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Chapter 1 to 3

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Chapter: 1

Present

Harry walked through the dusty halls of Malfoy Manor, wand held ready. So far, he had not encountered anything overly dangerous, but it would be stupid to let his guard down. He cast Detection Spells as he walked.

A sound startled him and he whirled around, crouching with a defensive spell on his lips. A fat rat waddled out from behind a suit of armour. Harry straightened with a moue of disgust. The rat regarded him with flat black eyes and then scampered down the hall and disappeared around a corner.

Harry sighed and looked around. *A rat*. Narcissa Malfoy would be mortified. Hell, *Harry* was mortified. The Manor was a wreck. It was worse than Harry had imagined. The place had fallen into horrible disrepair during the past six years.

"Godric, what am I doing here?" Harry muttered. With a sigh, he turned back to his duties.

Two weeks previous

"You asked to see me, Mrs Malfoy?" Harry asked formally, standing nervously in the living room of the Malfoy's new home, although "new" was relative, as they had lived in Bath for six years. Everything looked shiny, expensive, and breakable.

"Don't be so formal, Harry," Narcissa said, walking forward and taking his hands in hers. She led him forward until they reached the sofa, where she released him and gestured for him to sit.

Harry suppressed his unease, but still looked around cautiously, wondering where Lucius and Draco were, and if they were even home. Narcissa offered Harry tea, which he accepted to be polite, and then sat and waited while a house-elf popped in and served them both silently before

disappearing.

He held the delicate-looking cup carefully and took a pretend sip. Harry was no Auror, but he wasn't an idiot, either. He had no idea whether or not the Malfoys could be trusted and he preferred to take no chances.

"What did you want to see me about?" he asked and set the cup on the table in front of him.

She took a drink and then smiled at him. For some reason, the expression was alarming. Harry wasn't sure he would be able to refuse any request she made of him.

"Your straightforward nature is rather refreshing, Harry."

He gave her a pained smile and hoped she planned to get to the point before Lucius Malfoy decided to join them. Harry had only seen the elder Malfoy twice in the past half-decade and he would like to keep that number to a minimum.

"Very well. I asked you here because I have heard of your excellent reputation as a Curse Breaker. Is there anything you cannot do?" Her voice rang with admiration, but Harry was quite sure much of it—if not all—was false.

"There is quite a lot I cannot do, Mrs Malfoy," he said dryly.

She nodded. "I am sorry, Harry. You probably hear that sycophantic nonsense all the time. Regardless, I do think you can help me. And please call me Narcissa."

Harry only smiled politely.

"Very well. As you know, we moved out of the Manor after the war. It had too many… unpleasant memories for us at the time. Especially for Draco." A shadow crossed her face and Harry remembered how much she cared for her son. Apparently, that had not lessened over the years. His attitude softened slightly.

"I know," Harry said quietly. "I assumed it was because…"

She nodded. "Because *he* had lived there. But that is not the whole reason." She took a drink of her tea and then set it down once more, looking pensive. "Harry, while the Dark Lord… while Voldemort was living in the Manor, he took great joy in making it as difficult as possible to live in. He seemed to hate the trappings of our wealth, almost as much as he hated us. He destroyed… so many things." She picked up her cup once more, but only stared into it intently, as if trying not to remember, or trying to fight back tears. Harry plucked at the edge of his robe, saying nothing, not wanting to drown in his own memories.

Narcissa set the cup down, almost violently. The sound startled Harry, but she got to her feet and walked a few steps, robes rustling. "And he let them do unspeakable things. They were all in our

house, in *my home*, taking what they would, destroying what they would." Her hands curled into fists and she glared at him through wild blue eyes. "I hated them. I wanted to *Crucio* the lot of them. Fenrir. Dolohov. Even my own sister. They stole my heirlooms; they smashed my artworks; they ruined things that had been in our families for centuries. We were powerless to stop them. We could barely protect ourselves. You saw how well that worked out."

She was shaking and pulled her hands close to her chest as she looked away, visibly struggling to regain control. "I spent most of the time in my room, behind multiple Locking Charms. Dark Locking Charms. A wrong word from Lucius and I would have been given to any of them as a plaything. We both knew it. That, more than anything, kept Lucius obedient. Dolohov wanted me. And Fenrir, that unspeakable horror." She shuddered and Harry recoiled at the thought of Greyback touching anyone.

Narcissa sighed. "It was a long time ago, and yet it feels like yesterday. The Dark Lord contented himself with setting Draco on a mission doomed to failure and left me alone, but he never stopped them from doing what they would to the Manor. There was very little of value left when they were done. The Ministry destroyed even more when they went in later, searching for Dark Objects." She laughed humourlessly. "As it turned out, there were far too many for them to bother with."

She sat down once more, facing him. "And that is where you come in, Harry. You see, I want my home back. I want Draco's legacy returned to him. I miss my gardens and the peace of Wiltshire. I want to go home."

Harry swallowed and nodded, still not quite sure what she wanted.

"Your skill as a Curse Breaker is well-known. I want you to go to the Manor and eradicate the cursed objects and traps. The others thought it would be amusing to curse anything they couldn't steal. They were bored while he was away, and sought to outdo one another. The only livable areas are the kitchen, dining room, parlour, and a few of the bedrooms. The rest of it is dangerous. Lucius journeys there, on occasion, and tries to deal with them, but some are beyond his ability. The Lestranges were… creative."

Harry recoiled at the very thought of it. He hadn't known his revulsion for certain Death Eaters could increase, but apparently there were untapped levels of horror. There was probably even more he would rather not know. "You want me to go to the Manor and…"

She nodded. "Do what you do best. Break the curses and clear out the traps so that we can return. I'm sure Lucius would be willing to help."

Harry's eyes widened and he quickly shook his head. He had little doubt that spending five minutes in Lucius Malfoy's presence would be a very bad idea. They would either get into a shouting match or kill each other.

"Or Draco…" she continued.

Harry shook his head, visualizing much the same scenario with the younger Malfoy. "No! No, I think I'll be fine on my own," he said quickly and then winced, realizing he had just agreed to the job.

Narcissa sat back with a satisfied smirk. Damn the Malfoys. They all had the same expression whenever they got their way. It brought back too many memories of Hogwarts, and of Draco Malfoy. Harry hadn't seen him since the night of the final battle—not even once. They had kept a wide distance from one another. Harry had returned his wand by owl post and Malfoy had sent back a formal note with a simple *thank you* scrawled in an elegant hand. Sometimes Harry liked to pretend the thanks was for more than just the wand, but it was probably wishful thinking.

Present

Harry limped into a bright room whose outer walls were large floor to ceiling windows. The roof was also glass, slightly dimmed from a coating of grime, but it was a welcome change from the near-darkness of the rest of the house.

It had once been a conservatory, but the plants had gone wild; it now resembled an indoor jungle. Harry heard running water and pushed his way beneath the hanging branches of a willow tree and discovered a small fountain bubbling with clear water. The imp statue in the centre of the pool looked less than trustworthy. After what Harry had been through, he was taking no chances. He cast several spells on the statue and was relieved when it was just what it seemed to be—a carved piece of stone.

Harry sat on the lip of the pond and looked down at his right thigh. His jeans were torn and a bloody gash was visible through the edges of the fabric. A boggart had taken him by surprise. Apparently he no longer feared dementors, but werewolves, most likely a souvenir left by his last encounter after the war. He and the others had willingly helped the Aurors round up straggling bands who continued to fight. Several of those groups had been werewolves; leftovers from Fenrir's pack, mostly.

He looked at the water and debated washing it off. It hadn't been a real werewolf claw, so it wasn't diseased, but it still felt unclean. After glancing around for a moment, he decided it was better to take no chances. Who knew what sort of germs boggarts carried? He would have to research it when he got home. Hermione would probably know.

The Manor was deserted. It looked as though no one had been in it for years. Cobwebs had been the most common element. Harry was quite alone. He had, of course, notified Ron and Hermione of his destination, in the event he didn't return by dinnertime. They would rush to rescue him, if necessary.

Harry toed off his trainers and shucked his jeans. He sat back down on the cool stone and scooped a handful of water onto the bloody cut. After a momentary sting, it felt wonderful and soothing. It also felt rather nice to be wearing only pants. Curse-breaking was hard work and it

was a warm day. He hadn't wanted to waste any magical energy on Cooling Charms.

The blood washed away, leaving the gash red, but after a moment the fresh blood slowed to a trickle. It would do until Harry could get home and apply a Healing Salve. His jeans were not so lucky. Harry held them up and surveyed the red-tinted tear with dismay. He was pants at Mending Charms.

He dropped them, deciding to deal with it after lunch. He had packed along a sandwich and two bottles of butterbeer, knowing he would be at the Manor most of the day. After breaking ridiculous curses all morning, including a damned oversized vase that had been spelled to try and eat the face of the nearest passerby, Harry was exhausted and hungry.

The stone was uncomfortable and the fountain kept splashing water on him, so he picked up his backpack and wand and wandered through the foliage. There had to be a bench or seat, somewhere.

He pushed past some roses whose petals littered the ground in a pink and brown carpet and located a seat. "Thank Merlin," he said and dropped his backpack. The chair was large, wooden, and ornately carved. It almost looked like a throne, like some sort of throwback to an earlier era. Harry had seen several of its ilk scattered throughout the Manor. This one was formed of some sort of dark wood, walnut, perhaps. A scattering of leaves rested on the seat and the arms. Harry brushed them away and then cast a Cleaning Charm to rid it of dust.

He settled into it with a grateful sigh. It must have been spelled, because the seat felt more like a soft cushion than hard wood, which was a pleasant surprise. And unpleasant surprise gripped him a moment later, when wooden tentacles sprang from the chair and bound him tightly at wrists and ankles.

Harry held onto his wand, thank Merlin. "Fucking hell!" he muttered and wrenched as hard as he could with his limbs, but his wrists were tightly lashed to the chair arms, as were his ankles to the legs. The bindings were solid wood, as unmoving as the chair itself, now that he was locked in place. Why had he not thought to test the ruddy chair for curses?

No matter, he still had his wand.

Twenty minutes later, Harry was frustrated, angry, and beginning to panic. None of his massive repertoire of spells had any effect on the stupid chair. It was insane. It seemed there was no help for it. He would simply have to wait until Ron and Hermione came looking for him. Which should only be… six more hours.

Harry groaned.

A half hour later, he was surprised by a pop. A house-elf stood near the fountain. It blinked at him and Harry blinked back before shouting, "Thank Merlin! Can you help me?"

It stared at him for a moment longer and then calmly turned away and walked around the fountain to stop before a camellia bush. Harry frowned as it began to pluck leaves from the plant. Was the house-elf performing some sort of ritual?

"Erm… will that help to free me?" he asked tentatively.

The house-elf ignored him and then popped out of sight. Harry smacked the back of his head against the chair in annoyance. He should have guessed one of the Malfoy house-elves would never bother to help him.

Then again, the place was a disaster. It was obvious none of the house-elves were in residence; or if they were, they certainly were not bothering to clean the place. What was it doing here?

Oh. Probably gathering items to take back to Bath for one of the Malfoys. Of course. Potion ingredients, perhaps. Harry settled back once more, tapping his wand against the arm of the chair in a bored rhythm. Waiting was wretched.

ooOoo

Draco watched as the house-elf sprinkled several drops of cognac into the chocolate and stirred. He nodded in satisfaction.

"Very good, Poppy. Stir that no less than sixty times and then we will add the raspberries. Where the devil is Mutton?"

As if called by the name, Mutton popped into the room.

"Finally! How long does it take to fetch a few camellia leaves?" Draco asked in exasperation and held out his hand expectantly.

"Mutton is being sorry, Master Draco, but Mutton was being confused by Master's guest."

Draco took the leaves and checked them over carefully. They all seemed to be excellent specimens, shiny and deeply veined on one side. Perfect for making chocolate leaves. He frowned and looked at the elf again. "I'm sorry, what?"

"Master's guest is being tied to the Throne of Torment in Master's conservatory," Mutton replied and began to wring his hands, likely wondering if he had done something wrong.

"There is someone in the conservatory?"

"Yes, Master. He is being helpless and asking Mutton to free him."

Interesting. Draco frowned, wondering who could have entered the Manor without permission. Even outwardly abandoned, the mansion was protected by strong familial wards.

"Very well. Mutton, paint these with chocolate and let them chill. I will go check on my guest and be right back. Poppy, keep up with that and then pour it into the prepared moulds. We will work on the white chocolate when I return."

Draco left the house-elves working and headed for the conservatory. He had been secretly visiting the Manor kitchen for several months now, ever since he had come up with the idea of making chocolate. His parents thought he was merely a useless layabout and spent his time in decadent orgies with his friends, but Draco spent far more time concocting new recipes than he did listening to Pansy prattle on about her latest conquest.

Blaise had married Daphne Greengrass' annoying younger sister. Aster, or something Draco could never remember. The chances of orgies were slim, frankly, much to Draco's regret. It had been a long time and an orgy might not be turned down. He rolled his eyes at himself, knowing the thought was a lie. Draco preferred celibacy to emotional entanglements.

He carefully bypassed the suit of armour that shot flames from his eyes whenever anyone passed. He halted when no fire shot forth. That was odd. He wondered if the spell had worn off. It would be nice if they all wore off. Draco liked the house in Bath, but it wasn't the same. He missed his childhood home, which was one reason he came here to practice his skill as a chocolatier.

His confections were becoming popular with the mail-order crowd. It was getting harder for him to keep up with orders. He sold them under the label of Draconis Decadence.

Draco reached the conservatory and pushed his way inside, grimacing when he saw the condition of the place. It had always been light, airy, and restful. Now, it looked like a filthy warren of overgrown foliage. It was probably filled with nasty vermin, also.

Holding his wand high, he walked in the direction of the camellias, treading carefully. If someone was trapped in the Throne of Torment, he would not be going anywhere for a while, but that did not preclude him having wand in hand and using it to hex Draco at first sight.

Dead leaves crunched as Draco walked over them. "Is someone there?" he heard.

Instead of replying, Draco stepped through the final barrier of ivy leaves and got his first look at the trapped man. A wide grin curved his lips, amusement winning over his astonishment.

"Potter?" he asked by way of verification. It wasn't so much the fact that Potter was there, or that he was trapped in a magical chair, but that he seemed to be wearing no trousers. His bare legs were clad only in white socks.

"Fuck," Potter said. "It would have to be you."

"This is my house, Potter," Draco said dryly and kept walking forward to examine the bound man. Besides the socks, Potter wore a simple black t-shirt, and judging by the edge of fabric

visible beneath the shirt, green pants. Potter's famous wand was clutched in his fist, directed unwaveringly at Draco.

"I realize that. Do you know why I'm here?"

It seemed a loaded question. Did Potter have a valid reason for being in the Manor? Draco shrugged, declining to answer.

Potter scowled, a look that Draco found surprisingly familiar, despite the not-quite-familiar face that housed it. Potter had changed during the past six years. His hair was longer, covering his scar completely and nearly concealing one eye. His spectacles were different, delicate frames instead of the clunky black things that Granger had constantly repaired.

His frame was muscular and very easy on the eyes. His thighs were delectable, even the one that had a bloody wound visible.

Draco shook himself for thinking of Potter as delectable. He had obviously been breathing the cognac fumes too long.

"Are you going to free me?" Potter demanded and then added in a grudging tone, "Please."

Draco walked closer and tugged at the bonds that held Potter's wrists in place. They were solid wood and would not be easily broken. In fact, from what Draco recalled of the chair, they would not be broken at all. He had little doubt Potter had tried.

"What's in it for me, Potter?" Draco asked teasingly. He could barely contain his glee. Something about having Potter bound to a chair, sans trousers… Well, now, that conjured up an entirely different set of ideas. Potter twitched in the chair and his legs flexed—not the smartest move, considering the direction of Draco's thoughts.

"You require a reward for releasing me from one of your cursed pieces of furniture?" Potter asked.

Draco tapped his fingers against his mouth thoughtfully. "Not reward, exactly. More like an incentive. And it isn't my furniture. I'm afraid that piece was brought in by the evil wizard you eradicated."

"*Voldemort*?" Potter sounded incredulous.

Draco winced at the name, despite himself. He nodded. "That was the one, yes."

"This was Voldemort's chair?"

Draco sympathized with Potter's expression—he looked like he wanted to claw the bonds away with his fingernails to escape. Draco would feel exactly the same if he was sitting there.

Potter relaxed with visible effort and tipped his head back. The movement exposed the line of his throat and Draco's eyes followed it. Potter stared at his though narrowed eyes.

"Incentive. What incentive?"

Several things sprang to mind, none of which Potter would ever allow. Draco looked away and fought to keep his lascivious thoughts from showing in his eyes. What was wrong with him? Potter wasn't that attractive. Even as he thought it, he sneaked a peek at Potter's legs. Fuck it all, he really was attractive.

Draco opened his mouth to speak and then paused. He lifted a finger. "Let me get back to you on that, Potter. I'll be back in a minute."

Draco turned and started out. After a moment of silence, Potter yelled, "Malfoy!" Draco kept going. "*Malfoy*!"

Draco needed to check on his lemon ganache. And he needed to think.

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Chapter: 2

Harry yanked at his wand hand, knowing that even if he wanted to cast a spell at Malfoy, his hindered range of movement would make it nearly impossible.

"Malfoy!" he yelled again, but his only response was the bubbling gurgle of the fountain. He snarled with frustration and banged his head against the chair, wincing when a headache bloomed. The damned chair was hard.

Harry shut his eyes. *Merlin*. Of all the people to turn up, why did it have to be Draco Malfoy? Although, logically, he supposed it made sense, as it was his house. And Harry could have been discovered by Lucius, which would have been far worse. Except the elder Malfoy would likely have freed him. Probably. Possibly. Maybe.

What was Malfoy doing here? Narcissa had made it sound like the place was abandoned and it had certainly looked it during Harry's foray through it, although he had not been to even half of the rooms.

Malfoy had looked… Well, damn it, he looked good. Very good. Harry had barely recognized him, with his blond hair cropped far more stylishly than it had ever been at Hogwarts, and grey eyes peering at him with genuine amusement. Malfoy had grown taller and filled out nicely. Too

nicely, judging from the way the white shirt had clung to his chest and upper arms. It had been open at the throat, exposing his collarbone, something Harry had only recently realized he found erotic to an extreme.

It didn't help that Harry's jeans were nowhere in sight and Malfoy's eyes kept drifting to Harry's bare legs. That was mortifying, Harry decided. *Mortifying,* and not at all something that would give him licentious dreams for weeks to come.

Before Harry could do more than work out a viable option for casting a Patronus, Malfoy returned. Harry decided it was a good thing, because he wasn't sure he could cast a spell without dislocating something.

And Malfoy was very nice to look at, which was far better than staring at the boring variegated ivy and partially wilted roses. Malfoy's trousers were dark brown and fitted to perfection. Harry admitted to himself that he might have checked out Malfoy's arse when he had left, earlier. It had not been found wanting.

Harry wrenched his thoughts away from that line of thinking and glared into the grey eyes. "Are you going to let me free of this thing?" he asked, trying to sound polite so that Malfoy wouldn't leave him bound in a fit of pique.

"Eventually, yes. I have to admit, I sort of like you the way you are," Malfoy said with a smirk.

That was not a comforting thought. Malfoy did not wait for him to respond, however, he clapped his hands, instead.

"Mutton!" he called. A house-elf popped up next to Malfoy with a small silver tray covered with a matching lid. Harry frowned. "Since you are a captive audience, Potter, I want to use you for a test subject."

Harry recoiled. "What? No! Absolutely not!" His mind spun with horrible possibilities. Was Malfoy using the Manor to brew illegal potions?

Malfoy laughed. "Relax, Potter. I am not vying to become the next Dark Lord. You do still like chocolate, yes? I remember you were enamoured of it in school. Well, that and treacle tart."

Harry was surprised. "You know I like treacle tart?"

"It was hard to miss the orgasmic response each time it was served," Malfoy commented in what sounded like a perfectly reasonable tone. Harry decided he did not need to hear the word "orgasmic" issuing from Malfoy's lips. "So?" Malfoy continued. "Chocolate?"

"I like chocolate," Harry admitted grudgingly.

Malfoy practically beamed, which made him even more attractive, if such could be believed.

Harry wondered if the chair had taken him to an alternate universe. The feeling was reinforced a moment later. Malfoy took the tray from the house-elf, handed it the lid, and dismissed the creature. Then he knelt at Harry's feet. Malfoy knelt and placed the tray atop Harry's lap. He winced as the ice-cold metal rested on his bare thighs.

"Oh, sorry, Potter. It has a Permanent Cooling Charm cast on it. Don't worry, though, it won't take long. I can fix this, though." Malfoy pulled out his wand and healed the gash on Harry's thigh with a quick spell before wiping away the blood with his thumb. It left a red smear on Harry's leg and Draco Conjured a damp cloth in order to wash that away, also. Harry was puzzled by his behaviour. "There. All better. Testing time."

Malfoy looked down at the tray and Harry did, also. The tray held several items that looked to be highly decorated pieces of chocolate. Malfoy lifted one with his index finger and thumb and raised it to Harry's lips.

"Try this one, first. You aren't allergic to anything, are you?"

Harry shook his head, trying to clamp his lips together without making it look obvious. Rather disturbingly, Malfoy had leaned forward to feed Harry the chocolate, and his hips brushed against Harry's calves. Even worse, Malfoy's left hand propped on the seat next to Harry's thigh. Malfoy's wrist wasn't quite touching Harry's skin, but the sleeve of his white shirt was.

Malfoy touched the sweet to Harry's lips and then frowned. "Oh come now, Potter. Surely you don't think I'm trying to poison you? I certain someone knows you are here and eventually they will come looking for you, yes? Who would they chiefly suspect if harm befell you?"

It was a fair point, but Harry was not intending to trust the prat based solely on a logical argument.

Malfoy rolled his eyes. "Very well, I will taste it first. This one is café au lait flavoured." He opened his mouth and his white teeth sank into the chocolate, biting it neatly in half. His brow wrinkled and his gaze unfocused, as though he concentrated on something beyond Harry's estimation. Harry watched, riveted, as he chewed. There was a tiny smear of chocolate on Malfoy's upper lip.

Malfoy returned his gaze to Harry's as he swallowed. "There. See? No adverse effects. I am not frothing at the mouth, nor have I turned any unpleasant shades of fuchsia, as those horrible Weasley sweets tend to induce—although you would probably taste one of those without question, would you not?" His tone was almost petulant at the last, but when he lifted the chocolate back to Harry's mouth, his expression was expectant.

Harry thought eating it might be the height of stupidity. How did he know Malfoy hadn't ingested an antidote to whatever was in it? And yet… it didn't help that he was starved. The chocolate smelled divine. Reluctantly, he opened his mouth. Malfoy popped it onto Harry's tongue and then sat back with a look that amazingly resembled that of a playful puppy hoping for a reward.

Harry shut his eyes to block out the odd sight and concentrated on the portion of heaven that rested in his mouth. Merciful heavens, it was delicious. The chocolate had begun to melt almost instantly and the creamy richness of it flooded Harry's senses. There was a hint of mocha and the smooth aftertaste of cream. Harry thought it might have been the best sweet he had ever tasted.

His eyes snapped open.

"Well?" Malfoy asked.

"Merlin," Harry said after he swallowed. "Wow, that was amazing. Where did you get it?"

"I made it!" Malfoy announced proudly. "Or, well, the house-elves made it, because I refuse to sully my hands with manual labour, but they made it according to my specifications. It is good, yes?"

"It's brilliant," Harry admitted.

"Excellent! Try the orange. It's one of my favourites." Malfoy looked back at the tray, but instead of taking up another chocolate, his fingers found a small, rectangular square that resembled thinly-sliced ginger. "But first, you must cleanse your palette or the flavours will mingle." Malfoy ate one of the thin strips and then placed one on Harry's tongue. His digits brushed the tip of Harry's tongue for a moment, tasting of chocolate for an instant before the spelled item removed all sense of taste from Harry's mouth.

Before Harry could bemoan the loss of the original confection, Malfoy took another bite from the second one and then placed it on Harry's tongue. He thought for a moment that he could taste Malfoy, but that might have been induced by Malfoy's nearness. He was mere inches away, gauging Harry's reaction.

The orange was even more magnificent. Bits of orange zest added a citrusy bite and the gel-like centre was like biting into an actual tree-ripened orange. The sweetness of the chocolate and the acidic tartness of the orange complimented each other to perfection.

Harry might have moaned with pleasure. He thought he did, because Malfoy's silvery eyes widened and seemed to darken. Harry watched him through narrowed eyes as the confection melted over his tongue. The texture was lovely—like a sugar-laden kiss. Harry supposed he shouldn't be thinking about kissing with Malfoy perched between his bare legs, looking like a magazine model and seeming good enough to devour.

"You'll want every morsel of that one," Malfoy advised and held his fingers before Harry's lips. Dark smears of chocolate decorated Malfoy's fingertips—the chocolate had begun to melt the moment Malfoy picked it up. Harry didn't hesitate. He put out his tongue and licked the decadent chocolate from Malfoy's digits, even though doing so started a slow fire burning in the pit of his loins.

I'm not turned on, Harry advised himself. *It's just chocolate. No big deal. Malfoy wants a taster and I'm just… gorging myself on the best sweets I've ever eaten. That's all*.

The reassuring pep talk lost all effectiveness when Malfoy pulled his fingers away and placed them in his own mouth, sucking at what residue remained, along with what had to be a generous dose of Harry's saliva. Harry's cock twitched at the virtual kiss, threatening to wake up. Harry thought the unsexiest thoughts he could conjure to combat it. Millicent Bulstrode in floral hot pants with unshaven legs did the trick, thankfully.

"It's um… good," Harry said when it was apparent that Malfoy was waiting for some feedback.

Malfoy frowned. "Just good?"

"Really good!" Harry corrected, wondering exactly how to quantify confectionary pornography.

"Hmmm, well, perhaps something else will be more to your liking." Once again, he dropped a palate cleansing strip onto Harry's tongue and then took a bite from a third chocolate. Harry almost wished he hadn't acted so suspicious, not only because then he would be able to eat bigger portions of the sweets, but also because watching Malfoy eat them seemed to be having an effect on his ability to breathe.

Millicent, he thought. *Millicent in a tutu*.

Thus taking a firm rein on his libido, Harry allowed Malfoy to place the remainder of the chocolate on his tongue. This time, Malfoy did not bother to remove his fingers. Harry's eyelids fell shut and he closed his mouth on Malfoy's thumb and forefinger before sucking lightly. The flavour of the sweet burst onto his taste buds and only seemed enhanced by the taste of Malfoy.

This one was even richer than the previous two, with a heady touch of liqueur. *Irish Cream*, he decided. Merlin, it was amazing. Malfoy's fingers withdrew and Harry partially opened his eyes. Malfoy watched him intently and Harry noted with a jolt that Malfoy's other hand was gripping the silver tray, which still sat on Harry's lap. He only held it with two fingers; however, the others were splayed across Harry's thigh. The coolness of the tray was a marked contrast to the heat of Malfoy's touch.

Fuck. An army of Millicents could not have stopped the rush of desire that flooded through him, especially when Malfoy leaned forward and breathed on him, a heady combination of chocolate, liqueur, and Draco Malfoy.

"You have a smudge," Malfoy whispered and then flicked out his tongue to touch it to the edge of Harry's lower lip.

Harry made a choked sound and surrendered, knowing he was doomed. His mind raced; he wondered vaguely if he could blame it on the chocolate, dimly hoping that Malfoy had infused it

with an aphrodisiac, and knowing damn well it was nothing more than pure lust. He tipped his head slightly. It wasn't much of an invitation, and might have been overlooked as an involuntary movement, but Malfoy, thankfully, seemed to be gifted with mind-reading.

Malfoy's tongue slipped between Harry's lips, slowly, likely waiting for rejection, but Harry only pushed forward, turning the tentative exploration into a genuine kiss. Malfoy drew in a breath, but there was no hesitation as he returned the gesture.

Harry was almost positive he had slipped into an alternate universe, because Malfoy tasted even sweeter than the chocolate, or maybe it was simply a mixture of the flavours, coupled with the feel of Malfoy's tongue exploring Harry's mouth. The kiss deepened and turned into something much more intense. Harry tasted him fully, feeling suddenly greedy, wanting more. Malfoy gave him more.

Several minutes of breathless snogging later, Harry realized Malfoy's hands were in his hair, wrapped almost painfully in his thick locks. Malfoy licked and lapped at him, seeming determined to erase every hint of chocolate from Harry's mouth. Harry wanted to touch him. He cursed his bonds and gripped Malfoy more tightly with his knees—the only part of Harry that was gripping the blond. Even that movement was restrained by the bonds around his ankles.

The tray tipped, suddenly, slipping off of Harry's lap to clang against the wooden seat of the chair. Harry jerked his lips away from Malfoy's with a gasp and his eyes flew downward. He watched, horrified, as the delicious chocolates rolled to the edge of the tray, bounced once against the wood, and then disappeared over the edge of the seat.

"Oh no," Harry said, feeling almost ill at the loss of something so exquisite.

Malfoy chuckled. "Relax, Potter, I made dozens more."

"Dozens," Harry repeated.

"Mmmmhmmm." Malfoy's hand left his hair and moved downward, sliding over Harry's neck, chest, and abdomen before continuing its southward journey. "Besides, the tray was in the way."

"In the way for what?" Harry asked. He thought he should feel alarmed, but Malfoy's hand trailed over his hip to touch the bare skin of his thigh. Malfoy rubbed gently for a moment and then pushed his fingers beneath the edge of Harry's pants to touch the soft crease of flesh just shy of his pubic hair. Harry nearly groaned aloud, and fought to keep from pushing his hips forward into the touch, wanting to coax Malfoy into moving just a bit further.

"In the way for this," Malfoy said and touched his fingertips to Harry's erect cock.

"Merlin," Harry said on a gasp.

"Do you know how hot you look, Potter, all trussed up here for me?"

Harry shook his head, his eyes locked on Malfoy's silver stare. He didn't trust himself to speak, not while Malfoy's long fingers explored his hard shaft, sending flickering jolts of pleasure through him.

Malfoy stopped touching him only to grab his wand and Vanish Harry's pants. He would have been mortified, except that Malfoy's eyes fixed on his cock with an expression that resembled hunger. Almost as an afterthought, Malfoy Vanished Harry's shirt, also.

"Much better," Malfoy murmured and dropped his wand on the seat next to Harry. He touched Harry's collarbones with both hands and then slid his palms over Harry's chest, mimicking his previous movement. Harry's cock twitched, silently begging for more attention. Malfoy provided it, wrapped both hands around it and squeezing. A drop of precome oozed from the tip and Harry watched in tense anticipation as Malfoy leaned down and licked it.

A whimper escaped Harry's lips and he would have pushed his cock forward into the warm heat of Malfoy's mouth, but the hands held him in place, pressing down as Malfoy licked the tip again, flattening his tongue over the head this time and applying firm pressure. And then he began to lick it as though it was an ice-cream cone, laving it top, bottom, and sides, alternating with check-hollowing sucks.

Harry's wand dug painfully into his palm, so tightly did he clutch it, and the wooden bonds gouged his wrists. A keening sound issued from his throat that he could not seem to halt, but the noise only seemed to spur Malfoy on. Harry had never experienced anything like it. Malfoy was a veritable god of blowjobs.

"Merlin, Merlin, Merlin," Harry chanted. "I'm going to—"

Malfoy's brilliant mouth pulled away immediately and Harry's hips rocked forward in protest, but Malfoy got to his feet, much to Harry's mortification.

"No, you're not. Not yet, at any rate," Malfoy announced with a smirk.

Harry stared, hardly able to believe the cruelty of the prat. His prick throbbed with need and his whole body trembled, sensitized beyond belief. It would only take a bit more… Perhaps if he begged…? His pride reasserted itself in the nick of time and he choked back the words, watching as Malfoy took a step back.

ooOoo

Draco tried to regain his composure, but it was difficult. He stared at Potter in amazement. He was, by far, the sexiest sight Draco had ever seen. His head was tipped back and panting breaths hissed through his parted lips. His entire body was covered in a light glistening of sweat and the muscles of his neck, arms, and abdomen seemed to stand out in taut relief. Potter's gorgeous, tasty cock was rigid perfection, jutting from dark curls and seeming to beg for more of Draco's

attention.

As Draco watched, a deep flush bloomed over Potter's cheeks and travelled downward, no doubt spurred on by Draco's perusal. Potter's intense green eyes seemed to burn into him and his lips closed before pulling down into a frown. Draco blinked at him for a moment, until he realized Potter thought Draco meant to leave him that way, quivering and needy. A heady rush of power flooded through Draco at the idea. Fuck, how hot would that be, to leave the Saviour here, naked and gagging for it?

Coupled with the reminder that the house-elves might be arsing up his chocolate, it was too hard to resist, apparently. "I'll be right back," Draco said and Disapparated.

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Chapter: 3

Draco returned to the kitchen and rapidly issued orders to the house-elves, even though his mind was only partially on the hazelnut crème and chocolate dipped pecans. The short respite allowed his own demanding erection to subside slightly and gave him a feeling of more control. He had been dangerously close to orgasm just by sucking Potter off. His mouth watered at the memory and he itched to get back to it. Draco had never been into giving head before, but something about Potter's perfect prick, and the sounds he made, and his helplessness…

Draco barked a few more commands and then returned to Potter. Sheer luck saved him from whatever spell Potter launched at him. Draco was surprised he was able to cast at all with his hands bound so tightly to the chair.

"Damn you, Malfoy!" Potter spat and twisted his wrist for another attempt.

Draco jumped forward and tore the wand from Potter's grip with a glare. "I said I would be right back, prat. The house-elves are not used to working without my supervision." He smirked and reached down to fondle Potter's cock before pushing lower to grip his testicles, loving the way Potter's eyes darkened and his body shuddered, even as an angry sound hissed through his clenched teeth.

"Malfoy, you—"

"Hush, Potter, you know you want it." Draco frowned as he said it, realizing Potter could later have Draco arrested, claiming coercion and even rape. "In fact, I think you should say it."

"—you utter… What?"

Draco nodded and his fingers rubbed gentle circles over the soft flesh between Potter's balls and puckered opening while his palm and thumb squeezed lightly. Potter half-lifted himself from the chair, giving Draco better access, although it was hard to determine if Potter was even conscious of the motion. "Tell me you want it."

Potter's mouth opened and Draco half-expected a Gryffindorish declaration. He smirked, wondering if Potter would cut off his nose to spite his face, as the old saying went. Potter's teeth clicked together, halting whatever he was about to say. Draco leaned forward and brushed his lips over Potter's cheek to stop at his ear and huff a hot breath or two there.

"Just say it," Draco whispered. "I'll make it worth your while."

"Fuck," Potter said, sounding tortured. "Fuck, I… I want it." He bucked into Draco's hand, likely seeking more contact on his neglected cock.

"I want *you*, Draco. Say it."

"I want you, Draco." Potter's voice was barely audible, even so close to Draco's ear.

Merlin, that was unexpectedly sexy, hearing those words, and Draco's given name, from the lips of the Saviour. He knew Potter would probably kill him the moment he was freed, so he intended to make it worth every *Crucio*.

Draco let go and stepped back once more, only to drop Potter's wand on the ground and reach up to unbutton his shirt. Potter's jaw worked, but he said nothing, only watched through half-lidded eyes as Draco disrobed. That was also a heady feeling, Draco discovered, undressing while Potter watched every article of clothing as it was removed.

When Draco was completely nude, he strode forward and climbed onto the chair, straddling Potter's lap and kneeling over him. He pressed their cocks together and smiled at the delicious friction. "Better?" he asked.

Potter nodded. "Much."

Draco kissed him again and gripped large handfuls of Potter's thick hair. It felt amazing and he admitted to having several fantasies that involved burying his hands and face in it, but mostly holding it while Potter sucked him off…

Fantasies did not matter, at the moment. The reality was much better. Potter still tasted faintly of chocolate and Draco tasted him as he rubbed his cock up and down over Potter's. It was good, but Draco needed more.

He let go of Potter's hair and fumbled for his wand, which now sat trapped between Potter's thigh and Draco's calf. Draco tapped his wand on his own thigh and mumbled three quick spells in succession. Potter's eyes widened and Draco smiled.

"Want me to sit on your lap, Potter?" he asked in a purring tone. He smiled at the answering look in Potter's eyes and wondered if it was possible to combust from a mere gaze. He pushed away and manoeuvred himself until his back was to Potter and then he gradually lowered himself until he rested on Potter's thighs.

He leaned his head back until it nearly lolled on Potter's shoulder, wanting to look into his eyes once more.

"Fuck," Potter said thickly. "I want to touch you. Release these stupid bonds."

Draco would if he could. He wanted nothing more than to feel Potter's hands on him, followed by Potter's lips and Potter's tongue… He kissed him by way of apology, alternately cursing and thanking the Dark Lord, because if not for him and his evil chair, Potter would not be here now.

Draco broke the kiss and spent some time arranging himself, gripping Potter's still-hard cock and placing it in position, holding it tightly as he lowered himself onto it. Despite the spells he had cast, it burned uncomfortably as his body stretched to accommodate Potter's not inconsiderable size.

"Oh Merlin, Merlin, Merlin," Potter breathed against the back of Draco's neck. He pressed a kiss there and Draco felt a rush of warmth that made him put his arms over Potter's and link their fingers together. He paused when Potter was fully sheathed and savoured the sensations, committing everything to memory. He might have to invest in a Pensieve in order to replay it, but until then he wanted to be able to recall every nuance—the feeling of Potter's skin, his breath, the lovely, incoherent sounds he made, the feel of his hard thighs beneath Draco's legs… He knew it was a once in a lifetime experience and he intended to make the most of it.

He let go of Potter's hands and braced himself on the arms of the chair in order to find purchase as he pushed himself slowly up and down Potter's cock, alternately focussing on the brilliant sensations and Potter's reactions. After a bit, he put his feet on the seat and increased the pace, gasping each time Potter's prick grazed over something brilliant inside. For his part, Potter obligingly lifted his hips to meet Draco's downstrokes, thrusting as well as he could, despite his bound state. The tendons in his arms stood out gorgeously. Draco wished he could see Potter's face, but the moans and curse words mouthed against Draco's skin would have to do.

Draco's cock bobbed and he longed to touch it and bring himself off, but he needed his hands for leverage. He thought it wouldn't be long before Potter came, judging by the sounds. Even as it occurred to him, Potter jerked against him and cried out, twitching violently. Draco pumped a bit longer, revelling in the knowledge that he had brought the Chosen One to the point of insensibility.

Draco pulled away and quickly turned around to kneel over Potter once more, taking in the satiated, glazed look in Potter's eyes and the flush that tinted his face, neck, and chest. Debauched Potter was even sexier than the other versions, he decided.

Draco perched over Potter's lap and stroked his own cock with both hands as Potter watched wordlessly. It did not take long—the mere fact of Potter riveted to the sight of Draco bringing himself off while his release dribbled from Draco's arsehole was not only enough to send him over the edge, but he knew it would provide wank material for possibly decades to come.

Draco bit his lip to suppress a cry, threw his head back, and came all over Potter's abdomen, shooting what seemed endless spurts of fluid to mar the perfection of Potter's glistening skin.

"Fucking hell," Potter muttered as Draco collapsed against him and wrapped his arms around Potter's neck. Potter's sweat stung his lips and Draco licked at it before biting down slightly. He thought about marking Potter with a love bite—it would serve whomever Potter was seeing right, to let the man out of their sight long enough for Draco to molest him. He chuckled at the idea.

"What?" Potter asked.

"I'm glad you dropped in, Potter."

There was a rustle and then Draco gasped as he felt Potter's arms wrap around him. He had obviously miscalculated the length of time that Potter had been in the chair.

"Finally," Potter growled. "Don't think you're going anywhere, Malfoy."

Draco wasn't sure he could move, even if Potter released him. He sucked lightly on Potter's neck once more. "Okay," he said agreeably.

ooOoo

Harry held onto Malfoy, still having trouble believing the whole thing had been real, but the feel of Malfoy's warm skin and the stickiness drying between them was rather convincing, as well as the tantalizing touch of Malfoy's lips against his neck.

"Why did you do that?" Harry asked, skating his hands over Malfoy's back, mostly because he had been wanting to touch him, not just recently, but possibly for a very long time.

Malfoy chuckled. "Surely, you are joking? How could I possibly resist a trouser-free Harry Potter tied up and waiting for my pleasure?"

"I wasn't waiting for your pleasure. I'm here on business. This thing with the chair is purely accidental. And I ripped my trousers."

Malfoy leaned back to look at him. Harry relaxed his grip only enough to let Malfoy meet his gaze. "Business? What business?"

"Your mother hired me to break all the curses in this house so that you can all move back in.

What are you dong here? She told me it was deserted."

"I'm making chocolate, of course. The kitchen was never cursed and the house-elves jump at the opportunity to return here, although I keep them far too busy to meander about and clean the place."

Harry was barely listening. His hands were busy sliding over Malfoy's skin, ghosting over shoulders, back, ribs, and hips. Merlin, his hipbones were delectable.

"Are you even listening?" Malfoy demanded, tugging at Harry's hair. It was only then that Harry noticed Malfoy had buried both hands in it. That felt surprisingly wonderful. Well, except the pulling.

"I'm sorry. I seem to be getting distracted."

Malfoy groaned, but leaned forward to place a light kiss on Harry's lips. "You are very easily distracted, then."

"Apparently so. Or perhaps you simply prevent me from thinking normally."

Malfoy smirked. "That explains a lot."

"It does, doesn't it?" Harry replied agreeably. "Are there any bedrooms in this house that aren't cursed?"

Malfoy's hands tightened in his hair and he reared back to look at Harry in surprise. His grey eyes gleamed with something Harry did not recognize. "Oddly enough, my bedroom isn't cursed."

"Good. And you mentioned something about more chocolate?"

"I should be able to locate some."

With that, Malfoy Apparated them straight to his bedchamber.

(YES, IT'S FINISHED, although I might have to revisit this one later, after I finish a few dozen projects... I REALLY NEED SOME CHOCOLATE NOW.)