Going to Explain?

It all started the morning Harry woke up and discovered that every last stitch of his clothing gone.

“I can’t figure out what in the world happened to all my clothes!” Harry yelped, then glared furiously at his best friend. “It’s not funny, Ron, so stop laughing!”

“Well, all your clothes are gone!” Ron laughed. “You haven’t even got any socks! What kind of prank were they playing on you?”

“I don’t know, Ron,” Harry narrowed his eyes at his best friend. “Your brothers are the most notorious pranksters Hogwarts has ever had... perhaps you inherited something from them? Did you have a hand in this, Ronald Bilius Weasley?!”

Ron snorted. “I did not. Here, you can borrow one of my uniforms, okay?”

“Fine,” Harry muttered, changing out of the shorts he’d worn to bed the night before - the only stitch of clothing he had left in the entire room, except for his Invisibility Cloak, which he was half tempted to put on and just hide - and pulled on the uniform Ron had handed him. It was overly big for him - the cuffs literally hung over his ankles and hands, but he just rolled them up, yanked on a pair of Neville’s shoes the boy lent him, and headed down for breakfast with his book bag.

“Why are you wearing a uniform so big?” Hermione asked, warily, over her kippers.

“Get this,” Ron said, leaning forward eagerly to tell the story, despite Harry’s red flushed face. “When we woke up this morning, every single piece of Harry’s clothes was missing. He didn’t have anything left - not even socks, or pants, or anything!”

At that precise moment, Draco Malfoy and Blaise Zabini were passing by where they sat at the Gryffindor table, and the blonde’s eyes narrowed dangerously at the three of them, before he elbowed

Blaise, and muttered something under his breath.

Draco Malfoy had been acquitted from his Death Eater activity after Harry had finally defeated the Dark Lord the summer before on the defense that he had been forced to join to protect his family, and he did release a vast amount of information to the Order by the end of the war. To all the Gryffindor's surprise, he hadn't caused trouble for them once since they had come back for their seventh year of school, albeit after a year off when the school had been closed.

But now, at Draco's hissed order, Blaise sneered at them. "Woke up this morning, and not a thing fit, Potter?"

Harry groaned, and speared a kipper with his fork. "Leave us alone, Zabini."

"You know, I thought you'd finally gotten to act like a normal wizard the last couple months, but you are apparently back to looking like an utter muggle loving disgrace again," Zabini pressed.

Ron leapt to his feet, fists clenched in righteous indignation for Harry's sake, Harry bolted to his feet to try and pull Ron back to his seat, and Hermione alone noticed the dangerous way Draco narrowed his eyes at Blaise, as though he, too, was pissed about the comment Zabini had made.

"Sod off, Zabini!" Ron yelled.

Zabini instead, wand just poking out of the tip of his sleeve, hissed something under his breath.

For a moment, no one was quite sure what exactly Blaise had done. But then Harry realized that he was feeling somewhat... cold, all of a sudden... and someone, somewhere had started to laugh. Then suddenly everyone was alternately laughing or gasping, and Hermione gapsed, "Harry! Your clothes!"

Harry looked down at himself, then let out a squeal of horror when he discovered that he was

completely and totally naked.

Deatheaters, he could handle. Voldemort, he'd faced down and killed by himself. Snape, he would - and had - hunt down and exact revenge on solidly.

But standing naked in the middle of the Great Hall where everyone could see just what exactly it was he had - that was something he couldn't deal with.

Turning bright red, Harry threw his hands in front of his private bits, and was about to run screaming from the room when something very unexpected happened. Draco Malfoy walked up to him, removed his own cloak, then wrapped it firmly around Harry's shoulders.

"What-?" Harry started, gaping in confusion as Draco carefully fastened the buttons and clasps, not saying a word, and not meeting his eyes. "Malfoy, what are you doing?!"

Draco still didn't say anything, but as soon as he had finished fastening the buttons, he knelt suddenly in front of Harry, bent, and touched his forehead to Harry's bare toes. Then he stood, spun, and strode grandly from the Main Hall, cloak billowing in a style scarily reminiscent of the late Potions Master.

Ron and Hermione were gaping at him when Harry turned to look back at them, and Zabini was nowhere in sight.

"What the bloody hell was that, mate?" Ron gasped.

Harry blinked. "I'd really like to know that myself."

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To Harry's alarm, he was quite unable to remove the cloak Draco had put on him. They had tried every unlocking charm they could imagine on the buttons, but nothing worked. Headmistress McGonagall had even tried her darndest, and nothing would work. At last, he went back to class, going about his usual business... but with no clothes but Draco Malfoy's Slytherin crested robes. And absolutely nothing else.

As humiliating as that was, however, what was even worse was that, every time he entered a room that Draco was in, be it classroom, or the Main Hall again, Draco would walk up, kneel and touch forehead to toes again, then stand back up and go back to whatever it was he was doing, and he wouldn't say a word to Harry.

It was driving Harry nuts!

So the next morning, when he came down to breakfast, still wearing Draco's robes as he had been utterly unable to get them off even to sleep the night before, Harry had to admit that he was kind of expecting just another repeat of yesterday's activities.

What he did not expect was for Draco to walk up to him at the Gryffindor table, and dash his plate off of it onto the floor.

"Malfoy, the hell?!" Harry spluttered, bolting to his feet.

Draco knelt to the floor, and picked up something Draco hadn't noticed before - a silver tray loaded with fresh fruits and pastries, the really rich and fancy kind that Hogwarts never got. Still, he didn't say anything, just knelt, eyes downcast, tray in hand.

"What are you on about, Malfoy?" Ron sneered, but Hermione seemed to have a more objective view to all this.

"I think he wants you to eat that food, Harry," Hermione said primly, turning another page in her book, which looked even thicker and older than usual.

“Yeah, right,” Ron scoffed, but Harry figured, hey, why not?

Reaching down, Harry carefully plucked a strawberry off the top of the pile, and holding it carefully between index and thumb, took a bite of it. It was easily the best piece of fruit he had ever tasted, and Harry couldn’t help but moan at the taste. Merlin, it was heaven in a mouthful!

“Thanks Malfoy,” Harry said, truthfully, as he finished the juicy berry, and licked the juice off his fingers. “Er... you can go now... I don’t really need...”

For the first time in the last twenty four hours, Draco made some response, looking up. His quicksilver eyes were startlingly hard and serious, and he fixed a firm look on Harry that invited no arguments.

Feeling strangely pinned under those fierce eyes, Harry hastily grabbed for another piece of fruit, and despite the dozens of eyes on him from around the room and from his own table, Harry kept eating until Draco seemed to decide that he’d had enough, and stood smoothly, taking the tray with him.

“That was so bizarre...” Harry muttered, even as he idly slurped at a bit of peach juice that had dribbled down onto his palm.

At lunch time, when Harry tried to scoop himself a plate of kidney pie, Draco threw that to the floor too, and presented him instead with some fancy kind of soup Harry had never seen before, and quiche.

Deciding that there was something very bizarre going on here, Harry tried to stand and leave, but found mercury eyes suddenly fixed on his, and the next thing he knew, he was sitting, fork in hand, chewing a mouthful of quiche. “Wait...” he spluttered, confused. “What just happened?”

At supper, Harry found himself eating pheasant and mincemeat pie, sipping at mulled mead.

“That actually looks really good, mate,” Ron admitted, peering over the table at the tray Draco still held for Harry. “Can I try some?”

Before Harry could even answer, he realized that Draco was growling, deep and dangerous sounding, before rising to a higher pitch, almost like the hissing sound a cat makes when it gets in a fight.

“Err.... I don’t think that would be such a good idea,” Harry said quickly, shrugging. “Sorry, Ron.”

Ron grumbled, but dug into his own roast beef with a shrug. “S’all right. Not your fault Malfoy’s a git.”

Draco growled again, and Harry winced. “Lay off of Malfoy, Ron. He’s not doing anything wrong.”

“A ha!” Hermione muttered, half under her breath, whipped a parchment out of her bag, and jotted something down.

Ron and Harry just stared at her like she’d grown another head, shrugged, and went back to their food.

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“Err...” Harry stared at the fluffy thing Draco held out towards him with a cautious eye. “What is that?”

It looked like a puppy, to be honest, a Jack Russell terrier puppy, cheerful and cute - except that it had a forked tail. It was cute, though.

“It’s a crup,” Hermione said off handedly, already scribbling something on her piece of parchment. “Something like a dog, only fiercely loyal to wizards and distrustful of muggles. They make good pets. Honestly, they’re in our magical creatures texts from first year.”

“Oh.” Harry stared at the thing, where it was wriggling desperately in the kneeling Draco’s hands, as though trying to get out and run. “Well, what am I supposed to do with it?”

“I think he’s giving it to you, mate,” Ron said slowly, frowning. “Though I’ve got no idea why.”

Feeling rather silly about the whole thing, Harry reached out, and carefully, awkwardly, lifted the wriggling thing from Draco’s hands. Draco’s hands, he noticed as he did, felt surprisingly smooth, but then his attention was consumed by the soft, warm wriggling ball of fur in his hands. “Hello there,” he said softly, lifting it towards his face to look at it properly. To his surprise, the thing managed to wiggle forward enough to lick at his face, before barking cheerfully. “Merlin, it’s adorable!”

Apparently that had been the cue Draco had been waiting for, because he suddenly tipped his forehead to Harry’s toes again, then went to retrieve the silver tray he’d brought as well, and held it up. This time, there was also a deflated balloon on the tray, which struck Harry as a little odd, until the puppy crup in his hands squirmed out of his grip, snatched up the thing in its tiny teeth, and gobbled it up before his eyes.

“Hey, it’s gonna choke!” Harry yelped, horrified, but Ron stopped him before he could grab for the crup.

“Nope, crups eat all kinds of crazy things like that,” Ron said through a mouthful of pancakes. “Gram has one for eating the gnomes in her garden. They clean up local trash spots real well too.”

“Oh.” Harry blinked at the thing. “Well, that’s okay, then. I guess.”

He shook his head. This was just getting weirder and weirder.

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Laying on one of the couches in the common room that night, Harry played with the crup - who had yet to get a name - and looked over at Hermione and Ron. “So. What do you think is going on?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Hermione tutted, looking up from yet another book.

Harry blinked. “Is it?”

Ron snorted. “Yeah, Harry, it’s clear as mud to me, don’t you get it?”

“Yeah...” Harry muttered, scratching behind the crup’s ears, and loving the way it panted and yipped, forked tails wagging frantically. “Care to enlighten us, Hermione?”

“Sorry,” Hermione shrugged. “I’m afraid I can’t.”

“Why not?!” Ron yelped, obviously filled with indignation, whether for his best friend’s sake, or because he just didn’t understand himself and didn’t like being left in the dark, who knew.

“Well, because it’s illegal, isn’t it?” Hermione answered primly.

Harry blinked. “Say what?”

“Illegal,” Hermione repeated, then looked up from her book. “You might want to go to bed, Harry, I expect you’ll be tired tomorrow if you don’t.”

“Right...” Harry muttered, and clambered up the stairs, followed by a rambunctious puppy. When he reached his room, Harry flopped back onto his bed - he’d given up on trying to remove the robes Draco had locked on him - then leaned over to pull the crup up onto the bed with him when it struggled to reach him. It immediately curled up on his chest, licking once at the small patch of his collarbone exposed by the robes before falling to sleep, it’s little tails wagging slowly in its dreams.

As he lay there in the semi dark, his curtains pilled closed around him, hearing the slightly muffled sounds of the other boys in the dorm coming to bed themselves, he made a plan.

So it was illegal for Hermione to tell him what was going on, was it? Well, it couldn’t be illegal for him to track Draco down and force him to tell him what was going on!

Not that he exactly minded, to be honest. Okay, so he really would like his clothes back - he was fairly confident in his belief that Draco had been the one to steal them in the first place - and he didn’t really mind the food, all things considered, though it was a little odd, and well, the crup was just adorable. How could he not love this furry little bundle of love?

He just wanted to know why Draco was doing this. Sure, they hadn’t been enemies since Draco had come to the Order begging protection and bringing a Horcrux with him. But they hadn’t been friends either - they had still hated each other, he’d thought - so all of this strange behavior was confusing him.

Then it was settled. He’d confront Draco about this first thing in the morning.

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Correction.

First thing in the morning, he would gape at the seventh year boys dormitory in absolute shock and awe, jaw hanging.

He had not expected to wake up, pull back the curtains, and discover that the entire room was covered in red roses. No kidding, red roses. Thousands of them, everywhere. In every nook and cranny, covering the floor, desks, shelves, windowsills, and when he walked into the bathroom, they were everywhere there, too.

Which was why Harry didn't wait for Ron and Hermione, but instead marched down the hallways, crup scampering along behind him, headed for the dungeons.

Draco was just coming out of the Slytherin common room when he turned down that hallway, and Harry threw up an arm, and yelled, "Malfoy!"

Draco spun, but he didn't look startled like Harry had expected, but instead strangely calm - the same expression he'd been wearing for the last three days straight.

"Hey, did you put those roses in my room?" Harry asked, frowning. "Cause... how'd you manage to do that without getting caught? And why are you doing this, anyway?!"

Draco didn't say anything, but simply walked forward, kneeling again, and bending forward. Harry wasn't having any of this, though, and stepped back before Draco could manage the full bend to the floor, making the blond pause, perhaps in surprise. "Seriously, why won't you talk to me? Hermione said it was illegal for her to say anything, aren't you going to explain?!"

There was a moment where neither moved, then Harry jumped and yelped when the crup licked his ankle.

Draco took advantage of his momentary distraction to complete his full kneel, forehead to Harry's toes before righting himself, standing almost scarily close to Harry. Harry could feel the blond's breath on his own lips, and his own breath caught. He couldn't even try to breath, he could feel himself frozen in the silver eyes right in front of his own.

Then Draco stepped back, bowed once from the waist, and swept past him down the hall.

It took Harry about five minutes to realize that not only had he not gotten an answer out of Draco, the blond hadn't said a single word.

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Nothing new happened for the rest of the day. Everything was fine. Granted, Draco kept bringing him extremely exquisite dishes for meals, but otherwise, everything was the same as it had been for Four days.

Until dinner time the next day, when there was a sudden wailing scream, and everyone in the Main Hall started running and screaming, away from the entrance.

There in the entrance way, at least three times the size of a normal jungle cat, stood a large black panther, hissing and spitting, claws bared.

"It's a nundu!" Hermione gasped, looking horrified as she bolted to her feet. "Malfoy, you idiot!"

"What-?!" Harry started, then backed up sharply himself when the thing suddenly spun to fix it's evil eyes on him. Hissing and growling, it suddenly broke into a loping run, heading straight for him. The tiny crup leapt in front of him, growling and baring its teeth, but it would be no match for a cat that size... Harry felt his heart leap up into his throat... he couldn't find his wand... Merlin, where was his wand... it leapt... he was going to die...

An unearthly, inhuman wail broke through the air, and in a flying dervish of silver and black school robes, Draco Malfoy launched himself at the nundu, snarling and slashing.

Draco didn't even seem to be human anymore, he was all claws and fangs and snarling rage as he slashed at the beasts eyes and face, making it scream in fury and retaliate, still trying to get past him and at Harry. The other students were shrieking, and trying to get as far away from the thing as possible, but Harry could only continue backing up in horror, until he collided with the bench, and fell backwards with

a cry of pain and surprise.

The nundu's head swivelled to look at its fallen prey, and the Malfoy heir took his chance.

There was a painful sounding shriek of agony, then the nundu fell, shuddering, to the flagstone floor, its throat ripped clean open, blood gushing heavily over the floor. Draco straightened his spine slowly, blood dripping freely from his mouth as though he was some carnal god of war. His robes were nearly shredded, and his back, arms and chest were bloodied with vicious claw and fang wounds, but he still managed to maintain an air of extreme dignity and good breeding.

Bending to one knee for a moment, he seemed to be doing something to the nundu's limp body, then he straightened and strode over to kneel before the prone Harry.

This time, in his upturned, bloody hands, lay the still warm, blood filled heart of the nundu.

Harry would have been lying if he said that he didn't feel nauseous when he saw that. It was probably the most disgusting thing he'd ever seen, and worse, he felt himself losing control again in those silver eyes watching him much the same way the nundu had moments before. Before he even knew what he had done, Harry had reached forward, taken the bloodied heart from Draco's hands, and bit down into it.

Chewing a few times, feeling the warm gush of fresh blood drip out of the corner of his mouth, Harry swallowed, then held his hands forward, offering the organ to Draco. The blond took it, and Harry's head cleared as he did, until he realized, with growing horror, that he had just eaten a piece of that same heart that Draco was now also taking a bite of. Eyes wide, he could only watch as Draco then lowered his hands, letting the puppy crup eat the rest of the carnage from his hands, licking at the spilt blood.

"Oh Merlin," Harry gasped, head reeling as he struggled to his feet, and ran from the Great Hall.

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“I thought I might find you here,” Hermione said quietly, sitting across from Harry. “Any luck yet?”

“No,” Harry muttered, not even looking up from the pages of the heavy, dusty tome he was tracing the lines of with his finger. “I’ve yet to find anything in these magical law statutes.”

“Might I direct you in the area of the magical creatures texts?” Hermione suggested quietly. “I personally find the books about magical creatures that look human most interesting.”

Harry blinked at her for a long moment, then realization dawned, and he bolted for said section, finally finding a book entitled ‘Human or Creature? : Magical species often mistaken for wizards.’ Returning to the table, he opened to the index, staring at it blankly for a long moment. Okay, so Malfoy was a magical creature? There were hundreds listed in here, how was he going to figure out which one Draco was?

Hermione leaned forward, and set her quill carefully on the page. “There, you might need that... and you might want to try getting the blood off your face and hands, Harry.”

Harry blinked at her as she rose and headed out of the library, then looked down at the quill. She had placed it so that the point aimed like an arrow at the entry titled “Veela : Unlocking the mystery of their male”.

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Harry lay on his bed again, scratching at the ears of the crup.

Well, now he knew what was going on.

Draco Malfoy was a veela.

And Harry was his mate.

Turns out that veela mate for life, and they mate for power. They choose the most powerful wizard they can find within fifteen years of their own age - presumably, the writer had said, so that they wouldn't end up with someone too old or too young for them - and begin to initiate the complicated veela mating ritual.

Those who study the veela had found in their research that the male veela, unlike their more common female counterparts, exerted a hormonal influence on their mates only, instead of on everyone around them. As well, perhaps because they were so rare and as such took on many attributes that dictated the lives of the female veelas, male veelas always chose a male mate. It wasn't like they couldn't have children - the bodily secretions of the male veela had a unique affect on their mates once they were bonded, and the chemicals they released would, over time, mold the body and magic of their mate enough to allow them to bear young.

But the most interesting thing Harry had discovered was when they started discussing the mating rituals.

'Little is known about the veela mating rituals among female veela, and even less is known among their male counterparts. All that is known is that the process consists of five days of ritual, after which the bonding occurs. As the process of mating and the lead up to it are generally kept quiet by the male veela, all that is known is that the veela must prove five things to their mate before they can be accepted, and the mate has to accept that their proofs are valid.

Firstly, the veela must be able to prove that he could clothe and protect his mate when he has nothing.

Second, he must be able to provide sustenance for the mate when the common is unacceptable.

Thirdly, the male veela must show his mate that he can provide children, raise and love them the way the mates child would deserve.

Fourth, the veela needs show that he adores and loves for his mate above all others, to the complete exclusion of all others.

Fifth, he must be able to show that he would and will protect his mate from the greatest of threats, but share with him the greatest of victories.

And finally, the mating would begin when the mate truly believes at the end of the five days that his mate respects him above all else."

And wasn't all of this just lovely?

Scratching the crup's ears, he counted aloud the stages.

"First, clothing. Well, he stole all my clothes, and then got Zabini to strip me in front of everybody, just so that he could give me his cloak and prove to me that he would clothe me when I had nothing else. Check. Second, food." He snorted. "Yeah. Got that. Third, children and such... I suppose that's why he gave me you, isn't that right, boy?" Harry tickled at the nose of the puppy, who barked, once, lapping at his finger. "Fourth, romance... I guess that would be the roses. And as for protecting... well, the idiot did let a nundu into the school just so he could kill it, and practically get killed himself, didn't he?!"

Sighing, Harry, rolled over and off the bed, making the crup bark at him, offended to loose his pillow. "I've got to go find Malfoy," he told the pup, scratching its floppy ears. "Though I suppose I really ought to call him Draco these days, eh? Well... you stay here, all right? Behave yourself?"

The crup barked once, and he took that for a yes.

Dragging his invisibility cloak out of his trunk, he tugging it over his head, and tiptoed out of the dorm, down the stairs, and was just crossing the common room floor when Hermione's bushy haired head peered over the top of an armchair. "Going somewhere, Harry?"

Harry would have jumped out of his skin, were it actually possible. “Hermione! How’d you know...?”

“I know things like this,” Hermione reminded him, then crossed her arms over the back of the armchair. “Off to find Draco, are you?”

“Well...” Harry drawled as he pulled off his cloak, wondering how best to answer.

“I figured,” Hermione nodded, resting her chin on her crossed arms. “Five days are over, you’re probably going to get desperate if you don’t go soon.”

Harry blinked. “The book didn’t mention that.”

“Not the one you read, I suppose not,” Hermione admitted. “But admit it, you kind of have been doing whatever Draco wants you to, lately, and you realize that the more anxious he gets to complete the mating, the more anxious you’re going to get. It’s only normal, well... it would be, if male veelas were normal, which they aren’t.”

“Right.” Harry blinked. “So, can I go?”

“Well, I did want to ask you something first.” Hermione frowned thoughtfully. “Whatever happened to dating Ginny? Are you really gay, or is this just a veela thing. I mean, it’s perfectly all right if it is, I don’t think anyone is really able to resist a veela if they concentrate on them...”

Harry paused, thinking about that for a moment. “I broke up with Ginny because it wasn’t safe, and because... well... I just didn’t feel that crazy spark I did when I wasn’t dating her. It was like she was only a great thing if I couldn’t have her, you know what I mean? And now... well, she’s... she’s just too much like my sister, I guess. And about this whole Draco thing... well, I was pretty obsessed with him, sixth year, wasn’t I?”

“You did worry Ron a lot,” Hermione nodded. “I just noticed what he didn’t, which was of course that you weren’t just normal obsessed, you were addicted. Which logically meant there was more to it than just suspicion, and I was right - already then, he knew that you were the most powerful wizard around, and he was unwittingly releasing pheromones on you, trying to sway you over to him. It was really the only thing that made any sense.”

Harry frowned, then slowly nodded. “Actually... that makes sense.”

“Well,” Hermione laughed. “I wouldn’t keep Mr. Malfoy waiting, if I were you.”

“Right, of course, got it!” Harry spluttered, suddenly flustered for no reason, and scrambled to tug his invisibility cloak over himself, then he was out the door, and headed for the dungeons.

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Harry had expected having to sneak into the Slytherin dorm. He was not expecting Draco to be waiting in the hallway, to suddenly snatch him by the invisibility cloak he should have not been able to see at all, and drag him out of the main hallway, into a dark side corridor.

They had barely gotten off the main pathway when Harry found himself slammed against the stone wall, cloak ripped off him, and Draco’s lips on his.

Harry had thought maybe they could talk first, you know, figure out what was going on? But apparently Draco had kicked that veela attraction up a few thousand notches, because Harry absolutely turned to mush, opening his mouth and all but begging Draco’s tongue inside. Draco, for his part, didn’t hesitate in answering that challenge, and Harry groaned in delight at the feeling of a slick, got tongue against his, joining his in an erotic dance, letting him sample that taste that was entirely Draco Malfoy for the first time.

Draco pulled their lips apart suddenly, tracing his tongue down Harry’s neck, until he bit down

solidly into the collarbone. Harry gasped, clawing at Draco's back, sure that he was ripping open the wounds the nundu had made, but utterly unable to stop himself. "Oh.... god... Draco!"

Those wicked lips traced the wound, then over to his other collar bone, where he bit down again.

Harry screamed this time, short and shuddering, then tightened his hold on Draco's shoulders. "Shouldn't... shouldn't we get... get out of the hall?"

Draco still didn't say anything, but did suddenly grab Harry by his ass and hike him up so that the other was forced to wrap his legs around Draco's waist just to keep from falling. Gripping at Draco as tight as he could, Harry let Draco carry him down the hall, through some door, then let out a gasp when abruptly, he was pushed back onto a bed.

"Mine..." Draco hissed, speaking for the first time in five days, and tore at his own robes that Harry had worn for the last five days, ripping them right off him, then his own, with equal speed. Letting his hands trace over Harry's torso, Draco melded their mouths together again, and Harry groaned, deciding in that moment that if this was going to be the way the rest of his life was going to be...

Bring it on.

Harry gasped, back arching sharply when Draco dropped his hips, grinding his pelvis into Harry's. He hadn't even noticed, he'd been so distracted by the magic Draco was working on his mouth, but he had never been this aroused or hard in his life, and if the distinct pressure on his own erection was what he thought it was, Draco was equally as impressed with the situation.

It was irrational, and Harry knew it, but he suddenly, completely and absolutely wanted Draco inside of him. He wouldn't have imagined he'd ever want anything like that, and in fact, there was a little voice in the back of his head going "WTF mate?" but he absolutely and completely wanted it. He wanted nothing more than to have the veela currently grinding their erections together in such an amazing way he wouldn't be surprised if it were illegal in some more conservative country inside him, owning him completely.

Fingernails raking down Draco's back, Harry hissed, "Inside me, now..."

He could just feel the smirk against his mouth, then Draco's hand slid down under Harry's heavy balls, over the sensitive skin between, then a finger breached that most intimate of places.

Harry gasped, back arching. If he understood this thing properly, Draco should have had to prepare him in some way, but he hadn't... was this part of the 'chemical changes' the book had mentioned, caused by the veela bodily secretions? That maybe his spit - they had exchanged quite a bit by now - made this easy for... "Oh god Draco!" Harry screamed, when he realized that while he'd been thinking something else had been happening, and suddenly the male veela was buried to the hilt in him, which had triggered something inside him, and whatever it was.... "Do that again!"

"Yes..." Draco hissed, and true to his word, moved his hips back to draw back until only the head was inside, then hammered home again.

Whatever that thing was - and you and I, dear readers, know that it is called the prostate and is a wonderful bundle of nerves inside - was triggered again, and Harry screamed, arching off the bed. He had never felt anything so wonderful.

Later, Harry could never say exactly how long they lasted. All he knew was that every passing moment only felt better and better, until with a force he would not have ever imagined could exist, Harry came hard and long, so hard he couldn't breath for a few moments, could only clutch breathlessly at Draco, mouth open in a silent scream.

Draco hissed, and drove home one last time, screaming "MINE!"as he let loose his own release, before collapsing on top of Harry.

Harry was fairly sure he must have passed out, because when he opened his eyes, he was lying curled up beside a quiet Draco Malfoy, he had been carefully wiped clean with a damp cloth, and the veela was tracing soft patterns on his chest.

“What happened?” Harry asked softly, sighing with contentment.

“I just pounded you into the mattress,” Draco said, smirking. “So now you’re stuck with me.”

“Nice to hear you finally talk,” Harry said, smirking a little himself. “Want to explain for me?”

“I would imagine you’ve figured out I’m veela?”

“That was fairly obvious,” Harry admitted. “Well, it was after Hermione pointed me in the right direction.”

Draco sat up sharply. “That’s illegal!”

“She didn’t actually tell me,” Harry said firmly, paused, then grabbed Draco’s forearm and dragged him back down. He’d actually missed his presence, for some odd reason. “So it’s all right. But anyway, so yes, I know.”

“I really had to be creative to come up with those proofs,” Draco moped, resting his sharp chin on Harry’s shoulder. “It wasn’t like there was really anyone I could go to for advice on it... my mum’s the Veela blood, and for female veelas, it’s just a matter of turn on the attraction, pick the one who comes up with the most believable stories, and have sex. No fiddling and figuring, and trying to come up with proofs for the most difficult to convince wizard of all time.” He grumbled. “It’s a good thing I have the charm, or I never would have been able to bag myself a Potter.”

“Bag yourself a...” Harry spluttered for a moment, then burst out in hysterical laughter. “Bag youself a... a Potter... oh Merlin...”

Draco rolled his eyes. “Glad you think it’s amusing.”

“Hey...” Harry paused, clutching his stomach, sore from laughter. “Why didn’t you talk to me for five days? Not even when I asked questions?”

“Ah.” Draco paused. “I’m not allowed to tell you what’s going on, for the same reason Granger wasn’t allowed to tell you. It’s an old wizarding law that forbids the discussion of the veela mating rituals while they are occurring. Makes things more difficult of course, because I can’t just tell you what’s going on then, I have to wait until the five days are over before I can explain. In some cases in the past, it’s actually led to the failure of the mating, because the mate refused to just take things at face value.”

“But you knew that that wouldn’t happen to you, of course,” Harry smirked.

“Of course.” Draco smiled at him, a genuine smile, then brightened. “Oh - where is Salazar?”

Harry blinked. “What?”

“Salazar. The crup puppy? He’s been with you constantly since I gave him to you... he is all right, isn’t it?” Draco frowned at him.

“Oh! Salazar!” Harry just shook his head. “Trust you to come up with such a Slytherin name for a puppy. Heh. Yeah, he’s fine, he’s in my room, guarding my bed.”

“Good. He managed to prove sufficiently to you that I can provide love for my children, I assume?” Draco smirked, tracing his fingernails around Harry’s nipples, making the brunette draw in a sharp breath.

“Y-yes...” Harry nodded.

“Good.” Draco snuggled in a little closer to him. “Because I fully intend to knock you up the duff. Many times.”

Harry blinked. “Say... what?”

“Hope you don’t mind being preggers, Potter, because we are going to have lots of children. I am sick of being one of far too many pureblood families with only one child. So the Potters and the Malfoys are breaking with tradition, Harry. We’re going to be the next Weasley family. All right with you?”

Harry stared at Draco in disbelief. “Seriously?”

Draco smirked. “Seriously.” He leaned down to kiss Harry again, and for a few moments, they were lost in bliss, until Draco sat up a little, and smiled down at his breathless mate.

“Just wait til you see the veela rituals for childbirth.”

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