Draco, Lord of Darkness by dracoredeemed

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A/N: This started off as a little one-shot for Draconi. It has since expanded exponentially and is now a multi-chapter fic! Thanks, Draconi (I think!). Hope you enjoy!

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Chapter 1

Draco leaned lazily against the back of his chair and tried not to appear bored. Which was difficult, considering he was seated at a formal dining table with his parents and four ex-Death Eaters, all of whom were intent upon including him in their bloody conversation. He sighed inwardly as he looked around at the motley crew. Crabbe and Goyle seniors weren't any brighter than their sons, the elder Crabbe managing to spit food across the table every time he spoke. Draco grimaced distastefully when Crabbe opened his mouth to make a comment and a roast pork projectile flew out of his mouth and across the table, landing near his wine glass. Urgh.

And bloody Avery—well, he was a disaster waiting to happen. Every time he moved he knocked something over. Look out, you bloody moron! Watch the water jug! And Nott? What not to say about Nott? He was just plain stupid. Draco inwardly shook his head and rolled his eyes. Honestly, if this was the cream of the Death Eater crop then Voldemort was far better off dead.

"Draco, dear, what do you think?" His mother looked at him expectantly, forcing Draco to sit up straight

as he was awakened out of his reverie.

Shit. He hadn't been listening and now he had no idea what they were asking him about.

"Oh! Right. Yes, well, of course I agree with you, Mother." He mentally congratulated himself at his great save, momentarily affecting interest. Honestly, these gatherings were duller than a donkey's arse and he wished to hell that they would get it over with so he could go to bed.

Ah, yes, bed… where he could dream of doing dirty things to one Harry Potter. Well, more often than not it would be Harry who was doing those things to him, if truth be told, but this was Draco's fantasy and he would take it where he wanted. Although, he had to admit that Harry was very good at doing things to Draco. Very good, indeed. Why, just the other night he had brought that jar of honey with him and had managed to smear it all over his—

"Draco?" It was his father this time, looking at him from across the table, his eyebrows raised in quiet annoyance.

"Oh, er, yes, Father?" Draco came back to his senses with a nasty jolt as he looked around the table and realised that everyone was staring at him. Draco blinked innocently and waited.

"So, we were just saying that it's all settled then." Lucius sat back and smiled at him. "I must say you're taking it very well, my son. I am very proud of you." He leaned across the table and patted Draco's hand as he fiddled with his wine glass. "Well, we'd all better get some sleep. We have a big day tomorrow." Lucius stood up from the table, the others following his lead soon after.

What the bloody hell was all that about? Taking what well? Draco mentally scratched his head as he got up out of his own chair and headed for his room. Oh, whatever, he thought. They've probably signed him up for six more of these stupid, boring Death Eater planning meetings. As if they had the power to do anything anyway. Voldemort was gone—Harry had seen to that—and Draco thought that it was high time the remaining Death Eaters got over themselves and just got on with their lives. It wasn't even about revenge. No, his parents were quite, quite all right with the fact that the side of Light had won. The Dark Lord had been a right pain in the arse in the end and there was definitely no love lost there. No, it was still about the stupid, bloody, pureblood supremacy. Merlin, if only they could see how ridiculous

the whole idea was. If they could get their heads out of their arses for five minutes, that is.

Which is why he had to sneak Harry into the Manor for their little trysts. Harry may currently be the most powerful wizard around, but he was still a half-blood, and there was no way Lucius and Narcissa would take kindly to him fucking their one and only son. Oh, no. Draco would be disinherited, disowned and probably dismembered if they ever found out. Thank Merlin for triple Locking and Silencing spells, he thought with a smirk. Harry was particularly vocal, a personal attribute that fanned Draco's ego most pleasingly, especially when it was "Draco, you are so fucking hot!" or even just "Draaaaaaa-a-a-a-aco!" His darling little Gryffindork was as hot as fuck himself, but when he screamed Draco's name—well, Draco couldn't be held responsible for the moans and groans that inevitably issued in his own loud and lusty voice.

They had nearly been caught once. Draco smirked again as he remembered that night. Harry had come straight from work, Flooing directly into the fireplace in Draco's suite, and, after stripping naked, had left his tie hanging loosely around his neck so that he could bind Draco's—

"Draco, darling, would you like Naesy to bring you up some warm milk?" Draco turned to see his mother smiling fondly at him. "You do need your rest tonight, love."

"Thank you, Mother. That would be wonderful." Draco turned to walk up the staircase, wondering why tonight would be any different. He must look tired, he concluded. Too many late nights with Harry were starting to catch up with him, most likely, and he promised himself that he would get a good night's sleep. It wouldn't do to have dark circles under his eyes. No, indeed, it would not. Suddenly feeling exhausted—boredom can be exhausting, you know—he quickly made his way up the stairs. It wasn't long before he was making his way across his bedroom towards his ensuite, discarding his clothing along the way. He was looking forward to a nice hot bath and a warm bed, even if that bed would be devoid of his Harry for tonight.

His sweet, hot-as-fuck Harry had been called away by the Ministry earlier that day and wouldn't be back until tomorrow, but Draco didn't mind all that much. He could really do with the rest. Harry had really put him through the wringer this week, with all manner of sexual gymnastics. Oh, yes, a long, long sleep was just what the doctor ordered. Discarding his boxers, he moved over to the tub and turned on the taps.

“Where would Master Draco like his milk, sir?” Draco turned on his heel in surprise to see the diminutive house-elf holding a tray with a glass of warm milk and a plate of digestive biscuits, her eyes wide as she regarded the spectacle of Draco’s naked body at eye level.

“Bloody hell, Naesy,” he cried, grabbing a nearby towel to cover himself. “Don’t do that! How many times have I told you to knock?” He rolled his eyes and waited for Naesy to place the tray on the counter and disappear with a pop. “Bloody pervy house-elves,” he muttered under his breath as he stepped into the gloriously hot water and stretched out with a sigh. Oh, yes, a hot bath and a good night’s sleep….

After a long, pampering soak in the richly scented bath, Draco made himself ready for bed and slipped between the covers, snuggling down into the cool silk sheets and pillows, and drifted off within minutes. He dreamt of floating on a silvery cloud, enveloped in warmth and love, and of Harry—his Harry—lying next to him, cuddling and kissing him and showering him with all his glorious affection. Harry stroking his hair, his chest, his thigh. Harry grabbing his engorged—

Draco jerked out of his dream with a start and nearly had a heart attack when he felt a heavy weight on top of him, pushing him into the mattress, rutting against him.

“Harry?” Draco blinked a few times as he adjusted to the dimness, and let out a deep breath when Harry’s lips whispered against his ear.

“Mmmmm?”

“Fuck, you nearly scared the shit out me!”

Harry’s head pulled back then and Draco could see him smiling in the filtered light of the moon that shone though the window. “Sorry, love. You just looked so gorgeous, lying there, all innocent.” Harry leaned in and kissed him gently on the lips. “Sorry if I scared you.”

“I thought you were working tonight.”

“Job finished early,” Harry replied, as he sucked gently on Draco’s earlobe. “Mmmmmm.”

Draco groaned and arched his neck against Harry’s lips.

“So, how did the DE meeting go?” Harry asked between kisses.

“Boring as ever. I really don’t think they’re clever enough to get out of their own way.”

“Hmmm. You’re probably right.” Harry was nibbling down Draco’s chest by now and Draco thought that he’d had enough of talking. Grabbing a chunk of Harry’s thick hair, he pulled his lover’s head up level to his own and planted a ferocious kiss on his hot, plump mouth, all talk suddenly forgotten.

Light was filtering in through the lace summer curtains when Harry awoke next morning. It was still early and he was still sleepy, but the urge to use the bathroom forced him to throw back the covers and swing his legs over the side of the bed. Draco didn’t rouse of course—nothing could wake Draco; he slept like the dead—so he quickly made his way across the room to the bathroom, closing the door gently behind him.

Draco’s bathroom was opulent to say the least. Harry smiled indulgently as he regarded the intricately carved taps and cornices and the delicately moulded porcelain of the loo. Only the Malfoys would bother to make their toilets elegant, Harry mused to himself as he lifted the lid and proceeded to relieve himself. He was just shaking himself off after finishing, when he heard a muffled voice in the next room.

Fuck! He’d forgotten the Locking spells last night and someone was coming into Draco’s room to wake him. Panicking slightly, he wondered whether he should hide behind the shower curtain. It wouldn’t do for anyone to find him here, especially at this hour—and naked! Stepping quietly towards the door, he leaned forwards, pressing his ear against it, trying to make out what was being said. There were at least two voices and, judging by the accent and tone, they were Narcissa and Naesy. Narcissa appeared to be

trying to wake Draco up. Good luck with that, Harry smirked to himself.

Opening the door very slightly, he peered out at the dimly lit room and saw the house-elf standing behind her mistress, holding a tray with tea and scones. Narcissa was shaking Draco's prone body through the covers.

"Draco, wake up, love. It's time," she was saying. Time for what? he wondered. Cocking his head, he cautiously leaned out further so he could hear better.

"Hmmmm?" Draco was finally rousing and after some minutes, stretched his arms above his head and yawned loudly. "What is it, Mother?" Suddenly he sat up, looking around worriedly. Harry snorted to himself as Draco sighed with relief when Harry's presence didn't become apparent. The relief soon turned to concern, then, as he peered around again, obviously wondering what had become of his lover.

"It's time to get up, darling. Your ritual robes are downstairs waiting for you." Narcissa handed Draco his bathrobe and turned around while he got out of bed and slipped it on. Turning back, she walked towards him and reached her arms up to hold Draco's pale face between her hands. "I am so proud! My son… the next Dark Lord!"

Draco blanched and choked, nearly stumbling as his mother grabbed his hand and pulled him towards the door. "Oh, it's a great day, indeed!" she sang as the door banged behind them.

Harry stood in stunned silence as he tried to take in what he had just heard. Next Dark Lord? What the fuck? Violently shoving the bathroom door back against its hinges, Harry stalked over to where his clothes were strewn on the floor by the bed and quickly dressed. His Draco? His smoochy, utterly adorable Draco? The New Dark Lord? The new, fucking, Dark, FUCKING Lord? Over his dead body!

Harry pulled his wand out of his robes and headed for the door, his expression ominous. I'll give them frigging DARK!

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Chapter 2: Draco, Lord of Darkness

A/N: This story is for Draconi, with thanks. :-)

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Chapter 2

Oh brilliant! Just goddamn, fucking brilliant. Of all the stupid, stupid things that Draco had ever done in his life, this would have to be the cherry on top.

The cherry on top of the fucking rhubarb pie that was his life. Urgh.

Yes, rhubarb. There was only one food he disliked more than that noxious vegetable and that was brussel sprouts. And if his life was a rhubarb pie, then today had to be a smelly, soggy, thoroughly overcooked, brussel sprout of a day—with a capital B and a goddamn capital S.

As in Bull… Shit.

Yep, that summed it up in one. His life was now, officially—completely—BULLSHIT.

Draco sighed wearily as his mother adjusted his robes around him, and wondered about the possibility of escape, of disappearing to, say, Tibet—no, Newfoundland—of living the rest of his life as an unknown recluse, stoically and dramatically refusing all contact with either the human or wizarding worlds. He could picture it now—him crouched in the corner of a thatched mud hut, bundled up in rags, his hair ragged around his face….

Wait! Steady on, old boy. There are limits, you know! The hair…. The HAIR! No, that would never do. He sighed again, then winced as a pin stuck him in the side.

“Ouch! Mother, do be careful!”

“Sorry, darling! Just a few little adjustments…. There!” Narcissa eyed him affectionately. “We can’t have our Dark Lord prancing about in robes that don’t fit, dear, now can we?”

Draco frowned imperiously. “First, I do not prance. And second, isn’t the fact that a Dark Lord is supposed to—oh, I don’t know—Lord it over the rest of the world, enough to intimidate people? Now he has to have a designer wardrobe as well?”

Draco rolled his eyes and contemplated suicide. A dagger to the guts, like Hara-Kari—he would plunge the knife in to the hilt and rip the blade up to his chest, spilling his guts out over the expensive, antique Audubon rug. Then he would fall gracefully into a bloody heap at their feet, his long blond hair splayed out ever so ethereally around his pale, dead face….

Ewww…. That little scenario was a trifle too gory…. Not really his style, at all. And then, there was the whole dead thing to consider, as well.

What would his Harry do without him, for example? He’d be completely and utterly devastated, that’s what! Oh, poor Harry! He’d be stricken…. Kneeling next to Draco’s pale, prone form… his tears falling

like sad rain onto Draco's silky, flaxen locks, and his inconsolable wailings rending the cool morning air…. Oh, dear…. He couldn't possibly do it. For Harry's sake, he would live. He would live!

At the thought of Harry, Draco suddenly blinked. Harry had not been in his bed when he was so rudely awakened this morning. Surely he hadn't dreamt the whole night with Harry? Wiggling a bit, he sensed a dull ache in his nether regions and smiled inwardly. No, it hadn't been a dream. Not at all. His sexy lover had fucked him six ways to Sunday, there was no doubt about that. But if that was the case, where was he now? Surely he wouldn't disappear without even leaving a note? One does not abandon a Malfoy without some appropriate taking of leave, after all.

Oh, Merlin's beard—Harry!

Oh. My. God.

Draco cringed as he suddenly realised how angry Harry was going to be when he found out about the current… er… proceedings. He was going to be absolutely, no-holds-barred, livid as all hell! In an explosive, get-the-fuck-out-of-here kind of way. Oh, Harry was quite the gentle lover, all crooning and cuddly when the occasion warranted. In fact, Draco had at times wondered just how Harry had ended up with such a bad-boy reputation, what with all the "smoochy's" and "baby's" and sweet kisses and endless rimming—

"I think we're all set now, Draco, dear," Narcissa stood back, eyeing her handiwork proudly. "What do you think, Lucius?"

Lucius rolled his eyes and looked at his wife in exasperation. "He is not a flaming fairy, Cissa." Oh, if only he knew, Draco smirked to himself as Lucius continued. "For the love of Merlin, let him be. He looks just fine." Turning to address the others, his face became serious. "Let's get on with it, shall we?"

They were assembled in the large dining room on the ground floor and all the furniture had been moved back against the walls to allow room for the ritual to begin. A large five-pointed star had been drawn across the centre of the room, and Lucius led his son to stand in the very middle, the other men each moving to stand against a point of the star. Narcissa stood back, watching the proceedings from the left

side of the fireplace.

Oh, how typically patriarchal! Draco thought as he mentally shook his head in disgust. Why did wizards always have to be so bloody all-hail-and-hearty? His mother was every bit as competent as the rest of them—better than most of them, in fact—and yet, there she was, waiting in the frigging corner like a fucking house-elf. Of all the nerve! Well… when he was Dark Lord, all his right-hand men would be women! Oh, yes, girl power would abound, he would see to that. And no more drunken Death Eater rituals, where everyone dressed up in silly masks and boring black robes. It would be civilised—fine dining and haute couture all the way. Empowerment, that was the key—empowerment and the development of alternative non-patriarchal narratives. Let the power of high heels rule! Draco purred inwardly at the thought of finally getting some use out of those gorgeous black patent Manolo Blahniks he'd bought in Paris last Spring. For Harry's private delectation only, of course. It wouldn't do for a Malfoy, not even a gay one, to prance about in drag. And certainly not a Malfoy who was destined to become the next Dark Lord.

Er… that is, if he was actually going to be next Dark Lord—an outcome that he fervently hoped was not, in fact, going to be the case. Just how he was going to get out of this tricky situation remained to be seen, but when he did, he would, at the very least, have a quiet word with his father about the role of women in wizarding society. Yes, indeed, that talk had been a long time coming and it was about time someone took a stand for all things feminist. Merlin knows, even Jo Rowling—The Ministry's publicist and self-confessed feminist advocate—hadn't yet stepped up to the plate.

Draco's gaze was averted suddenly when he caught sight of a flash of something out of the corner of his eye. Quickly composing himself, he schooled his features as the Death Eaters stood quietly, their heads bowed in earnest and reverent contemplation of the ritual that was about to occur. Moving his gaze carefully, so that he appeared to be merely surveying the proceedings, Draco scanned the room, finally catching a glimpse of something—a very faint shimmering against the curtains—before it disappeared again. The Death Eaters' heads were still bowed, so Draco carefully shook his head very slightly at the Disillussioned Harry, who was shimmering intermittently across the room.

Good old Harry! Draco knew he would come through. Cautiously, he moved his head almost imperceptibly from side to side, hoping that Harry understood that this was not the time to show himself. Of course, Harry being an Auror, his powers of perception were better than most, and Draco was relieved to see his answering flick of the curtain. He had understood.

Harry had been ropable when he'd stormed out of Draco's suite to avenge his lover's honour. The very thought of Draco in the hands of those pissant, pureblooded, potentate wannabe's was enough to cause the blood to boil in his very veins. He'd been on the verge of losing control of his magic once or twice on his way down the staircase, almost forgetting to cast a Disillusionment Charm on himself as he searched from room to room. If they harmed even one hair on that elegant blond head, by Merlin's dirty underpants, he would have them for breakfast!

After reaching the bottom of the grand staircase and checking in several of the rooms immediately nearby, Harry had finally heard voices drifting out of the main dining room, and cautiously made his way toward the door, which was ajar. Peering around the edge of the doorjamb, he could see Draco surrounded by half a dozen people, including his parents. Harry's heart clenched at the look on Draco's face, which, while appearing to be cool and composed, held traces of pure panic that only Harry could see.

Harry knew his lover like no one else on earth. To the world he presented himself as a paragon of equanimity and self-possession, but Harry had seen him in the throes of passion, his expression open and vulnerable; he'd seen him melt at the first inkling of anger from Harry; he'd seen the insecurity in those silvery eyes when he awoke in the night and clung to Harry like a drowning man, his need for love and warmth almost overpowering him. Draco was strong, as only a true aristocrat could be, but his strength belied a fragile core that needed to be nurtured and protected at all costs. Like a dragon's egg, almost impossible to crack, and yet, when ready, revealing its frail bounty only to that being which provided it with the warmth and protection it needed.

Harry sighed as he fondly regarded his lover of two years. He would have to manage this rescue operation with extreme care, if he was to prevent Draco from losing face. Being a Malfoy was a non-negotiable part of Draco's identity and Harry was perceptive enough—or, perhaps, merely, in love enough—to take pains to preserve it.

From what he could see, the ritual they were about to perform was fairly simple Dark Magic—the five-pointed star, the floating candles—there was nothing too complicated there. If Harry guessed correctly, they were about to call upon some ancient spirit or other to ordain Draco as the Lord of Darkness, thus imbuing him with additional ruling powers. Harry slipped into the room as its inhabitants

arranged themselves around the starpoints, and was pleased to note that his lover had spotted him almost immediately.

Draco's all-but-imperceptible shaking of his head confirmed the current situation. Harry knew that if he revealed himself now, all would be lost. They were six against one, after all, not to mention the danger of outing Draco in the worst possible way. Casting his eyes around the circle of men, Harry wondered what would be the most efficient strategy here. Then he noticed a slip of parchment poking slightly out of the pocket of Lucius' robes, and smiled to himself. This may be a simple ritual, but the Lord of the Manor still needed to write down the incantation, it seemed.

With a flick of his wrist, Harry silently Summoned the parchment across the room. Draco's eyes widened at the sight of the small piece of paper floating over towards the curtains, and the corners of his mouth tilted up almost unnoticeably. The fact that the others—apart from Narcissa, who was absently picking at a nail—were still meditating, gave them some cover, and Harry silently thanked Merlin for small mercies.

Catching the parchment with ease, he drew his wand over the incantation written thereon, quickly changing it, before sending it back to be deposited into Lucius' pocket once again. Lucius never noticed its absence and Draco was bold enough to wink at Harry before schooling his features, as the others began to look up. Harry snickered silently to himself in anticipation of the 'incantation' that was about to occur.

Lucius raised his arms, a call to the other Death Eaters that the ritual had begun. Drawing his wand in a counter-clockwise circle, Lucius looked around the group imperiously, before flicking his wrist, releasing a flash of red sparks that shot up into the air like fireworks.

Bloody hell, this is better than a Muggle magic show, Harry thought, as he leaned back against the wall, the better to watch the proceedings.

Lucius drew his wand in the air in what appeared to be a complicated figure of eight pattern, and the others—except for Draco, who remained standing solemnly at their centre—followed suit. More red sparks flew into the air, coursing together into a patterned flow of circles and stars, before eventually dissipating as the wands of the Death Eaters returned to their sides.

“Fellow followers, I beseech ye to join me in this solemn ritual.” Lucius’ voice boomed around the room, echoing off the walls like a deadly call to arms.

“Yes, master, we join you freely,” the others chanted. Lucius once again raised his wand, this time showering the company in green and gold sparks, which swirled around their heads like two-toned rainbows, before dividing and settling on the five points of the ritual star.

“And now…. The incantation.” Lucius reverently pulled the slip of parchment out of his robes and stepped forward to stand directly in front of his son. His expression was sombre as he reached out and brushed a figure eight pattern across Draco’s forehead, before stepping back and clearing his throat.

“I conjure you, by that which you profess,

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:

Though you untie the winds and let them fight

Against the churches; though the yesty waves”

Lucius blinked rapidly several times and looked a little uncertain as he continued to hold the parchment in front of his face.

“Confound and swallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

Though palaces and pyramids do slope

Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together,”

Harry burst into silent laughter, barely able to control himself as he watched Draco’s expression turn from confused to long-suffering. Oh, he was going to cop it for this! A quote from MacBeth, a Muggle play! Draco would be berating him for weeks! But before he could contain himself, Lucius was finishing

the silly quote and Harry pulled himself together as he waited for Lucius to utter the final line.

“Even till destruction sicken; answer me

To what I ask you.” (1)

He barely had time to cast the Sparkling Charm before doubling over in paroxysms of laughter. Oh, the sight of Lucius, Lord of Malfoy Manor, reciting words from a Muggle play about witches, was too, too delicious! With a flick of his wrist, Harry sent colourful streams of light to circle around Draco, swirling about him, enveloping him in a glowing aura. Lucius stepped back in awe as the lights flashed around and about his son for several minutes, before disappearing with a loud pop into the spot on Draco’s chest where his heart would be.

“My son. Welcome to the Dark side.” Lucius bowed low, and, not quite sure what he was supposed to so, Draco followed, sweeping his arm majestically to the side as he did so. Lucius rose then, and simpered, “My Lord.”

“Lucius, you are a worthy servant,” Draco responded with appropriate hauteur.

Lucius bowed again and Draco turned to regard the other Death Eaters imperiously.

“Thank you for your loyalty, good men. Now, I am fatigued from the day’s festivities, and need time to reflect on my new role… for the good of all.” Draco turned on his heel, his robes billowing out behind him, and stalked haughtily out of the room. “Please do not disturb me until after luncheon,” he added as he swept from the room.

Harry caught up with him at the door of his suite, ending the Disillussionment Charm as he stepped in front of his lover. Grabbing him around the waist, he crushed Draco to his chest and kissed him fiercely. After long moments, he pulled back, his eyes smouldering. “Merlin, but you’re sexy when you’re arrogant!” Harry leaned in again and sucked greedily on Draco’s throat, pulling back eventually to groan with need. ”Oh, gods, but you look fuckable in that get-up. C’m’ere….” Draco resisted slightly, still pouting about the farce he had just been subjected to, but after long minutes of Harry showering kisses against his jaw, he gave up with a sigh.

“Well, now what are we going to do, oh Saviour of mine?” Draco pouted at Harry, refusing to be placated. “Now they really do think I am the new Dark Lord!”

Harry cocked his head at his lover’s petulant expression before replying. “Oh, but it was worth it, sweetheart. Trust me, we will give them a run for their money!”

A/N: (1) MacBeth is a Muggle play written by William Shakespeare.

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Chapter 3: Draco, Lord of Darkness

A/N: For Draconi, with thanks :-)

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Chapter 3

Draco pulled away from his lover and looked at him suspiciously. “So, what’s the plan, Golden Boy? You know they’re going to expect me to terrorise Muggles, not to mention taking over the Ministry, or some such rubbish?” Draco rolled his eyes and crossed his arms as he contemplated the fix Harry had gotten him into. He’d expected Harry to save him from the stupid Death Eaters, not deliver him holus bolus into their greedy little hands. A simple disruption would have done, or even an abduction—Harry could have

kidnapped him and taken him somewhere to have his own evil way with Draco. But, oh, no, Harry had to drop him right into it. Though, he supposed, it was something that he had been saved from actually submitting to the Dark spell Lucius had planned for him. Still, Harry was getting slack, leaving all these loose ends to tie up. He tapped his foot impatiently as he waited for Harry to reply.

"Hey, Smoochie." Harry cupped Draco's cheek and leaned in to gently kiss the tip of his nose. "Would I leave you in the hands of those crazies?" Draco's humph suggested that, yes, indeed, Harry would, so he moved closer, pulling Draco's arms down so they could stand chest to chest. Draco reluctantly let his arms be drawn around Harry's waist, as Harry pulled him even closer and whispered against the soft shell of his ear. "I am your personal Auror, remember? I'll be here to protect you, I promise." He brushed a soft kiss against Draco's cheek, his breath a gentle caress.

Draco sighed softly, relishing the sweet touches for a moment, before suddenly remembering just exactly why he was cross. Determinedly pushing Harry away, he crossed his arms again and put on his snarkiest look. "Oh, no you don't. Don't you dare give me that 'smoochie baby' stuff, Potter. You are in deep shit. No, actually, I am in deep shit, but you put me there, so now you have to get me out again. I absolutely refuse to play Dark Lord to those dorks."

Harry sighed heavily but backed up slightly in the face of Draco's wrath—which, of course, was legend, even in the Malfoy household. "And just what the fuck was that Shakespeare quote about, by the way? My father will have your balls for breakfast if he ever finds out! What if he'd recognised it? He may hate Muggles, Potter, but he is extremely well read, more so than I. How could you be sure he hadn't read any of that Muggle's work?" Draco arched his eyebrow imperiously at Harry, who had the good sense to look extremely contrite.

Merlin, but he looked cute with those pathetic puppy eyes! Draco lowered his lids slightly to hide the smirk that threatened to betray him, forcing his lips to purse in continued disapproval. Harry's shoulders slumped slightly at this further rebuff, and he lowered his gorgeous green eyes to the floor with another heavy sigh. Ah, yes, that was more appropriate. Suffer, Potter, suffer! For a Malfoy shall not be put at risk, nor shall he be cajoled with cute puppy eyes, sweet touches or sexy looks. No, indeed, a Malfoy—

Wait, what?

Oh….

Draco's eyes widened slightly as Harry looked up again and, cocking his head to one side, drew smouldering emerald eyes to gaze at the soft wisps of blond hair that fell over Draco's pale forehead, before moving slowly down his face and neck, lingering momentarily at the swell of his chest. Draco took a deep breath as he felt Harry's stare bore into him, his half-lidded eyes regarding Draco's torso with unadulterated lust, slowly sweeping down to the subtle bulge in his crotch and back up, finally turning his gaze to burn deeply, like absinthe in flames, into Draco's own eyes—into his very soul. Oh, Merlin….

Harry moved forward then with deliberate steps, his gaze never shifting as it engulfed those grey eyes in its burning heat, until he was flush against Draco, his face so close Draco could feel the moist breath brush softly against his own mouth. Harry's body felt warm and strong, seeming to radiate heat like a glowing fire, and Draco involuntarily leaned in ever so slightly until their lips were almost touching. Mesmerised by those molten green eyes, Draco tilted his head a little as Harry did the same, their breaths mingling for a moment in the minuscule space between them, before moving as one to close the gap. When their lips touched, Draco's eyelids slid shut of their own accord as he savoured the sweet, hot caress of Harry's passionate embrace, allowing his lover to explore his mouth with fiery strokes of his tongue that left him almost breathless with desire.

Fuck! How did he do that? A look, a touch, and Draco was melting like butter in the arms of Harry Potter.

Oh, how weak he was! To be so easily consumed by lust!

But, oh… it felt like heaven… soft, welcoming, never-ending—but with a heat so scorching, so tempting, so… consuming… it was almost like Dark Magic had taken control of his senses. Except this man in his arms was the nemesis of all things Dark. Suddenly, Draco finally understood that he could trust Harry with his life, his soul, his everything….

…er, either that… or he was just a bloody horny bastard who let his dick rule his brain.

In any case, Draco didn't care, as long as Harry never stopped kissing him, holding him…. Merlin, let the Death Eaters take him now, for he was as good as putty in this man's strong, powerful hands. Draco sighed deeply and let himself dissolve into Harry's embrace.

After long moments, Harry pulled away slightly, Draco following him as he sought more of that luscious mouth, that delicious tongue. Gasping a breath, Harry brushed his thumb over the ridge of Draco's well-defined cheekbone and down to his jaw, where he placed tender kisses, before pulling back and gazing tenderly into his lover's eyes.

"Would I ever let anything happen to you?" he whispered softly. Draco's eyelids lowered of their own accord as he leaned into Harry's lips as if drawn by the force of a powerful magnet. Harry's mouth was like an extension of his own, a part of him that he needed to survive.

"Harry… I'm…" Draco whispered against Harry's lips, his voice faltering as he tried to put into words that which was all bar impossible to admit. "I—I… I can't…."

Harry looked into his eyes and that look said everything that needed to be said. "Shhhh… it's fine. Trust me. I think I have a plan… one that will fix everything."

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Chapter 4: Draco, Lord of Darkness

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Chapter 4

Merlin only knows how he let himself be talked into this. Draco glanced around the table and sighed resignedly. Well, of course it was Harry who had talked him into it. Harry with the come-hither eyes and

the bloody rock-hard bulge in his pants, the strong, powerful hands and the… the, er… well, just… everything! Harry was like a drug to him, a love potion times one-hundred. Gods, if only he could come up with some kind of Harry antidote—something that would allow him to keep at least a few brain cells functioning when his lover was in the vicinity—then his life certainly would be less complicated. A lot less. As it was, here was Draco sitting at the large dining table with five Death Eaters—six, if you counted his mother—trying to come up with a strategy for capturing none other than the Boy Who Lived, himself! If that wasn't the single most fucking ironic thing ever to occur, he didn't know what was.

Harry had assured him that this plan would work for the good of everyone involved, including the stupid Death Eaters. Though why Harry was concerned about them, Draco had no idea. Well, of course he wanted to make sure his parents were okay and Harry had assured him that by the end of this, his parents would be more than just okay. So Draco had reluctantly agreed to the plan—well, if you can call 'yes, yes, anything you say, Harry! Just don't stop…' reluctant, of course, but he had, after all, been in the throes of passion at the time. Damn his horniness!

"So, we capture Harry Potter and hold him hostage?" Lucius looked at Draco uncertainly. "Draco… er, my Lord, has it occurred to you that Potter defeated the last Dark Lord? Do you think perhaps we should aim a bit lower to start with?" He looked around at the others, who were nodding their agreement with anxious frowns. "I was thinking the Ministry librarian, perhaps?"

Gods, what a bunch of wimps, Draco thought, as he stared back at his father in disgust. Who could be scared of Harry? Sure, he's an Auror—Head Auror, in fact—but he'd never killed anyone. Even Voldemort. Let's face it, Harry's duel with the last Dark Lord had done little more than cause Voldemort's spell to rebound upon himself. It was lack of understanding of the properties of the bloody Elder Wand that killed him—Harry had virtually nothing to do with it! He'd even told old Voldy that the bloody Wand couldn't kill its Master. And Voldy had been too stubborn and arrogant to believe him.

Draco shuddered to himself as he remembered the battle of Hogwarts. Harry had saved him twice that night and it wasn't until several years later that he'd had the chance to show Harry his, er, appreciation…. Harry had made a rare appearance at a Ministry function and Draco had had enough champagne to corner him and offer his 'thanks'. To Draco's great delight, Harry had responded rather enthusiastically… by dragging him off and fucking him over the sink in the men's room during the speeches. Draco's cock twitched as he remembered that juicy little encounter. It had been over two years since that night and Harry was no less enthusiastic now than he was then, thank Merlin. Oh, yes, enthusiasm was certainly one of Harry's most adorable traits, along with his uncanny ability to know exactly how to reduce Draco, at will, to a boneless heap. His trousers suddenly became tight as he reflected on just how enthusiastic Harry had been that very morning. Oh, those kisses! So hot… like

molten lava scorching straight down to his—

Draco started when Lucius suddenly cleared his throat. Blinking rapidly, he realised they were all staring at him. Frantically trying to recall his father's question, he silently berated himself for not paying attention—again! Merlin knows what else he had silently agreed to! He shot Lucius his most commanding look, clearly expressing his disapproval—at what, he wasn't sure, but he had to keep them on their toes, didn't he?

Lucius blanched under Draco's look—a sight that made the latter almost purr with glee. Carefully schooling his features to hide his embarrassment, Lucius cleared his throat before speaking again, this time more hesitantly. "Of course, you are right that Potter is the one we need. I was merely suggesting we start off more easily—a practice run, if you like."

Draco affected a bored look at that and when he replied, his voice was disparaging. "Well, of course, if you all feel you are not up to the task, then by all means, kidnap the librarian. I shall go after Potter myself." Summoning all the haughtiness he could muster, he continued. "There is no Prophecy to protect precious Potter from me." Draco's delight knew no bounds as he glanced around the table at the cowering Death Eaters before him. By Merlin's beard it felt good to have power over these losers, even if that power was merely affected. They would never know—at least not until it was too late. In their eyes, Draco had power of which they could only guess, which was yet another reason why he couldn't fathom just what they found so scary about Harry.

Harry may be an Auror, but he'd never actually had to cast an Avada Kedavra on anyone—Draco doubted he even could, if pushed. Not his sweet, sexy Harry. No, indeed, there wasn't a vicious bone in his body! Oh, he was strong, all right, and powerful, that was for certain. But a killer he was not. And here was Draco, all Dark Lord-ish and camping it up for all he was worth--surely he must appear imposing enough to warrant their confidence. Arching an eyebrow, he leaned back in his chair and waited for the others to respond, affecting a sneer of monumental proportions to show them all just how contemptuous he was of their cowardly arses.

Again he was rewarded with the cringing faces of five would-be wizard terrorists.

His mother, of course, just shook her head and rolled her eyes. Draco winked at her surreptitiously. One didn't dare try to intimidate the person who had changed one's nappies and wiped snot from one's nose,

even if it was twenty-odd years ago. That kind of intimacy created a powerful bond between mother and child, as well as an indefatigable capacity for knowing when bullshit was bullshit. Narcissa was a very smart woman and she was shrewd enough to spot Draco's crappola from a mile away, and he knew it. Draco decided in that instant that he should take her into his confidence, as a kind of double agent to the side of light. She may have been proud for her son to be the new Dark Lord, but it was more than likely she would be just as proud no matter what his accomplishment. A mother's love was like that. Yes, she would make a wonderful right-hand 'man'—and the rest of them could bloody well like it or lump it. It was about time the wizarding world took a step into the twenty-first century and gave women their due. Resolving to discuss the matter with Harry that evening, he turned back to regard his companions—no, minions, was more like it—disdainfully.

Avery was first to speak. "Of course we will follow whatever direction you suggest. How do you plan to capture Potter, though? He is always either surrounded by Ministry people or under heavy magical protection."

"Yes, and I've heard his magic is unstable as well," said Crabbe. "I've heard of strange things happening to those who get on his wrong side," he added with a shudder.

"I am sure that between the seven of us we will be able to manage one man, even if he is the Boy Who Lived and an Auror," Draco replied confidently.

"So, what is the plan?" Nott leaned forward, still looking rather anxious.

"We wait until he's out in the open, cause a distraction, then swoop on him. My sources tell me he often stops by a Muggle grocery store on his way home. He won't be using magic there. Nott and Avery can create some kind of disturbance to distract his Minder, and Goyle and I will Stun and Apparate Potter back here. Mother, you and Lucius can act as lookouts." Draco looked around, his expression daring them to oppose him.

"So what do I do," asked Crabbe hesitantly. "Er, I could stay here and secure his cell, maybe?"

"No, you will go ahead and perform the required reconnaissance of the area to make sure there are no surprises," Draco replied, rolling his eyes when Crabbe looked confused. "Check out the area? You know,

make sure there are no Muggle police or security guards, no other suspicious characters… tell us when Potter arrives?" Crabbe finally nodded his understanding and Draco wondered how the man ever managed to get out of bed in the morning, he was so thick.

"Tell me again why we're kidnapping Potter?" Goyle frowned and rubbed his forehead.

Draco sighed heavily. "To use as leverage to get Lucius into a high position at the Ministry, remember? Merlin, how many times do we have to go over this?"

"Yes, once we have Potter, we can use him as bait to get Scrimgeour to negotiate a position on his senior staff. Once I am in, I'll be on track to be the next Minister, and we can make all the changes we want." Lucius looked very pleased with himself.

"What if Scrimgeour refuses to cooperate?" It was Nott this time.

"Oh, I have no doubt that the Minister would do anything to protect the Saviour of the Wizarding World," Lucius replied. "Potter's disappearance would cause a public outcry. Scrimgeour wouldn't dare ignore such a threat."

"Lucius is correct," Draco concurred. "Potter is like a national treasure. The Minister would be forced into action on his behalf." Well, of course he would, thought Draco, since Harry was probably right this very minute advising him of their plan. Scrimgeour would play along once Harry revealed his strategy to him. It was nothing short of sheer genius, really. Though Draco had his doubts about the ability of this motley crew to actually pull off the kidnapping. Luckily, the victim was willing—they couldn't make it any easier! Still, looking around the table, Draco couldn't help but worry. Crabbe looked like he was about to fall asleep and Goyle was absently biting a nail. Nott and Avery were quibbling about the last piece of treacle tart left from dinner and had managed to drop the lot onto the tablecloth in a sticky brown mess. Inwardly rolling his eyes, he watched as his mother called Naesy to clean it up and vowed once again to give her more support. She would run circles around this lot if given the chance—even Lucius, who was so busy gloating about how superior he was that he barely had time to pay her any attention at all. Oh, yes, they were all going to be subjected to a rude awakening once Harry's plan was put into action.

Harry strolled purposefully towards the Muggle grocery store, careful to look nonchalant. Thomas, his Minder, walked alongside him, trying to look equally blasé, hands in pockets and a cigarette dangling from his lips—but managing to look more like a spy in one of those B-rated Muggle espionage movies. Harry glanced at him and rolled his eyes. Bloody hell, he couldn't be more obvious. Lucky they weren't dealing with Scotland Yard here.

Harry had arranged with Draco to be at the store at 6pm. Thomas, of course, was in on the plan and knew what to do when the time came. If only he didn't look so goddamn cheesy! Oh well, there was nothing for it but to just head on into the store and wait for the Death Eaters to show up. Taking a deep breath, he stepped over the stoop and into the store, Thomas following close behind. A quick glance around showed the store to be busy, as it usually was at this time of day, what with workers calling in for last-minute dinner items on their way home. He picked up a shopping basket and moved towards the hardware aisle, where there were likely to be the fewest people, and began to scan the shelves unhurriedly.

Soon enough, there was a loud bang just outside the store and Thomas nodded at Harry before moving towards it, his wand clutched tightly in his pocket. Ignoring the apparent ruckus that was occurring outside, Harry continued to scan the shelves and waited.

After several minutes had passed, Harry began to wonder what had happened to his would-be kidnappers. Draco and Goyle should have been there by now and Harry was worried that something may have gone wrong. Draco had warned him that they weren't the brightest bunch, but their plan was so easy it was childproof. He went over the plan in his mind, looking for loopholes, but couldn't find any. Finally, after waiting almost five minutes, he moved slowly down the aisle and peeked around the corner to view the front of the store. A mob had formed and Harry furrowed his brow, an ominous feeling growing in the pit of his stomach. Approaching the edge of the mob, he craned his neck to see what was happening, only to find Nott and Avery passed out cold on the ground outside the store, a Muggle police officer standing over them.

Bloody hell! What the fuck was going on? Avery and Nott were supposed to blow up the fire hydrant outside the store to create a diversion, which would clear the shop—people were always attracted to a disaster scene—so that Draco and Goyle could slip in and Apparate with Harry unnoticed. How hard could it be?

Pushing through to the front of the crowd, Harry spotted Thomas and went to stand next to him. “What happened?” Harry whispered sideways as he regarded the prone forms of the two Death Eaters.

“I think they Stunned each other instead of the hydrant,” Thomas whispered back. “From what I could see, Nott tripped over his shoelace just as he was casting the spell, knocking Avery to the ground as well. Their spells went haywire, apparently.” Thomas shrugged his shoulders and Harry rolled his eyes, something he seemed to be doing a lot of that day.

The police officer was holding both their wands and was examining them curiously.

“Wha’ choo think they are?” The shopkeeper said as he eyed the wands warily.

“Looks like some kinda weapon,” the officer replied, turning the wands over in his hands. “Funny looking sticks of some kind. Maybe they were intending to rob you at stick-point,” he joked and the shopkeeper guffawed.

“Yeah, I woulda been bloody scared, too. Ooooo… help! I’ve got a stick pointing at me!” He collapsed in laughter at that point and a general titter went up amongst the crowd.

The police officer chortled as he took out his mobile phone. “I need backup for this. Wait’ll they hear about it down at the station!”

“Fuck, we’d better get them out of here,” Harry whispered to Thomas as he pulled out his wand. “I’ll Obliviate them all while you revive these two.” He looked around then, wondering where Lucius and the others were. It was a few seconds before he spotted the elder Malfoys across the street, calmly sitting on a bus seat, looking for all the world like two elegant Muggles waiting for a bus. Lucius was shaking his head with an obvious look of exasperation and Narcissa’s head was down as if she were trying to avoid being noticed.

Harry ducked behind Thomas before they could see him and quickly cast several Obliviating Spells. It

wasn't long before people were wandering back into the store with glazed looks upon their faces. Thomas muttered Enervate at the two prone figures and they quickly came to, rubbing their heads and looking very confused. Grabbing his arm, Harry quickly moved back inside the store and down to the hardware aisle again.

"Shit, that fucked up everything," he said, rubbing his eyes with a sigh. "Look, you'd better just go over a couple of aisles and pretend to be looking for something. Hopefully Draco and Goyle will be here soon enough."

Thomas nodded and moved swiftly away, leaving Harry scanning the shelves again, this time somewhat less calmly. He frowned as he wondered what else could possibly go wrong.

"Put your hands up and don't move," a voice purred into his ear as long fingers wrapped around his waist. Harry turned into his lover's embrace, quickly kissing him before stepping back and looking around carefully.

"I thought you'd never get here! Where's Goyle?"

Draco rolled his eyes. "Had to take a piss," he replied, shaking his head in annoyance. "So much for the surprise attack! Bloody Nott! I saw the whole thing from across the street. Honestly, if I wasn't Dark Lord, I'd have Apparated to France, I was so embarrassed."

Harry suppressed a laugh and quickly nudged him in the ribs as Goyle's large frame appeared around the corner of the aisle. Draco flicked his wand and Harry went stiff as the wordless Binding Spell hit him, just as Goyle spotted them from the other end of the aisle. Hurrying towards them, Goyle didn't see the stack of products jutting out and his ungainly form knocked over a pile of car wax cans, causing him to fall head first into them, and knocking over another bin full of paint brushes in the process. The din radiated out across the aisles, followed closely by Draco's 'fucking hell!' Goyle stumbled to his feet and lumbered towards Draco as the latter quickly flicked his wand to clean up the mess. Covering his face with his hands, he exhaled sharply, trying to calm himself as Goyle finally stood before him, puffing and regarding him with awe.

“Y-you got him?” His face was incredulous.

“Of course, you moron. What did you expect?” Draco rolled his eyes when Goyle continued to look amazed. “Dark Lord, remember?” Draco reminded him as he pointed to his own chest. “Come on. Let’s get out of here. I’ll see you back at the Manor.” Draco grasped Harry’s arm and Apparated them both away, leaving Goyle staring into space in continued bewilderment.

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Chapter 5: Draco, Lord of Darkness

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Chapter 5

Lucius and Narcissa both Disapparated into the marble-lined foyer of Malfoy Manor at the same time. Brushing at her Muggle dress distastefully, Narcissa looked over at her husband, her beautiful brow furrowed. “I don’t know how Muggles can stand to wear these clothes at all,” she complained, leaning against the entry table and rubbing her foot tenderly. “Those shoes are sheer torture.” Lucius merely glanced at her and cleared his throat in disapproval. “Well, it’s all right for you. At least Muggles make decent suits!” she retorted. “You don’t look bad at all. But this dress! Merlin, the fabric must have been made from goat’s hair. I knew I should have nipped over to Paris. I am sure Chanel would have had something much more suitable.”

“I think it highly unlikely a Muggle would wear Chanel on public transport, my dear,” Lucius replied condescendingly. “You know their daywear collection is purely wizard-made. And Muggle ball gowns are hardly suitable for riding the bus.”

Narcissa rolled her eyes and pursed her lips. “Oh, do put a sock in it, Lucius. I am going to change out of this ridiculous costume before my feet and skin are permanently damaged.” She swept out of the room and up the main staircase, leaving Lucius still standing in the foyer, his coat in his hand.

Hanging the coat on a hook, he turned when Crabbe appeared in the doorway. “Are they here?”

“In the dining room,” Crabbe replied, following Lucius as he swept past him towards where the others were assembled around the dining table once again.

Nott was helping himself to a generous glass of Lucius’ best wine and slugged from his glass as he brought the bottle over to the table. “Not a bad drop, this, Lucius,” he said as he guzzled down more of the fine Bordeaux.

Lucius thanked his lucky stars he’d locked the good stuff in the cellar, where they couldn’t reach it. Honestly, they were treating his home like a bloody hotel, drinking his wine and ordering the house-elves to get them food. He looked at the sumptuous feast on the table, which Avery and Goyle were already helping themselves to—roast lamb and minted peas, baby potatoes tossed in butter and fresh parsley, crusty chunks of French bread, platters of fruit and cheese… Lucius sighed and wondered if they even appreciated the cuisine. Most likely they were more used to shepherd’s pie or bangers and mash, he surmised, given the way they were stuffing the food down their throats without even tasting it.

He had just seated himself at the table when Narcissa appeared. “Where is Draco?” she asked, taking the seat on her husband’s right.

“No doubt he is interrogating our captive,” Lucius replied, looking to Crabbe for affirmation.

“’E’s in the dungeon with Potter. Says ’e doesn’t want to be disturbed.” Crabbe shrugged at Narcissa’s raised eyebrow. “Says ’e plans to keep ’im there until ’e breaks ’im. Could be there for bloody days, at that rate.”

“Locked in the dungeon with Potter, hmmm? I see,” Narcissa carefully hid the smirk that was threatening to disturb her haughty features, but couldn’t suppress the twinkle in her eye. Lucius looked at her

curiously for a minute, then dismissed it as fervour for the task at hand. Yes, breaking Potter would be a difficult task and definitely should be the first order of business. Of course, if Draco couldn't manage it, then he himself would surely be able to complete the job. He was nothing if not persuasive in that regard, having interrogated many prisoners in his day. He only hoped that Draco was up to the task. He may possess the powers of a Dark Lord, but he was still relatively young and inexperienced. There were certain… techniques—certain skills, if you wish—needed in interrogation. Potter was an Auror and, as such, was no doubt schooled in many of those techniques, himself. Lucius had no doubt that Draco was in for a very hard time.

"So, what's your plan of attack, oh Dark One?" Harry purred into Draco's ear as he pulled him down onto the large, comfy bed that had somehow made it's way into the dungeon where Draco was currently 'interrogating' Harry.

"Well, first I thought I would attack here…" Draco responded, leaning in to suck on his lover's neck. "Then, here…" Draco ripped the buttons off Harry's shirt and lightly bit his nipple, causing Harry to arch up. "Then… here…" His tongue flicked into Harry's navel and the latter softly moaned his pleasure. Draco continued his interrogation of Harry's navel for several long moments, gently rubbing his nipples with long fingers at the same time. Harry's nerves were on fire under Draco's touch and he nearly hit the roof when Draco's hand moved down to rub against his straining erection through his trousers. Deftly, Draco flicked open the button and slid down the zip, pushing the fabric away so he could mouth Harry's cock through his boxers. Harry arched up off the bed and Draco smirked as he sat back and pulled his lover's trousers and pants off in one swift move.

Slowly crawling back up between Harry's legs, which had fallen wantonly apart, Draco lowered his head so that his hair trailed along Harry's stomach as he huffed soft breaths against the skin there. "Then, I thought I would tie you up, since you seem to be refusing to cooperate…" Draco looked up at Harry, whose eyes were dark with lust, before kissing a trail down to his groin. "And I might even have to use a little… violence." He bit Harry's thigh and Harry fairly bucked up off the bed and groaned loudly, his throbbing erection leaking pearly fluid.

"Fuck!"

“Hmmm… I don’t know…. Are you going to cooperate, Mr Potter?” Draco moved his lips so close to Harry’s erection he was almost touching, but not quite, and breathed gently against it, causing it to twitch.

“Yes, I’ll do anything you say… anything,” Harry gasped.

Draco lifted his head up at that and grinned wickedly. “Anything, Mr Potter?”

“Draco….” Harry bucked his hips again as Draco’s lips teased the skin around the base of his leaking cock. “Yes… yes….” Harry was thrashing against the pillows, his hands in Draco's hair as he continued to tease.

“Well, then…” Draco swiped his tongue along his lover’s length and around the tip in long, languid strokes. Harry groaned in response, and Draco grasped the base of his cock with one hand and his sac with the other as he took Harry’s erection into his mouth and began sucking ravenously. Mmmmmmm. Oh-ohhhhhh! Harry felt himself losing control and it was too fast, way too fast, but Draco was relentless and Harry was powerless to stop him, his lust carrying him away.

Suddenly Draco pulled away and sat back, and Harry groaned with need. “Oh, gods….”

Draco quickly slipped out of his clothes before reaching over to the nightstand to grab his wand. Before Harry realised what he was doing, Draco had flipped him over and conjured two silk ties, which flew through the air to tie his wrists to the bedposts. Harry’s eyes flew open and he looked over his shoulder as Draco slipped a pillow under his hips, leaning forward to place a kiss on Harry’s stubbly cheek.

“You’ve been a very naughty boy, indeed,” Draco whispered huskily against Harry’s ear as he rubbed his cock teasingly between the cheeks of his lover’s arse. Harry groaned again and pushed back against it, leaning on his elbows for support.

“Then you’ll have to punish me, won’t you?” Harry smirked at Draco over his shoulder, but his eyes were molten pools of fire. Draco bit his shoulder in reply, then roughly nipped down his spine until he reached the twin mounds of flesh, where he began kneading the skin, first gently, then more roughly as Harry

squirmed beneath him. Leaning down again, he began to suck and bite first one cheek and then the other, causing Harry to rut against the pillow and groan loudly. “Oh, gods…. Ohhhhh!” Roughly pulling the cheeks apart, Draco dipped his tongue down and across the puckered hole, then back again, before leaning in and sucking noisily against it. Harry pushed back against him, groaning louder as Draco teased the entrance with the tip of his tongue, roughly poking at it, but never quite breaching.

Finally, after long minutes of sucking and licking, Draco took pity on Harry and forcefully thrust his tongue in as far as it would go. Harry literally rammed his arse back against Draco’s face, wanting more, and Draco obliged by thrusting his tongue in again and again, all the while continuing to suck the puckered flesh until Harry cried out, “Draco!”.

At the sound of his name, Draco pulled back and sat up in one movement. Lining himself up, he pushed quickly into Harry and groaned at how hot and tight he was. Gods, but he felt good! Harry pushed back hard and Draco fucked him like a porn star, thrusting roughly in and out, his head thrown back and his body glistening with sweat. When he felt the tension building in his thighs, Draco leaned around and grasped Harry’s cock, pulling it in rhythm to his thrusts, and Harry cried out again and came violently over the pillow only spilt seconds before Draco thrust into him one last time and shuddered his release with a groan.

Panting heavily, Draco collapsed onto his lover, gasping for breath. They lay like that for some time until Draco finally pushed himself up and pulled his softening cock out of Harry. Leaning forward, he gently kissed the nape of his lover's neck.

“Fuck, Draco, since when were you a Dom?” Harry panted, his chest heaving.

Draco smirked and bit his earlobe in reply. “You did say you needed to be punished.”

“Gods, I may never top again….”

“Hmmm, a tempting thought, Mr. Potter, since you obviously need lots of punishment.” Draco flicked his wand to free Harry’s wrists and then rolled over onto his back, still breathing heavily. “I don’t want you getting lazy, though. We’ll just have to see how well you cooperate, won’t we?” Draco ran his hand

languidly down Harry's sweat-slicked back and pinched his arse.

Harry yelped and flipped over, moving closer to embrace Draco and kiss him gently on the mouth. "Such a big, bad Dark Lord…. I can see much torture ahead for me."

"Mmmmm. Only if you're very lucky."

Narcissa was walking into the dining room for lunch when she spotted Naesy heading towards the dungeon steps with a tray of food. It had been well over eighteen hours since Draco had disappeared into the dungeon to grill Harry Potter and she wondered idly how much longer it would be before they surfaced. She started when she heard Lucius' voice boom out across the hall.

"Naesy, stop!" Lucius strode over to the house-elf purposefully and lifted the tray out of her hands. "I will take this to Master Draco."

"Do you think that wise, dear?" Narcissa hurried over to her husband before he could descend the stairs. "It hasn't been twenty-four hours yet. You might be interrupting… er, delicate negotiations."

"Nonsense. It's about time we found out whether Draco has broken Potter yet. If he hasn't been successful by now, it's highly unlikely he will be." Lucius turned and began descending the stairs.

"Wait!" Lucius turned to her in annoyance. "Let me take the tray, dear. I can check on him. The others are waiting for you in the dining room. Besides, carrying trays is hardly wizard's work." She smiled sweetly at him and he regarded her with pursed lips for a moment before handing the tray over.

"Fine, as you wish. I do have more important things to do, I suppose." He turned back towards the dining room and strode away, his robes swishing imperiously.

Narcissa rolled her eyes at his back, then made her way down the stairs, pausing at the bottom to listen at the door. All seemed quiet within the dungeon and she guessed Draco had put Locking and Silencing Spells on it. Moving the tray to balance on one arm, she coughed loudly several times before knocking on the heavy wooden door.

"Draco, I have your meals, dear," she called through the wood. Several long moments passed and she waited patiently, shifting the tray back to both hands. Finally the lock clicked and the door opened slightly.

"What happened to Naesy?" Narcissa took in Draco's dishevelled appearance and suppressed a smirk.

"Your father intercepted her. I managed to… waylay him," she replied calmly. "I told him I would report back on your…ahem… dealings with Mr. Potter." She tilted her head to peer around the edge of the door, but Draco moved into the stairwell and closed it behind him.

"Our… discussions… are rather delicate at the moment, Mother, but I think we have him. It should only take a few more hours." He looked at her haughtily and Narcissa couldn't help thinking how gorgeous her son was with his tousled hair and rumpled shirt, which contrasted ever-so-sweetly with his mock-stern face. Such a beautiful boy, always has been, she sighed to herself.

"Well, make sure you two eat a healthy meal. You'll need all your strength and, I daresay, so will Mr Potter." This time she did smirk as she handed him the tray. Turning to mount the stairs again, she looked back over her shoulder and winked at Draco, whose mouth fell open in surprise. "We'll see you both at dinner, I presume?"

Draco stood for a moment in shocked silence, before gathering his wits enough to reply. "Er, yes… yes, of course—that is, if, er… negotiations… continue as they have been."

"Good. I'll send Naesy for you around seven," she replied as she turned back and continued to walk up the stairs. The door slammed behind her and she stopped at the sound of muffled laughter coming through the door. Shaking her head with a smile, she walked up the rest of the stairs and headed

towards the dining room.

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Chapter 6: Draco, Lord of Darkness

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Chapter 6

Draco entered the dining room at precisely seven o'clock that evening, looking for all the world like the triumphant Dark Lord he was meant to be. As he strode across the marble floor his shimmering black robes billowed out behind him, nearly engulfing Harry, who was following several paces behind. The Death Eaters all looked up apprehensively at the sight of the Saviour of the Wizarding World and Draco sneered at their obvious spinelessness. Merlin, what a bunch of fairy princesses! They might as well all go join the girl scouts for all the bloody good they would do the side of Dark! Indeed, any girl scout could outwit any one of these gutless wonders, Draco thought. Lucky for them he had other plans, for he doubted they could cast an Unforgivable between them, the bumbling idiots.

Well, except for his parents, of course, and they were far too well-bred to let anything as distasteful as an Unforgivable blight their elegant persons. Civility was the hallmark of a Malfoy, after all—'let the minions do the dirty work' has always been a motto of their esteemed lineage. One simply did not stoop to such unpleasant practices, especially when others were more than willing to step up to the plate on their behalf. Oh, Lucius was an expert at wand work and duelling to be sure, but blood-letting was thoroughly beneath him, of that Draco could be certain.

As he stood before the bunch of cowardly miscreants that represented the cream of the Death Eater crop, Draco summoned up all his fortitude for what he just knew was going to be the most tedious dinner in the history of the entire universe. The only saving grace was that Harry was to join him in this little farce, as his erstwhile prisoner. Looking around the table, he smiled inwardly to himself and decided to have a little fun. Let's get this party started, he thought. Turning back to look at Harry, he winked

before grabbing him by the arm and dragging him to a seat near the end of the table.

“Have a seat, Potter.” He sneered at Harry, who scowled back at him and yanked his arm away, before dropping into the chair that Draco had indicated. “And don’t try anything nasty. I have your wand, remember?”

“Fuck off, Malfoy,” Harry retorted, pulling his chair in closer to the table and gracing the Death Eaters with a nasty look.

Oh, good one, punkin—give ’em ‘the look.’ Heheh.

Taking a seat to Harry’s left, at the head of the table, Draco leaned calmly back in his chair. “I assume you all know our guest?” he asked, gesturing toward his still-scowling lover. “Potter has kindly agreed to negotiate with Scrimgeour on our behalf.”

“I wouldn’t say I agreed, Malfoy, you arse. Coerced is more like it! Bloody Merlin would crack under those tactics!” Harry snarled back at him. The Death Eaters all looked to Draco in awe.

You go, Harry! A couple more of those comments and they’ll be eating out of my hands like obedient little minions.

“That was mere child’s play.” Draco looked down his nose at Harry and waved his hand in dismissal. “Betray us and you will really begin to understand the meaning of ‘persuasion’.” He glowered at Harry threateningly, nearly jumping out of his seat when Harry pinched his thigh under the table. He coughed to cover the sudden movement and Harry suppressed a wicked smirk.

“Now Draco, let’s not be rude to our guest,” Narcissa cut in, smiling sweetly at Harry. “Please make yourself at home, Mr. Potter, and enjoy our hospitality,” she added, indicating the vast array of food laid across the length of the table.

“Thank you, Mrs Malfoy,” Harry responded with an unsure smile, helping himself to smoked salmon salad. Draco slipped off his shoe under the table and ran his toes up under the hem of Harry’s trousers. Harry glowered again at Draco, who simply ignored him, continuing his little toe massage of Harry’s calf, despite Harry’s efforts to pull his leg away.

Take that, smarty pants.

“So, my Lord, what is the plan for infiltrating the Minister’s office?” Lucius asked before taking a sip of his wine.

“How d’you know Potter won’t betray us?” Nott scowled at Harry. “He could be having us on!”

“Yeah, I say we just hold him hostage and demand a place in the Ministry in return for their precious Potter!” It was Avery who spoke this time and there were murmurs of assent around the table, save for Lucius and Narcissa, whose faces were carefully blank as they watched Draco’s reaction.

“That is indeed tempting. I can think of nothing more satisfying than continuing our interrogative efforts in the dungeons,” Draco replied, kicking Harry in the shin when he almost snorted. Quickly turning the sound into a sneeze before anyone noticed, Harry kept his eyes on the table, affecting a scowl only with monumental effort.

Merlin, keep it together, babycakes, or you’ll blow it!

Draco inwardly rolled his eyes and continued. “However, I believe we would serve our cause better if we attack from within the Ministry. With Potter here appearing on our side, they can hardly accuse us of any Dark activity.”

“I’ll do your dirty work, Malfoy, but if you think I’m on your side, then you’ve got bark for brains,” Harry retorted hotly.

Lucius eyed Harry suspiciously before turning to Draco. “You are certain you can trust him?”

“Of course. I have a unique bargaining chip, Lucius, one that Potter would not dare jeopardise.”

Oh, yes… my hot little arse is worth its weight in gold!

“And what would that be?” Lucius raised his eyebrows and Narcissa looked away so that he couldn’t see the twinkle in her eye.

Mother, you’d better keep your mouth shut!

“I’m afraid that is something I am not at liberty to reveal, given our, er, earlier negotiations,” Draco replied, staring directly at Narcissa.

“I see. Perhaps, then, you should take note of this,” Lucius replied as he pulled a copy of the Daily Prophet out of his robes and slid it across the table to Draco, who unfolded it and laid it down next to his plate so that Harry could surreptitiously read it as well.

Scanning the front page carefully, he could see nothing untoward—the main story was a report on last evening’s Quidditch match, followed by an interview with the Captain of the Chudley Canons. Draco frowned as he flipped through the first couple of pages, finding nothing but the usual wizard news and advertisements. Looking up at his father, he raised his eyebrows in question. “I’m afraid I don’t see anything of interest here, Lucius.”

“Precisely.” Lucius leaned across the table, a concerned expression on his face. “The great Harry Potter is kidnapped by known ex-Death Eaters and there is nothing in the Daily Prophet about it. Do you not find that curious? Surely his Minder would have reported him missing.”

Fuck! What do I say to that?

Draco groaned inwardly, searching his mind for an appropriate explanation. He was saved when Harry spoke first.

“Kidnapping of Aurors is a serious matter involving national wizarding security. The Minister would conceal such events from the wizarding public at all costs, both for the sake of national security and public confidence.” Harry sneered, then. “Not to mention how bad such a kidnapping would look for the Minister.”

Oh, Harry, you are going to get the blowjob of a lifetime later. You lovely, gorgeous man! I knew I loved you for a reason!

Draco silently continued to sing the praises of his lover until suddenly he blushed when he realised what he’d thought. He’d never, ever said the L-word, not even to himself. Fuck! His cheeks felt hot and he knew his face was flushed—he was so pale it would be hard to miss. Glancing over at Harry, he noticed the other man blink several times as he looked at Draco. Fuck… fucketty fuck!

“Are you quite all right, Draco, dear?” his mother asked in a concerned voice.

“Of course, Mother,” he replied scornfully as he turned towards her. “This room is far too hot. Please ask Naesy to turn down the fire in the grate.”

“Certainly, dear.” Narcissa pulled out her own wand and, with a flick of her wrist, turned the fire into smouldering embers.

“So, of course,” he resumed, turning back to Lucius, “my earlier research revealed just such a policy. There was no doubt that Potter’s kidnapping would be kept quiet.”

“I see.” Lucius’ face was the picture of calm. “So, how shall we proceed from here?”

“Potter will Floo the Minister first thing tomorrow and inform him of our requirements. The Minister will arrange an executive position for you within the Ministry and we go from there.” Draco struggled to stop himself from smirking as he continued. “We will, of course, have to keep Potter here for some time to make sure the Minister does not go back on the agreement. Once we have the necessary legal papers drawn up—which may take some weeks, I have been told—Potter will be free to go.”

“Are you fucking kidding me, Malfoy?” Harry looked at him in mock disgust. “I am not staying here that long! No way!”

“I’m afraid you have no choice in the matter,” Draco replied calmly.

“The bloody fuck I do! You can’t keep me here!”

“On the contrary, Mr. Potter. I can and I will.” Draco didn’t look at Harry as he went back to eating his meal. “In fact, I think I shall have to keep a personal eye on you myself. Naesy!” The little house-elf appeared with a pop beside Draco. “Please set up a cot for Mr. Potter in my private quarters.”

“What?! Are you nuts?” Harry looked incensed. “I am not bloody sleeping in your bedroom, you pervert!”

Oh, you are good, Harry. Make that a blowjob AND a rimming.

Draco ignored him and turned back to Lucius. “The wards on my suite are twice as strong as those surrounding the dungeons,” he explained. “The Dark Magic you released at the ritual carries many powerful benefits.”

“But ’e ’asn’t got a wand!” Crabbe looked perplexed. “”Ow could ’e escape without a wand?”

Lucius rolled his eyes and shook his head slightly. “Wandless magic, you idiot. Potter is renowned for it.”

“Oh.”

“So, why couldn’t he get past the wards, with his wandless thingy, then?” Nott also looked perplexed.

Draco sighed dramatically. God, they were dim! “Look. First of all, it is in the Golden Boy’s interests to cooperate with us—“He held up a hand when Nott started to protest. “Trust me on that. Secondly, my wards are more powerful than even the great Harry Potter. He will never be able to break through them.”

“Oh.”

Harry’s look deliberately said, ‘We’ll see about that won’t we?’ but he remained silent, continuing to scowl as he finished his meal. Draco looked around the table at his companions and, deciding that they were suitably convinced, took one last sip from his wine glass and stood up.

“We have a lot to do tomorrow, not the least contacting the Minister as soon as he reaches his office, so we shall retire and will meet you back here at eight a.m. sharp.” Draco looked expectantly at Harry, who rolled his eyes in his best Yes, Oh Dark One manner and stood to follow him.

Okay, Draco thought, that one deserved a full body massage!

Harry followed Draco out of the room and up the staircase, still scowling, until they reached the door to Draco’s suite, where he dropped his façade and leaned his arm around Draco to open the door, whispering quietly in his ear as he did so, “Fuck you… Malfoy.”

“Merlin… whatever you say, Harry!” Draco grabbed Harry’s arm and dragged him into the room, casting triple Locking and Silencing charms on the door as he did so. Oh, this was going to be one spectacular night!

Harry was up early the next morning, in spite of the fact that there was no need to actually Floo the Minister. They'd arranged everything days ago, so it was just a matter of waiting around until it was time to meet the Death Eaters. Scrimgeour had agreed to give Lucius a senior position in his Ministry on Harry's insistence, Harry having reassured him that this was all part of the plan to finally integrate the remaining ex-Death Eaters back into general wizarding society.

After padding to the bathroom to relieve himself, Harry climbed back in beside Draco, who was still laying in the same position in which he'd fallen asleep. Harry chuckled as he remembered their athletic love-making of the night before, then sighed as he regarded his lover of two years as he lay peacefully against the soft pillows, his breath huffing in and out in a gentle rhythm, his chest rising and falling under the thin cotton sheet. He was so in love with this man and it almost broke his heart that he dared not tell him. Draco was a passionate and attentive lover, and a faithful companion, but the simple fact was that Malfoys just didn't do love. Of that he was certain. Love was for the peasants, who had to find some diversion to distract them from their pitiful existence. For pure-blooded aristocrats like the Malfoys, however, love was a weakness, a chink in the armour. Harry sighed again, but congratulated himself that he was at least astute enough to understand how his lover's mind worked.

Harry couldn't stop himself from leaning over and kissing Draco's long pale neck. Gods, but he was gorgeous! Harry trailed his fingers across his lover's chest and up to cup the curve of his jaw. Leaning in, he placed a chaste kiss against the stubbly chin, then settled his head against the pale but firm chest, not wanting to wake him. Oh, he could arouse his sleeping lover quite easily, if he wanted to, but for now, all he wanted was to drown in the scent and feel of the man he loved. Laying his head against that pale chest, he closed his eyes and drank in the fragrant scent of his lover's skin. Mmmmmm. This was what life was all about—this was love…. If only he could express his feelings….

Draco stirred then. Harry could feel his breath faltering and the first stirrings of wakefulness as Draco moved out of slumber and into that state between sleep and consciousness. Lifting his head, he lightly kissed Draco on the lips and nuzzled against his cheek.

"Good morning, gorgeous."

“Mmmmm. What time is it?” Draco still hadn’t opened his eyes.

“Just after six-thirty. You can sleep a little longer if you want.”

In answer, Draco rolled onto his side and slid his arms around his lover’s back, sighing gently as Harry kissed his neck. “Okay, wake me at seven.” His breathing slowed then, and Harry could feel him drifting off to sleep again. Sighing contentedly, he lay back against the pillow and gathered Draco tenderly into his arms.

“I love you,” he whispered against the soft, white-blond strands of hair that tickled his face. Draco seemed to sigh contentedly in response and settled down into his embrace as if it was his natural home.

Lucius bounced out of bed at seven a.m. the next morning and called for Narcissa. “Where the bloody hell is my favourite silk shirt?”

“It’s on the hanger,” she sang as she swept into their bedroom, already dressed and coiffed for the day.

Lucius grabbed the shirt from its hanger and dressed hurriedly. He wasn’t too worried about the Minister’s response to Potter’s Floo call. What did worry him was the possibility of some stuff-up by his Death Eater cronies. Gods, but they were a bunch of retards. Slipping his feet into Italian leather boots, he checked his appearance quickly in the mirror, then headed out the door and down to the dining room to meet the others.

When he reached the dining room, Narcissa following a respectful distance behind, he stopped when he saw that the others were all assembled and looking serious.

“Good morning, My Lord.” Lucius inclined his head as he entered the room. “When can we expect to connect to the Ministry. It’s already five after eight.”

“The Minister has already been contacted,” Draco replied arrogantly. “We have come to an arrangement.”

Lucius looked at his son in surprise, but didn’t say anything. He waited for Draco to continue.

“It seems we have been successful, Lucius,” Draco went on. “We have arranged for you to take on a very senior position in the Ministry. One that will have far-reaching influence, I think.”

Lucius smiled obsequiously and bowed low. “Of course, your influence knows no bounds.” He looked up then. “And what position might that be, my Lord?”

“Head of the Department of Muggle-Wizard relations,” Draco replied, his heart inwardly dancing an Irish jig at the look of pure horror on his father’s face.

“What the fuck?” Lucius’ face turned a whiter shade of pale and Draco silently congratulated himself on a job well done.

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Chapter 7: Draco, Lord of Darkness

A/N: Still for Draconi, with thanks :-)

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Chapter 7

There was a loud knock at the door and Draco looked up from where he had been answering mail at his desk. He glanced questioningly over at Harry, who was relaxing with the Daily Prophet in an armchair by the fireplace. When Harry nodded, he stood up and walked over to the door, opening it very slightly and peering out cautiously into the hallway beyond. He was taken aback when the door was pushed wide open and his mother swept into the room. She strode purposefully over to the window before turning and crossing her arms.

“So, are you going to tell me what is going on, dear? Or will I have to discuss the matter with your father?” She regarded him sternly, but he could see the corners of her mouth twitch as she tried to suppress a smile. Draco quietly closed the door and cast several Locking and Silencing spells.

Looking over at Harry, he raised his eyebrows in question. They had discussed bringing Narcissa in on the plan, but Harry had been rather wary of the idea, in spite of Draco’s protestations that she could be a very useful ally. Harry had argued that her loyalty to his father might prove to be a risk and Draco had concurred, thinking he would work on Harry again later. But later hadn’t come soon enough and now he stared into Harry’s eyes meaningfully, drawing in a relieved breath when Harry nodded almost imperceptibly. Rising from the armchair he’d been occupying, Harry went to stand by the fireplace, his face carefully blank. Draco winked at him conspiratorially before turning back to his mother.

“Of course, Mother, do sit down.” Draco indicated the sofa by the fireplace and she gracefully sank into it, an expectant look on her face. “I had fully intended to talk to you after I had discussed the matter with Ha—er, Potter.”

“Ah, yes… Mr Potter…” She turned to regard Harry, an unreadable expression on her face. “Please do sit down.” She indicated the chair next to her and Harry nodded and obligingly sat down.

“Shall I call for some tea?” Draco asked, looking from his mother to Harry.

“That would be lovely, dear,” Narcissa replied, settling back into the sofa.

“Naesy!” The house-elf appeared with a pop. “Please bring us some refreshments.”

“Yes, Master Draco, sir,” she replied before quickly disappearing again.

“So, what’s the plan?” Narcissa sat forward and rubbed her hands together, a smile spreading across her face. “I assume we will be paying out on Lucius, not to mention those idiots he calls his minions?”

Draco was gobsmacked for a moment, but when Harry burst out laughing, he looked from one to the other and decided to dispense with all pretence. “Really, Mother, there is no putting anything over you, is there?” he replied finally, rolling his eyes.

“I should think not!” She moved forward when Naesy reappeared with the tea tray. Lifting the teapot, she glanced at them with a smile. “Shall I play mother?” she asked, looking from one to the other. Without waiting for an answer, she began pouring the tea.

“So, Head of Muggle-Wizard relations, eh? What else have you two lover boys cooked up?” She winked at Harry when Draco spurted tea all over himself. Harry smirked and pulled out his wand to quickly Scougify Draco’s trousers for him.

“Mother! I have no idea what you are referring to!” Draco quickly regained his composure and attempted to look indignant, which was difficult considering Harry was chuckling in a most undignified manner.

“Oh, cut the bullshit, dear. Blind Freddy could pick up on the sexual tension between you two.”

“It seems to have escaped the others,” Harry replied, trying to hide his smirk behind his teacup as he

reached over and squeezed Draco's knee. Draco gave him a death stare worthy of his esteemed Dark Lord-ness and Harry quickly let go and affected an appropriately penitent look. Ah, that's much better. Draco shot him another glare to make sure he knew exactly what was at stake here.

Narcissa, however, was not at all impressed by Draco's imperious display. "Yes, well, most of them have trouble tying their shoelaces, let alone picking up subtle clues about relationships. And I have had the benefit of watching you both for some time now." She sat back and sipped at her tea innocently. Draco looked horrified at the thought of his own mother acting as voyeur in his private liaisons with Harry. "Oh, don't worry, dear, I haven't been spying," she assured him, seeming to read his mind. "I am just intuitive enough to put two and two together. Oh, and you really need to work on your Silencing spells, dear." Draco spurted his tea a second time and dropped his cup onto the table in disgust.

"Mother!" He stood up indignantly, tea dripping down his chin. He looked over at Harry for support, but his lover was now reduced to rolling around his chair in paroxysms of laughter. Narcissa drew out her wand and cast a second Cleaning spell on Draco, who was by this stage rather put out. He huffed crossly. Honestly, the least Harry could do was support him!

Satisfied that Draco's trousers were once again pristine, she leaned back and looked at him affectionately. "Really, dear, does it matter? I promise it will be our little secret. Lucius is so bloody oblivious to anything other than his own reflection these days, anyway. So, if you intend to shake things up around here, you two… you can certainly count me in."

Draco blinked and surveyed his mother with some awe. She was indeed a force to be reckoned with and he was suddenly reassured that she would be more than an asset to their plan.

"Well, we'd better fill you in, then," he replied, finally relaxing when Harry came to sit on the arm of his chair and stroked his hair soothingly. Draping a pale hand over his lover's knee, he smirked at his mother and raised his eyebrows wickedly. "I think you're going to like it, actually."

“You’re the what?” Lucius looked at her incredulously as he stood in the doorway.

“Principal Ministry Events Coordinator,” Narcissa replied patiently. “Do close your mouth, dear, it doesn’t become you at all.” She was flitting about the office she had been allocated, arranging files and magically hanging some of her favourite paintings on the wall to give it a more homely feel. Honestly, though, there was really only so much one could do with grey walls, she thought as she looked critically around at the result.

Lucius blinked several times and closed his mouth, looking for all the world like the cat who had been cheated out of the cream.

“Here, hold this for me.” She handed him a mirror and directed him to stand against the wall. “Up a little… to the left… there!” She magically fixed it to the wall and stood back to admire the effect. “Yes, I think that will do.” She nodded and walked over to sit behind the desk. “Now, we have work to do, Lucius. The Minister has advised that we are to host a formal reception to introduce you as the new Head of Muggle-Wizard Relations. There is so much to do.”

Lucius seemed to thaw slightly at the thought of a reception in his honour. “Well, of course that would be most appropriate,” he replied, sitting in the chair across from her and affecting a snooty expression. “There has to be some compensation for my assuming this ridiculous position. I assume all the relevant dignitaries will be invited?”

“I believe so.” She shuffled some pieces of parchment, finally picking up a large scroll, which she unfurled and began to read. “It’s to be a formal dinner to be held on the fourteenth. There’s the catering, the invitations—that’s going to be a challenge. I’m not sure the Muggles will appreciate being flooded with a host of owls, at all. We may have to use Muggle post—”

“What bloody Muggles?” Lucius gaped at her. “What on earth are you talking about, Cissa?”

She looked at him witheringly. “Really, Lucius, do keep up. As Head of Wizard-Muggle Relations you are to liaise with all the Muggle-born witches and wizards and their Muggle relations. The dinner is intended

to be a benefit to raise galleons for a new Wizarding integration program for the families of Muggle-born witches and wizards, to assist them in acclimatising to their children's magical status."

Lucius blinked several times in utter bewilderment, but couldn't seem to speak, so she continued. "Oh, it's going to be wonderful!" Rising from her seat, she clapped her hands in delight as she thought about the ball gowns, the glittering lights, the elaborate table settings, and the celebrities who would be attending. "Oh Lucius, you must have some new dress robes tailored. And I'll need some too, of course. I think I will Owl Versace and see if they have anything that might be suitable. Donnatella was telling me only last week about some exquisite dragon hide accessories they had just produced…."

She continued to chatter animatedly about the arrangements for the event, calmly ignoring Lucius' stunned look. Honestly, she had never seen him so lost for words. She giggled inwardly. It wasn't often that the Lord of the Manor was speechless, that was certain. Nor was it often that he was required to socialise with a room full of Muggles. Oh, how delicious was this sweet revenge! She moved around the desk towards him and smiled amiably.

"Now, run along and Owl all your pure-blood friends, dear. The tickets are one thousand galleons each and we need at least thirty pure-blood families to sponsor us." Reaching for his arm, she led Lucius to the doorway and gave him a little push. He looked at her and opened his mouth as if to reply, but must have thought better of it, for he closed his mouth without speaking and slowly exited, his brow furrowed in consternation.

As she closed the door behind him, Narcissa all but collapsed into silent laughter. Oh, her boys were going to be so proud of her! If only she could have captured the look on Lucius' face. Priceless, just priceless…. She smirked then as she contemplated her husband's further reaction to the news of his son's relationship with Harry Potter, and began plotting the best way to out them. Lucius would be mortified! Oh, yes, Lord Malfoy, pride always cometh before a fall….

"I told you, Smoochie, I'm only taking Ginny because I'm expected to bring a partner." Harry sighed as he

regarded his lover's pouting face. "I'd be only too happy to take you, you know that. I have no qualms at all about what other people will think."

Draco pursed his lips and crossed his arms. "Then take Finnegan or someone. I don't like the way she looks at you. And you know why I can't go with you."

"Seamus is straight, Draco. There is no way he would go with me." Harry sighed and slumped into a chair. "And yes, I do know why you can't go with me. But I don't know any other single gay men. Well, not wizards, anyway."

Draco's head shot around quickly at that, and his eyes narrowed suspiciously. "And how many gay Muggles do you know, Harry? Have you been sneaking around behind my back?" Draco huffed and walked over to stand in front of his lover.

"What? No!" Harry stood up then and circled his arms around Draco's waist, leaning in to place a kiss against his jaw. "Of course I haven't. How can you even suggest such a thing?"

But Draco pushed him away determinedly. "Well, don't you dare think you can take another gay man! I will not allow it!" He looked away then. "Why can't you just go stag for the night? It's not like you usually go to these things, anyway. No one will care."

Harry pulled him in close and touched his lips gently against Draco's still-pouting mouth. "And who are you going with, sweetheart?"

"That's beside the point!"

"Oh, really?" Harry pulled back and looked deeply into Draco's eyes. "Let me get this straight. I can't take Ginny, but you can take Pansy?"

"Exactly. I'm glad you finally got that straight." Draco relaxed into Harry's embrace then, arching his neck

a little to allow him to continue the tender kisses down his throat. After several minutes, Harry leaned back and gazed at his lover.

“Fine. You go with Pansy and I go stag.” Harry sighed and shook his head in amused resignation.

Draco smiled beatifically and crushed his chest against Harry’s in approval. “Good little Saviour. You shall be amply rewarded,” he breathed into Harry’s ear.

“Oh, really?” Harry cocked his head, arching his eyebrows suggestively. “And how shall I be rewarded, my Dark darling?”

Draco ground against him and grabbed his arse. “I’ll wear the Chanel underwear.” Harry’s breath caught in his throat at the words and he growled involuntarily.

“Fuck!” He crashed his lips against Draco’s and ground his hips back against his lover’s with force, before pulling back to gasp a breath. “Add the Manolo Blahniks for afters and you’ve got yourself a deal.”

A/N: For reasons beyond her control, my lovely beta, Naesy, has had to go AWOL, so I am currently looking for another beta. If you fancy the job, please email me. :-)

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Chapter 8: Draco, Lord of Darkness

A/N: Draconi, I've immortalised your nickname in this chapter--hope you like!

Betaed by Aandune, with much appreciation.

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Chapter 8

“Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a night to end all nights,” Rita Skeeter purred into the microphone, smiling sweetly for the Muggle and Wizard cameras alike. “This is a night that will go down in wizarding history as the cornerstone of reconciliation between Muggles and Wizards all over Britain.”

She turned when the Minister for Magic pulled up in a sleek white Muggle limousine, moving over quickly to poke the microphone in his face as he heaved himself out of the back seat. “Minister, how does it feel to be the instigator of this great event?” Bulbs flashed brilliant white and the Minister looked stunned for a minute as he tried to see through the blinding light.

“Well, of course, my administration has always been at the forefront of political and social reform.” There was a snort from behind and the Minister turned to regard Lucius, who had followed him out of the limo and was now standing elegantly beside him. Giving Lucius the official Ministry Death Stare™, Scrimgeour turned back to Rita Skeeter and cleared his throat in preparation for continuing his verbal self-aggrandisement.

He was cut off in mid-grunt, however, by a haughty, aristocratic voice. “As official Head of the Department of Muggle-Wizard Relations, it has been my honour to put together this little soiree,” Lucius drawled in an oily tone. “I would be more than happy to accompany you inside, Ms Skeeter, to answer any questions you may have.” Lucius tilted his head slightly left as more bulbs flashed. His right side really was his best and he hoped that the diamond stud he was sporting on that ear would be clearly visible in the photo. He had paid more than a pretty galleon for it and thought it made him look rather dashing. Ah, he could see it now, his striking but noble features gracing the front page of the Daily Prophet tomorrow under the headline: “Lucious Lord Makes History.”

Of course, there were Muggle photographers and reporters there as well, and he fought back a sneer when he turned in their direction. Carefully schooling his features into a look of disdainful tolerance, he stood artfully poised as more bulbs flashed around him. Well, it was about time the Muggles knew who was in charge, anyway, he thought. Ugh, they were so plebeian with their flashy Muggle suits and disgracefully revealing ball gowns—no self-respecting witch would be seen dead in such attire. He turned away from their cameras to look for Narcissa, so they could make their way inside, and issued an impatient sigh when he saw her chatting animatedly with a Muggle woman in a hideous, sparkly pink ball gown. Striding up to stand beside her, he firmly took her arm before nodding curtly at the other woman.

"We really do need to be getting inside, dear."

"Nonsense, Lucius," she chided him sweetly. "There is plenty of time." She turned to the sparkly pink woman then, smiling amiably. "May I present my husband, Lord Lucius Malfoy. Lucius, this is Mrs Sarah Brown, wife of the Muggle Prime Minister."

Lucius immediately put on his most obsequious look and bowed low over Mrs. Brown's hand as he kissed it—his lips, of course, barely brushing the air above her fingers. He felt himself gag slightly at the sickly sweet smell of her cheap perfume. "Pleased to make your acquaintance, madam," he replied, shooting her his most disarmingly charismatic smile. Merlin, she looks like a stuffed sausage in that dress, he thought. It was so tight her bosoms were almost popping out over the top and she was, shall we say, just a little too, er, mature for such a get-up. Still, wife of the Prime Minister… one must keep up appearances.

To her credit, Mrs Brown withdrew her hand with a look of quiet distaste, but when Lucius looked up and flashed that winning smile, she was done for. Chest heaving as the breath caught in her throat—gods, he was sure he'd see nipple any moment now—she gazed deeply into Lucius' divinely silver-grey eyes and nearly swooned at the fire that glowed within them.

Narcissa rolled her eyes. "Mrs Brown—Sarah…" she corrected herself, when the other woman placed a hand on her arm, "…was just saying that she would be happy to be interviewed by our publicist."

"Ah, yes, there is to be a press conference a little later. We do appreciate your input, madam. Narcissa, be sure to introduce Mrs. Brown to Joanne beforehand." Turning to Mrs Brown then, he explained.

“Joanne Rowling is our Ministry publicist. I am sure she will look after you.”

“Thank you, Lord Malfoy, I am happy to oblige.”

“Please call me Lucius,” he replied, bowing again. “We shall meet you again inside, no doubt.” Turning to Narcissa, he took her arm and motioned towards the building’s entrance. “Shall we?” Cissa nodded in response and they made their way down the red carpet.

“Honestly, Lucius, could you be anymore smarmy? I nearly choked on the fairy floss emanating from your toadying grin!”

“I have no idea what you’re referring to. Let’s just get in there and get seated, shall we, so we can get this bloody evening over and done with.” Lucius glanced sideways at his wife and caught her rolling her eyes. She quickly masked her impatience with a smile when another photographer approached them.

“Smile, dear. There’s a love,” she replied between clenched teeth. Lucius forced a smile onto his face and wondered how long he could possibly put up with this before completely losing it and hexing the lot of them into oblivion. Only the fact that he would be the next Minister for Magic stopped him from doing so on the spot.

“For the last time, Pansy, this is not a date.” Draco sighed heavily as he pushed her hand off his thigh. The dinner had barely begun and she was practically raping him in public. He growled under his breath as he glanced over to see the hungry look in her eyes. Merlin, what a bint! And to think he had contemplated inviting her into their little scheme. The woman was a veritable man eater! He doubted he’d get a moment’s rest with her around. So much for forwarding the cause of feminism in the wizarding world. The bloody woman would set them back to the Middle Ages, given half the chance! And, bloody hell, if her hand got any closer—just one centimetre!—to his crotch, he decided, he would turn her into a toad and feminism be damned. He stiffened when she leaned in close to his ear.

“But Drakkie,” she hummed against his neck, her fingers moving most annoyingly in light little touches up

the sleeve of his robe. “How do you know you don’t like women until you’ve tried one?” She moved her hand back down and caressed the bulge in his crotch. “I could show you. I always thought we’d be perfect together.”

Shoving her hand away for the umpteenth time that night, Draco stood up huffily and smoothed down his robes. “I’m going to the men’s room. And when I get back, I expect you to behave more appropriately.” He stalked off with as much superiority as he could muster, muttering random obscenities about the obliqueness of pure-bloods under his breath.

Making his way towards the exit, he glanced around with approval at the majestic décor of the room in which they currently were enjoying pre-dinner drinks. It was an elegantly appointed banquet room, lined with sumptuous hardwood panelling and gleaming brass trim. They had initially thought that the Ministry function room would be the most suitable venue, but the logistics of making it visible to Muggles were just too daunting to consider in the time they had allotted. Narcissa had surveyed the situation with her usual aplomb, and had settled on none other than Carnegie Hall’s Rohatyn Room for the event.

And a sumptuous event it was turning out to be. Draco smiled tightly and nodded at several senior Ministry officials as he passed them, then rolled his eyes at the sight of Crabbe and Goyle Jrs, who were standing by the bar. Goyle was rubbing a cloth napkin across his chest with one hand, his other hand holding a dripping glass, which he had obviously just split down his ample front. God, what a fucking waste of space! Crabbe was busily fussing around him trying to wipe his chin and Draco stopped dead and almost choked when the latter turned around to get another drink, giving everyone in the room a bird’s eye view of his wizard’s pantaloons where his formal robe was tucked up at the back of the waist. Draco groaned and put his head in his hands when Crabbe leaned forward and his flabby pink arse cheek poked out between the ribbons that tied his drawers together at the back. Merlin have mercy!—he was going to have to Obliviate himself after seeing that. Urgh!

Harry watched Draco as he carried himself gracefully towards the exit. Gods, but he looked gorgeous in his formal black robes with the elegant silver buttons down the front. And knowing what was under those robes did nothing to curtail the growing tightness in his pants. Draco had banished him from the room earlier when he was dressing, claiming he wanted to surprise Harry later that evening, and the anticipation was driving Harry to distraction.

That and the fact that Pansy had been mauling Draco like some tuppeny whore. Gods, he felt like hauling her out of there by the hair and throwing her back to the gutter where she belonged! Well, of course one didn't treat ladies like that, but Pansy was no lady, Harry decided. He glared at her, his brow furrowed, as her eyes followed Draco's arse across the room. One more—just one more feel up of his darling's private bits and he would hex her all the way into next bloody week! The fucking biatch. It's not as though she didn't know Draco was gay, either. Though he doubted she had any inkling of who Draco was being gay with. He smirked to himself as he pictured the look on Pansy's face when she finally found out her unrequited love puppy was boinking the one and only Harry Potter. Oh, joyous day! He silently swore to himself that he would donate ten thousand galleons to the Ministry Widows' and Orphans' fund, if only he could only have the pleasure of being present during that precious moment.

His head snapped back as Draco disappeared through the exit, probably heading for the men's room. Harry cleared his throat and, leaning over to touch Hermione's arm, briefly excused himself before getting up and moving quickly to follow him.

"Lady Malfoy, would you care to dance?' The Muggle Prime Minister leaned over the back of Cissa's chair and held out his hand. Inclining her head in assent, she rose and gracefully followed him out onto the dance floor. Lucius scowled after them. He didn't like the way that bloody Muggle held his hand in the small of Cissa's back as he led her onto the dance floor. Turning to make some comment to Scrimgeour, he scowled further when he realised that the Minister was already leaving the table with Mrs Brown on his arm. He glanced after them, impatiently watching the throng of swirling dancers in the centre of the room. The music was lovely—but of course that was because it was Mozart, a wizard of pure blood lineage if ever there was one—but the company was proving very tedious.

The party was in full swing, and it appeared that a wonderful time was being had by all—all except him, it seemed. Not only had he had to sit through speech after boring bloody speech, but the Minister was taking far too much of the credit for the evening. Bloody politician. Not to mention the way that Mr. Brown had been looking at Narcissa the whole night. Like a prowling wolf—a hungry, prowling wolf! Of course, Cissa had lapped it up and, if she hadn't looked so damned gorgeous, he would have been mad as hell at her. As it was, he couldn't blame the Prime Minister for lavishing his attentions on her. She was indeed a beautiful woman, graceful and elegant. He sighed as he watched them dancing across the

room, then turned his glance away determinedly to sip from his wineglass.

As he did so, the woman across the table caught his eye. Oh, what was her name? They'd been introduced of course. She was some undersecretary of something or other, if he remembered correctly. An ample woman with the hint of a moustache and a poofy purple coif. He would never be able to fathom the Muggle dress code—it was just too odd. Her eyebrows had been plucked away to nothing and pencilled in heavily, so that an eternal look of surprise graced her pudgy countenance. Bright red lipstick and a hideous blue frock completed the picture. He shuddered to himself as he imagined hopping into the same bed with that.

She smiled at him when their eyes met and batted her lashes suggestively. Urgh. Lucius attempted to turn what was fast becoming a grimace into some semblance of a smile. In return she simpered elaborately, her abundant bosoms heaving as she did so. Looking around the table for support, Lucius realised belatedly that they were the only one's left at the table. Gods, no! He would not dance with this hellish-looking pantomime dame! But she was still batting her lashes and gazing at him expectantly. He looked over at the dance floor in quiet desperation and noticed Narcissa staring at him. He gave her a look that begged for rescue, but she shook her head before inclining it towards the bulbous kewpie doll at the other side of his table.

Sighing in resignation, Lucius slowly turned his head back to the woman and forced a smile. Rising slightly, he held out a reluctant hand. "Would you care to dance?" He fervently hoped she would say no, but he was out of luck, for she all but jumped to her feet in her haste to accompany him. Leading her onto the dance floor, he couldn't help but feel completely repulsed at the way her pudgy fingers felt against his own—so unlike the long, soft, elegant ones of his darling Cissa. When they reached the dance floor, he steeled himself and put his hand on what he supposed was meant to be her waist and, holding her other hand delicately in his own, he began to waltz. Suddenly, he was pulled into a vice-like grip as she grabbed his shoulder and thrust her chest against his. Gods, but this had better be worth it!

One dance, he figured, was all that he was obligated to, and if he could just get through this one waltz, his duty to the bloody woman would be complete. Around and around they spun, her chubby rolls bouncing against him, making him cringe with every movement. Finally, the music built to a crescendo and they began to slow down. Narcissa and Mr. Brown were still dancing on the other side of the floor and he resolved to tap the man on the shoulder once he was done with the fat lady. Glancing over at them, his eyes narrowed suddenly when Mr. Brown's hand dropped slightly from Cissa's waist to the soft curve of her arse.

Lucius' face flushed at the sight of the groping hand. How dare he?! The cad! The bounder! What manner of man tries to seduce another man's wife right under his very nose! Not to mention in public?! Lucius saw red. Dropping the fat lady's hand and stepping back, he quickly reached into his robe and pulled out his wand.

"Stupify!" he cried as a flash of red light flew across the floor, hitting the Prime Minister in the centre of his back. Stunned, the man's hands dropped away from Cissa and he fell backwards into a heap on the floor.

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Chapter 9: Draco, Lord of Darkness

A/N: Still for Draconi :-)

Beta'd by Aandune, with thanks.

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Chapter 9

Harry carefully opened the door to the men's room and peered around it. Draco was washing his hands at a basin at the other end of the stalls. The room was otherwise empty. Moving quietly, he slid up behind Draco and slipped his arms around his waist, placing a kiss against the soft blond hair at the nape of his neck where it was tied back with a black satin ribbon.

"If that woman touches you one more time, I swear I will kill her!" he growled into Draco's ear.

“Feel free. I am just about fed up, and it’s only been an hour!” Draco leaned his head back against Harry and sighed as the latter slid his hands up to caress his chest through his robes.

After a moment, he leaned over to dry his hands on a towel before turning into Harry’s arms and embracing him. Harry kissed him gently, then pulled back.

“You seem taller… or am I shrinking?” he joked, head cocked to one side.

Draco smirked back at him and lifted his robe seductively up over his right knee, hooking his leg around Harry’s before whispering breathily in his ear, “Would you like dessert early tonight… Harry?” Draco’s lips grazed the shell of Harry’s ear as he spoke and Harry purred with desire. Reaching down to grasp the thigh wrapped around his own, Harry growled when he felt fishnet beneath his fingers. Looking down, his mouth fell open when he saw the black patent stiletto sliding seductively up and down his calf.

“Fuck….” Harry breathed as his lids lowered, his hand sliding up Draco’s thigh and under his robes. When he reached bare skin, he growled again with need and leaned in to bite Draco’s neck, as he massaged the smooth skin in firm but gentle circles. Draco arched against him, still sliding his hooked leg up and down against Harry’s firm thigh, and Harry dropped his other hand to Draco’s arse to pull him in close. He sucked softly against the skin of Draco’s neck, moving his hand slowly up his thigh until it finally brushed against soft satin fabric. He traced his fingers slowly up the fabric, feeling Draco’s hardness through the thin layer, and Draco moaned softly.

“Oh, God… we can’t do this here….” Draco breathed heavily.

At that, Harry stepped back and, clutching Draco’s arm, hauled him roughly into the nearest stall and shut the door. He pushed Draco back against the wall and pinned him there. “The fuck we can’t…. That she-devil will never have you. You are mine and I want you. Now.”

“Oooo, Harry, so butch.” Draco smirked at him but swallowed hard when Harry’s eyes went dark, the fire in them turning to smouldering coals that burned directly into him. Crashing their lips together, Harry savagely plundered and ravaged Draco’s mouth, pulling his stockinged knee up to hook around him again

and grinding his own hardness against Draco's with force. Deftly, he hitched Draco's robes up and slid both hands under and up those silky thighs, pausing to stroke the taut skin that stretched over his hipbones before moving to cup the cheeks of Draco's bare arse. The mounds of his cheeks were firm but the skin was silky soft under Harry's touch and he thought he would die if he didn't take Draco right there, right then.

Draco was arching and writhing against him, stroking his hands up and down Harry's back and shoulders as Harry continued his intense exploration of Draco's lips and mouth. Gods, but he was as sexy as all fuck! Draco reached down between them then, and clutched Harry's erection through his robes, gently squeezing and rubbing until Harry groaned into his mouth.

Dropping to his knees, Harry pushed Draco's robes up until the green silk thong was exposed, Draco's erection poking out slightly above the lacy edging at the top where it had failed to contain his rampant arousal.

"Fuck, but you are gorgeous!" Harry leaned forward and kissed the tip of the glans poking out of the fabric as he stroked his fingers lightly up and down against the bulging fabric below. Long fingers stroked through his hair, pulling him closer, but Harry pulled back for a moment to admire the sight before him. Draco leaned back against the wall, his legs splayed apart, a glossy stilettoed foot planted on either side of Harry's knees. Harry stroked the shoes in awe, before moving to massage his ankles through the fishnet. His eyes followed his hands as they slid slowly up the finely muscled legs, taking in the long expanse of limbs that seemed to go on forever, only stopping when they reached the lacy edge where stockings met bare skin, the contrast of the black fishnet making the pale skin appear almost translucent.

Draco hitched up his robes further and Harry's hands slid up and under the elastic waist of the thong, slowly drawing it down and over the hard length until Draco was fully exposed only inches from his face. Harry salivated at the sight and lost no time in leaning forward to lick up the length and take it into his mouth, leaving the silky fabric to pool wantonly around Draco's thighs.

Draco groaned at the contact and arched against him, thrusting his entire length straight down Harry's throat, causing Harry to groan around him and cup his own erection through his trousers, rubbing and stroking in time with his ministrations of the gorgeous cock in front of him.

Draco's grip tightened in Harry's hair as the strokes quickened, and Harry suddenly knew exactly what he

wanted. Pulling back, he stood up quickly and flipped Draco around to face the wall, dragging his own dripping erection out of his trousers as he did so. Rubbing the pre-come up and down the shaft to moisten it, he lined himself up as Draco braced himself against the wall, his arse thrust out ready and waiting to be taken. Harry pushed his legs further apart and the green silk stretched across Draco's thighs, cutting into him. Harry reached down and massaged Draco's cheeks before pulling them gently apart and thrusting in without further hesitation.

The entrance was tight but Draco pushed back against him, allowing him easier access, and soon they had established a frantic rhythm, so desperate were they both for release. Harry pounded him to within an inch of his life until Draco begged for release. Reaching around, Harry stroked Draco's cock in time with his thrusts, causing his lover to arch back and cry out as pearly white liquid splashed across the wall. As the muscles tightened around him, Harry came like stars, continuing to thrust with force until finally, he was spent. Wrapping his arms around Draco, he collapsed against him, panting heavily.

"Fuck, Harry, I'll have to get you jealous more often," Draco panted against his arms which were still braced against the wall.

Laughing softly, Harry kissed the black ribbon at his neck. "Don't you dare. Or next time I may have to spank you."

Draco wiggled his arse back against Harry and smirked over his shoulder. "And that's supposed to be a deterrent how?"

Draco left the men's room first and made his way reluctantly back to his table, where Pansy was busy chatting up a handsome young Muggle who was sitting at the next table. Silently thanking the gods for small mercies, he involuntarily winced slightly as he sat back in his chair. Pansy eyed him suspiciously.

"You were gone a long time. Upset tummy?"

"Something like that," he replied without looking directly at her, busying himself by taking a sip from his

wine glass.

“Really,” she said as she watched Harry exit the men’s room and walk quickly over to the table where Granger and Weasley were sitting. Draco glanced up and followed her gaze, quickly looking away again before she could notice.

“So. Potter is looking rather yummy tonight, don’t you think?” She leaned over and touched Draco’s arm so that he had to look up.

“Really? Hadn’t noticed.” Draco glanced casually over towards Potter’s table and coloured slightly when Harry turned to look directly at him. Bugger! Get yourself together, man. Pansy is a shrewd little witch; it’ll be all over the Daily Prophet if she even suspects anything is going on.

Pansy’s eyed narrowed, so Draco derailed her by asking her to dance. Nonplussed, she immediately agreed and he led her onto the dance floor with a flourish, silently thanking his lucky stars that stilettos were so easy to dance in and that his robes were long enough to cover them. Oh, if only Pansy knew! On second thoughts, he sighed to himself, she’d probably be right into it—kinky biatch. Then he giggled silently to himself as his inner voice replied, ‘look who’s talking.’

As he swirled Pansy around the dance floor, he couldn’t help but notice his mother dancing rather too closely with the Muggle Prime Minister, who appeared to be groping her arse. Looking around urgently, he spied Lucius, who was gingerly holding the hand and middle of a very large Muggle woman close by. Deliberately leading Pansy towards them, he tried to put himself between his two parents, glancing anxiously from one to the other, his mind working frantically on a way to get Lucius off the dance floor before he saw what was going on. Lucius was extremely jealous of his wife and Draco had seen him hex more than one would-be admirer into oblivion. This was not looking good. No, not at all. Suddenly he froze on the spot, dropping his arms from Pansy as Lucius pulled his wand out. As if in slow motion, Lucius raised is wand and a flash of red split the air before landing squarely in the middle of Mr. Brown’s back. Holy fuck!

The Prime Minister dropped to the floor and pandemonium instantly reigned. Narcissa looked on in horror as twenty armed MI6 agents immediately sprang into action, surrounding Lucius in a circle, their guns directed at his heart. People started screaming and running for the exits, which were blocked off by more uniformed officers. Chairs were kicked over as guests struggled to get as far away from the scene

of the crime as possible. Draco looked around in confusion for Harry, before pulling out his wand and surreptitiously edging closer to where his mother was standing, watching as Lucius raised his arms against the onslaught of weapons.

Suddenly, everything was quiet, as the party-goers waited to see what would happen.

“Oh, for goodness’ sake,” Narcissa whispered as she raised her hand slightly, allowing her wand to drop down out of her sleeve. “Obliviate!” she cried, pointing her wand at the first of the armed agents. Draco immediately followed suit, as did Harry, who suddenly appeared beside him, along with about twenty other Aurors, all pointing their wands at Muggles to Obliviate each and every one. Within the space of barely a minute, the room was filled with dazed guests, and Harry was leading the equally dazed MI6 agents back to their stations outside the banquet room.

“It’s all fine, everyone!” Scrimgeour held his arms out and bellowed from the centre of the room as wizards and Muggles alike began to gather around Mr Brown, who was still lying on the floor, a Ministry Healer leaning over him. “The Prime Minister has just had a little turn. Nothing to worry about. Please return to your seats.” He turned to Lucius then, who was standing in shock, surveying the scene as if he couldn’t quite believe what had just happened. “Thank you for your assistance, Lucius. I am sure the Prime Minister will be most appreciative.” Lucius blinked several times and stared at Scrimgeour, scratching his head in confusion. Narcissa moved over to him, took his hand and led him back to their table, gently patting his arm as she did so.

Draco thanked his lucky stars his mother had had the wit and foresight to put the Official Obliviation Contingency Plan into place in case of just such an event. With a bit of luck, no one would be the wiser, and Wizard-Muggle relations would be improved significantly. When Harry returned, he walked up beside Draco, who was still standing by as the Healer revived Mr Brown.

“Well, that was different,” he remarked dryly and Draco turned to smirk at him. “God, Draco, can the bloody Death Eaters do anything right? Lucky your mum is on the ball.”

Draco nudged Harry then, inclining his head toward the bar, where Crabbe and Goyle were standing with vacant expressions, a bit of drool running out the corner of Goyle’s slightly gaping mouth. “Looks like they managed to Obliviate themselves again,” Draco sighed and shook his head. Harry snorted, quickly covering it with a cough when Pansy walked up.

“Evening Potter,” she said silkily, before shooting Draco a meaningful look. “And to what do we owe the pleasure of your company?”

“Evening, Pansy. I, er, was just filling Malfoy here in on the Ministry contingency plan.” Harry improvised.

“Is that so?” she replied, pursing her lips in obvious disbelief. “Well, that’s very good of you. Come, Drakkie, we had better be getting back to our seats.” She turned and stalked back to their table. Draco rolled his eyes and made to follow her, stopping when Harry surreptitiously grabbed his wrist.

“One more touch, Smoochie, and she is toast,” he growled in a voice that only Draco could hear. Draco smirked and winked at him quickly before moving back to his seat. Gods, how he loved jealous!Harry. His cock twitched in appreciation and Draco vowed to give Harry the repeat performance of a lifetime once they got home.

It wasn’t long before Mr Brown was sitting up with assistance and being helped to his feet. Assuring him that he had just fainted from the excitement, Scrimgeour led him back to their table and held out his chair for him. Before sitting, however, Mr. Brown turned toward Lucius and put out his hand.

“I believe I have you to thank, sir, for catching me as I fell. I might have really injured myself had you not been there to assist.” Lucius stood slightly and shook his hand, his face still a mask of confusion.

“Please, er, don’t mention it,” he replied before sitting down again and turning to Cissa, his eyes questioning. Calmly, she smiled and reached for his hand.

“My hero,” she said, sighing delicately. “You are a role model for Muggle-Wizard relations everywhere.” She patted his hand again and smirked inwardly when he cocked his head, raised his eyebrows and puffed out his chest.

“Yes, of course,” he replied smugly. “I do my best.”

A/N: I have several ideas about how this should end and can't decide on what to do. So, tell me how you see it going from here and I'll try to incorporate as many of your suggestions as I can :-)

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Chapter 10: Draco, Lord of Darkness

A/N: Still for my dear friend, Draconi, with thanks.

Thanks also to Aandune for being my beta and sounding board.

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Chapter 10

“Well, that went over quite nicely, don’t you think?” Draco handed Harry a copy of the London Times and sat back with a smirk.

Quickly scanning the headlines and story, Harry’s face split into a grin and he chuckled softly. “Brilliant! We couldn’t have hoped for better.” He looked up to where Draco was languidly sipping tea from an elegant bone china cup. “What about Lucius, though? How is he taking it?”

“In his usual stride, of course,” Draco replied as he eased back lazily against the pillows of the couch. “Fame is power, regardless of where it comes from.” He patted the spot beside him. “Why don’t you put that down and come over here so I can show you my appreciation of your, er… plan.”

“Not that I am complaining, but you certainly showed your appreciation already, I’d have thought.” Harry moved to sit beside him, reaching to take Draco’s cup from his hand and placing it on the nearby table, before leaning in to whisper against his ear. “God, that outfit was fucking hot…” He ran the tip of his tongue around the shell of Draco’s ear and the latter shivered visibly at the contact. “…my Dark darling.”

Draco purred deep in his throat. “Mmmmm… that feels good….” He stretched his neck as Harry moved down to suckle gently against the skin of his throat. “And I’m not Dark… just a little… shady.” Harry chuckled against his throat and moved his fingers under the fabric of Draco’s robe to caress his bare skin. Draco shuddered as a trail of gooseflesh appeared. God! Forget about fishnets and stilettos—Harry was hot as hell himself, even sans sexy undergarments. Especially sans undergarments of any kind! Draco marvelled at how, even after two years, his lover’s touch could elicit such sizzling sensations in him. The caress of fingertips against bare skin, the touch of soft lips against his throat, the gentle, wet swipe of a tongue against his ear… God, sex was good, but this… this was erotic beyond belief! He arched up slightly when Harry’s thumb rubbed against his nipple, silently begging for more…. Harry’s touch ignited such a fire in his belly… a burning flame that shot straight to his groin, where it flared white hot. Oh, God! Draco grasped Harry’s chin, pulling him up so they were face to face, before claiming his lips fiercely, hungrily sucking and nipping until Harry groaned into his mouth.

Pushing the robe aside, Harry’s hand trailed down lower, softly fluttering against the pale skin, eliciting tiny spasms of sensation along the way. Draco pulled back slightly to look deeply into those emerald eyes, seeking confirmation that his feelings were being reciprocated. Harry’s eyes sparkled darkly as they gazed into his and Draco leaned in slightly to recapture that gorgeous mouth when, suddenly, a flash of pink caught his eye.

“Fuck, Naesy, what are you doing here?” Draco pulled back completely and hurriedly covered himself again as Harry flopped back against the couch with a slight growl.

Naesy peeked out from between the fingers that covered her big black eyes and bowed meekly. “Miss ’Cissa is coming, Master Draco. She is being almost here.”

At that, there was a knock at the door. The wards shimmered momentarily before the door opened to reveal Narcissa, looking resplendent in soft blue velvet morning robes.

“Well, now, isn’t this cosy.” She smirked as she observed the pair before her, her eyes following Harry’s arm where it still wrapped around Draco’s shoulders. He jerked it quickly away and she arched her eyebrows. Draco’s cheeks coloured slightly, but he managed to keep his composure.

“You’re up early, Mother. Harry and I were just, er, discussing this morning’s Muggle headlines.” Draco turned to Harry, very subtly shaking his head at the other man. Harry smirked slightly and looked at the floor.

“Yes, and weren’t they divine?” She swept over to the table and helped herself to tea. “Your father is readying himself to meet with the Muggle Prime Minister as we speak.”

Draco’s eyebrows rose abruptly at this news. “So, he is really going to accept the knighthood? The Muggle knighthood?” Draco had thought that, athough his father would flattered, he would respectfully decline the honour.

“Yes, of course, dear,” she replied as she sipped from her tea cup. “You know how your father thrives on pomp and circumstance.”

“Yes, but—a Muggle title, Mother?”

“Indeed. Lucius appears to have overcome his… aversion… to all things Muggle.” She smiled sweetly. “He’s taking a post in the House of Lords.” Draco choked at that and Harry just burst out laughing.

"The House of fucking Lords?” Draco sputtered. “You’re shitting me!” He gaped at Narcissa, then turned to Harry, his incredulity showing clearly on his face, but Harry just doubled over in renewed mirth.

“Language, Draco.” Narcissa sniffed with distaste, but her eyes twinkled. “It seems your little plan

worked better than you intended, Harry."

Harry's laughter finally died down to a low chuckle and he leaned back against the couch contentedly. "Well, I had hoped he would change his views about Muggles, but this is just priceless, I must say." He turned to Draco, grinning broadly. "Isn't it brilliant, swee—er, Draco?"

Draco pursed his lips and gave him a warning look. "I'll believe it when I see it," he replied noncommittally. If Lucius was serious about this, he'd wear fishnets for a week. There was no way the most famous Death Eater short of Voldemort was going to make such a grand turnaround. It was all about the power, of that he was certain. And the advantages of being a Peer of the Realm, of course. He doubted that Lucius' attitude had made much of a shift at all, underneath.

"Well, then, I need to be going, dears." Narcissa placed her tea cup on the table and turned to leave. "Do enjoy the rest of your day, you two. You deserve it." She winked at them before disappearing out the door, shutting it behind her with a soft click.

"He's just putting on a show, I'm sure of it." Draco crossed his arms and pouted as he thought about Lucius making fun of the Muggle government.

"You never know." Harry nuzzled his neck and Draco sighed and relaxed a little. "Maybe he has really turned over a new leaf. He's bright enough to know when he's beaten, at least." He resumed his earlier ministrations on Draco's throat. "Now, where were we…?"

Draco leaned back against the pillows and let Harry soothe him in the way he knew best. At least Lucius wasn't stalking Muggles or indulging in Dark Arts. That was something to be thankful for. Especially considering how doomed he was to failure in that enterprise, given the bumbling fools he had chosen as his minions. And what of his own supposed 'Dark Lord' status? What was to become of that? His mother knew the truth, but the others were none the wiser, at this stage.

"Harry," he said, anxious to voice his concerns.

“Mmmmm?” Harry hummed against his neck, where he was nibbling a trail down to his collarbone.

“In light of what’s happened, what are we going to do about all this Dark Lord stuff?”

Harry pulled back and looked into his face, studying him for a moment. Then he smirked slightly. “Well, my Dark darling, I think we’ll start by…” Harry straddled his lap and pressed against him. “…me overpowering you...” He ground against the sudden hardness in Draco’s groin and pulled him into a blisteringly hot kiss. “…and then I may go on to shackle you...” He pulled back finally, his eyes dark with desire. “…perhaps a little torture?”

“Fuck, Harry, you can defeat me anytime,” Draco groaned, pulling him back so they were flush against each other, ripping the t-shirt over Harry’s head as he did so. The skin-to-skin contact was delicious and Draco purred at the delightful sensation, gently fluttering his fingertips up and down Harry’s back as they ground against each other and devoured each other’s mouths. Harry’s hot tongue was like velvet against his own and he felt like he was drowning in an ocean of sensation. God, he needed so much more!

Pushing against the other man’s chest, he managed to topple them both back onto the couch, Harry pressed delectably beneath him, their erections rubbing and grinding against each other until they were panting for breath. God! He had never felt so aroused as he did right now, with Harry there beneath him, his hot mouth sucking and tasting him, and his hands doing things to Draco that belied description. The delicious friction of their erections crushing against each other sent sparks of lust and heat across his groin, and he almost felt seventeen again as he thrust harder and harder, feeling the luscious tension build up inside him, pulling him relentlessly towards bursting point. Harry arched against him and Draco thrust hard in response, his orgasm crashing through him like a giant tidal wave. Gasping and moaning as his muscles clenched involuntarily, he screwed his eyes shut and let the wave roll through him, collapsing after long moments onto the sweat-slicked skin of his panting lover, completely exhausted.

“I admit defeat,” he whispered weakly against Harry’s shoulder, his breath still coming in heavy gasps.

“As it should be,” Harry responded with a chuckle, pulling him into a tight embrace.

They lay like that for some time as they tried to catch their breath. Draco felt completely spent and revelled in the gorgeous warmth of Harry’s arms. Finally, he opened his eyes, when Harry removed an

arm from Draco's back and leaned over to pick up the remote from where it had fallen on the floor.

Draco smiled at his lover's addiction to the Muggle contraption. He'd been against the idea of the silly Muggle television device at first, but when he'd seen what wonders it held, he had quickly become addicted to it himself. Harry hated to miss the news, especially, and as the set blared on for the midday report, Draco quickly scooted back and cast a Cleaning Charm on them both so they could watch the report in relative comfort.

Harry leaned up on his elbows and flicked through the channels until he came to BBC1.

"…Lucius Malfoy, who is being credited with saving the Prime Minister's life. Lord Malfoy has been made a Peer of the Realm in recognition of his heroic efforts." Harry sat forward and raised the volume as the camera turned to show Lucius strutting onto the stage and shaking the hand of none other than the Queen herself.

Draco rolled his eyes and dropped his head back onto the cushions. "God, he is going to be absolutely insufferable from now on!"

Harry patted his leg sympathetically. "Yes, but he'll be an insufferable Muggle-lover, at least." He chuckled at Draco's glare.

"God, give me that thing, I can't bear to watch it." Draco grasped the remote from Harry's hand and flipped the channels until they landed on WC1, the Wizard cable channel. "Ah, that's better, Wizarding News!' He sat back then and threw his legs up on the coffee table as the screen filled with images of Scrimgeour, who was looking very dour, indeed.

"Do you have any comments to make about this sudden turn of events, Minister?" the reporter asked as a nearby Quick Quill scribbled notes onto a floating pad.

"Grr! Get out of my way!" Scrimgrour growled at the reporter and turned to stalk away, nearly knocking over a cameraman in his haste.

“And here we have the woman of the hour!” The camera panned away from the retreating Scrimgeour to focus on a beaming face framed by shimmering blond hair. “How does it feel to be the new Minister for Magic, Lady Malfoy?”

Draco dropped the remote and jerked forward in his seat, his eyes wide. He heard Harry snort beside him, but didn’t turn, keeping his eyes glued to the screen.

“Well, it’s a great honour to be chosen to lead the British wizarding world, and I can assure each and every one of you that I will do my utmost to achieve social justice for all during my tenure.” Narcissa flashed a dazzling smile towards the cameras, which flashed brightly for several moments, before turning to wave at the assembled audience, who were cheering wildly.

“What the fuck?” Draco exclaimed loudly as he leapt off the couch, almost pushing Harry over in his rush to get a better look. “Mother is the new Minister for Magic?”

Harry grinned at Draco’s look of surprise. “What a woman!” He laughed when Draco looked at him with wide eyes. “You know what this means, don’t you?”

“What?” Draco eyed him suspiciously.

“With both your parents safely tied up in their new roles, we’ll finally have some peace and quiet. Just you and me and no interruptions.” He waggled his eyebrows at Draco, who smirked in return.

“Well, well, Mr. Potter, I do believe that was your plan all along.” He moved to sit on Harry’s lap. “Now,” he leaned forward to whisper into the other man’s ear. “I have a few plans of my own.”

A/N: The next chapter is the Epilogue.

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Chapter 11: Draco, Lord of Darkness

A/N: The prompt for this story came from Draconi, to who it is also dedicated.

PLEASE READ: The very wonderful Aandune wrote most of this chapter, on account of my crack!fic muse deserting me in the face of RL trauma. So please make sure you leave her a review at the end to show your appreciation. :-) Thanks, Aan, you’re a sweetheart!

Draco, Lord of Darkness

Epilogue: Eighteen Months Later

Narcissa regarded her husband casually as he quietly sipped a cup of tea – his nose buried in the most recent tax proposal. "Lucius, dear, you know you have never properly thanked Harry for helping you get your position. You usually aren't that neglectful."

He was concentrating so intently on the pages before him, that it took her several attempts at addressing

him gently before, in utter frustration, she stood and planted her hand in the middle of the stack of papers.

His eyes slid to hers, his lips quirking into a smile, and then his eyes dipped back to the pages in front of him. "Hmm, that's nice, dear."

Stomping her foot in frustration, she put her hands on her hips. "Lucius Malfoy, look at me this instant!"

The man's head snapped up in surprise to look at his lovely wife. "I am sorry, love. What was it you needed?"

"I said, you have never properly thanked Harry for getting you your position. You really should, you know."

He looked confused for a moment, then smiled indulgently. "Harry who, ’Cissa?"

She rolled her eyes. "Really, Lucius, even you can't be that daft. Harry Potter, of course. He engineered your position for you."

Lucius gave his wife the kind of smile he always reserved for his minions when they said something he deemed to be utterly and completely incorrect. "Yes, love, I'll be sure to look into it. However, one does not generally thank someone who has been coerced into action. But if it will make you happy, we shall invite him to tea one evening."

Harry's voice echoed across the room from the doorway. "Who are you coercing now, Lucius? And who’s coming to tea?"

Lucius watched in total shock as Harry Potter sauntered casually into the room and seated himself at the breakfast table.

Immediately, he began filling his plate from the spread in front of him, but stopped when Lucius looked at him indignantly. "What? Did I commit another faux-pas?" He looked from Lucius to Narcissa and back again. "What? Draco will be down in a minute."

Narcissa smiled and gently laid a hand on his arm. "Don't mind him, Harry, he's just a bit distracted. Eat, love, you're a growing boy."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Really, Mother, we've had this conversation before. I'm not a boy."

She smiled. "And I've told you, you'll always be my boy."

Lucius dropped the spoon he had been using and followed the conversation back and forth between his wife and the bloody Boy Who Lived.

Narcissa furrowed her brow at him. "For Circe's sake, Lucius, close your mouth."

Lucius' jaw snapped shut and his eyes settled on Harry. He cleared his throat. "Er…Mr. Potter, to what do we owe this – um – honour?"

Continuing to frown, Narcissa moved to stand behind her husband, gently placing her hand on his forehead. "Hmm, no fever. Are you feeling quite well, Lucius?"

Lucius looked at his wife in consternation. "What, may I ask, are you on about, Cissa?"

"Well, even you must admit that you are acting rather strangely."

“Me? Acting strangely? And what makes you think that I am acting strangely?”

She raised her eyebrows but returned slip gracefully back into her seat. Pointedly ignored her husband’s question, she leaned over to address Harry. “Think nothing of it, love. Lucius just didn't realize you've been living here for the past year and a half."

Lucius sputtered into his tea and attempted to look affronted. “Wha-huh? What? I don’t know what you could possibly mean.” He looked sideways at Harry then, who was trying to conceal a smirk. Several emotions passed over Lucius’ face as he appeared to be taking in the information. Finally, his brow furrowed, he sat back in his seat and crossed his arms. “You know, Potter, I really don’t need any further Auror protection, though of course I do appreciate your efforts all this time. I really must speak to the Minister about that.”

Narcissa cleared her throat in exasperation. “Yes, well, that is all well and good, Lucius, but Harry isn’t here for your protection.”

“Er, yes,” Harry added. “I quit my Auroring job almost eighteen months ago, remember?”

Lucius furrowed his brow but didn’t say anything, suddenly concentrating all his effort on the breakfast that lay before him.

Moments later, they all turned as the door opened and Draco swept into the room. Harry’s eyes softened as he regarded the gorgeous blond man, who appeared to be glowing from within. His sleek locks were falling ever-so-delectably over his brow and cheek, casting seductive shadows across his face, and his slim form was clothed in a beautifully fitted day robe that seemed to accentuate his utter bloody sexiness, while successfully concealing the slight pooch of his abdomen. God, but he was sex on legs. Harry felt a stir in his groin as he remembered their near-Olympic exploits in the bedroom the night before, and marvelled at the effect this man still had on him almost four years into their relationship.

Narcissa smirked as she regarded her two boys indulgently. “Good morning, darling. I trust you slept well?”

Draco stopped for a brief moment to kiss his mother's cheek before moving to the chair next to Harry and seating himself. He only had to lean over slightly as Harry moved in to kiss him briefly on the lips.

"Good morning, gorgeous. How are you two this morning?" Harry cooed, brushing his cheek, before sitting back and resuming his breakfast.

"We're fine. Just starving, that's all."

Lucius gawked at them unabashedly, his eyes wide and his mouth hanging open.

Draco furrowed his brow. God, what now? "Is there something wrong, Father?" he asked innocently, glancing in confusion at Harry, who had not been very successful in hiding his snort of amusement. Harry raised his eyebrows momentarily and Draco knew instantly that Lucius was being his usual oblivious self. Honestly, when was the man going to get a brain cell? He looks as if he's seen a fucking ghost!

Lucius took a moment to compose himself, before picking up the Prophet, which lie folded beside his plate. "Er, no, er… of course not. I, er, was merely…" He cast his gaze over the paper desperately. "… er, stunned by the headlines today."

Narcissa leaned over and looked at said headline. "The price of cauldrons stuns you, dear?" Narcissa raised an eyebrow and regarded him with barely suppressed amusement.

He looked at her and tilted his head as he answered. "Of course! I am an esteemed member of the House of Lords, after all. We must keep up on these things."

"The House of Lords is concerned about cauldron prices? But, Lucius, dear, they are Muggles."

He looked almost indignant. Straightening himself, he cast his most condescending glare upon his wife. “Certainly, my dear, these things affect us all. And don’t be so condescending towards Muggles!”

She took a sip of her tea, her eyes twinkling. “My goodness, Lucius, I had no idea Wizard-Muggle relations had come so far. You are to be congratulated!”

Suddenly, there was a loud pop, and Naesy appeared before Lucius.

“Master Lucius, sir, the young Death Eaters are being here to see you.”

Lucius sputtered for the third time that day, but quickly collected himself. “Naesy, there are no, er, Death Eaters any more, you know that!” He quickly glanced around the table, but the others were all concentrating carefully on their plates. “If you are referring to young Masters Crabbe and Goyle, then please, show them in.” Naesy looked at him wide-eyed, looked at Harry, who was rolling his eyes, then back to her Master; but she didn’t move. After a moment, Lucius waved his hand impatiently. “Off you go then, let them in!”

“But, Master Lucius….” she began, obviously agitated. Lucius just frowned at her and went back to his newspaper.

The little house-elf turned to Harry. “I’s sorry, Harry Potter.” Her eyes dropped and she disappeared again with a soft pop.

The three at the table stared in disbelief at Lucius, but it was Narcissa who spoke first, her voice icy. “Really, Lucius! Have you no regard for our Harry at all? Do you not know how those two have hounded his every move? Honestly! You need to pull your head out of your arse once in a while!”

Lucius looked at her in utter shock. “Narcissa!”

She looked at her two boys, eyes wide. “I can’t believe I just said that.”

Harry cracked up. “That’s all right. I’ll handle them once and for all.” He turned to Draco. “Smoochy Face, do you suppose that you can be Lord of Darkness for a few minutes?”

“Anything for you, Huggy Bear.”

Lucius blanched, his face paling to a sickly green, as he guiltily looked over at Narcissa. Harry and Draco were whispering fiercely when their guests were escorted into the dining room.

Crabbe and Goyle bowed to Draco, nodded to Lucius and Narcissa, then turned to Harry. But before they could address him, Draco spoke up. “This had better be worth our while.” He pulled his wand out of his robes, twirled it like a baton, and laid it on the table in front of him.

They both took a step back, trying to keep one eye on Draco and one eye on the wand.

Draco frowned at them. “Why have you chosen to interrupt us at such an un-godly hour of the morning?”

The two looked at each other. Then, Crabbe, always being the braver of the two, spoke up. “W – we w – wanted to catch you while you were still having your breakfast.”

Lucius snorted. “Why? So that you could give us all indigestion?”

But Crabbe shook his head. “N – no sir. We have a new sample of biscuit that we would like Mr. Potter to taste.”

Draco stood and pointed his wand at them. “Are you trying to poison him?”

“No, of course not. We want to provide the biscuits for the wedding.”

Harry stood up quickly to whisper something into Draco’s ear, then sat back down again.

“Very well. Where are these biscuits you speak of?”

“Your elf took them.”

Draco rolled his eyes impatiently. “Naesy!”

The house-elf popped in carrying a plate of biscuits covered in a cloth. Goyle took the plate and held it out for Draco and Harry to sample, then did the same for Lucius and Narcissa.

All four of them looked at each other uncomfortably and took a small bite. All of them made a disgusted face. Finally Harry spoke up. “Um…what exactly is the flavour of these biscuits?”

Both of them beamed and answered at the same time. “Baby powder!”

Lucius started choking and grabbed his tea to wash down the biscuits. “You made biscuits that are flavoured like baby poweder? Why?”

Goyle looked at him. “Well…we figured that if Bertie Botts could make every flavour beans, then we could make every flavour biscuits. And you know, what with the baby and all…. So, what do you think?”

Harry cleared his throat, wiped his mouth on his napkin, and tried to look serious. “While these are unusual, I don’t think that they would be suitable for the wedding. The Dark Lord and I are just keeping it simple. But I’ll tell you what I can do for you. I’ll put a good word in with the Ministry creche. They

should fit in nicely there."

Both heads were nodding vigorously. "Thank you, Mr. Potter. Thank you very much."

After Naesy led the two of them out of the room, Harry, Draco and Narcissa took one look at each other and cracked up completely.

After several long mirthful moments, Narcissa suddenly turned to Harry, her face a mock scowl. "Thank you very much, Harry. I'll remind you that I visit the Ministry crèche every week for morning tea."

"Well – just don't eat the biscuits." He looked at Draco. "Come on, love, we have more plans to make and I don't want you to get over tired. The baby needs her rest."

Narcissa stood. "Yes, and I have to get to the Ministry."

The three of them stood and walked out of the room, leaving Lucius in confusion. "Wedding? Baby?? What wedding? Whose baby?"

Harry turned when they reached the door and smirked at him. "Our wedding of course. And your granddaughter, Lucius. Congratulations."

"Well, fuck me blind!" Lucius' mouth dropped open yet again. Harry walked back over to the table and, picking up a biscuit, carefully shoved it in Lucius' still-gaping mouth.

"Well, we may not go that far." He smirked. "But you are paying for everything."

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