not tell me about it, just to keep me happy. The mere idea made my eyes flash dangerously. I knew how much Draco loved Quidditch, and I was not about to let him quit.

"Has Draco quit the team?" I asked and Baddock nodded an affirmative. Growling, I suddenly felt the need to hit something. Preferably Draco. "Well, then you can tell that blasted Veela that unless he gets his arse back on the team, I'll personally castrate him! If anyone is quitting anything, it's me. I don't even like the dratted sport!" And the minute I said it, I knew it was true. I had always loved flying, but the Quidditch I could do without. It was nice enough, and I didn't mind playing, but I didn't love it like Draco did. As a matter of fact, I think that if it hadn't been for Ron, I would have quit the team some years ago anyway. Flying, I could do on my own.

Baddock nodded and was replaced by Harper, a thin girl with a mass of black curls running down her back. If I were to guess, I'd say she was a fifth year. The pattern so far certainly seemed to suggest it. "Define the Dark Arts," she said and I thought long and hard before answering.

"The Dark Arts are spells, charms, jinxes, curses, potions and magical devices invented for the purpose of hurting, killing, taking control over and/or forcing someone to do something against their own will, or that require any of the aforementioned to fulfil their purpose." I didn't know if that was the right or wrong answer, but, as I saw it, it was the only one I could give. However, the girl seemed satisfied, as she nodded and sat down.

Next was Blaise Zabini, a dark boy in my own year. He also cocked his head to the side as if studying me, before asking his question. "If Draco decided to move to Russia, would you go with him?" The question confused me somewhat, as I knew Draco had no such plans, but I answered as best I could.

"Well, yes, I guess so. I mean, he wouldn't survive long if I didn't, now would he? I'd put up one hell of a fight though." That seemed to amuse the other boy, and his eyes danced with laughter as he nodded and sat down.

The last to stand up was a seventh year girl I didn't remember the name of, but whom I knew had a little sister in my year. A Daphne something. She nodded at me, before proceeding to her question. It was bold, and said with and edge of defiance, but that was not what startled me the most. No, that was the question it self.

"Do you love him?"

The room had suddenly gone eerily quiet as everyone waited for me to answer. I thought it through carefully, and came to a startling conclusion. "Yes," I said softly. "Yes, I do." I lowered my eyes to the ground as a blush slowly made its way up my neck. However, it seemed to be the right answer, because when I looked up most of them were smiling, in their own smirking way of course, and a fire blazed in the hearth, making the room seem much warmer. Draco and Pansy suddenly emerged from a doorway to the side, and they were both hugging me until I almost lost my breath.

"Guys, you're choking me!" I managed to get out, and Draco instantly pushed Pansy away and looked me over.

"You'll live," he said, and his left arm resumed its place around my shoulders. "I'm so proud of you," he murmured, his breath tickling my ear. "You did wonderfully." I looked up at him in surprise.

"You heard everything?"

"Of course," he smirked. "We're Slytherins, Harry, we couldn't *not* listen in!" I blushed more at the realization that Draco had heard everything I'd said, I was sure he'd tease me something terrible, but when I looked up into his eyes they were grave. "You know I love you too, don't you?" He said and I nodded in response before following him over to the couch, where I was unceremoniously hauled down into his lap. I knew, and it made me happier than I could ever remember being in my entire life.

Hm, not entirely sure I'm entirely happy with this chapter either. It's too, I don't know, something. It is way too something. I just can't put my finger on what -sighs- Nevermind, it's too late to do anything about now, but as you all might have noticed my story is getting worse and worse by the chapter. However, it is not long left now, only four chapters to go, so I'm hoping I can keep the level up at least somewhat for a little while longer, so that the last few ones won't be completely abysmal -crosses my fingers- Keep faith!

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Chapter: 21

Author's squeal: We reached a thousand, oh my god, we reached a thousand! I have a thousand effing, freaking, bloody wonderful reviews! Oh, how I love you guys! You are the best reviewers a girl could ever dream of, and I adore the very ground you walk on! Don't ever, ever change. Oh, and to Nony, who so wished to be reviewer number thousand, you were actually. Congratulations! And thanks again to all of you, I love you! -bounces-

Chapter 21 – Christmas shopping

The days after I had braved the Slytherin common room went fast, and I spent them dividing my time between my old friends and my new friends. Ron was a bit miffed that I spent so much time with what he called 'deceitful snakes', but Hermione on the other hand was fascinated with all I could tell her. Of course, I never told her anything important, that would be abusing the trust the Slytherins had put in me when they accepted me so readily, but little things such as the fact that Theodore Nott had a penchant for a Muggle band named ABBA never went undiscussed. Of course, we both prayed to Merlin that Nott would never find out we both knew, because that would put us both in a very awkward spot. Between the wall and the point of his wand really. But Hermione was not the only one learning something new, the Slytherins also got a much better understanding of us Gryffindors than they ever had before. Well, with the exception of Draco of course. Many were surprised to find that according to my tales, Hermione actually had a sense of humour and Ron was a strategical genius. It took them a while to believe the last one. Time went by quickly, and before any of us knew it, it was almost Christmas. It was a Hogsmeade weekend, and I was going shopping with Hermione and Pansy, while Draco was off with Blaise, Vince and Greg. Draco had teasingly told me that they would stay away and let us girls shop together, which promptly earned him a glare and a punch in the arm. Although I had learned to live with it, my appearance was still a bit of a sore spot. I don't think I ever quite lost hope that I would find a cure. However, it did have *some* benefits. I had learned sometime around mid October that the more female I acted, the more things I could get Draco to do for me. I didn't take advantage of it often, but it was nice to know that if I ever needed help with my potions essay, all I had to do was lower my lashes and pout a little, and voilà, I had my own tutor.

Hermione and Pansy had much fun with this and often wanted me to sway my hips or something equally silly, just to see what they could have Draco do. Of course, I refused each time. I might look female, but I wasn't about to sell out completely and *become* female! And I didn't really need to prove that I had Draco wrapped around my little finger, I was quite aware of it already, thank you very much. Still, it was interesting to listen to the two of them plot, as long as they didn't try to drag me into it. Unfortunately, that was exactly what they were doing as we made our way down to Hogsmeade.

"But Harryyyyyy," whined Pansy, trying to get me to agree to one of their insane ideas.

"No, no, and no again!" I growled, lengthening my strides to leave the two of them behind. Of course, that only made Hermione latch on to my arm to slow me down.

"*I* think you would look ravishing," the brunette smiled. "And we're not talking about much, just a little bit, and it's just an experiment, it's not like you have to keep it on the whole day or anything!"

"For the sake of magic, Hermione, can't you just listen to me for a second? I am *not* wearing make-up! Not now, not tomorrow, not ever! Don't you understand? The mere notion is *degrading*!"

"Don't be silly, Harry, of course it's not degrading," said Pansy, grabbing hold of my other arm. "Many males wear a bit of discreet make-up, it's not all that unusual."

"But the two of you aren't talking discreet make-up, you're talking green eye shadow, rouge and sparkly lip gloss!"

"Well, of course. The whole point is to make you look more effeminate," said Hermione, stroking my arm as if to calm me down.

"Has it ever occurred to you that maybe I don't want to look more effeminate?" I sighed, resisting the urge to reach up and massage my temples.

"But Harryyyyyyy," whined Pansy again, and I threw up my hands in despair. The two of them were unstoppable.

"*Fine*, I'll wear your stupid make-up once!" I growled out, making both of them squeal with glee. Honestly, *girls*. "But it's going to be discreet, got it? I'll wear something to make my lashes blacker and my eyes bigger, or whatever effect it is you usually want, but I'm not wearing coloured eye shadow of any sort, ok? And no lip gloss either."

"Fine, a lip reddening charm then? The lips look natural, only redder. As if you're a bit sore or something." Hermione suggested, and I nodded in defeat. If I was going to do this, I could just as well go all the way. I was losing my masculinity anyway.

"Okay, but *I* decide when and where this is happening." It was the least they could let me do, I was giving them permission to mess with my face after all.

Pansy nodded. "Yes, of course, it's the least we can do." Damn straight.

"Oh, we're almost there!" exclaimed Hermione as we rounded a bend. "Could we stop by *Vilmos Cnut's* first? There's a book there I've been wanting to get my father for Christmas." Pansy rolled her eyes good-naturedly at the fact that Hermione's first stop was a bookstore, but she readily agreed and soon I found myself led into a small shop at the end of the main street, with a crooked sign over the door proclaiming it as 'Vilmos Cnut, Books and Stationery'. I took the time to look around, and soon I had Christmas presents for both Remus and Hermione, the latter of course bought quickly and smuggled into my pocket while the girl in question was distracted by Pansy.

The next few hours were spent going from store to store, and soon I had presents for everyone, except Draco. He was the most difficult one, and to tell you the truth, I had no idea what to get him. Because really, what do you get a bloke who has everything? It was a dilemma, and soon I didn't know what else to do, except admit defeat and ask Pansy and Hermione. I sighed deeply and swallowed my pride.

"Uhm, guys? Any ideas on what I could get Draco? The bloke is more difficult buying presents for than anyone I've ever met. He has everything!"

The two of them seemed to think for a while, before Hermione bit her lip uncertainly. "Well, there's always, I mean, you could, not that I'm telling you to, well, yes, I am, but uh, you know…" I could only look at her in confusion. Whatever she was suggesting, it had to be something big to make Hermione stammer like that. Looking to Pansy for help, I could see the other girl trying to hide an amused smile.

"What I think dear Hermione here is trying to say," started Pansy. "Is that, if you feel ready for it, you could always sleep with him." I blinked at her before realisation hit me, and with it, what was becoming a very familiar blush.

"Are you saying, you mean, you think I should…?" I stuttered at least as much as Hermione had.

"Only if you're ready," shrugged Pansy and Hermione nodded.

"Don't do anything if you think you'll regret it," she advised and I could only stand there looking between them, my thoughts a jumbled mess of impulses and feelings. However, slowly but surely an idea started to take hold and my lips curled upwards in what could only be described as a grin.

"Uhm, I think I might have an idea, but I'll need your help. You see, it's like this –" And as I proceeded to tell Hermione and Pansy my plan, I couldn't quell the feeling of anticipation that rose in my stomach. This Christmas was going to be something to remember.

Review my pretties and I will give you an invisible, inedible cyber-cookie!

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Chapter: 22

Authors note: -stands at the door handing invisible, inedible cyber-cookies to all who comes to read-

Chapter 22 – Preparations

The morning of Christmas Eve dawned crisp and clear, the cold light of the winter sun shining through the window. It was almost ten o'clock, and I had already been awake for hours. I just couldn't sleep. That particular day was *The Day*. In italics, with a big T *and* a big D. That was how big the day was. And it wasn't without reason. It was, as had been decided by me, Hermione and Pansy, the day of the final bonding ceremony. It was the last thing standing between me, Draco and the completion of our bond, and, I figured, the ultimate Christmas present. Actually,

the only Christmas present I felt would come anywhere near describing just how much Draco had come to mean to me over the last months. It was scary how much my feelings had changed, but I wasn't really about to complain. However much fun fighting with Draco was, it didn't beat kissing him. Now that I think about it, very few things did.
I had been sitting in front of the fireplace yet another hour when Draco finally graced the room with his presence. Or rather, came stumbling through the door from his room. "Good morning, sunshine!" I greeted him, and got a sloppy kiss in return. It was a shame really, not even Veela hormones could counteract morning breath. "Sleep well?"

Draco yawned and nodded, slumping down onto the couch. "Yeah, 'twas goodn'uff." He mumbled, his head dropping down onto a pillow. I smiled and mussed up his hair, at which he sent me a bleary glare, just as the portrait flew open revealing Pansy and Hermione.

"Oh, Draco, it was good we found you!" cried Pansy, running over to where the two of us were sitting. Or, in Draco's case, slouching. "Blaise is throwing a real temper tantrum, and you know you're the only one who can calm him down! He's in the Great Hall, please do hurry!"

"Oh, for the love of…" Draco muttered darkly under his breath, before getting to his feet. "I'll be back as soon as possible, love." He said, kissing me lightly before stalking out the portrait hole.

"Take your time!" I called after him, but he was already gone.

"Well, that was the first step, Blaise will keep him busy for hours so we have nothing to worry about," smirked Pansy.

"And if Zabini is not up to the task, we have Lady Sanguina on our side as well." Hermione smiled. "She won't let Draco back in before we're good and ready." I really hoped it wouldn't come to that, I could only imagine the state Draco would be in if he had to wait hours upon hours in front of his own door before being let it. Though, on the other hand, it could be amusing to try once. Just as an experiment, of course.

"Splendid! So, how do we do this?" I asked, looking between the two of them.

"Well, you can actually sit right where you are, and we'll just get started, ok?"

"Sure, my face is at your mercy." I tied my hair back with an elastic band and made myself more comfortable as the two girls set out to make me into what they called 'beauty incarnate'. I highly doubted they would manage anything like it, but I had promised to at least let them try. And I was nothing, if not a man of my word. If I could be considered a man at all after the vultures were finished with me, that is.

After almost an hour of hair removal, lip reddening, eye enlargement, skin cleansing and other unmentionable deeds, my two torturers finally stepped back and deemed me finished. Well, the facial part of it anyway.

"Oh, Harry," sighed Hermione and she looked for a minute as if she wanted to dry a tear. "You look so grown up!"

"Our little man, all beautiful for his first sexual encounter," murmured Pansy, never one for modesty.

Blushing, I glared at her. "Be silent, Parkinson, and hand me that mirror." She laughed at me, but did as she was told. I looked into the shimmering piece of glass, and I wouldn't be lying if I told you that I'd only ever been as shocked by my own reflection once before. The morning of my birthday.

From within the mirror, looking out at me, was an exotic looking creature that had very little to do with Harry Potter. For the sake of this description we will call him Jack. Now, it is true, Jack's hair *was* tied back by the same band of elastic as mine, but apart from that, he could as well have been from another planet. Where I was a pretty looking bloke with looks that leaned towards the more effeminate, Jack was an androgynous, ethereal being you'd only expect to see in front of a camera. His eyes were shaded in grey and traced in black, giving them a sooty, mysterious look. His lashes were longer, blacker and thicker than mine had ever been, and his skin was pale and matt. Or, as I realised when I leaned closer in, not completely matt. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but something made the skin glow slightly where the light touched it. It was almost as if it sparkled, yet in a very discreet way. If it is even possible to sparkle discreetly. But anyway, his complexion was perfect. His lips were full and pouted, and as red as if he'd just been kissed breathless. All in all, he looked fantastic. And the most fantastic thing of all, was that Jack wasn't just some other boy who'd been trapped inside a mirror. No, wonders of wonders, it was actually me. And believe me; I demanded proof before I trusted Hermione's word for it.

"Like what you see?" Pansy smirked at my wide eyed expression.

"More like don't recognise what I see," I mumbled, but then shook my head and pulled myself together. "It great, guys, really it is. I could never in my wildest dreams have foreseen a result like this."

"I'm glad you like it," smiled Hermione, before turning businesslike again. "Now, we've brought along some clothes we think you should try." She tossed me a pair of pants and I looked down at them, before looking back at her incredulously.

"*Leather?* You expect me to wear *leather*?" I spluttered, my face heating up at the mere thought.

"Are you seducing someone, or are you not seducing someone?" Pansy asked, studying her nails.

"Uhm, well, I am, sort of, but that doesn't mean I have to –" I started, but Pansy interrupted me.

"Then you're wearing leather." She looked up from her nails, and I quickly understood that either I put the pants on, or I went without pants. It was as simple as that, and since Hermione was wearing a very similar expression on her face, I figured it was just no use arguing. No matter

what I said, they would win. Not only were they two against one, they were both girls as well, which gave them an unfair advantage.

As I pulled the pants up over my hips, I was pleasantly surprised to find that they were quite loose. The minute I saw it was leather I had been afraid they would fit like a second skin, but that was not the case. I had plenty of room to move about in them.

"Sorry if they're a bit big," said Pansy, pulling out her wand. "They're Blaise's, and he's quite a bit larger than you, but we'll fix it with a quick resizing charm." She cast the charm and I instantly understood that my first assumptions concerning leather had been the right ones. They were tight. Very tight.

"Can you move round, or are they too tight?" asked Hermione, she also with her wand out. I tried to move around a little, and amazingly enough, I managed it too. I would never have thought it by the look of them, but they were actually possible to live in. Tight, yes. Causing breathing problems, perhaps. But still possible to live in. Wonders will never cease.

"It's fine," I said to Hermione, and the brunette lowered her wand.

"Wonderful. Now, put on this." She held out a black tank top, and I took it, swiftly pulling it down over my head. "And this." The last item was a green silk shirt, the exact colour of my eyes. I left it hanging open.

"Now, your hair!" said Pansy and had me sitting down at the coffee table so that they could stand behind me. I felt a moment's hesitation at letting the two of them stand behind my back with their wands out, they could have done anything to my poor hair, but I quickly shook it off and sat down. And really, I had nothing to worry about. They conferred back and forth for a while, before finally settling on straightening it out and putting it in a ponytail. Much like Hermione had done for my first date with Draco. After the hair came accessories. Apparently, one can't go anywhere without them. It is even a law against it in some societies, according to Hermione. Not sure I believe her, but anyway, mine included a thin, black choker, several black rubber bands that according to Pansy were bracelets, and a black belt. Last I put on a pair of black boots, and then I was deemed finished at last.

I walked over to the bathroom, taking full advantage of the gigantic mirror Draco had had installed some time ago. The result was, to say the least, interesting.

"So, what do you think?" Pansy asked, grinning out of the mirror from where she was standing right behind my own reflection.

"I look completely and utterly gay."

"Mission accomplished then," said Hermione, and then she did the one thing that told me she'd been spending waaay too much time with Pansy lately. She smirked. And not just any smirk either, it was a fully developed superiority smirk, with just a dash of insolence and

self-satisfaction. I felt oddly proud.

-sings loudly- Just keep reviewing, just keep reviewing, what do we do? We review, review, review!
Erm, yes… -shifty eyes- … I blame Finding Nemo! -points finger towards the DVD player-

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Chapter: 23

Authors Note Thingy: Hm, I should probably tell you guys that the sordid details of Harry and Draco's bonding you will have to get from *your own* imagination. 'Cause I'm not sharing mine! Nope, you're not getting any further than the bedroom door I'm afraid. You are of course free to see if you can hear anything through the door, but don't expect too much, I'm sure Harry's silencing charms are more than adequate. Good luck, though.

Chapter 23 – A night to remember

After Pansy and Hermione had helped me gussy up, they stayed to decorate the room. All the furniture was moved out of the way, to the sides, and quickly became home to a multitude of candles of every shape and size, some even scented. I didn't even know there was such a thing, but apparently, there was. I wasn't going to think about the gayness of the person who actually went ahead and *invented* scented candles. Not that I had right to express myself, seeing as planning to shag a bloke often require a certain amount of gayness, and wearing make-up even more so. Although it was rather unwillingly, and only after hours upon hours of constant nagging from two very determined teenage girls, who never let you alone for a single minute, following you around even when you went to the bathroom, badgering and pestering you until you were just about ready to... eh, never mind. And I was not bitter. I was not. But anyway, the scented candles were all nice looking and they smelled, so all was good. You might not be able to tell exactly *what* they were supposed to smell, but when something is called by the name of '*Madame Rosinda's Scented Candles with Alihotsy and a hint of Puffapod*', that is only to be expected. But I digress. In the middle of the room, we put a small, round table, with two chairs opposing each other. It was quickly dressed in a white cloth, with plates and eating utensils scattered around. Although, scattered is probably the wrong word to use, as Hermione used a good half hour to decide how they were best placed. Then as the last finishing detail, Pansy put a vase with a single red rose in at the middle of the table. Cliché, yes, but there's a reason it's overused, and as long as they didn't expect me to carry the rose around in my mouth, I was a happy camper.

"Finished at last," beamed Hermione and surveyed the result.

"Yes, now we only need to dim the lights and put on some music," smiled Pansy.

"Thank you, you guys, I could never have done it without you!" I said, hugging both of them.

"Damn right you couldn't," smirked Pansy, and Hermione laughed, nodding in agreement. "But do you remember everything we've taught you now?"

I nodded while going over everything in my head. I was supposed to walk a certain way, do certain things, and talk about certain topics. All in all it included much hip swaying, an insane amount of smiling, laughing and eyelash fluttering, and last but not least, a somewhat husky sound to my voice. Apparently all these things would land Draco in my bed, and since that was my goal, I did as I was told.

"Oh, and Harry," added Hermione. "Have you read the book I gave you?" Blushing a deep puce colour, I nodded. The book in question had been hid securely at the bottom of my trunk, but only after I had taken a look at it, of course. It was, in short, a guide to the things two wizards might consider doing in the privacy of their own chambers. And a couple of things they probably hadn't considered at all, but might be fun to try sometime. And, it was illustrated. Yessiree, a very *educational* book indeed.

"Very good," nodded Pansy. "And you've taken the contraceptive potion? Fabulous, then I think you're ready for the night! Any last questions before we go? No? Ok then, have fun, and don't do anything I wouldn't do!" Laughing the two of them made their way out the portrait hole, and I sat down to wait. The deal was that when we were finished, Pansy would go find Blaise and Draco, and then Blaise would suddenly calm down, and Draco would be free to leave. Fortunately for me, I didn't have to wait long. I think if I'd had to, the nerves would have been the death of me. They would have jumped out of my skin, crept up to my neck and strangled me while I was looking the other way. I'm not kidding. But as it was, Draco came tearing through the door within ten minutes, and I didn't really have the time to get nervous at all. Ok, so that's a lie, but I didn't have the time to get so nervous that my nerves considered homicide to get out of it. Or would that be suicide, seeing as my nerves are technically a part of myself? Hm, let me get back to you on that one.

"Sorry I took so long, love, Blaise can be so annoying at times, he just wouldn't calm down no matter what I tried! You'd think he was doing it on purpose! And on top of that –" It was at this moment Draco seemed to look around him for the first time. The face he made was very peculiar. "Harry? Harry, love, what is all this?" He said and looked around the room for me. When he saw me, his face took on an even more peculiar expression. It was very interesting, the way his cheeks flushed and his eyes glazed over, while his mouth opened slightly and his tongue came out unconsciously to wet his lips. Very interesting indeed. "*Harry?*" He gaped, sounding, for a lack of better wording, a wee bit shocked.

"Yes, Harry would be my name," I nodded, smirking slightly. Who else could it be really? I had already established that it definitely wasn't Jack. Walking to the middle of the room, I did a bit of a twirl so that he could see all of me. His expression only got more peculiar as time went by it seemed. Now 'chin on chest' and 'eyes as big as saucers' had joined the party.

"Are you wearing *leather*?" 'Licking lips' just entered the dance floor.

"Why, yes, I am. They are very comfortable, but if you don't like them, I could always go change – " I trailed off, knowing of course that I would do no such thing.

"*No!* Eh, I mean, no, that's ok, just keep them on." His eyes swept unconsciously over my leather clad legs. "Yes, on sounds like a plan." It was around this time he got a real good look at my face. Peculiar suddenly became too weak a word to describe his expression. "Harry, love." He started, staring at my face then blinking before staring some more. "I think you and I need to have a talk." He walked over to me and put a hand on my shoulder. "You see, it's like this; Wizardkind is split into two halves, males and females. Females are women. They use makeup. Males are men. They do not use makeup. Which one are you again, honey?" He smirked slightly, raising an eyebrow inquisitively.

I swatted him behind the head before wrapping my arms around his neck. "I thought you enjoyed having your submissive looking as submissive as possible?" I looked up at him and fluttered my eyelashes jokingly.

"Well, you do have a point. And you're looking mightily submissive tonight, Mr Potter," Draco's breath ghosted over my lips and I could feel a shiver run up my spine. "Beautifully so."

Smiling, I leant up and landed a small kiss on his waiting lips. "All thanks to Hermione and Pansy, I assure you."

"Ah, so they finally got their hands on your face, did they? I was afraid that if you didn't give in soon, they would kidnap you, tie you to a chair and have their wicked way with you. Cosmetically, of course."

I laughed and nodded. "Yes, they can be quite fierce when they've put their minds on something. Though, I did manage to squirm my way out of the green eye shadow and the lip-gloss. For that I am rather proud."

"Amazing! I am not sure I would have managed the same had I been in your position. What is your secret?" He pulled me closer, resting his forehead against mine.

"Ah, but if I told you, it wouldn't be a secret anymore, now would it?" I teased.

"Hm, you might have a point." His eyes danced and he swooped down to capture my lips with his. The kiss went on for quite a while, our tongues leisurely taking the time to explore, but soon I pulled away, leaving the safe warmth of Draco's arms for the sake of dragging him over to the table.

"Have dinner with me?" I asked and he nodded. Easily slipping into the role as the perfect gentleman, he reached past me and pulled out my chair. I smiled gratefully up at him and gave

him one quick kiss before he ventured over to his own part of the table.

When we were both seated, a loud pop could be heard and then Dobby was standing in front of us. He was dressed in a maroon knitted sweater that looked suspiciously like the ones Ron got from his mother every Christmas, dark blue pants with black stripes, and with a white something that strongly resembled a washcloth thrown haphazardly over one arm. His ears were twitching eagerly, and he beamed up at us. "Harry Potter! Master Draco, sir! Dobby is being your waiter for the evening, yes he is! Will Harry Potter and Master Draco be having Christmas dinner, or will they be having something else? Dobby is making lots and lots of food for Harry Potter's special night, but Dobby can be cooking something else if Master Draco and Harry Potter sirs is wanting it!"

Laughing, I answered him. "Christmas dinner would be great, Dobby, thank you." Draco nodded in agreement, and with a bow Dobby popped away, and food of every kind appeared at our little table. There was even a bottle of nettle wine, which Draco was quick to open.

"A glass of wine, good sir?" he asked, his eyes glinting in amusement.

"Wine would be lovely," I laughed. Draco then poured me a full glass, before taking some himself.

"To you, Harry," he murmured, raising his glass to me before taking a sip. Blushingly, I smiled before taking a sip of my own. "This was a very nice idea, love, I'm glad you thought of it." Draco took my hand and ran his thumb over it in a slight caress. "And I must say, you're looking exceptionally beautiful tonight. You must remind me to send a thank you note to the Nose Sticking Duo. They are of the mulish kind, but this time the result was more than good enough to excuse any animalistic traits."

Laughing, I squeezed his hand. "They aren't *that* bad, you know you love them."

"I most certainly do not!" scoffed Draco, sticking his nose haughtily into the air. "I *tolerate* them. There is a difference." He smirked.

"Not in Malfoy language, it's not," I muttered, just loud enough for Draco to maybe have heard it, before plastering a sweet smile on my face.

"I will not even deign that with an answer," Draco said, sniffing in an insulted way. It was very adorable. Laughing, I made an encouraging movement with my hand to make him try some of the food.

"What is this?" he asked after tasting one of the dishes. "It is very nice."

"Oh, that is goose, I think. Goose à la Dobby."

"Huh, I would never have thought, that groupie of yours can actually cook!" He smirked and I

shook my head, reaching over to hit him playfully on the arm.

"At least I *have* groupies, that is more than can be said for you, *dear*."

Draco grinned broadly. He always did seem to enjoy our bantering back and forth. "But I don't need groupies, I have you, *love*."

"Ah, that you do, that you do," I nodded, taking a bite out of my bread roll. Draco smiled and ate a bit more as well. Soon we were finished with dinner, and it was getting more than late enough to go to bed. At least I thought so.

"I think I'm going to go to bed now," I murmured, looking over at Draco from underneath lowered lashes.

"I'll walk you home," he grinned, and I couldn't help laughing a little. We walked hand in hand the four metres over to the doors to our respective rooms, and Draco leaned down to place a chaste goodnight kiss on my lips. Except, of course, I didn't stay that chaste for long. After we broke apart I smiled softly opening my door, then I looked back over my shoulder and tugged on Draco's hand.

"Stay with me tonight?" I asked, and I could see him blinking at least five times before the meaning of what I'd said seemed to hit him.

"You mean –"

"Yes," I nodded.

"Are you sure?" He searched my face for any hesitancy, but I had already made up my mind so there was none to be found. I just smiled up at him and repeated the tugging motion on his hand. This time he followed, and I led him over to by bed.

"Merry Christmas, Draco," I whispered, and then I leaned up to capture his lips with mine. That was the last any of us said for a very long time.

And Merry Christmas to all my readers as well! Christmas lasts until Easter, dammit!
Waaaah! Only one chapter to go, and then we're done -cries- Oh well, this is the second last chance to plead for reviews… -sniffles- Review a little for me? Don't have to be much, just a wee little review? Pretty please, with a cherry on top?

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Chapter: 24

Authors Note: Ah, here we are, the last chapter. This little story of mine was never supposed to be anything else than the courting period, and alas, that stops with the bonding ceremony. However, I have written this epilogue thingy, which gives you a little glimpse of the future life of Harry and Draco. Thank you all for staying with me all this time, and may you enjoy this last chapter as much as you have the others. I'm going to miss writing for you, love you all!

Chapter 24 – An Epilogue or a Glimpse of the Future

After that eventful Christmas Eve, Draco and I spent the last two weeks of the vacation alternately between Sirius and Remus, and his mother. They were all three of them more than happy to have us over, and I found to my great delight that Draco's mother was an absolute dear. She took me in as if she'd known me all her life, and did everything in her powers to make me feel welcome. She even invited Sirius and Remus over for dinner, and although it was a tense evening, I appreciated the effort and thought behind it. Draco's father was never mentioned, as he had been captured the night Sirius was freed, and now spent his time in Azkaban. Both Draco and Mrs. Malfoy, or Narcissa as she wanted me to call her, were better off without him. The rest of our time in school was also spent well, and we both graduated with remarkably good grades, Draco's being among the highest in our year, just after Hermione's. With the help of Draco, Ron and Hermione, I also managed to vanquish Voldemort at the end of our seventh year, but that is a whole other story, for a whole other time.
The End.

Harry put the quill carefully down next to the piece of parchment, and read it through one more time. When he was sure the ink had dried, he put it together with all the other parchments, and tied them together with a piece of red string.

"Are you finished for the night, mate o' mine?" Draco's voice could be heard through the door to the bedroom, and Harry smiled softly.

"Yes, I just finished writing the last page," Harry called back, and suddenly Draco came to stand in the doorway. He was wearing a pair of pyjama bottoms with a white t-shirt, and he looked every bit as delicious as he had all those years ago, when Harry first met him on the train after their respective transformations. He had filled out a bit, his stomach wasn't as lean anymore, nor his muscles as defined, but he was still more than fit enough. Not that it mattered, even with a beer belly worthy of Hagrid he would have been perfect in Harry's eyes. He *was* perfect. Scornfulness and that first grey hair included. Harry smiled up at the Veela, waiting for him to say something. He knew he would, he was smirking too hard about something to keep quiet for long.

"So you've *finally* finished that dratted book of yours, have you? Took you long enough." Harry laughed, and Draco came over and rested a hand on his shoulder. "Let us see then." Harry held the collection of parchments up and Draco leafed through them, careful not to tear any of the pages. "*The Challenge of being a Veela's Mate*, catchy title, I'll give you that. But I don't think it

was *that* much of a challenge, do you? We did well enough, didn't we?"

"Yes, we did," Harry smiled softly and reached up to put his hand atop of Draco's, which was still resting on his shoulder.

"Now, don't you go mushy on me, Mr. Potter-Malfoy!" Draco admonished and Harry laughed, shaking his head.

"I won't." He assured. "I guess all the writing has just brought me in a bit of a nostalgic and sentimental mood, you know?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right. And I'll probably, horrors of horrors, go a bit sentimental as well when I've read through this. I can read it, right?" Draco asked, cocking his head to the side.

"Of course you can, it's as much your story as it is mine. And it might give you a valuable glance into the mind of a teenage Gryffindor," Harry smirked and Draco snorted.

"Yes, I'm going to need it too, aren't I? I can't believe your daughter went ahead and got herself sorted into Gryffindor! Honestly! At least Lucas had the presence of mind to end up in Ravenclaw. I don't know what I would have done if *two* of our children had turned out to be Gryffindor goody-goodies."

Harry laughed, turning his head to look up at his agitated husband. "So when she brews a perfect potion, she's your daughter, but when she does something you don't like, she's mine?"

"Naturally," answered Draco, his head turned upwards in a haughty smirk.

"You're hopeless." Harry smiled, shaking his head. "And we might yet have two Gryffindors, you know. There's still plenty of time to go before Tavin is going anywhere near Hogwarts, with a bit of work I can easily influence him over to the 'light side.'"

"Over my dead body! Tavin is the epitome of a Slytherin, I just know he'll make me proud by choosing the right house!"

Harry grinned, turning around so that he was completely facing Draco. "Ha, that was exactly what you said about Rose, and look how that turned out!"

"Details, details, I've had two children to practice on now, Tavin *will* be a Slytherin, if it's the last thing I do!"

"Won't work, he's clearly Gryffindor material." Harry smirked mischievously.

"He is not!"

"We'll see, we'll see." Harry said evasively, grinning broadly.

Narrowing his eyes, Draco looked down at the face of his mate. "What do you know?" He growled.

"I'm not sure I know what you're talking about," Harry blinked innocently.

"Oh, don't give me that crap. I *know* that look! You know something!" Draco ground out, his hands crossed menacingly over his chest.

"Hm, maybe I do, maybe I don't," said Harry in a bit of a singsong voice. Draco's eyes narrowed even more and the brunet couldn't help laughing. "I'm not telling, but I can say this; it involves Tavin, his new room, and a sickening amount of red and gold."

"Tell me he didn't?" whispered Draco, and proceeded to run across the hallway to his youngest son's room, where the door was slightly open. Peering inside, he could see Tavin lying peacefully on the bed, his little chest rising and falling in an even rhythm. However, that was not what caught Draco's eye, no, that was the bed in itself. It was an almost exact replica of the ones that used to be, and probably still were, in the Gryffindor dorm. Dark red, gold trimmed canopy included. The walls around it were covered in the Quidditch wallpaper of every little boy's dreams, golden snitches on a red background. Plastered on top of that was poster upon poster of famous Quidditch teams, clearly dominated by the orange colours of the Chudley Cannons and their star keeper, Ronald Weasley. Or, as he was called in this family, 'Uncle Won'. On the floor underneath the window, which by the way had red curtains, lay a striped rug of burgundy and golden colours. And, as if to put insult to injury, on the bed, tucked safely inside the arms of the six year old, lay a small plush lion.

Draco fought the urge to scream, and stomped back to the study where his mate was sitting laughingly on the chair. "You've corrupted him!" Draco snarled, throwing his hands up in the air in a motion of despair. "What did you do? It must have been something serious to have ruined all my years of hard work!"

Grinning broadly, Harry looked up at Draco in what could only be called a self-satisfied way. "Ron and I just took him to a school Quidditch match between Gryffindor and Slytherin." He smirked. "Gryffindor demolished Slytherin, by the way."

"You, you, you bastard! You've corrupted my children!" Draco wailed and Harry couldn't help, it he almost fell off the chair laughing.

"Aww, it's not so bad, love, you *do* have one in Ravenclaw after all." The brunet stood up and put his arms around his husband's neck in a comforting embrace.

"But it's not the same," sniffled Draco. He pouted and sulked some more, before a thought suddenly seemed to hit him. He looked down at Harry, and his eyes took on a mischievous glint. "But, since you have corrupted all of them, the least you can do is give me another one. Or maybe two, twins would be nice, don't you think?" He smirked before bending down to lift Harry

up, carrying him into the bedroom bridal style.

"Hey, you play dirty!" Harry whined, kicking his legs a bit back and forth. However, the tight grasp he had around the other man's neck and the way his eyes shone gave him away.

"Why of course, you might have ruined my children, but *I'm* still a Slytherin!" And with that he captured Harry's lips with his own, kissing the smaller man until he stopped kicking. Which, to tell you the truth, didn't take very long at all. No, not very long at all.

Ah, there we have it people.
The End.

Waaah, I can't believe it's over -cries- my little baby, all grown up, written and finished… it even has an epilogue -wails- I remember when it was only a mere toddler, barely four chapters, demanding my attention day after day… -sigh- There's nothing to do about it, babies must grow up and stories must end. That's the way of the world, unfortunately. And, I suppose it's time for me to give out my thanks again. Well, here goes:
First and foremost, I would like to thank my reviewers. All of you. You've been with me from the beginning, giving me advice and lavishing me with praise. If it weren't for you, my head would be two sizes smaller. At least. So thank you!

Then, of course, there's the usual Hielo thank you. Thank you for waiting, thank you for bullying me into posting, thank you for being there all the way. I love you.

And last, a special thank you to my brother. My computer has been hell on earth these last few weeks, and if it hadn't been for him, I would never have managed to update as frequently as I have. So thank you a bunch!

-Sigh- Now, there's only one last thing to do, and I bet you can all guess what that is? Hehe, you should be able to, you know me well enough by now. Yes, I am of course talking about begging for reviews. I really think I deserve one last for finishing the story, yeah? I didn't abandon it, and I updated almost every day. So, pretty please? One last **review** to tell me what you think of the ending? I'd be forever grateful.

All my love, triola.