To Love an Enemy by thattangledweb

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Chapter 1: To Love an Enemy

(A/N)- All the Characters belong to J.K. Rowling, I just use them to amuse me... I don't get any money from this... Honestly, it's a labor of love! ... So with out further ado, I humbly present to you...Tthe Generic disclaimer that is provided: This story is based on characters and situations created and owned by JK Rowling, various publishers including but not limited to Bloomsbury Books, Scholastic Books and Raincoat Books, and Warner Bros., Inc. No money is being made and no copyright or trademark infringement is intended. So with out any further Ado:

Chapter one: The Letter

Draco was eating breakfast as the morning owls arrived, when his weekly letter from his father arrived. He untied the letter from the owl, and read, and then had to reread the letter. Draco stared at the parchment in his hands, unbelieving.

Draco,

When you return home at the end of this year, be prepared to accept the Dark Mark and Voldemort as your Master… or be prepared to find somewhere else to go.

As Always, your Father,

Lucius

Draco let the parchment flutter to the table, disbelief written all over his handsome face. His father

wouldn't do this. No, Draco corrected himself, he could and he did. It was only a matter of time before he forced you into Voldemort's service. He was only waiting for you to come of age before you took over his place in the inner circle.

Draco left the Great Hall for the dungeons. He needed to be alone. He needed to talk to his godfather. He needed to go to class. He passed Harry on the way to Double Potions, not realizing that he was nice to Potter on the way. It was a testament to his state of mind, that he unconsciously was nice to the person that meant most to him. Draco knew in first year, when he offered his friendship, and when Harry turned him down that Harry condemned him to a life of loneliness. Draco knew on sight that Harry was his soulmate, but since Potter had taken his animosity toward Weasley as animosity toward himself, Draco was forced to hide his love and insult the Golden Trio at every turn. Insulting Weasley had been no problem, but every time he insulted Harry, he had to make sure the Malfoy mask was firmly in place. He did not want anyone to know that he did not like to insult Potter, and not only that, but he was in love with his "enemy." It was a very awkward position, being in love with someone everyone else in the world, even your best friends thought that you hated. Draco dealt with it. Every insult, every taunt, was just Draco's way of saying "I love you" to Potter.

When Draco reached the dungeons, he went to talk to Professor Snape. He knew that even though his godfather was a Death Eater, he would do all in his power to help him. Unfortunately, Severus also knew of his love for Potter. "Tell him," Snape said, "If you explain the situation in full, I'm sure Potter will understand. And despite the fact that he has to return to the Dursley's until his birthday, he can put you up in one of the Black mansions he inherited upon Sirius's fall through the Veil. I'm sure you can make yourself understood that you don't want to impose, but that you really want to evade the Dark Lord, even if you do not wish to fight against him. I believe that the most opportune time would be rather soon, after Potions, perhaps? "

Draco nodded. It was what he needed "Thank you, Severus." Draco nodded and made his exit from the surprisingly warm décor of Severus Snape and went to wait for class to begin. Snape followed soon after, and they sat in the Potions classroom while the other students arrived. As always, Slytherins and Gryffindors had Potions together.

It was a cruel twist of fate (and of Snape's devious mind) that today, the Slytherins and Gryffindors would be paired up to prepare today's potion. Snape had already chosen the partners. Draco could already guess who his Gryffindor partner would be. "Zabini, Weasley; Bullstrode, Granger; Thomas, Goyle; Finnegan, Crabbe; Malfoy, Potter … " Snape continued with his partners, but Draco stopped listening after his name. It was just like his godfather to force Draco to do what he had to and to save him from what he did not. "You'll find that the instructions are on the board. I will want a full flask of the potion by

the end of class. If you fail to produce one, you will serve a detention making me another, alone. This is not to encourage your dissent. If you fail to produce one in class, and turn the subsequent potion in after detention, you will at most receive half marks. Copy the instructions on the board, and begin." Draco noticed that Harry had moved into the seat that Pansy had vacated. Well, that saves me from trying to find him… somehow; I don't see him as wanting to sit beside me… Draco sighed. Oh well. Draco began copying the instructions for the potion. Polyjuice potion was a strange choice for Severus.

He was distracted by Harry's note taking. It seemed as if he were only half writing things down. "Potter, I expect to get a good grade, so stop your half-assed note taking and Copy. The. Instructions." Draco hated the snarky tone of his voice, but he knew that nothing would spur Harry into action like an insult from Malfoy.

"I'm sorry, Malfoy. I guess you're lucky that I bothered to take notes at all, as I already know the instructions to make this potion by heart." Harry's beloved voice replied. Draco took no notice of the acidity of his tone, only reveled in the joy of having Harry talk to him.

"All right, Harry." Draco said in a dreamy tone, forgetting that he didn't call him that anywhere but inside his head. Nor did he realise that he was sighing like a girl. He was snapped out of his unknown reverie by a sharp laugh from Harry.

"What's wrong, Malfoy? Thinking of me?" At his words, Draco blushed, knowing Harry was right, but refusing to admit it to anyone. Draco absently shook his head, still copying instructions.

Later, Draco would wonder when Harry had made the Polyjuice potion. It was complex, and they just now learning about it in potions. Most of all, why had Harry needed it, because he certainly wouldn't have made it for fun, Draco thought. Thanks to Harry, they received high marks. Damn near perfect thought Draco bitterly.

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Chapter 2: To Love an Enemy

(A/N) Hello again! Thanks to everyone that reviewed... and thank those that didn't for reading... this is the second Chapter... thanks! I guess its short enough just to be an extension of the first chapter but... it works better this way...

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Draco reread his father's letter for the hundredth time; he felt all the filial love he'd ever felt for his father crystallize into the purest form of hate imaginable. How could father do this to me? He knows I have no place to go, because Uncle Severus can't take me in. Why? Draco gave up trying to divine his father's motives; he knew he could not. Who could possibly find anything out from a man who enjoys torture? Draco was sickened by his father's actions. He felt no family connection to the man who raised him anymore. He wanted nothing from Lucius Malfoy, except to be left alone. So, when the owl arrived, inviting him back to Malfoy Manor for Christmas Holidays, he sent his deepest regrets to Narcissa.

I'm sorry Mother, but Father said that I could not return home (even though I no longer think of Malfoy Manor as home) if I planned to refuse the Dark Mark. I must send my deepest regrets that I will not see you over the break, as I shall be staying at Hogwarts for the duration. I shall miss you greatly.

Love Always, and my deepest Apologies,

Draco

He sent his mother's present along with it, a beautiful gold necklace that he had bought using the last of the money that his father had sent with him for school. Draco felt it appropriate that the last money he would accept from the bastard would go to his mother. The necklace was a finely spun tiered piece that, at every connection of the woven gold thread, had alternating diamonds and emeralds. It was beautiful and elegant, exactly like his mother. She would love it. And Lucius would hate it. And that was really the point of him sending it by owl; Lucius was sure to see it, and the message it sent. Simply put, Draco would accept no more money from his father or his mother.

He decided to talk to Harry about living on one of the Black estates he inherited. Draco just needed a good opening. Regrets over the loss of Sirius, maybe? No he'll only take that as sarcasm. Start talking about homicidal maniacs? No, Harry would just think of You-Know-Who… but that could be a good opener… But how to get on the topic? Maybe I should just be blunt about it. Say "Harry, I need a place to stay, because father will not allow me to return home if I do not plan to take the Dark Mark, and as I want no ties to that Homicidal Maniac, I was wondering if you could put me up in one of your many
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mansions until I can afford my own place after school… Oh, yeah, that will go over really well. Draco thought sarcastically. I guess there's nothing to be done but get it over with… it can't be that hard, can it?

So, with these thoughts in his head, he approached Harry the next day, after potions. "Harry, could we talk?" Draco and Harry were mercifully the last people in the classroom, as Snape, in on Draco's scheme, had called Harry back at the end of class, and then left Draco to fend for himself.

Draco could tell Harry's response was skeptical. "What about Malfoy? And that's the second time in a week that you've called me Harry." Crap, he's on to me. Draco quickly amended himself.

"Potter, I just want to talk to you, could we go somewhere else? I really don't want Snape to hear this, and he's likely to be back any second." Snape walked in at that very moment. Draco made a 'see?' expression. Harry still wasn't sure.

"Sorry, Malfoy but Snape asked me to see him after class." He ignored Draco and walked up to Professor Snape. "You wanted to see me Professor?" Harry said in the most polite tone he'd ever used while talking to Professor Snape.

"Yes, Mr. Potter, I'd like to tell you that you should listen to Mr. Malfoy. He might have something interesting to say. You are dismissed." Snape's little speech left Harry speechless. Snape hadn't even looked up from grading papers. Draco could see Harry search for words, and offered him a way to exit gracefully.

"Come on, Harry, let's go to the library to talk." He grabbed Harry's sleeve and took off. He was not surprised when Harry yanked his sleeve from his grasp.

"No," Harry said, but Draco was surprised when Harry went on, "We'll have to be quiet in the library. I know the perfect place." Startled by Harry's lack of animosity towards him; Draco almost fainted when Harry grabbed his hand. He led Draco up stairs and through hallways, finally stopping at a tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy teaching trolls to be ballerinas. He released Draco's hand, and paced thrice in front of the patch of wall; he seemed to be concentrating very hard on something. What could it be? Draco thought. A door suddenly appeared where Harry looked, and he pulled Draco through, firmly shutting

the door behind them. “Now, what did you want to talk about? You seemed pretty serious, so I don’t think you just wanted to insult me. And because you didn’t want Snape to hear, I thought it must be pretty important. So, Draco what did you have to ask me?” Draco nearly fainted from the sound of his given name. He could barely form a coherent sentence. He handed Harry the much-read letter and waited. Harry read the note, and looked up, bewildered. “Why are you showing me this? I have no business reading your personal mail. If this is about you becoming a Death eater over Christmas break, if you just want to gloat, just know that I will defeat your future master.”

Draco was snapped out of his silence. “No, that’s just it. I don’t want him as my master. Not now, not ever. Now you know the implications of that. I don’t have anywhere to go. I can’t go home. I can’t go to my Godfather’s, and all my Slytherin friends are out of the question. They’d all want to know why I didn’t go home, and then I’d have to tell them that I don’t want to be a Death Eater, and all of them would kick me out. I’m desperate for a place to go. I stopped taking money from Father;” the word “father was said with disgust, “So I can’t simply go to a hotel… Please Potter… Harry… you have at least one home that you inherited. Please let me live in one of them. I’ll get a job, so that I can pay rent, and I won’t stay in the house you’re in. Please.” Draco was near tears. He knew that Harry could see the truth of his words, and Draco hung on his response. He knew that Harry could be merciful, but he didn’t know just how far that mercy would extend, and if it would include him at all.

“I thought you were on good terms with your family.” Harry knew how to hit the nail on the head didn’t he?

“Were being the operative word. I kind of cut off all family ties when sent the owl –to my mother- saying that I wouldn’t be returning home for the holidays. I spent the last Malfoy money I had on my Christmas present to her, and sent it with the letter, knowing my father would see it, and be so angry with me, but I did it just to piss him off. I hate him now. He forced me out of my home just because I didn’t want to be tied to a homicidal maniac!” Draco was unaware of it, but the words that he said in anger did much more to convince Harry than the pleading ones did.

Harry relented. “Alright, you may stay in one of the houses that Sirius left to me. We can make more plans as necessary. Draco?” Harry seemed interested in his surroundings for the first time. Two very comfortable looking chairs sat near a cheerfully crackling fire, in a small, but homey fireplace. The room wasn’t very big, but it had a charm, a coziness, that comforted Harry, and gave him courage to say what he needed to say.

“Yes, Harry?” Draco looked up hopefully.

“I won’t leave you alone all summer. I only have to spend a month with my aunt and uncle, and then I can keep you company in whichever house you choose.” Harry looked into the fire sheepishly, and Draco was stunned. Harry didn’t seem to hate him. It almost seemed as if he never had hated him. When Draco could finally put together a sentence he answered Harry.

“Thank you, Harry. Its nice of you to offer, but you don’t have to if you don’t want to. I really don’t want to be a burden. It’s just that…” Draco sighed. “It’s just that I don’t want to force my presence upon you when we both know we’ve hated each other for years.” Draco recognized the lie. He never hated Harry, but Harry though he did, so he had to keep up the pretense. Harry didn’t agree however.

“I never hated you Draco. It’s just that… you seemed to hate me, and I couldn’t let you hate me without at least pretending to take offense. You were just so hard on Ron. And I couldn’t let you rag on my best friend…” Harry sighed, and then smiled. “It was hard I guess, trying to be mean to you. I had to really think to come up with insults that actually sounded like insults. Sometimes the first thing to come to my brain was not what I wanted to say to you. Or, I really did want to say it, but I didn’t want to say it in front of your mates… or mine for that matter. I’m sure that if Ron knew I was here now, letting you stay in one of my houses over the summer,” Harry looked surreptitiously at Draco, “or for as long as you want. Or forever.” The last was mumbled so that Draco almost didn’t hear.

Draco tried very hard not to be struck dumb by the revelation that Harry did not in fact hate him. “I’ll only stay as long as I am wanted, and as long as I’m not in the way.” Draco could not imagine this being very long, even if Harry didn’t hate him.

Harry looked him in the eye. “Didn’t you hear me? I said you could stay forever if you wanted. You’ll never be in the way. If I didn’t want to share a house with you for the rest of the summer, I’d move to another of the Black family homes I inherited. If I didn’t want to help you, I’d not have invited you to take your pick of the homes. I’d have dumped you out on the street. I don’t need rent money, and I don’t want you to get a job. My only worry is that you’ll die of boredom in the month that I have to live with the Dursleys. And maybe I worry just a little bit that you won’t want to spend your summer with me…” Harry was suddenly very interested in his shoes.

Draco stepped closer, almost cornering Harry against the hearth. Lifting Harry’s chin, Draco erased all

doubt. “I would love to spend my summer with you. I only hope that the month that you have to spend with your Aunt and Uncle -Dursley, I believe?- passes quickly, so that I can spend more time with you.” Draco resisted the urge to kiss the lips presented so blatantly in front of him. Dropping Harry’s chin, he turned and sat in one of the armchairs while rubbing his forehead. “Damn it.”

Harry looked confused. “What?”

“I didn’t want to scare you, and now it seems as if I have. I’m sorry, but I can’t seem to stop myself much anymore.” Draco whispered his answer to himself, hoping that Harry wouldn’t hear. He hoped in vain.

“You haven’t scared me. “ Harry said, obviously ignoring the other half of the statement. “I don’t think that you could scare me, even if you tried.” Draco took that as a challenge.

“Oh, really? What if I told you that I’ve been in love with you since first year? What if I told you that I knew we were soulmates, but ignored wizard law in not telling you? In not telling anyone? What if I told you that every insult I hurled at you, that my famed barbed tongue, is all a lie. None of it was true. I always knew that I would be lonely. But… I don’t think I can deal with living with you for a summer, knowing, as I do, that you’ll never love me back.” Draco sighed. There, he’d told Harry everything. Well, okay, not everything but Draco knew that some things should be kept private. “I’ve always loved you. I always will. I understand that my love will always be unrequited.” Draco smiles sadly. “I’ve accepted that. But I know that I can also never move on. Soulmates can live separately, although neither will be happy… there have been cases of one-sided soulmate love. I think I may be one of those.”

“You can’t be. It’s not possible to be a one-sided soulmate if they love you back."

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A bit fast, no? But it will work out...

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Chapter 3: To Love an Enemy
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(A/N)- Hi again guys! This is the new chapter (obviously) and it starts off very vulgar… sorry if that offends anyone. And I was rereading the last chapter of To Love and Enemy, and I realized that Harry never actually finished the sentence… he just kind of trailed off… I didn't mean for it to be that way, but I kind of like it now… so it stays! This chapter is entitled Fluff until the end, you'll find out why later... like at the end! Read on!

Harry stopped. Shit. He wasn't supposed to ever know that, and now you've told him you dumb fuck. Harry silently berated himself for his rash stupidity. There was some Slytherin in him after all, even if it was overshadowed by the Gryffindor. Why did you tell him? -Well, he told me. - He could have been lying, you dumbass. -No. I could tell he wasn't lying. - Still why did you have to tell him your deepest secret? Malfoy! Why? - Oh, shut up. Can't you just accept that I love him? I guess you being me just wouldn't understand. Harry thought sarcastically. This internal fight was just what Harry needed when he had a very stunned Draco Malfoy standing in front of him. Harry did the only thing he knew how. He apologized. "I'm sorry, Draco. It was a bit sudden wasn't it?" Then Harry ran. He ran until he didn't know where he was anymore. He ran until he couldn't catch his breath, and had to stop. He was dimly aware that he had run to the Astronomy Tower. He looked at the stars. His thoughts turned to the boy he'd just left. I haven't loved him quite as long as he's loved me… but I suppose the length doesn't matter. He says we're soulmates, is it even possible? I don't even know what a soulmate is. Or what it entails. I guess I'll have to ask Hermione. Wait, no I can't. She'll want to know why, and I won't be able to tell her. He looked absently down at the ground below. Draco knows. It was just starting to sink in. The boy he'd loved since third year, the son of a Death Eater albeit a disowned son, Harry amended knew he loved him. He stood close to the edge, thinking. He must have looked as if he were going to jump, because suddenly he was jerked back.

"Having thoughts of suicide? Does the thought of loving me repulse you so, Potter that you would jump off the Astronomy Tower?" Shocked, Harry tried to break away from Draco. No luck. He turned in Draco's arms.

"No, Draco it does not. Not for all the love in the world would I jump off the Astronomy Tower. Now, the Owlery…" Harry smiled. He knew it was a bad joke, but he needed to break the tension somehow. "And for your information, I wasn't thinking of jumping. I was just looking at the stars, and having a nice talk with myself."

“Well it definitely looked like you were looking down. It looked like you’d lost your last hope, and couldn’t take it anymore. You were even swaying like you were going to jump. You didn’t even hear me running up behind you; you must have been in your own little world.” Harry had to concede that point. He hadn’t heard Draco coming. Man, Draco really has me out of sorts today. First, that little confession, and now my instincts are shot to hell. Harry didn’t know what to say. He decided no to say anything, hoping that Draco would go on. His hopes were confirmed and then dashed. “So Harry, what had you so out of it that you didn’t notice me running to stop you from ‘jumping’ off of the Tower?” Harry thought frantically. He couldn’t tell Draco that it was he that had him so out of it. But he couldn’t make something up that fast. What to say? Then a thought struck him.

“Draco what are soulmates? I mean, I can understand what they are; the name is pretty self-explanatory. But what does it mean? It must be a carefully guarded pureblood secret.” Harry purposely emphasized the ‘pureblood’ part. He was trying to distract Draco the problem that his embrace was causing.

“Actually, no. Most muggles have heard of soulmates. They just don’t know everything that being soulmates entails. True soulmates can hear each other’s thoughts, but not only that, but if one is injured, the other can transfer magic to help them recover, and at bonding, both are given a magic boost. This boost is intended to protect the magical couple. In some cases, male soulmates can even have children, although it’s very rare. One soulmate can live without the other, but neither will live a fulfilled life. It is the job of a soulmate to ensure their mates happiness and wellbeing. Originally, soulmate pairs were thought to have been the stuff of legend, as the last recorded soulmate couple was Godric Gryffindor and Salazar Slytherin. But there are some suspected cases. Remus Lupin and Sirius Black are one. No one really knows, because of Lupin’s state as a werewolf. Werewolves mate for life, and therefore it is not possible to know if they were a soulmate couple to begin with, or simply a werewolf and his mate. But we do know that they were never officially bonded, so it is impossible to know. A wizard with the proper knowledge of soulmates can know their soulmate on sight, but a wizard without the proper knowledge… well they will think that it is simply love.” Draco released Harry, looking away. Harry felt the need to apologize for his lack of knowledge. For his upbringing.

“Draco, I’m sorry. I was raised by Muggles, and ones that hated everything to do with wizards. Even if that meant hating their own nephew.” Harry smiled sadly. “I wasn’t even sure if it was love. How am I supposed to know what love is? I’ve been hated my entire life. I know that emotion very well. Well enough to recognize that it wasn’t even close to what I felt for you. But it wasn’t what I felt for Ron or Hermione either, so I knew I couldn’t be friendship. It wasn’t what I felt for Voldemort,” Draco winced at the name, “I knew I hated him.

“So I kept it secret. No one knows, well, except for you. Maybe Dumbledore knows, that old man knows everything that goes on in this school. Him and his crazy eye twinkle. It could blind the world. Snape might know, also, from the Occulumency lessons, but I don’t’ think either would never tell a soul. It’s a bit much. To think that I’m soulmated to someone everyone in the world thinks I hate. The soulmate thing is a bit much too. To think that you might be able to read my thoughts.” Harry blew his mental shields wide open and thought Can you hear me? Harry saw Draco wince.

“Yes I can hear you, you fool. Who couldn’t hear you when you were screaming like that? That was almost too loud. What did you do, take down all your shields?” Harry looked sheepishly at Draco.

“Maybe just a little? I couldn’t be sure if you were going to hear me…” Harry put his shields back up. He thought Does Draco really know how sexy he is? A thought niggled at his brain. ‘You think I’m sexy?’ Draco heard him! And he heard Draco. They were really soulmates! Harry was elated. He answered Draco’s question aloud. “Of course you’re sexy! Even though you’re skinny, you’re all muscle. I didn’t ogle you in the Qudditch showers for nothing! You’re hot! And you’ve got a facial structure that girls would die for. And your eyes! Nothing is sexier than grey eyes… except perhaps silver… but your eyes look silver sometimes… and all those smoldering looks you send to me! I though it was hate, but along it was love!” Harry was ecstatic to know that his unrequited love was returned; three years was a long time, but Harry had to admit that six was even longer.

“Actually some of those looks weren’t love…” Draco looked embarrassed. “Most of those looks were something more like lust.” Harry was shocked, and Draco noticed. “I’m sorry; it’s too much right now. I understand.” Draco looked down. “I’ve just hidden these feelings too long.” He looked up, and smiled sadly, “It can wait, love.” Draco released a stunned Harry, and retreated.

Harry watched him go. What’s wrong? What did I do to make him leave? Harry was close to tears now. I just found out I had a soulmate, and now he’s running away! Am I destined to be hated my entire life? These thoughts stuck with Harry as he tried to sleep that night. He finally gave in at three; he muttered “Lumos” and figured he could at least get ahead on his homework if he wasn’t going to be able to sleep. He was completely done with a (well written) Potions essay, and halfway through with his one and a half feet of parchment for History of Magic when the alarms went off. Harry jumped out of his skin before he realized that it was only time to be awake. He heard the grumpy waking of his dorm mates, and decided a white lie would not hurt. He rolled out of bed with a fake yawn. Time to start another day of unrequited love.

(A/N)-I had a lot of fun with this chapter, but it was hard, because I had to make Draco a little… well, masochistic…. And I don't particularly like it, but it's the best I could do… there just had to be something wrong with the relationship. It was just moving too easily. I have to have some speed bumps and roadblocks. evil smirk yeah, well, that's all for now, sorry it's so short! I'll post the next chapter soon.. like today.

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Chapter 4: To Love an Enemy

(A/N)- New chapter Up! YAY.

Lucius stood at the window in Malfoy Manor. Narcissa had received her letter from Draco last week. The message was clear. Draco clearly did not want anymore Malfoy money. While it was regrettable that Draco would not be returning for the holidays- Lucius hadn't meant to be that harsh- it also pleased him. It proved that Draco could think for himself, that he would be his own person. He didn't need his father to make his decisions for him anymore. Draco was his own man. For the first time in a long time Lucius smiled a smile, not of bitterness or sarcasm, but of happiness. Draco would make him proud, and the best thing was he wasn't trying to do it. Draco was trying to do what he wanted, and it was this that made Lucius proud of his son.

But however proud of his son Lucius was, he was also very sensitive to what he was feeling. It did not appear so, but Lucius was very aware of what his son was feeling, even if Draco wasn't. And the first and foremost thing that Draco felt was loneliness. Lucius supposed it was his own fault, because he kept his

son separated from all the other children. Draco was different, not especially different, but different enough that it would be traumatic for Draco, as a child to be subjected to the taunts and stares of the other children. So Lucius kept him at home, where he could judge if he was well-adjusted enough to enter into a school at all much less Hogwarts, where he would be under the care of Dumbledore. So, when the time came, Draco was ready. He went to school. And from his letters he enjoyed it. He made friends, even if these were the people that would have tortured him the most. He fit in.

And then he came home. He came home a very depressed child. He was positively listless. What, at the age of eleven, could cause a child to be so depressed? Lucius thought when Draco came home from that first year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. What has the power to make a well-adjusted, happy child so depressed? It couldn't be that he found his soulmate so soon… could it? He wasn't even fully mature yet. He could not possibly know. Unless he met this person, and they rejected him right off. Then he would know. That was probably the only thing that could depress his beloved son so. It was too soon. Draco could not deal with this, Lucius knew. He had to help him somehow. He just did not know who it was, and at the age of eleven, Draco would not be dreaming of them. Draco was still a child after all.

Lucius decided to wait. He could do nothing when he was in the dark about the identity, even the gender, of his soulmate. Draco would know, but Lucius did not want to distress him further. Lucius waited. And then, when he turned fourteen, he started moaning in his sleep. The house elves told him. They thought that Draco was sick, and they were trying to help. Lucius assured them that Draco was fine, that he was just dreaming. So they left him alone. Lucius did not need their constant interference in his quest to find out what was wrong with his son. Lucius thought that the depression would fade over time, that perhaps Lucius was wrong in his assumptions. But no, Lucius was dead on. He wondered who. Who was it that Draco talked about least, for he would not want to hear his name, for it would open wounds still too deep and painful.

So it was the only person Draco never talked about to anyone, the only person that made Draco drop all his Malfoy dignity. Harry Potter. It surprised Lucius that the enemy of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, his master, was the Draco's soulmate. Now Lucius needed to get them together.

It took him a year to come up with a good enough plan, to have all the pieces he needed. Sirius Black was dead. Harry would inherit, as per Sirius's will, so he had the place to keep him, now all he needed was the motivation. Harry, not being raised as a wizard, would not know that he jilted his soulmate at such a young age. It would take maturity to make him realize that he needed Draco. He hoped that he was mature enough now. Please let Harry accept Draco. Please. Lucius did not know to whom he prayed. It wasn't to any of the pitiful Muggle gods, and it certainly wasn't to You-Know-Who. In his heart of

hearts, where no one but Lucius could see, not even his master could see, Lucius had already renounced his master. He'd rejected Voldemort, and did not want his son to in the same position he was in. He did not want his son to be a Death Eater.

Then it smacked him in the face. It that was what he wanted, if Lucius tried to force him into it, Draco would rebel. And by making him think that He could not come home if he would not support the Dark Lord was just the excuse he could use to get him and Harry together. He told Severus of his plans. Severus was Draco's godfather; he would help Lucius make Draco happy. So when Draco came to him for help, Severus knew where to direct him.

Now all he needed was confirmation, and the letter he sent to Narcissa all but confirmed that he found somewhere to stay, and Severus confirmed that it was not with him or any other Slytherin, Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff. That it was a Gryffindor that Draco had decided to go to. And Severus was sure it was a certain black-haired, green-eyed, Dark Lord- defeating Gryffindor. Lucius was ecstatic. Draco would be happy, unless something went horribly wrong. And with Harry Potter, one never knew.

Harry tried to be as normal around his friends as he could. He faked smiles and laughs, hoping no one would see the falsity of his actions. And, thankfully no one did, or at least not one of them mentioned it to him. He knew that he could act almost normally until he had a class with Slytherins. He did not think that he could face Draco, not now, not ever. It was just too fresh. He knew Draco was in the same pain. But Draco had better facilities to deal with it. Harry had only the taste of love. Draco's life had been filled with it. Even with Lucius Malfoy, snarky git that he was, Draco was loved. Harry also knew that Lucius's letter was just a plan to get him to rebel. Otherwise he would have not done it while Draco was at school, in a letter. Even with the Impervious charm on it, a charm that would make it impossible to anyone but the intended reader to read, Harry could only read it because Draco gave it to him to read. And Harry recognized the psychology. Reverse Psychology worked especially well with teenagers. Tell them to do something, and they'll do the exact opposite. Lucius had simply made Draco think that he wanted him to become a Death Eater, and the psychology, coupled with Draco's inner desire to not be tied to Voldemort, would do the rest.

All Harry wanted to know was why. Why did Lucius put Draco in this position in the first place? Why would a loving father willingly distance himself from his son, so much that his own son hated him? Harry decided that it was for the best if he asked Lucius himself. They were not on the best of terms, but their mutual love for Draco would surely bridge the distance between them. And it was worth mention the

shock that Lucius would receive when he received a letter from the enemy. Harry could almost imagine the shocked face, and then Lucius throwing the letter in the fire. Harry would have to take precautions so that his letter actually got read, instead of discarded. Maybe he could send a howler, no one could escape those. No, too loud, Harry did not want anyone to overhear. So a letter it was.

Harry walked to Transfiguration, sans Hermione and Ron. He needed to ask Professor McGonagall if there was a way to be sure that a letter would be read while still not being overheard by anyone else. Unfortunately, she had no answers. Harry decided that the Muggle way was best –make copies, and give him a week to reply. If he did not reply within the week, he'd send another letter. And maybe a howler to make sure he knew to read the letter. And if that did not work, maybe Professor Snape would help Harry by carrying a letter to Lucius, and making sure he read it, even if he only did it for his godson.

Harry smirked. Maybe he could have passed as a Slytherin after all. He sat in class, only half listening to the professor teach. He needed to know what to write, and how to word it, so that if Lucius did read his letter, he would understand. It didn't take him long. By the end of the class, he had a good paragraph of it written.

Unfortunately, at dinner, he could not avoid looking at Draco. He was beautiful. Draco knew that he was beautiful, but he did not use it like some other people did. He simply was. Harry admired the self-confidence, but he loved the beauty. Just seeing Draco made Harry happy, even though it sent jabs of pain into his heart. Harry smiled; the pain meant that he could still feel something, even though Draco had pushed him away. Harry was afraid that he would be severed from his feelings, just to get away from the pain, but he was relieved when it never happened, or at least not yet. He needed to get that letter to Lucius quickly, so he left the Great Hall early, to finish the letter, and get to the Owlery before curfew.

When he returned, he was exhausted, not only from the lack of sleep the night before, but from the distress of seeing Draco when it still hurt. Harry hoped that Lucius would reply soon, and he didn't have to take measures to force him into reading his letter. He fell into a dreamless sleep.

(A/N)- Oooh, character switch! Sorry but it was the only way I could think to make it long enough to justify posting. My chapters are kind of short anyway. Anyway, I also apologize deeply for any confusion caused by changes in tense... I don't feel like changing it, and it's pretty self-explanatory.

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Chapter 5: To Love an Enemy

(A/N)- Hey! Thanks for reading... and this was a surprisingly easy chapter to write... odd...

An incessant tapping at his window woke Lucius up. He was surprised someone was sending him mail in the middle of the middle of the night. Can't it at least wait until breakfast? What could be so important? But when he went to open the window, he saw a snowy white owl that he immediately recognized as Harry's. Why is Harry's owl tapping at my window? He opened the window, and untied the letter from the owl's leg. It never occurred to his still sleep befuddled brain not to read it.

Dear Lucius Malfoy.

If you are reading this, I am very surprised. I did not think that you would actually read this with out some type of coercion, especially knowing who it came from. But in case you do read it, I will expect a reply within a week, or before Sunday, March 15th. The Ides of March, how fitting.

I am sorry to have disturbed you at all with this, but I fear it cannot wait. I assume you are somewhat aware that Draco has cut off ties with you, and I don't think that he will appreciate the communication between us, but as I said, it cannot wait. I also assume that you are aware that your son harbors a hatred of you now, and I hope that his hate is not what you wanted; I think that the letter he showed me from you was a scheme to get him away from Voldemort. But I also know that if you simply wanted him away from Voldemort you could find another way, so there must be another reason. Professor Snape may have informed you that Draco has agreed to stay in one of the mansions I have inherited, and you no doubt do not approve.

Or maybe you do. You see, I think that this was a scheme not only to get Draco away from a life he did

not want, but also to make him happy, no matter the cost to his feelings towards you. You wanted him to be with the one he loved- me. How you knew I do not know (or even if you know at all, and your scheme was completely different than what I am proposing,) but the point is that you would sacrifice your relationship with your son for what makes him happy. How very martyr-like of you. But I do not want it this way. I want Draco to have every opportunity to be happy. And I do not want him to feel any hatred towards you. I love him and I do not want him to be separated from his family if he is to be with me.

If he wants to be with me at all. For all that I have known him for five years; I do not really know what he is like. I know he has all the Malfoy grace, dignity, and beauty that could possibly be had. But I do not know what he is like when you take away the façade of grace and dignity. I sincerely wish to, and I fear that he will not let me. He knows that I love him; I know that we are soulmates, as does he. Nevertheless, he has turned from me to wallow in self-pity and thoughts of unworthiness. Because of some strange twist of his imagination, he does not believe that he is either deserving of love, or simply put, he is not ready for it yet.

He seems to think that because I did not recognize him as my soulmate right off, that it is not possible that we are soulmates at all. I know different. He said that only wizards that had been raised to know what soulmates were would recognize their soulmates on first sight. But I was not raised as a wizard at all. In fact I did not know I was a wizard at all until I got my letter from Hogwarts. I was raised to think of myself as a freak that should not exist, and therefore not worthy of any type of emotion except hate and disgust. Until I went to Hogwarts I did not know any better. The first people I met were so kind and loving.

And when Draco offered his friendship to me, I saw in him all the disgust for muggles that my aunt and uncle had shown for any one different, especially me. And that made me despise him. But as I watched him, and try as I might I could not stop watching him, though I did not know why, I noticed that it was all a ploy. Draco, despite all his friends, was a lonely little boy. And he's still lonely, only now he's angry as well, because the people he had to confide in, his parents -were effectively cut off from him, and he resents that. So now he resents the people he loves most in the world. Including me, because I only want what's best for him.

And here I said that I didn't know him very well. I surprise myself. But still I implore you. I do not know how to remedy the situation. I only know that he needs you just as surely as I need him. Please help me.

I await your reply,

Lucius was amazed. He was still trying to process it all. Harry was accepting of Draco, but Draco had turned him away? Why? Much of what Harry assumed was right. And much more of it, was scarily dead on. Harry Potter really should have been in Slytherin. He had to reply. He only had a few days to the fifteenth, and there was much he needed to do, and more he needed to think about before he wrote his reply.

Harry was almost certain that Lucius had refused to read his letter, because if he did, he'd certainly have had his reply by now, wouldn't he? The date he'd sent in his letter was fast approaching- it was tomorrow. Harry decided to skip the howler, and go straight to Snape.

As he walked to the dungeons, he thought about the week he'd had. Every day had been a struggle not to break down and simply force Draco to see. To see his love was not a hoax. To see that his father wanted what was best for him, because even though all of this was speculation, deep down, Harry knew that he was right. He knew that Lucius was only trying to make his son happy the only way he knew how. It was hard on Harry. He did not sleep much or at all, and consequently, he was ahead on his homework. This both made Hermione happy and worried her. Harry did his best to allay her fears of him not sleeping enough. He told her he was taking private lessons, and had more time to do his homework. Harry knew that Hermione was smart enough to figure out what was really going on, but he hoped that she would not try to delve too deeply into it just yet. Anything she was to figure out, she would surely tell to Ron, and Ron would not take it well at all.

He could not go on like this, the lack of sleep was starting to show; he had black circles under his eyes, and the glamour he used to disguise them would only cover so much. He was sure anyone that paid close enough attention would notice. And he did not know who would be paying enough attention.

The dungeons reminded Harry of Draco- cool and aloof, but comforting. And as he reached Professor Snape's office, he wondered if everything would remind him of Draco in some way. He knocked on the door. "Come in," was the terse reply from inside. He opened the door, and into the warm office of Professor Snape. Done in shades of blue and wood, it was a surprisingly comfortable room for the normally austere Potions Master. Snape looked up from the letter he was reading. "Ah, Mr. Potter, to

what do I owe this pleasant visit?" He asked sarcastically.

Harry answered truthfully. "Your Godson."

Snape looked shocked. "I assume he's asked to stay for the duration of the summer break in one of the houses you inherited from Black." Harry only nodded and Snape continued. "And you did not turn him away, I hope." Harry shook his head. He wasn't in the mood to answer verbally just yet. "So this has to do with something to do with Draco, but not about the arrangements for the summer. So what could it be, Mr. Potter? I'm curious as to what has brought you here."

It was Harry's turn to speak. "As you know, Lucius Malfoy sent a letter to Draco earlier in the year about becoming the servant of Voldemort," Snape, unlike other people did not wince at the name, "and therefore, Draco could not return home. You advised me to listen to what he had to say. He asked me for a place to stay. I gave him one. But that was not the only thing he had to tell me. As you probably know, Draco has been in love with me for quite sometime," again Snape did not looked shocked, "and I have also been in love with him." Snape's mouth dropped open. "He asked me for a place to stay, and I offered him a place to live, for as long as he wanted, even if that meant forever. And he accepted. That has not changed. But I want him to keep contact with his father."

"Why? I thought he said he could not return home if he did not wish to become a Death Eater. Why would you want him to keep such company?" Snape still looked surprised.

"Oh, I do not want him to return home. I want him to stay with me. But he will be unhappy. He has broken all communication with his family, as you probably know. But without his family, Draco only has me, and he does not quite believe me yet. It's too soon for him. He needs his father. And to get him to listen to his father, I need you to help me. I sent a letter to Lucius and gave him until the Fifteenth to reply. Technically he has until tomorrow to send me a reply but I fear he will not; that he has disregarded my letter, and I need to get through to him. I need you to convince him to read it. Even if he has burned it, I have another copy of the letter I sent him, knowing it would not be read. I only had to try. But now I need your help. Could you be sure to make him read it? I don't care how you do it. And you don't have to do it for me. I know you don't want to. But do it for Draco. Please." Harry laid the letter on Professor Snape's desk and began to walk away.

"Wait." He waited for Harry to turn around before he went on. "You sent a letter to Lucius Malfoy? For

Draco?" Snape looked at Harry oddly. "I guess if you've got the guts to send a letter to Lucius, then I can help you. But remember, I'm only doing this for Draco. And you're welcome."

Harry smiled as he turned and left, whispering "Thank you," just before he walked out the door.

(A/N)- Ooooh Harry goes to Snape! And Lucius told himself that he was going to reply... why didn't he? find out in the next chapter! (hell, i'll find out in the next chapter)

Thanks for reading, and Please Review!

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Chapter 6: To Love an Enemy

A/N)- It was recently called to my attention that the timeline for this was confusing. So. Chapter three is before Christmas. Chapter four is also before Christmas. Chapter Five is somewhere between Christmas and March. And Chapter six, this chapter is on March 14th. It is told completely from Snape's Point of View, and is by far, the longest chapter. I did not set out to write Snape and Lucius this way, but... they ran away with me. so Here we go!

Snape walked into the fire, and stepped into Lucius Malfoy's study. He looked around for his friend, eager to deliver his message and be back to grading his pathetic Second Years' Potions Essay. The essays were even more pathetic than the students. And yet, for his godson he would forgo the pleasure (pain) of grading them, and listen to Harry Potter. He had the letter in his hand, and was about to just leave it on a

desk, with a threatening note and a multiplying charm, when Lucius strolled in. “Severus, to what do I owe this pleasant surprise?”

Severus decided to answer as bluntly as Potter had, when faced with a similar question. “Your son, and quite frankly, Harry Potter.” Severus smiled at the irony. He never though he would be implying that. He knew of what Draco felt. He’d known all along, he’d just never thought that Harry would return the sentiment. The boy turned out to be a marvelous actor. Severus held the letter out to his friend.

Lucius looked quite stricken. “Damn it. Where did that letter go?” Lucius turned and rifled through the papers on his desk, clearly not finding what he was searching for. “Where did I put you? You can’t have gone far…” Lucius was by no means a disorganized man, but he did have a lot of papers, and he had done quite a bit of writing in the past week. Unfortunately, he still could not find what he was looking for. Severus stood there, looking amused until Lucius remembered that he was a wizard, and did not need to actually search for it. He quickly mumbled “Accio letter,” looking quite abashed. Severus though he was cute, standing there, letter in hand, and blushing quite prettily.

“Now, what was that all about, Lucius?” Severus had to hide a grin. “I did not know that my presence flabbergasted you so. I’m quite sure that if I had known, I would have come strolling through the fire quite some time ago.” In fact Severus had known; he’d known all along, in fact, but ignored it. The playful banter was all it would ever come to. He sighed, as Lucius answered.

"I got Harry’s letter… and I wrote him a reply, but somehow, I… I just forgot to send it. And now it’s too late.” Lucius looked down, and Severus wondered what could make Lucius look like he’d killed his best friend, and lost his puppy all at once. It worried Severus enough that he went so far as to move to embrace his old friend/crush before he realized who and where he was. And what he was doing. Specifically what he was doing there.

“Actually, it’s still the fourteenth. Harry just decided that if you were going to reply at all, you’d have done it by now, and saved him some grief. And Draco, we mustn’t forget Draco. He thought that you would have wanted Draco to be happy.” Severus knew what he was doing. He was guilt tripping Lucius, making him believe Harry and Draco were dependent upon this letter to be happy. It wasn’t quite true, but then it wasn’t quite false either. Harry had just never said it in quite those words.

“Severus, what am I going to do? I have to give Harry this letter, and the letter to Draco, he has to make

Draco read the letter. But how am I going to get it there? Owls are not fast enough, it'll never make it there before the morning post." Lucius looked so dejected, that Severus just had to quell the urge to taunt.

"Lucius, you forget you've got someone who sees Harry on a daily basis, and Draco quite a bit more. Just let me deliver your letters. I'll give Harry his letter and Draco hi--" Severus was cut off.

"No, you must give them both to Harry. He must deliver Draco's letter. If not, then… Draco will simply not listen. He has heard enough from me. He must hear it from someone else. He must hear it from Harry. If he does, he might understand." Severus looked at Lucius anew as he tucked the letters safely inside his robe. Yes, he'd known the man for years. They were best friends. Severus also knew Lucius was perceptive. But this, this was beyond perceptive. This took a level of knowing, a level that is rarely ever achieved. Few people knew another person this well. Few cared to pay attention to the subtle signs of what makes another person tick. Only those who fear that their love will be torn from them, and they will have to remember every nuance, every gesture, just so that they won't forget, just so they'll remember, only those with that fear ever paid that much attention. Severus paid that kind of attention to Lucius, but now Lucius is all but telling Severus, that he paid that kind of attention to Draco? What was going on here?

Lucius smiled. "I know it must appear strange, a grown man leaving his son's happiness to a child. Or maybe not so much a child anymore; he's certainly taken responsibility. But it really is the only way he'll listen."

"How long?" Severus choked out. "How long have you been in love with your son?" He turned away, heading for the fire, and the jar of Floo powder, so that he could leave, separate himself from the man that he'd loved for so long, and was rejecting him. Again. He just wanted to leave. He'd deliver the letters; he just needed to be alone for a couple of hours so that he could tape his broken heart back together.

"Severus?" He stopped, cursing himself. Lucius could always make him drop what ever he was doing by using that voice. The hurt, lost, broken one that made Severus's stomach flop, and immediately make him agree to what ever Lucius was saying. Lucius had used that voice when he told him of his impending marriage to Narcissa. "Severus," that same pleading tone made him turn to face Lucius, schooling his features to not show the pain he felt.

“Yes?” Severus asked, utterly broken and seeming not to be.

“Severus, you must understand. I love my son. But not the way you’re thinking. When he was born, I held him in my arms, and I thought ‘I’d do anything- anything- to make this child happy. If it would bring him one ounce of happiness, I’d gladly lay down my life.’ I imagine it’s what every parent thinks, but in my case it was a bit truer. I would have laid down my life. I still might; the Dark Lord it not pleased with me at this moment, Severus. He knows I let my son leave. He knows Draco will not receive the Dark Mark this summer. As of yet, he has not punished me, but he will. Especially when he finds out Draco has gone to Harry Potter. I must be prepared to leave this world. And that leaves Draco as the only one to carry on the Malfoy name. Narcissa, I fear, will return to her maiden name of Black. She does not want the Dark Lord on her heels. She will flee, and Draco will inherit. He will not want it, but he will have to take it. I have willed it to him, and no one else can have it. If he refuses, the money will stay in the bank, the manor will be kept, until a child is born that bears the Malfoy name. That child will inherit in Draco’s stead. In his absence, I give all rights to you, Severus. Acting as regent until Draco, or Draco’s child accepts. I trust you not to squander it.”

“Lucius, you speak as if you are already dead…” Severus was trying to absorb it all.

“Don’t you see, Severus? I might as well be. I cannot give my son to the Dark Lord, and I have no one else. You see, Narcissa has already fled, fearing the Dark Lord’s wrath. But for Draco, and his children, I will do all that is within my power to spare them. And that includes not being there to see my grandchildren.” This struck Severus as odd.

“Lucius, how can there be children? Draco can only marry Potter, and even though Potter seems, no is willing enough, how can you be sure they will conceive? It’s almost impossible. Only if the two are truly soulmates can they bear children, and even then, it’s improbable. You’d have to be clairvoyant to know that.” He shook his head in disbelief. It was impossible that Lucius was clairvoyant. But obviously not.

“And what makes you think that I can’t be clairvoyant, Severus?” Lucius smiled grimly. “I knew when I first held Draco; I would give my life for his. For his happiness. I knew Severus. I knew when I marred Narcissa, when I broke your heart into a thousand little pieces that you couldn’t sew back together. I was preparing you for when I was gone Severus, for when I would die for my only son, and you would be left behind.”

“There is a big difference between getting married and dying, Lucius. I could deal with the marriage, but only because I could still talk to you. See you. Know that when I needed to see you, you were there, and even though you weren’t mine, you weren’t completely hers either. You could never be completely hers, even in marriage, because your heart belonged to me, even if your body was hers. I couldn’t stand it if you died, Lucius. I can’t stand here and let you plan your own death before my very eyes.” Severus stalked to where Lucius was standing, close to the bookshelf on the far wall, away from the fireplace. He pushed him back against the shelf, pressing the length of his body against Lucius’s. He gently cupped Lucius's face in his hand, while the other dove into his long, platinum hair. “Lucius, you know I’ve always loved you. And now that you’re free, now that Narcissa has fled, you have already planned your funeral. I’m glad I was a consideration in your future plans. I will do as you ask of me. I will protect Draco and any heirs he or Harry conceive. But know this; the moment you die, my heart goes with you. My body will carry out your wishes, but my soul will be with you.” Severus gave Lucius a searing kiss and was gone. He stalked to the fire, and threw the Floo powder in almost after he stepped in.

As soon as he was back in his chambers, he fell to his knees. So, Lucius was to die for Draco. He tried to be angry, tried to hate Draco for ripping him from his love, but he could not. It only made him treasure his godson all the more. And Harry, he would be his godson-in-law. Somehow, he could not hate Harry either.

He felt the tears well up in his eyes, but he refused to give into them until he absolutely knew that Lucius was dead. For the moment, he was alive. Severus did not know how long it would last, but for now it was enough. And for the moment, he had letters to deliver. How would he get them to Harry? Dinner was over, and he did not want to explain to McGonagall, why he needed to talk to Harry just before curfew. But he had to try anyway. He fire-called Minerva, asking to see Potter about a personal matter.

“Has this anything to do with the letter Potter sent that he wanted read, no matter the cost?” She surprised Severus. He did not expect her to catch on, or even know about the letter.

“Yes, could you tell him I have his reply? He’ll know what I’m talking about.” Severus had her agreement, and set to wait for Potter to come to his office. He didn’t have to wait very long. A breathless Harry Potter showed up at his door in five minutes time. “Did you run, Potter? Or did you use a shortcut?” Severus knew of several.

“Both,” the boy grinned.

“Oh, well, no use in taking points off because I asked you to hurry. Come in, come in. I have your reply, and McGonagall probably said. But I also have a reply for Draco. You must make him believe what he is reading. This is your task. His father is taking the brunt of the Dark Lord’s anger for Draco, probably costing him his life.” Severus willed the tremor out of his voice before Potter heard. “You must make him understand. You must make him forgive his father. There is much else, but I cannot tell you it all tonight. So for now, go back to your cozy Gryffindor common room, and do your homework like a good little student. Only read the letter when you are absolutely sure no one is watching. It has an Impervious so strong on it, that anyone trying to read it will be expunged of their memories that it even existed. Or what they were doing five minutes before. So be very careful, Potter. Convince him. You are the only one who can. If you can, we might be able to save his father.” Severus pushed Harry out the door, and closed it, sliding down its length with a sigh. It was already a long night. And it was just begun. Severus settled in for another endless night alone.

(A/N)- Well. Isn't that interesting? See what I mean, ran away with me? or is it from me? i don't know. i do know the next chapter will be longer in coming... i actually have things to do tomorrow, and they don't involve being at home to type the next chapter... so Later then

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Chapter 7: To Love an Enemy

A/N)- Hi again! Thanks to all those who reviewed. Enjoy

Harry was a bit surprised that there was no one in the common room when he returned. He looked at the clock. It was still rather early, if just past curfew. Where were all the young Gryffindors? He shrugged it off, and went to grab his homework from his bag on his bed. He snatched his bag and headed back to the common room. He sat down, ready for a night of homework done in complete quiet, and found that he had none. He had done it all during the night. He wasn’t even aware that he’d done it at all, much less

it all. He had absolutely nothing to do, and he was completely alone. He opened Lucius's letter, and read.

Harry,

You really do belong in Slytherin; you would have thrived there. Yes, I did have other plans than just to get Draco away from Voldemort. I wanted him away, and safely, happily in your arms. And it still might happen, if you put all that misplaced intellect to the test.

You must convince of what you figured out on your own. You must find a way to make him believe that I do love him, even though, and especially because he did not accept the Dark Mark. Tell him it was my plan all along for him to refuse. Tell him it was my way of forcing you two together. Tell him I've always known that he had a soulmate, only I did not know who it was until recently. I always had plans to get the two mates together. Then when I found out, I thought 'this will never happen, Harry hates Draco,' and apparently Draco thought this too. Because every summer he would come home depressed. He talked of tormenting Weasley and Granger. I knew the three of you were friends, and I thought it odd that he never mentioned you.

Now I know why. It hurt him so to hear your name mentioned, but it hurt him more to see you, and have to keep up the pretense that he hated you. As I said, he came home every summer depressed, and I just wanted him to be happy. I've always wanted that.

Enclosed is a letter to give to Draco, once you have convinced him to listen. You may read it if you like, but it says nothing more than this letter does, so it is time wasted, when you could be doing things to convince Draco to read what I have to say. And, apparently to realize that he is worthy of your love and you are not lying to him. I am sure that is what he thinks, that you are simply trying to fool him, to lure him into a false sense of happiness, and then pull the plug just to see him drown. Convince him that if the plug is pulled, you will be there to drag him out before he gets sucked under. But you must hurry. I feel he is slipping farther away each passing minute, and if you do not go quickly, you will lose him.

As to your plea to reconcile with my son, I'm afraid it will be short-lived. I fear the Dark Lord will kill me for letting my son go. I gladly accept this punishment, much to the consternation and dismay of Severus Snape. Please try to help him, he will need it to get through my death.-

‘Lucius and Snape?’ Harry thought. ‘I never saw that one coming, but it really doesn’t surprise me.’

This is the end, not only of my life, but of my relationship with my son. Please help it end on good terms.

I greatly thank you, and give Draco my love,

Lucius Malfoy

That was settled, He had to convince Draco. Somehow, Harry had to convince Draco to listen. ‘Should I tie him up?’ Harry smirked at the thought of tying Draco up, and immediately disregarded it. Tying Draco up would only lead to other things, and while Harry wanted that, he did not want it to cloud his intentions in Draco’s eyes. ‘Should I use the Bond?’ Harry knew it was almost impossible to lie through the soulmate bond. He did his homework while he couldn’t sleep, but he only had so much homework. He’d done intensive research on Soulmate bonds, and what to expect. He knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that he and Draco were soulmates. Only, now he had to convince Draco as well. ‘Well now’s as good a time as any; at least we would be alone.’

Harry did not know what to do. He was still alone in the common room. Where was everyone else? It was way past curfew now, and there was no one in the dorms. ‘Oh well, no one’s going to ask me where I’m going so late, then.’ Harry dashed up to the dorm he shared with Ron, Neville, Dean and Seamus, and started to find all of his friends there. Hermione, all four of his dorm mates, Ginny, all of them were in the room. Harry let a surprised “Hi, guys” escape before he grasped what was going on. Intervention. They were here to make sure he went to sleep tonight. They were armed with vials of Dreamless Sleep, acquired from Madame Pomphrey. It was the worst night for this to happen. “Guys, I know you’re only trying to help, but not tonight. I need to do something urgent before I go to sleep. I have to go. I need to talk to…” Harry trailed off. He did not want his friends to know where he was going just yet. “Um, I need to talk to … to…” an idea popped into Harry’s head, “I need to talk to Snape about continued Occulumency lessons. Right now. I’ve had a terrible dream. I need to go tell Snape. He would understand.” He rushed to his trunk before anyone could stop him, and grabbed his Invisibility cloak. He made a mad dash out of the room, before anyone thought to go after him. And when they did, he was long out of sight.

He really did go to Snape’s. He needed to know where Draco was. If he was in his dorm, he needed to know the password to get in. and if Snape did not give him that, he needed Snape to get Draco to come

out and talk to Harry. He was outside Snape's door before he knew it. He knocked, and waited for Snape to reply. He knocked again.

Snape still did not answer. He wondered why. Then he realized that it was too late for Snape to be anywhere but his own bed. He sat down, dejected. What was he to do? He couldn't just go back to his bed; he did not want to face the Sleep Mob. Then he realized that they were the reason why there was no one left in the dorm. They'd chased everyone to bed, so they could get Harry alone. It was just the thing that they would think of. It was simple, straightforward, if only a little devious. It was also doomed to fail. Harry would never take the potion, not unless he really needed it, and right now, he was doing just fine. Dreamless Sleep was a hard potion to brew, and it took some very rare ingredients. He did not want to waste it.

He was surprised when the wall behind him fell backwards. Then he realized that he was leaning against the door, and it only opened. He looked up, so see Snape looking around in confusion. He quickly stood, and slid the cloak off. "It's just me, professor." Harry looked at Snape. His eyes were red-rimmed and bloodshot. Harry wondered what had made Snape cry, and then discarded the thought. Snape didn't cry. Most likely, he had just been awoken, and he was still waking up. "Um, Professor, I'm sorry to disturb you at such a late hour, but I really need to talk to Draco." Snape sniffed. Harry thought he was in trouble.

"Five points from Gryffindor for being out so late. Now come in, I'll fetch Draco for you." Harry was surprised, but he waited in Snape's office in silence.

(A/N)- The next chapter should be up soon! And it will be from Draco's POV. we haven't heard anything from him since the third Chapter. I need Character Development! So, Draco it is! Also, why was Snape crying? Or was he? (of course he was, he's sad because Lucius's impending Death. And being a Death Eater, he'll probably have to watch too... Poor Snapey TT.TT)

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Chapter 8: To Love an Enemy

A/N)- New Chapter! YAY! This chapter is why I rated this fanfic M! Well, and later chapters... but this is it for a couple of chapters so... ENJOY!!!

Draco wondered why his godfather was waking him up at twenty past midnight, but he couldn't complain, because he wasn't asleep yet anyway. Potter was keeping him awake. He followed Professor Snape to his office in silence, despite the questions buzzing in his head. He looked around the room only long enough to see who was there that was so important, but he didn't see anybody. He was only more confused. 'Shouldn't there be someone here? I mean, someone had to have asked for me. Severus doesn't want me to disturb him so late, so who ranks high enough?" Severus cut into his thoughts. "I see Potter has disappeared. He said he wanted to talk to you, and that it was urgent." Snape trailed off.

"Apparently not urgent enough," Draco said with a sad smile, "or he'd still be here."

Harry whipped the Invisibility cloak off. "Much to your disappointment, I'm still here. It's very urgent, but it doesn't warrant you being snarky." Harry silently sent his plea through the bond. 'Please, Draco, listen. I need you to hear me, and know that I can't lie to you. Not now. Your father is planning to die for you, Draco. Voldemort is very displeased with Lucius. He plans to die so that you don't have to become what he has. The letter was a ploy to get you away from Voldemort and safely ensconced not only in my home, but in my arms. I was the only wild card in this, luckily, I was in love with you all along, and could deny you nothing.' Harry had turned away, and Draco could not read the expression on his face. Draco turned to Severus to see if Harry had spoken aloud. Severus was looking at Harry as if he stuck his hand in a pit of snakes. Draco figured Harry had jumped bodily into the pit of snakes, considering where he was standing. Draco noticed for the first time Severus's red-rimmed, puffy eyes, and figured that what Harry had 'said' was, at least, partly true. Severus had always had a soft spot for father. Maybe Harry wasn't lying to him.

'Harry, what's going on?' Draco was still hesitant to speak in front of Severus. He did not know what would get back to his father.

‘Well, if you had listened the first time, you would know that your father plans to give himself to the Dark Lord in place of you. The only thing he has left to give is his life. I sent him a letter, because I was worried about you. I didn’t want you to hate your father, just because of a scheme to keep you away from Voldemort. He wanted you away. If you had stayed in Malfoy Manor, he could not have saved you. As it is, saving you was very risky business. He needed someone to look after you, and he needed to be sure that they would not turn you into Voldemort. He finally found that person when I inherited the Black estate, or what ever part of the black estate was Sirius’s.’ At the mention of Sirius’s name, Draco felt a wash of grief that was still fresh from Harry. How would he feel if his father died, if Harry felt this much emotion for his godfather? ‘Your father also knew that you were in love with me. He wanted you to be happy, so he forced you away. Draco you must see. You mustn’t hate him. He’s your father. He only wanted what’s best for you.’ Draco felt the desperation that Harry tried to hold back. This convinced him more than words. He still wasn’t totally convinced though. “So, Professor Snape, why are you aiding and abetting a known enemy of the Dark Lord?” This was spoken like the true Slytherin he was; get under their skin, and force information out of them. Yes, it was blackmail, but if it worked… well it worked. Snape looked caught.

“Draco, I thought that you left your family home so that you could stay away from the Dark Lord.” Snape turned from Harry to stare intently at his godson. Draco stared back, willing the information from him. His next move was already planned.

“And what if said that I planned to give Harry to Him over the summer?” Draco could feel the panic coming off of Harry. He quickly reassured him. ‘Harry I could never do that. I’m just trying to see if he’s trustworthy.’ He felt Harry’s disbelief.

‘Draco, you know I wouldn’t come to him if he wasn’t. He’s a spy for Dumbledore. Surely, you don’t think that Dumbledore would let a Death Eater be a teacher unless he was sure of him?’ Harry finally made a move toward Draco. he grabbed his arm, and swung him around to face him. Face to face, it was much harder to concentrate. Harry was so beautiful. The glasses only made him cuter. Draco hoped he wasn’t developing a glasses fetish, but it was a hopeless one; he was already in deep. The only way he’d survived these past few months at all was because he had lots of practice, but it was so much worse when you knew he was right there and willing. Draco felt his cheeks heat up.

Dammit. He’s too close, or he’s too far away. NO. Calm down, Draco. Breathe in, breathe out. Ignore that you can smell Harry in every breath. In. Out. In. Out. Back to Snape. “Then you’ll just have to go home, where your father can turn you in to the Dark Lord.” Snape sounded very angry, and Draco couldn’t think

of a way to appease him.

Draco pleaded with his eyes, as well as his words. “Please, Professor Snape, Severus. Don’t make me. I wouldn’t turn Harry in. The Dark Lord would just kill him. I…I… I don’t want Harry to die. I…” he trailed off, unable to think of what would happen to him if Harry died. He would be lost at least, if not dead himself.

Concern wound its way to Draco, laced with a fair amount of comfort. He sent a silent thanks to Harry, twining their fingers together. It looked as if Severus began to believe him. Draco looked at Harry, his soul shining in his eyes. He refused to admit that they were tears. Harry understood. He thanked Severus, and they left his office. “Harry, where are we going at nearly one in the morning?” Draco asked, bewildered.

“Well, we’re certainly not going to sleep any are we? We need to talk. The only place to do that is quite a way from here, so I suppose you’ll have to get under the cloak with me.” Harry flourished the cloak. “It’ll be a bit tight, but we’ll manage.” He slung the cloak around the both of them, and started moving up stairs and down hallways, heading for the Room of Requirement. He held Draco’s hand the whole way. Draco would have thought it sweet if he wasn’t distracted by Harry’s nearness, and how to get out of the awkward conversation that was sure to ensue. Finally they reached the seventh-floor hallway, and stopped just short of the wacky tapestry.

“Imagine the perfect place to talk,” Harry told Draco. Draco imagined a small loveseat, done in black suede, a small coffee table, and a fire. He also imagined a bed, but banished the thought. He and Harry quickly paced thrice past the spot in the hall where the door would appear. When it did, he hurriedly drug Harry inside, looking around. Damn, the bed did come through. Harry looked at it, smirking like a Slytherin. “Planning on something a bit… recreational, Draco?” Harry was staring at him like he was a delicious desert, and he just wanted to eat him up. “Too bad that we have to talk. Now sit. What, you only imagined one seat? Ambitious, aren’t we Draco?” Harry hung his cloak on a peg, and sat down, motioning Draco to sit beside him. It would be a close fit, so Draco sat in his lap.

“’Now,” Draco purred, draping his arms around Harry’s neck “what did you want to talk to me about?” His plan was simple. Distract Harry. Unfortunately, Harry didn’t catch on all that well.

“We were going to talk about your father, love. He seems to be in a bit of a predicament, and I think that you need to forgive him. He’s helped us out quite a bit.”

Draco silenced him with a soft kiss that rapidly got more passionate. Draco nibbled on Harry's lower lip, silently begging for entrance. Harry gasped, and Draco took the opening, sliding his tongue around through Harry's lips. Harry broke away. "Don't you think that we need to talk about your father?" Harry panted. Inside Draco laughed.

"What about, Harry?" Draco asked as he nipped and laved and kissed at Harry's throat. Harry's moans were the most arousing thing that Draco ever heard- hell, Harry was the most arousing thing he'd ever seen, heard, held, or smelled; Harry was arousing all over.

"We need to talk about your father. You need… need… ohgodyesdothatagain. You need to…" Harry could not catch his breath enough to finish the sentence in his head, much less aloud.

"Forgive him? Too late." Draco started to move lower with his kisses. He nipped at Harry's collar bone.

"No, you really need to… to…" He pulled Harry's shirt over his head, kissing him before he replied.

"I forgave him; I forgive him." Draco leaned in, and whispered in Harry's ear, "Now, shut up and kiss me." And, mollified, Harry did just that. Harry meant it as a chaste kiss, but Draco turned it into a battle. His hot tongue explored Harry's mouth, plundering, until Harry broke away, panting. At that moment, Draco cursed the need for air. But it wasn't need for air that had Harry stopping; it was a fierce need for something else. He muttered something Draco couldn't hear, and their clothes dropped to the floor three feet away. Lifting Draco in his arms, Harry strode to the bed, and magically removed the bedclothes from the bed before he placed Draco gently on the bed, and lay down beside him. Draco smiled at his apparent lack of patience, but also the tenderness he read in the gesture. He would not be brutal. Draco almost wished he would be. Then he could deny the whole thing, saying it was only lust, but Harry was not giving him the option.

Draco was sure Harry knew exactly what he was doing. He might not have planned this, but he sure knew just what to do and say to simultaneously arouse Draco, and convince him beyond doubt of his love. Every kiss was the ambrosia, every touch like silk, and every taste he had of Harry was the headiest aphrodisiac. But the sentimental moment was broken by Harry's moans of need. "I…" Harry panted, "I... need… need... Draco… I need you…NOW."

Draco looked at the man under him. He was sweat slick and panting, and Draco thought he was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. He grabbed the jar that had miraculously appeared on the bedside table that hadn't been there before and slathered some on his hand. He grabbed Harry's member and pulled up harshly, coating him, and making him moan and bite his lip. Draco slid up Harry's body until his ass was pressed back against Harry's cock, and rubbed his ass up against the rock hard appendage, using the excess lube on Harry to slick his own entrance. Harry couldn't form coherent sentences anymore; he was reduced to hissing in broken Parseltongue. Draco didn't even try; speech was beyond him.

Suddenly Harry couldn't stand it anymore. He flipped them over, so that Harry was on top. Harry started to kiss his way down Draco's body. Where did he learn this? He laved at Draco's collar bone, his tongue dipping into the shallow there, nipping the slightly protruding bone, and then licking the pain away. He moved down Draco's chest, stopping at one nipple to lave, and tweak the other with his thumb and foreigner. He moved lower, kissing each dip and curve of Draco's stomach. The only sounds Draco made were breathy moans. Harry slowly made his way back up, stopping at the other nipple, giving it the same attention he gave the other. This time, however, while Harry's left hand was occupied with his nipple, his right hand was stroking his thigh. As Harry started to lave and nip his collarbone, he gently pushed a finger into Draco, pushing in and out. Draco gasped at the unexpected intrusion and then moaned. Harry sucked on the spot behind Draco's ear, and Draco moaned again. Harry added a second finger, and then a third. Draco wanted more. He shoved his hips down, trying to get Harry's fingers deeper inside him. He whimpered when Harry pulled them away. Harry silenced his whimper with a kiss. Draco almost cried at the loss. He wanted Harry inside him. Now. He gasped into Harry's ear, "I want you inside me, fucking me into the mattress." Harry's only answer was to place his forehead against Draco's and pressed the head of his cock against Draco's hole. He thrust upward, slowly, so as not to hurt Draco. Draco had other plans. As soon as Harry's head was inside him, he thrust his hips, impaling himself. It hurt, but oh, it felt so good. He met Harry's every thrust with one of his own, listening to Harry's babble. Ohgod,sotightsohotI'msocloseDraco. Draco bit down on Harry's shoulder to stop the shout when Harry' hand closed around Draco's pulsing cock. Harry began pulling up slowly, but he quickened his pace with every thrust until Draco was keening his release into Harry's hand, and all over their chests, and Harry stifled a shout as he came into Draco, hot seed flowing into Draco, making him see stars a second time. Harry rolled off Draco panting "Oh, dear god, Draco."

"Incredible, no?" Draco panted back.

Harry just gathered Draco into his arms, placing his chin on Draco's head, mumbling "I love you," as he fell asleep. Draco let the arms encircle him, wrapping his own around Harry's waist. He could sleep forever in these arms.

“I love you too, Harry.” He whispered as sleep engulfed him.

(A/N)- Aren't they sweet? Isn't it just too cute?

Thanks!

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Chapter 9: To Love an Enemy

A/N)- New chapter! Kind of.

Harry woke up the next morning wondering where he was, why he was there and why he was so warm. He looked at the form in his arms, immediately recognizing the platinum hair of Draco. It was sleep tousled. Harry doubted Draco let anyone see him this way, but he was just so cute that way. Draco mumbled in his sleep, and Harry found himself trying to stifle a laugh. He didn’t want to wake Draco, but he knew that they both had to wake up soon. They had to get back to their dorms. They were both already missed, but they had to get ready for their classes. Harry tried to wake Draco up gently. “Draco, love, wake up. We need to go back to our own rooms.” Draco answered by snuggling closer to Harry, and mumbling something about not sleeping without Harry by his side. Draco hadn’t slept much either? He inspected Draco closely. He noted not only the peaceful expression, but the black circles. Surely those weren’t there before. Draco, that little ferret had used a glamour charm to cover them up. Harry was indignant. Even though he’d basically done the same thing, he knew that at least he was well rested. It appeared as if Draco hadn’t slept in years. He remembered Lucius’s letter, and Draco’s comment about knowing that Harry was Draco’s soulmate on sight. Had he really not slept a good night sleep since first year? Harry decided that he would leave Draco asleep, and tell their teachers that they would not be attending classes today. Or at least he would tell Snape, and hope that he told the other teachers.

Unfortunately, Draco woke up when he opened the door to leave.

“Where are you going?” Draco demanded. “Why didn’t you wake me up? We both have to go to class.” Draco looked frustrated. “It’s almost time for breakfast. Harry, we have to hurry.” Draco made to get up. Harry stopped him.

“No, you and I are going back to sleep. We both need it, and we are not going to get it any other way. I’m going to tell Snape just that, and you are going to stay here, and sleep until I get back.” But Draco was adamant about getting up. He pushed past Harry’s hand on his shoulder, and gathered his clothes, putting them on. Harry sighed. Draco was a stubborn git sometimes, Harry thought bitterly. ‘You’re too stubborn for your own good, sometimes, Draco.” Draco chuckled.

“I know,” he answered as he walked out the door, heading for breakfast. Harry quickly caught up, grabbing his hand and twining his fingers through Draco’s.

“They’ll see.” Draco hissed, trying in vain to dislodge his hand from Harry’s.

“I know. I want them to.” Harry smiled as they passed a throng of third year girls. “Hi, lovely day isn’t it?”

Draco laughed in his ear, “It’s raining, love.” Harry blushed.

“I knew that! I was just… just…” Harry fumbled for a good excuse.

“Trying to distract them?” Draco supplied.

Harry smiled brilliantly. “You see? That’s why I keep you around. All those years in Slytherin treated you well. The sorting hat tried to put me there, but I asked it not to. I see now, that it would have done me more good than harm. Maybe I could have learned to make better excuses.” Harry suddenly realized that Draco wasn’t walking anymore. He looked into his beloved’s face. Draco looked shocked. No, scratch that, Draco was shocked. It was rolling off of him in waves. “What’s wrong, what did I say?” Harry pulled

Draco's knuckles up to his lips. Kissing them, he apologized, not knowing why. "I'm so sorry Draco. So sorry. What did I do, and how can I make it better?" Harry picked his brain apart to find something that would shock Draco so. "Was it that I was almost put into Slytherin, love? I'm so sorry. I didn't know it would hurt you." He wrapped his hand around the back of Draco's neck, pressing his forehead to Draco's. He kissed his nose by way of apology, then his forehead. If I could turn back time, I'd do it differently, but I can't."

Draco seemed to find his words. "No, if you were in Slytherin, you wouldn't have turned out to be the honest and pure, and perfect Harry I love. You would have been warped and twisted until you were as good at lying as you are at Quidditch. I would still love you. I would love you if you were the Dark Lord himself, but Harry, I love they way you are right now much much more than I ever could have if you were any different." Draco placed his hands on either side of Harry's face kissed him sweetly. "I love you Harry Potter, and we are going to be late for breakfast."

Harry laughed as he raced down the hallway with Draco, hand in hand. They slowed when they reached the Great Hall, pausing to catch their breaths. In unison, they flung the doors open, and strode, in silent agreement, to the Gryffindor table, hand in hand.

This of course, cause an uproar in the Great Hall. The only four people in the great hall that weren't surprised at all were Harry, Draco, Snape and Dumbledore. Harry thought bitterly that you just couldn't dupe the old coot. Draco agreed with him. They sat down in front of a very surprised Hermione, and beside a nearly catatonic Ron. "Hullo, Hermione. What's for breakfast?" Harry laughed inside at the expression on her face.

"Well, there's toast, and bacon, and oats, and eggs…" She trailed off. Harry had to give it to her; she was only blushing. Ron however was beet red and choking on the bit of bacon he'd been chewing before Harry and Draco had walked in. he dislodged it from his windpipe and swallowed.

"H-Harry wh-what are you doing? That's Malfoy. Why are you two… you know?" Ron didn't seem to be able to say it.

"Why are Draco and I holding hands you mean?" Harry asked amused. Ron flushed deeper and nodded. "Well, Ron, I rather seem to enjoy it. I think Draco enjoys it too. Don't you Draco?" Draco nodded.

“How did this happen, Harry?” Hermione found her voice again.

“Well, Hermione, I don’t exactly know. One minute I hated him for acting exactly like the Dursleys, and the next day, I realized that it was all a ruse. And then I fell in love with him.” Harry made a ‘what-else-was-I-to-do’ gesture and went on. “And now, you see where we are.” Harry suddenly remembered last night. “Uh, Hermione, why were you going to force Dreamless Sleep down my throat last night?” Harry asked sweetly. He glanced at Draco, who looked shocked.

“Well, Ron said you hadn’t been sleeping, and I thought that… I thought… Well, you needed it.” Hermione looked abashed, and Draco had an odd expression that Harry couldn’t quite place.

“Don’t deny it, Harry, you need sleep. Sleep not interrupted by…” Ron sneered in Draco’s direction. Harry knew what Ron was assuming, and that it was completely false. Thankfully though, Draco saved him the trouble.

“I thought better of you, Weasel.” Draco smiled the smile that earned him the title of Ice Prince of Slytherin. “You should know that Harry actually slept last night. And it was the first time we were together. I don’t know about Harry but, it was the most restful sleep I’ve had in years. It wasn’t me keeping him awake, or at least it wasn’t me physically keeping him awake. I cannot fathom what goes on in this boy’s head sometimes.” Draco looked affectionately at Harry, and then glared back at Ron. “so get those murderous thoughts out of your skull, Mr. Weasley, because I’m not leaving Harry anytime soon. Or ever. So deal with it.” Draco went back to his plate, Ron successfully put in his place.

“What he means to say is that it isn’t his fault that I haven’t been sleeping, it’s my own. Don’t go laying blame, when you don’t have the whole story.”

“Well, how can we know the whole story if you never told us.” Hermione’s shriek silenced the already silent hall. She looked around wide-eyed, slapping her hand over her runaway mouth. There were yells of “yeah, tell us the whole story,” and “what the hell is going on?” The Great Hall was suddenly full of the sound of speculation and yells. It got so bad that Dumbledore finally intervened.

“Silence. How can you expect them to answer if they cannot hear themselves think over all this ruckus?” Dumbledore winked in their direction, waving them up to the teacher’s table. Harry reluctantly dragged

Draco up there.

“What did you want with us, Professor Dumbledore?” Draco asked innocently. Harry held back a laugh.

Dumbledore answered with an enigmatic, “Give the people what they want.” Harry grasped the meaning before Draco and pulled him in for a, earth-shattering kiss. Then, kneeling, he summoned something from his room. He’d perfected it so that it did not come zooming through the Hallways, and risk someone getting hurt; it appeared in his hand.

He snagged Draco’s left hand, and asked, “Draconius Lucius Malfoy, will you marry me?” He smiled up into Draco’s rapidly filing eyes. He slid the ring he’d found in the attic of 12 Grimuald place onto Draco’s ring finger, as Draco pulled him up for another kiss.

“Yes, I will marry you. Yes yes yes yes. Forever.” Draco smiled through tears, clinging to Harry’s neck. It was honestly the happiest moment of Harry’s life. It was perfect.

Dumbledore laughed and said to the awestruck crowd, “Beware the Ides of March.” Not many people understood him, but those who did laughed, and explained it to their friends. Harry laughed and wrapped his arms around Draco, swinging him in circles of happiness. Nothing, Harry thought, nothing could ruin this moment.

And at that precise moment, pain sliced through his scar. He stopped spinning, and said to Draco’s smiling face, “Voldemort.” Draco’s eyes widened, and the smile slipped away.

(A/N)- WHAT?? VOLDEMORT?!?!?! and just when you thought they could be happy TT.TT... don't worry,

it's all part of the plan!

So review! My beautiful Readers, review! How do you like it so far? Hate how something turned out? Tell me!

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Chapter 10: To Love an Enemy

(A/N)- This is my attempt at the horrible final battle. It's very disappointing. V.V but I'm a coward, so I can't write fighting very well, so here it is.

Draco heard Harry whisper “Voldemort,” and he felt the smile he was wearing slip away. Harry put him down. He turned to look at Snape. He was wincing and trying to hide it. He led Harry over to Snape and asked “Where?”

Snape shook his head. Everyone was looking their way, wondering what had happened to the happy moment. Draco could sympathize. It was like the Dark Lord had a sense of when would be the absolute worst time to interfere, and then do it. It was uncanny. He looked from Harry to Snape. There was some sort of communication between the two. Snape left, nodding. Harry turned to Draco. He handed him a slip of parchment, told him to read it, and followed Snape. Dumbledore cancelled classes for the day, saying everyone needed the day off, so he didn’t disturb the students. Half of the teachers would be gone anyway. Draco went to his room, locked the door, and read the letter written in his father’s familiar hand.

Draco,

If you are reading this, it means Harry has succeeded in convincing you that I am not worthy of your hate. But it also means that Harry has gone off to fight Voldemort to save me, and left you alone for a bit. Snape is probably gone too, along with most of the teachers. So you will have to help yourself help Harry. No one will do it for you. Harry has gone to the old Riddle house. It's been the Dark Lord's headquarters for quite a while. I don't know why no one thought to look there, but to my knowledge, no one has. Not even after Harry came back from the Triwizard Tournament did anyone think to look at the House of Riddle. I suppose it was that no one believed Harry. But it worked to our advantage. Not the Dark Lord's but ours, Draco. The old Riddle house is less than a mile from our Manor, if you go through the woods, as you must do.

You have to help Harry. The part of the prophecy that we actually heard said that he would have the power that the Dark Lord knows not. This is love. His skin is infused with it, but that will not be enough now. He must have you. It will not be a day at the park. You must fight your friends, and I must fight mine. I will die in this fight, Draco. I will die so that you and Harry can live together. Because I might never see you again, I will tell you I love you. You may have forgiven me, but I expect you do not trust me yet. But believe me. I love you, Draco.

Your father,

Lucius

Draco was stunned. The Riddle House? He'd been there countless times, and saw nothing. But he hadn't been looking. He'd simply been disobeying his father. It was a form of reverse psychology. Do exactly what they tell you not to. He supposed that his father had used that rebellion to his advantage. Draco had done what he'd told him not to, and now he not only knew the way there, but he could slip in undetected. He'd done it when he was a child; he could do it now. He went to talk to Dumbledore, but he was gone. He already knew Snape and all the other heads of house were gone. He needed someone that could help him. He then thought of his father's letter again. No one could help him. This was almost a lie. Snape could help him, even if he did not know what he was doing. His Floo wasn't on the whole network, but he was connected to father's study. That was just what he needed. He grabbed the powder, muttering the words that Snape didn't know he knew, and walked through. Lucius's study was in shambles. Someone had ransacked the place. Probably Death Eaters looking for proof of deception. Draco thought maliciously. Well, they won't find it here; Father is too smart for that. He walked out of the decimated room to find that almost none of the rest of the house was touched. Father's bedroom

and his own, however, his mother's room was curiously empty. It was as if she left. Knowing his father like he did, he probably let her go. He snuck out to the back garden, like he'd done countless times over the span of his young life, and he cursed that he hadn't done it since third year. He'd gotten quite a bit bigger since then, and he had trouble staying hidden the whole way. He had to stay silent, too. He didn't know who could be watching from the house, or even in the woods.

Twenty minutes later found Draco scratched up, and silently cursing in every language he knew. But he was there, there was no alarm. Draco sighed internally. He was safe for the moment, but if he had his way, he would not be safe for long. He needed to know where Harry was. Unfortunately, if he called to him mentally, he would alert the Dark Lord to his presence. So he had to look for him. It didn't take long before he found Harry. He was chained up, locked up, and guarded. Why the Dark Lord didn't just kill him, Draco didn't know. But there he was, and luckily, the only people guarding him were Avery and Nott. Neither were what one would consider bright, but in their current state, you could get more animation from a brick. They were pissed. Drop down, pee your pants pissed, and Draco had no trouble disarming them. They practically handed him their wands. He thought it was strange. He didn't trust them one bit. So he took their wands and walked away. His heart told him what his eyes lied about. It was not Harry in that room. It was someone else. He would have to find Harry elsewhere.

He looked around. If I were an evil maniac, where would I go? Where would I hide my enemies? Draco almost smacked his forehead when he realized where they were. They were in plain sight. Avery and Nott were his father and Harry. He ran back to them, and inspected them closely. They were not pissed. They were drugged. They were given a potion, by Severus no doubt, that would make them servile and obedient, but would also make them believe they were who they looked like. It was ingenious. He ran to find Severus. He would, no doubt, be with the Dark Lord himself. He was one of his most trusted servants. How brilliant of Dumbledore to make Severus Snape, You-Know-Who's dearest servant, his spy. Draco marvelled at the genius of the man but only for a moment. He still needed Severus. He wound his way toward the living room, using servant hallways, for the Riddles had been Muggles until the Dark Lord's father married his mother; the house had never gotten fully changed into a proper Wizard mansion. He found Death Eaters in the room, but no Voldemort. He snuck up the stairs, avoiding the squeaky one, and into the master bedroom.

There he found him. He appeared to be sleeping. Severus was tending to his potions across the room. If he was quiet about it, he could catch Snape's attention without waking the Dark Lord. He waved his arms. Severus looked up. His eyes widened slightly, but he made no move toward Draco. Draco motioned him outside. Snape nodded. Draco crept out of the room, back the way he'd come. Before he got too far, he heard Severus's words. "My Lord, I must go fetch some chicken beak. I will be right back. Do not worry."

“Sssssssseverusss, you have all the chicken bead you need. It’ssss about that Malfoy boy, issss it not?” Draco shuddered and kept moving silently away from the room. He was outside before he realized it. But Severus was right there.

“Severus, I need the antidote for the potion you gave to Father and Harry.” Draco cut to the point. “It will save their lives. I need Harry to defeat Voldemort. We both need Harry and Father alive. What is the potion you used?”

Severus seemed nervous. “It was a twist on the Polyjuice potion. There is not antidote. It will wear off in time, if I do not re-administer it. I am preparing some right now. He will not know if I do not give it to them. You must be there to tell them what happened.” With that, Severus went back to tending his potions with Voldemort. Draco hurried to join Harry and Lucius. He could see that the potion would need tending soon. He hid himself, both magically and physically, and settled to wait. Severus came with the potion, and dumped it into the bushes beside Draco. He walked away.

It was risky business, deceiving the Dark Lord, but it had its benefits. Harry and Lucius woke up very confused. Draco’s father was not surprised, Harry was. He did his best to fill him in, and Lucius filled in the rest. He needed to rest, but there was no time. Soon, the Dark Lord would know that his trusted servant had betrayed him, and would want retribution. Harry and Draco planned to have stopped him by then.

Draco led them both into the house, and up the steps to the room Voldemort occupied. It seemed as if he were still asleep. Harry noticed his want across the room. He needed it to defeat the Dark Lord. Draco crept as quiet as he could across the room. He snatched up the wand, and turned around, the Dark Lord looming over him. “YOU, he yelled. Ssspawn of the traitor. I knew you would betray me Luciusssssss. I just did not know it would be through your ssson.” Draco was terrified. Every word he said sounded like some crazy snake that had learned human speech. All of his ‘s’ sounds were elongated. He watched in horror as Harry sneaked up behind the Dark Lord, Accioing his wand from Draco’s hand, he cast a spell that Draco had never even heard of and the Dark Lord laughed. “Did you think that you could ussse a ssspell that I usssed againssst you? How pitiful.” Draco dashed away, running to a point behind Harry, but still able to see.

“Oh, no Tom. I didn’t expect it to work at all. But I know this will.” Harry’s voice had a harsh, metallic quality that scared Draco shitless. It was as if he’d swallowed a sword, and he was spitting the blade out

at Voldemort. Harry then let out a stream of hisses. By the shock on Voldemort's face, he did not expect Harry to know that one. He then let loose with the two words that were the undoing of every wizard it was aimed at, every wizard until Harry. "Avada Kedavra." Nothing happened. Voldemort laughed.

"You sssilly boy! You think you can kill me? You are sssorely missstaken." He laughed and raised his wand, pointing it at Draco. "Let'sss sssee how you sssurvive without your ssssoulmate, Potter!" Draco saw a flash of green, and then blacked out.

(A/N)- Ack this ended in a horrible place! (holds in giggles because Voldy can't ssspell.)

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Chapter 11: To Love an Enemy

(A/N)- okay, this is chapter eleven. You know the drill. Read. Review. This changes POV a couple of times, so bear with it, please.

Harry was very worried about his soulmate. He had passed out when he killed Voldemort, and hadn't woken up for three days. Poppy Pomfrey told him that he shouldn't worry, that Draco was catching up on much needed sleep, and Harry should follow his lead.

He tried, he really did, but he couldn't sleep. Every second that Draco slept, was a second that Harry worried more. In the chaos of the final battle, which wasn't a battle at all really, it was a bunch of Aurors

bagging Death Eaters writhing in pain; Harry carried his love back to Hogwarts. He stayed in the same spot for twenty-four hours. Not until somebody made him did he move. He took a shower, put on fresh clothes, and went back to Draco's beside. He was there when they told him that he'd be fine, that he just needed sleep. He was there when they tried to force him to leave. He was still there when they gave up, and let him stay. So, it follows that he was there when Draco woke up.

Harry rested his head on the white blanket beside their entangled hands. When Harry heard him stir, his head snapped up, daring not to hope. Harry heard Draco's unintelligible mumble, and watched his head roll from side to side. Harry stroked Draco's cheek, trying to calm him. It had the opposite effect. Draco thrashed and moaned. Harry was terrified. He called for Madame Pomfrey. She didn't hear him. Harry did not know what else to do. He stilled Draco's twisting head, and aimed a kiss for his mouth. He missed, his lips brushing Draco's cheek. It seemed to work anyway. Draco's eyes snapped open. "Harry?" he whispered, "what are you doing here?"

"Well, I was waiting for you to wake up." To Harry, it was obvious. He loved Draco, therefore, he wanted to be there when he need him; namely when he woke up from three days passed out.

"What happened? I-is Voldemort gone?" It seemed as if Harry's use of the name had rubbed off on Draco.

"Yeah, he was going to kill you. I killed him before he could, but you'd passed out already, and I was terrified. I took you back here, to the infirmary, and had Madame Pomfrey look at you. She said you'd be fine, but Draco, you scared the living shit out of me." Harry latched onto Draco's hand again, pressing their joined hands to his lips. Harry sighed. He was tired. He just wanted to sleep for a week in Draco's arms. He didn't think that he could sleep anywhere else.

Harry turned on his smile and turning it on Draco; he slipped into the narrow infirmary bed with him. Draco responded with a scandalized whisper, "Harry, I hardly think this is appropriate. Sex in the infirmary is impossible."

Harry laughed. "Who said anything about sex? I just want to sleep. Chairs are not comfortable, especially when your beloved is next to you, unconscious for Merlin knows how much longer. You need to get some rest too, Drake, you've got these worrying black circles under your eyes." Harry kissed Draco's forehead, and wrapped his arms around Draco. Draco sighed into the embrace, and slung his arm over Harry's

waist. It was a small bed, but somehow they both managed to sleep in the cramped space. It was the most restful sleep that either had in what felt like weeks.

Severus was leaning over Lucius body, praying to whatever deity would hear to keep him alive. Apparently, one of them heard, for Lucius moaned and blinked his eyes open. He winced away from the sunlight streaming into the room. Severus muttered and the curtains snapped shut, leaving the room only lit by firelight. It was dim, but Severus could make out the worry written all over Lucius's face. "I wouldn't be worrying about me, Luc. I'd be worrying about yourself. You haven't slept for days, haven't eaten in longer. I've had to force what water I could down your throat. You've been unconscious for days." Severus sounded tired, even to himself. He was worried sick. The way Lucius was going, he was going to die. He already had that fear embedded into his brain. He didn't need a repeat.

He looked at Lucius, lying there, pale and sickly and wondered how things ever got this way. He didn't need another burden. He had enough on his plate. He didn't need to take in a sick Malfoy- even if it was his Lucius. At that moment Severus knew he would lose Lucius. He had to give him up, again; he'd done it before, when Lucius had married Narcissa. He could do it again. "I'm sorry, Lucius." Severus whispered, and walked away. He was glad Lucius was to his back; he couldn't see Severus crying as he walked out the door.

Lucius wondered what he'd done this time to lose Severus. He hadn't said anything to offend him, although that may have offended him. Severus was a bit touchy on some subjects and even though Lucius knew him well-better than most everybody, he couldn't possibly know every single thing that would send Severus into one of his snits. Lucius did know that he didn't do anything that he knew about to make Severus snarky. Severus was a mystery.

He was a mystery that Lucius loved to uncover. When they were lovers, he loved to find the places that would make Severus moan; he was particularly fond of that spot behind Severus's left knee that positively made Severus scream. But he also loved to delve into the enigma of Severus Snape's mind. It was just as sharp as his tongue, but behind the icy exterior, and beyond the icy interior, there was a gentle soul. Severus had learned that gentle souls got nowhere but hurt, so he encased himself inside a

mountain of ice, and encased that inside a razor sharp tongue lashing. The first kept most people away, and the few that got past the first usually stopped at the second. Lucius delved past both in one leap.

The Dark Lord used to value the wit and ice. He never knew about the kindness inside. The Dark Lord also did not know that Severus regretted every moment he was in his service. There were some things that if Severus Snape didn't want you to know, you didn't ever find out that they even existed. Lucius was the exception, of course. If he needed a confidant, and had nowhere else to go, Severus went to Lucius. But he froze him out after he married Narcissa. It hurt. Lucius only married for heirs. He didn't love Narcissa; by the end of their arrangement, they were comfortable to admit that to one another, so he wasn't surprised or upset when Narcissa left. She didn't need him anymore. Especially not now, with the Dark Lord defeated.

Lucius looked at the Dark Mark. It would never go away. Because the Dark Lord's life force was not there to sustain it, it would fade. When Harry defeated the Dark Lord- Lucius didn't know how Harry simultaneously killed the Dark Lord and all of the horcruxes, the most agonizing pain ripped through his arm for about five seconds. He looked up to see other servants of the Dark Lord still writhing. He supposed the amount of pain you felt was the amount of loyalty you felt to Him. Before Lucius was captured, Severus confided that he felt no pain. Lucius supposed that Severus was the one to convince the Ministry to let him go, to look at the Death Eaters who were still writhing- three days later, and see that Lucius had no love for the Dark Lord, and no desire to continue his mad crusade. How he kept him out of prison, he'd never know.

But he'd thank him for the rest of his days, supposing Severus was there. He seemed to have left, with no intention of returning. Lucius would have to change that. He smiled while sitting up. "Tiffy," he yelled. He needed food and clothing if he were to convince Severus to come back.

Draco woke rested, despite the uncomfortable bed, to Harry's smile. Draco's heart melted, and he said, "Good morning Harry." He couldn't believe that he would wake up to this every day soon. Now that Harry had defeated Voldemort, he had no need to go back to the Dursleys. They only need decide where they were to stay, and make arrangements to get there from the Station. If it was on the Floo, they only had to take a train to Diagon Alley, and Floo from there, but if it was not, as Draco was wont it to be, they needed to make further plans. He could ask his father, because despite what Harry thought, he really had forgiven his father. And if he were to be completely honest, he'd never really hated Lucius. He'd just

hardened his heart toward him. It was a defense mechanism.

“Good morning Draco. I’m so glad you’re okay. When Voldemort sent that killing curse your way, I just kind of lost it. I sent the first spell that came to mind his way. I don’t even remember what it was, but it killed him, and destroyed all the horcruxes too. His spell lost much of its power, but it had enough to knock you out for a couple of days.” Harry seemed thoughtful.

“What is it, love?” Draco queried. Harry was much too talkative about what happened; Harry never talked about what was bothering him, he always distracted you with something else until he’d worked out a way to solve it. It was annoying; it was as if Harry thought that you couldn’t fend for yourself.

“I was wondering how we were going to get to the house from the Station.”

“Well, Harry dear that depends upon where we are going to stay. If we are going somewhere on the Floo network, then we can use the Floo. But if not, and I sincerely hope not, then we need to arrange for separate transportation. Father has a magical car, The Knight Bus, Magical Cabs, Flying. Any of these are plausible, and any of these are just as dangerous. If father knows where we are, he will drop in at anytime. If we’re on the Floo, then we are liable to get ambushed by any number of your friends, as I suppose my friends do not wish to be labeled so.“ Draco waited for Harry to choose a mode of Transportation.

“Well, I was planning to stay at 12 Grimuald Place. But it’s connected to the Floo, and you’re right. It would be a convenient stop off, though. We could stay there for a couple of days, until I can tell the house elves one of the other houses needs to be freshened up. I warn you though; you have to be very specific with Kreacher. He’s liable to do exactly what you ask. To the letter. If you ask him to get you some flour, he’ll get you a pinch, because it’s some. I think you get the point.” Draco laughed at the image of a house elf blowing pinches of flour in Harry’s face.

“Harry, I’m sure it’ll be fine. It’ll work out. I’m sure of it.” Draco tried to reassure Harry more than he was reassuring himself. He was lucky if he reassured Harry at all then.

The last months of school passed uneventfully. But Harry and Draco were still bombarded with questions of how, why and when they got together, and what would happen when they went on summer break.

These questions were always met with amusement, and an answer of “No Comment,” at least from Draco. What Harry said to get them to leave him alone, Draco didn’t know, nor did he really care. He had Harry, though he actually saw him less than before, but Harry was there in spirit. Draco didn’t feel the gnawing in his chest that he’d felt before. He knew Harry was there if he needed him. All he had to do was ask.

His godfather didn’t fare so well. He looked like he hadn’t slept in months, his hair got greasy- really greasy, not the fine sheen that most people assumed was grease, and he got, if possible, lankier. Now, instead of thin, he was just skinny and it was scaring Draco. His father assured him it wouldn’t last for long, but Draco wasn’t so sure. His father had a way of assuming things were all right until they actually were. It was good when you were a child and didn’t know any better. It simply got annoying when one was old enough to know better.

(A/N)- Thanks for reading. Please Review! It makes my day!

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Chapter 12: To Love an Enemy

(A/N)- YAY! New Chapter!

Lucius walked through the Floo connecting his study and Severus’s office. He wasn’t supposed to use it; Dumbledore didn’t want a Death Eater rampant in his school anytime he damned well pleased, but he went through anyway. He’d broken the spell that barred him from coming through long ago. He felt the

familiar fluttering sensation in his stomach and stepped into Severus's office. Damn. It was dark. Severus must have gone to his chambers. Lucius could just leave a mote for him. Or go find him, of course. That was the better option. "Lumos." He held up his wand to light the darkened room. He caught a glimpse of a robe fluttering just outside the reach of the light. He muttered a spell to light the torch on the wall. He saw a dark figure disappearing into the inner chamber of Severus's study. He silently, cautiously followed it, holding his wand ready to attack.

The figure was Severus. He had his back turned and was sans his usual robes, but Lucius would recognize the figure anywhere. He was dressed in strangely Muggle garb, a crumpled white button-up shirt, and black slacks that emphasized his great ass. Lucius sucked in a breath and banished the thought.

Severus turned at the sudden whoosh of air. He pinned Lucius with an accusing look, laced with shock. "What are you doing here?" Lucius had always known that Severus could be nasty, but he was rarely mean; something was very wrong. Something was going on that Severus was trying to distract him from. Lucius looked closer. Severus's eyes were red and puffy, his nose slightly stuffy. He was unkempt, which was unusual for Severus's pristine personal hygiene.

Lucius took a step closer to Severus, gauging his reaction. Severus took a step back. Lucius smiled, and Severus took another step back.

Lucius smirked and stalked closer. Severus backed himself into the wall. Lucius smiled; last time he was the one pressed against the wall. Oh how the tables have turned. "Severus," he whispered; Severus shivered slightly. He cupped Severus's face gently, ghosting butterfly kisses on the corner of his mouth, across his cheek bones, down the line of his jaw. Severus's eyes fluttered closed, and Lucius kissed there too. "Severus, why did you leave me, now of all times? Why did you leave just as we could be together forever?"

Severus moaned and broke away. He spoke softly, facing the fire. "Lucius, I couldn't stand it anymore. I couldn't stand being there for you, when you never seemed to need me. You had Narcissa and Draco. You have a family; I never had one. I wanted you to go on with your life. I'm your past, Luc. Draco's your future. Draco and Harry have made up. They're going to make it; we never could. Just leave. Go. Go back to your family." Lucius could see Severus crying slightly.

"Severus, I told you, Narcissa left me. Draco will live with Harry. I'm alone, Severus; as alone as I've been

since before I met you." For the first time, Lucius let Severus know how truly lonely he'd been for years. "Even with Narcissa, I was lonely. She's so cold; I couldn't go to her for company. I had Draco, but he doesn't want his father annoying him all the time with his problems, he's got his own to deal with. Severus, please." Lucius begged, close to tears. "Please don't leave me alone. I love you, I've always loved you. Father forced me to marry Narcissa to continue the name. One cannot break the bonds of marriage easily. Narcissa and I both had to be willing; she only left when she knew that Draco would be happy with Harry." Lucius moved to Severus's back, placed his hands on Severus's shoulders and turned him around. He slithered his arms around Severus's ribcage, pulling him into a tight hug. He buried his face into the crook of the dark man's neck. "Please, don't leave me alone," he sobbed. Severus returned his embrace, sighing.

"I could never deny your tears, Luc." Lucius felt Severus melt.

"Really? You'll stay with me?" Lucius looked into his loves face, tears shining in his eyes.

"Until you don't want me anymore." The look on Severus's face was so intensely sad that Lucius promised the one thing he always held back.

"I'll never stop wanting you to stay, Severus. I promise that my home, my heart and my bed will always be open to you." It wasn't a lie. It was the complete and honest truth, but it went against the grain to promise his life to someone. "I love you more than life itself. I would give my life for yours, Severus. No one has ever meant that much to me. Draco doesn't even come close, Sev." He raised his hand to cup Severus's cheek and kissed him. It was gentle; it was sweet. Lucius put all the love he felt into the kiss, and carefully put aside the surge of lust. He would come to that later. Now, Severus needed sweet and gentle; he didn't need sex, although Lucius led them to the bedroom. He replaced the clothing they had on with sleep pants, and led Severus to the bed. He lay down on his side; Severus just stood. Lucius sighed. He pulled Severus down beside him, and spooned his body into the Potions master's. He brushed a kiss to Severus's forehead before cradling Severus's head to his chest and extinguishing the lights. "Good night, my love."

The whole school was packed and ready to leave on the train. They had the end of term feast, and Dumbledore had his parting speech. "I wish you all a very happy summer. Especially those of you who

have recently found what they were looking for." His eyes twinkled in Harry and Draco's direction. "Well, have a nice summer, congratulations to all the graduates and sleep well, everyone!" Dumbledore relinquished his podium in favor of his bed, and everyone followed suit.

Draco followed Harry to bed. "What are you doing?" Harry asked, scandalized. "You'll be caught!"

"So hide me in your bed," Draco smirked. "Cast a silencing charm." Draco winked; Harry's eyes widened. He knew he was being flirty; he relished it. He never fully got the chance to do this with Harry. He missed it. It went from "I love you" to "Marry me" and there was never that space of time where they were like 'what are you doing tonight? Oh, me? Well, that's nice.' Draco didn't want it to be so serious. It was serious, but it didn't have to feel that way. They were to be married, and they hadn't even properly met yet. They'd been forced into love with out fully knowing the other person. Draco just wanted to deepen the love they shared. And there he went being sappy again, but it didn't matter; he had Harry in his grasp. He wasn't letting go.

He grabbed Harry around the waist, twirling him around. Draco smiled so wide that he thought his face would crack open. Harry braced himself on Draco's shoulders and looked down into Draco's face. He could see the happiness shining there. "I love you."

"And I love you too, Draco." Harry said quizzically. "What's going on?" Draco laughed in response.

"You'll see." He hitched Harry up, and wrapped his legs around his waist. Draco took them to the bedroom. Luckily, Ron was the only one in the dorm. He glared; Draco blew him a kiss. He went to Harry's bed, and opened the curtains. He heard Harry's gasp.

"Draco! You shouldn't have!" Draco had to admit, the rose petals on the bed were a bit much. They were beautiful, no doubt about it. They were worth it, too. They were also a bit much. But when the point was to sweep Harry off his feet, they were perfect.

"No, I had to." He tipped Harry onto the bed and crawled in. He shut the curtain but before he cast the silencing spell, he yelled "I LOVE YOU RONALD WEASLEY" just to annoy Ron. "Oh, and by the way, thanks for the roses." He cast the spell and turned to Harry, laughing at Ron spluttering in protest. Harry was looking at him oddly. "What?"

“You worked with Ron on this?”

“Yeah, what of it?”

“I thought you hated each other.” He supposed Harry had a point.

“Oh, no, we came to blows long ago. Threw a punch or three, I convinced him that I wasn’t trying to dupe you. He made me promise not to hurt you. We’re good now.” Draco shrugged. Harry laughed.

“So you two are good now? Somehow, I just don’t see it. It seems as if he tolerates you and you just annoy him.” Harry hit the nail on the head.

“Yeah, that too.” Draco suppressed a giggle. Malfoys- even disowned and re-acknowledged Malfoys didn’t giggle. He failed. Well, he would soon be a Potter-Malfoy, so he guessed it didn’t matter. His laughing fit caused Harry to laugh. When the mirth subsided, Draco smirked and looked Harry up and down. He pounced, muttering a spell to unclothe them both. Harry had taught him something last time. He landed on Harry’s lap. He looked down and licked his lips. He flipped Harry over on his stomach, running his hands down Harry’s back, lightly grazing his nails along his flesh. Harry’s back arched into the touch. Draco placed sloppy kisses down Harry's spine. When he reached the base, he ran his hands down and cupped Harry’s ass, lifting and spreading the cheeks. He muttered the lubrication spell; Harry cursed. He curled a finger inside Harry’s tight hole while kissing his way back up Harry’s back to whisper things in Harry’s ear. He curled another finger into Harry. Harry was thrusting his hips down on Draco’s hand and gripping his sheets through the rose petals Draco spread the fingers in Harry’s ass, heard his sharp breath. He gripped Harry’s side, and pulled him onto his knees, adding another finger. Harry moaned and shoved his hips farther down on Draco’s hand. Draco’s fingers brushed Harry’s prostate and Harry ground out unidentifiable words. He whimpered when Draco removed his fingers. Draco kissed the back of Harry’s ear, whispering sweet nothings to distract him while he pushed inside him. He linked the fingers of his left hand with Harry’s on the bed and thrust.

Harry moaned at the combination of Draco's voice and the feeling of his cock in his ass. He felt full, complete. Draco pulled out a fraction of an inch and Harry moaned at the loss. Draco had intended to go slow, but Harry's body decided to foil that plan. Every time Draco thrust, Harry did also. Draco hit his prostate over and Harry saw white. He came, spurting all over the sheets below them. Draco thrust again and came in him. He felt the hot liquid filling him and panted, spent. Draco leaned on him breathing hard and slippery with sweat. "That was…" Harry panted, "Fan… tastic… we need to do that more often." Draco rolled off him. Lying in the rose petals spread on the bed. To Harry, that was the most beautiful sight, Draco surrounded in red rose petals. He leaned over, placing a kiss on Draco's nose. He slung his arm over Draco's waist and snuggled in, smelling roses. "You're so sweet, Draco. The roses, you didn't have to."

"Yes I did," Draco said. "I needed to do something romantic before I went insane." He yawned. "Plus, the look on your face was priceless." He mumbled before he drifted off to sleep. Harry chuckled and went to sleep.

Harry woke up the next day to find Draco gone. He looked outside, only to find that everyone was gone to breakfast. Dammit, why hadn't Draco woken him? He hurried to get ready in time to catch the train. Draco strolled in, looking perfect as usual. Harry was a mess; half in and half out of his pants, hopping around to get them on, he didn't have a shirt completely on, and he had morning breath. "Hello, Beautiful." Draco said. Harry laughed sarcastically.

"Yeah, rub it in, Mr. Perfect." Harry griped. How did the man manage to look so damn good all the time? It was physically impossible.

Harry finally succeeded in pulling his clothes on. Draco stepped closer and ran his fingers through Harry's hair, dragging him close. He kissed him to prove his point. "See? Beautiful. I love the slightly mussed look on you, Harry." Draco smirked.

Something clicked in Harry's mind. "Breakfast! The Train, Draco, we're going to miss the train!" Harry stumbled about, gathering his clothes, shoving them in his trunk.

"Harry, dear?" Draco called. "Harry. Harry. HARRY POTTER!!!!" Harry looked up.

“What?”

“We’re not taking the train love.” Harry was confused.

“Then how are we getting to 12 Grimuald Place?”

“Floo.” Harry was more confused. Draco was making no sense.

“We can’t go from here.”

“We can go from Malfoy Manor.”

“And just exactly how do you propose we get there.” Harry was being sarcastic. Draco was spouting nonsense. They couldn’t go anywhere if they missed the train.

“Floo. There’s a private Floo from Snape’s office to Father’s study. From there we can Floo to 12 Grimuald Place and deal with horrible Kreacher for a while. When we’re there we can renovate and decide where we want to stay. No train. It’s left anyway.” He looked at the clock on the wall. “Left about five minutes ago. But if you’re hungry, we can bribe the house elves to get you something to eat.” He looked at Harry appraisingly. “You need food, whether you’re hungry or not. Do those people not feed you or something?” Harry suddenly remembered.

“Oh no. I didn’t ever tell the Dursleys that they don’t have to deal with me anymore. I guess they’ll figure it out. Eventually. They never liked me to begin with. Locked me in a cupboard for the first twelve years of my life.” Harry shrugged. Draco looked appalled.

“These Muggles, they locked you in a cupboard? Your own family?”

“Yep, my first Hogwarts letter was addressed to Harry Potter, Cupboard under the Stairs, 4 Privet Drive,

Surrey," Harry shrugged again. It wasn't all that big a deal. So he'd lived in a cupboard. He was over it now.

"Your own family locked you in a cupboard? Muggle family?" Draco didn't seem to grasp the concept.

"Yeah. What was I going to do?"

"Oh, I dunno, you're a wizard, Harry."

"Draco. If I had done any magic at all in that house, the ministry would have kicked me out of school. Dobby- your old house elf- he came to my house and levitated a cake, and they threatened to break my wand. There was no changing their minds. I was different from them. They hated me. I hated them. It's over now." Draco sighed.

"Okay," he admitted grudgingly, "I'll let it go. Now food." He wandered out in search of some food for Harry. Harry finished packing for their trip. It would be shorter than expected. And he never got to have sex on the train. Fred and George said it was fun. Oh, those two had corrupted his mind, but Harry didn't care. They were his friends anyway. What else were friends for, other than corruption of innocent minds? Harry laughed as he went off in search of Draco. He found his father first.

He was kissing Professor Snape. Harry stopped in shock, eyes wide. Snape looked at Harry with a blush. "I though all the students were gone."

Lucius looked at Harry, flushed. "Hello, Mr. Potter. How is Draco?"

"Fine. Um… why are you here?" Harry was still fuzzy on the details. He was mentally scarred by the image of Lucius Malfoy, his future Father-in-law kissing his Potions Master.

"Well, you see," Lucius started, "I am here to escort you and my son to Malfoy Manor. But my ulterior motive in all this is to fuck Severus silly." Snape's eyes widened, and his blush deepened. The loquacious

Potions Master was without words.

“Um... alright then. I’m gonna go find Draco then. Have fun.” Harry turned his back and stalked away, shaking the images out of his brain. It was going to take quite a bit of therapy to deal with the mental scarring that that had caused.

(A/N)- Ha Ha! Harry is scarred for life!

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Chapter 13: To Love an Enemy

A/N)- Ok, bondage and Kink Chapter! Bondge!andParseltongue!kink. Enjoy!

Severus and Lucius went through the Floo hand in hand, then Draco, and finally Harry. Coincidentally, Harry had a very nice view of Draco’s ass, which was only accentuated by the Muggle jeans he wore. They were Harry’s, and baggy on him, but they fit nicely on Draco. Harry marveled at his willingness to wear Muggle clothing, but truth be told, he loved it. He walked into Lucius’s opulent study; he’d never seen a house so grand. There were so many books and so many paintings- Malfoy ancestors, no doubt. Draco grabbed his hand and made for the door. “Where are you taking me?” He heard Draco’s sultry

laugh.

“In my room, on my bed.” It took a moment for the meaning to sink in. he shook his head at Draco’s insinuation. He looked back into the study. Lucius had Snape pressed against the desk kissing him. Well, at least they would be occupied for the time being.

“What makes you assume that we’re going to have sex?” Harry knew they would. He was just indignant that he wasn’t even asked.

Draco stopped walking. He whirled around and grabbed Harry by the hips, pressing them together, effectively rubbing their erections together- those pants looked entirely too good on Draco. “That,” he whispered in Harry’s ear as he ground their hips together, “is what makes me assume we’re going to make love- in my room, on my bed.” He smirked and pulled Harry off in the direction of his room, or at least Harry assumed that it was his room. It was big enough to have been the entire bottom floor of 4 Privet Drive.

“Is this… your room?” Harry looked around. It was certainly Draco. There were dark colors everywhere- Slytherin green and silver, to be certain, but there were also slashes of black and blue.

“Yes. Do you like it?” Draco looked at him earnestly. Harry laughed.

“Of course I like it, Draco. It looks like you. I love it.” Harry looked at the bed. Now he knew where Draco had gotten the design for the bed in the Room of Requirement. Harry smiled wryly. That little sneak. Oh well, there was nothing to be done for it.

Draco smiled back at him. Harry’s heart leapt. “Okay then, close your eyes.” Harry dutifully closed his eyes. He heard Draco open a drawer. He heard the slither of silk against silk, heard Draco’s footsteps drawing close. He took Harry’s hands in one of his own and bound his wrists with the silken ribbon. He was tugged along by the cord to Draco’s bed. His bonds were untied for a moment. He found himself pressed into the center of the bed, his arms spread and tied to the bed posts. Draco undid his shirt and relieved him of his pants and shoes, kissing his way down one leg. Harry tried to keep this eyes shut while he forced himself to breathe. He couldn’t think through the feel of Draco ghosting kisses on his thigh, his knee, his calf. Draco tied it to the post at the foot of the bed, and kissed his way back up and

down the other leg, repeating the motion. Harry tried desperately not to embarrass himself, but Draco's silken bonds were almost Harry's undoing. Draco slithered up Harry's body until Harry could feel Draco's breath on his face. Draco was sitting on his stomach. He leaned over and whispered into Harry's ear "You can open your eyes, love."

Harry obeyed, only to see Draco's eyes piercing into his own. Draco ran his hands down Harry's ribcage and then back up to cup his face. Harry struggled helplessly with his bonds. He wanted to touch Draco, to cup his head and kiss him until they forgot tomorrow, but he couldn't break free. Draco leaned down and Harry surged upward. He gripped the bonds for leverage and hauled himself as far as he would go to meet Draco's lips with his own. Draco let out a surprised "eep!" and kissed back fiercely, pushing Harry back down into the bed. He silently used magic to tighten Harry's bonds.

He kissed his way across Harry's face, ghosting kisses down the line of his jaw, back behind his ear to suck at the pulse there. He sucked his way down Harry's neck, lapping at the indentions of his collarbone. Harry could only moan and tip his head back into the pillow. Draco chuckled into Harry's shoulder before scooting down to lave at his left nipple, tweaking the right with his fingers. He moved down, licking down the line of Harry's chest, dipping into his navel before kissing it, and moving back up to kiss Harry's mouth.

He smiled into the kiss. Harry was at the edge of his control-so was Draco- Draco wanted Harry to lose it completely. He wanted Harry to babble mindlessly under him. It wasn't so much selfish, as he wanted to give Harry the gift of the joy of complete submission, or at least, that's how he justified it to himself.

He ran his hands down Harry's sides to rest at his hips. Draco's mouth traveled down Harry's body a second time, leaving bite marks on Harry's tan flesh. Draco had Harry gasping for air, each breath an almost hiss between his clenched teeth. He nipped at Harry's hipbone and the hips beneath him gave an involuntary jerk. Draco smirked and kissed the pain of the bite away. He kissed his way to the inside of Harry's thigh and bit the tender flesh there. Harry unclenched his teeth enough to start begging. "Draco, please," he panted. Draco deliberately pulled away. He branded the image of Harry spread out before him, mumbling incoherently, marked with Draco's teeth and mouth into his brain.

He lowered his mouth to the head of Harry's painfully hard cock; he kissed the tip before licking up the underside of the shaft. The bead of pre-come was lost in Draco's mouth when he took it fully into his mouth- or at least as much of it as would fit. Harry took up his name as a chant.
"Dracodracodracodraco." Draco held down Harry's hips so that Harry's thrusts wouldn't hurt him. He

worked his mouth up and down on Harry's shaft. Harry whimpered when he pulled away.

Draco whispered a spell; immediately, the lube he kept in his bedside table drawer flew into his hand. He opened top on the little jar and set it on Harry's flat stomach. He dipped his fingers into the jar and pulled some out. He crooked his finger into Harry, spreading the lube around. He curled the second finger in when Harry started shoving his hips down. He stretched his bound lover, coating him with lube. He added the third finger when Harry started to curse through the mental bond. He brushed Harry's prostate and felt his love see stars through the bond.

Draco withdrew his fingers and coated himself with lube, stroking his cock up and down. He placed himself between Harry's spread legs. He magically loosened the bonds on Harry's ankles and hooked one over his shoulder. Aligning the tip of his cock with Harry's hole he pressed in bit by bit until he was fully in Harry. He paused, giving Harry time to adjust, but Harry hissed, his breath hitching in the middle "Move." Draco lost himself in the mindless pleasure of hearing Harry moan. It wasn't until he began aiming his thrusts to hit Harry's prostrate every time did he realize that Harry had started to hiss in Parseltongue. Draco's thrusts became harder, deeper. Harry started to unconsciously send the hisses to Draco, only these he could understand. 'More…Draco… pleasssse' Harry sent Draco mindless words of pleasure.

Draco reached between them and stroked Harry's member in time with his thrusts. Harry's hisses became more frantic. Draco fought the building pressure at the base of his spine. 'Love you' Harry whispered in Parseltongue as he came between them. Harry's hole spasmed around him, and Draco fought a losing battle. He spurted his seed into Harry.

He disentangled himself from Harry and curled up at his side, resting his head on Harry's chest. "I love you too."

"Mmm." Harry was almost asleep. Draco cast a cleaning spell and loosened Harry's bonds. Harry magically untied them and put them back in the drawer they came from. Harry looked at Draco with a smirk. Draco glared at him. That little… Draco stopped himself before he thought something really mean in Harry's direction. He sighed. "Thanks." Even as he said it, he didn't know what he was thanking Harry for. Was it for submission? Or for something else?

(A/N)- Can Draco understand Parseltongue? NO. He can understand the meaning, the feeling behind the words, because of the Bond. Sorry for the short chapter.

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Chapter 14: To Love an Enemy

A/N)- BE WARNED! LUCIUS/SEVERUS WITHIN. NO LIKEY... I'm terribly sorry to offend you, as I have either apologised, or hinted in previous chapters that this would eventually come about... Enjoy!

Severus saw Harry and Draco leave the study. He saw Harry's backward glance and the shake of his head, but was too swept away by Luc's kisses on his neck to care. When Lucius started to unbutton his shirt, Severus tried to protest. "Lucius," He kissed the tender flesh behind Severus's ear. "We… we need to…" Lucius kissed a path down Severus's neck, pausing to suck where his neck and shoulder met. Severus was finding it hard to get the words out. "Luc, we're in the study."

Lucius had moved from his neck to the newly exposed flesh of his chest. He laughed, "And?" and resumed his path down his chest, to his flat stomach. Lucius slid his wayward hands back to grab Severus's ass.

"And dammit, anyone could see." Severus pulled Lucius up; Lucius's hands stayed in place.

"Who? Harry and Draco? They are blissfully ensconced in Draco's room at the moment. You saw them leave. No one else is here, Severus." The last was whispered seductively in his ear. That voice had him wanting nothing more than to be bent over the desk and branded as Lucius's own. To have Lucius fuck him into oblivion. But although he wanted that, he was still somewhat a private person, and didn't want Lucius's exhibitionist streak mean his own permanent mortification. He still hadn't quite recovered from Harry's intrusion earlier that day; he wouldn't be able to look at the boy with out blushing for a week.

“Lucius.” He stayed Lucius’s hands and looked into his eyes.

Lucius sighed and kissed his forehead. “Alright, Severus.” He drew his wand, and spelled not only the door locked and the room silenced, but the curtains pulled. “Does that make it any better?”

Severus looked at the fire place. It was still open to any who wished to pass through. Lucius followed his gaze, and tried to mollify him. “Severus, no one can come through. The only ones allowed through are me and you. Harry and Draco were only allowed through today because I allowed them to do so. No one else even knows about that, except Albus Dumbledore, and he likely won’t be using it, even if he can break the spell.” This left Severus feeling better, but only slightly.

“But…” he started.

“But nothing. No one is coming through, Severus. No one can get in, no one can hear, no one can see. And even if they could, I very much doubt that they would try. No one wants to anger Lucius Malfoy, much less the severe Potions Master of Hogwarts.” Lucius chuckled. He cupped Severus’s cheek and slid his other hand into Severus’s longish black hair. Pressing their foreheads together, he smiled. “You’re absolutely adorable when you’re disconcerted.”

“And you’re an absolute pest.” Severus half-heartedly glared at Lucius, smiling reluctantly. “You always get what you want, don’t you?”

Lucius looked at him with piercing eyes. “I haven’t always gotten what I wanted.” A sad look flickered in Lucius eyes, followed by a mischievous glint. “But I still might.”

“And what is it that you wanted, but didn’t get? A pony?” Severus mocked. A Malfoy with a pony? The idea was ridiculous.

Lucius laughed. “Oh, no, I got a horse. I never wanted a pony.” He said, obviously wanting Severus to have to ask.

Severus played along. “Then what was it?” Severus couldn’t imagine anyone denying Lucius anything, even the harsh father he grew up with.

“I never got you.” Lucius looked serious, and Severus was surprised.

“Lucius. You always had me.” Lucius was making no sense. He’d been Lucius’s since they met.

“Ah, but never quite the way I wanted. I had you as a friend, and that wasn’t enough. I had you as a lover, and it was almost enough, and then my father shoved Narcissa down my throat, and that,” Lucius shivered, “could never be enough. Now, I finally have the chance to have it.” Sometime while they were talking, Lucius’s other hand had entwined itself into Severus’s hair. Lucius kissed him almost reverently. His hands came forward, to Severus’s cheeks, then down his neck to his shoulders and down his arms to hold his hands. He broke the kiss, bringing Severus hands to his lips. He kissed the tip of each finger, and then his knuckles.

“Severus, I know there has been much between us. Much has passed, and much has blocked us. I wish to remove the barriers.” He let Severus’s right hand fall and reached into his pocket for something. He came out with a box. From the box he pulled out a ring, and Severus’s heart skipped a beat, then swelled with emotion. He fought back tears. “Severus Snape, my love, my life, will you do me not only the honor, but the pleasure, of marrying me?” He held the ring expectantly at Severus’s ring finger.

Severus stopped trying not to cry. He let the tears flow freely. He let his free hand come up to cup Lucius’s cheek. “You stupid, obstinate, beautiful man, of course I will.” Lucius was so stunned that he forgot to slide the ring onto Severus’s finger, so he slid his finger into the beautiful silver ring.

He wrapped his arms around Lucius’s- his fiancée’s- neck and laughed with happiness and relief. Lucius was his. They were to be married. Those thoughts wiped out everything else. Married, Severus thought, does he know what it’s like to be married, really? His marriage to Narcissa was a farce. The only thing positive to come of it was Draco. He supposed that Draco was a good enough reason for anyone. The little bugger was annoying, but he had a good heart. Come to think of it, Draco was much like his father, beautiful, annoying, sweet, obstinate, intelligent, and domineering; Severus could go on and on.

To put it simply, Severus loved Lucius Malfoy more than he thought it was humanly possible, and Draco was like a son. He loved Draco, but he was happy he was leaving; he couldn't stand to keep his hands off of Lucius for much longer.

He pulled away to look into Lucius's eyes. "You were wrong you know."

"About what?" Severus supposed it was a bit random.

"I was just thinking about the last time we kissed in your study, and about how you said that you were going to die for Draco. You were wrong."

Lucius huffed. "Well, we can't be right all the time."

Severus laughed. He placed his mouth very close to Lucius's ear, and whispered, "I'm glad you were wrong."

"Well, I wasn't technically wrong. In the vision, I heard the Dark Lord say the curse, and I remember seeing the flash of green. I just assumed it was me dying, and not Harry reflecting the Dark Lord's killing curse back upon him- only amplified tenfold. What else was I to think?"

"You mean you didn't see anyone else in the vision?" In the moment that Voldemort died, Harry and Draco were quite visible.

"No, it's strange, but I guess there's no wondering about it now." He smiled brightly at Severus and his heart melted. Severus was almost mortified at the sappy look on his face- almost.

"No, I guess not. But there is something I've been wondering about. Have those years with Narcissa ruined you for me? I wonder if you're still capable of…" Severus smirked suggestively Lucius.

Lucius looked playfully offended. “I can’t believe that you would even dare to question my prowess. Narcissa was about as good a lay as an ice sculpture. She was beautiful, but she had no passion to her, no fire.” Lucius pressed Severus into the desk with his lower body. “Sometimes, I like to play with fire.” He punctuated this statement by placing a fierce kiss on Severus’s lips. “I stand corrected. I always like to play with fire.”

“Mmm,” Severus moaned into another kiss. It’d been too long. He ran his hands back into Lucius’s hair, and soaked him in. He breathed in Lucius’s scent, trying to fill his lungs with the unique smell. “So do I.” he breathed.

With the dual pleasure of Lucius kissing him, and his still lithe form pressing him deliciously against the desk, Severus forgot all about being in the very open study.

He let Lucius take over. Let Lucius remove his clothes. Let Lucius ghost feather light kisses on his exposed flesh. He let Lucius take him into his mouth, let him hear his pants and moans of ecstasy and his whimpers of loss when he moved his lips up to capture his own. The taste of himself mingled with the ambrosia of Lucius’s mouth aroused him all the more.

Severus pressed himself helplessly against Lucius and moaned brokenly. Lucius was still mostly clothed, and the rasp of cloth against his already sensitized erection made an already broken moan desperate and Lucius’s mouth on the tender flesh behind Severus’s ears wasn’t helping matters any. “Lucius, I… I need you…” he panted. He didn’t expect to be immediately pressed between the desk and a very naked Lucius Malfoy. Lucius had certainly learned new tricks, and for once, Severus didn’t mind. He felt rather than heard the lubrication spell, and was turned around and bent over the desk.

He splayed his fingers on the desk, heedless of papers, and braced himself for what he knew was coming. He was very surprised when he felt fingers worm their way into his lubed hole rather than the infinitely more satisfying option. Not that it didn’t feel good. Severus was fucking himself on Lucius’s fingers, thrusting his hips, but Lucius pulled them away. Severus whimpered at the loss, but the whimper turned into a moan when the familiar pressure of Lucius’s cock pressed into him. Lucius was kissing the nape of his neck, licking and nipping at the place where neck met shoulder, as if to distract his lover from the intrusion. What he did not expect was that Severus was used to him, even after all these years (and if he wasn’t still completely used to him, he felt that the contrast between pleasure and pain only increased

the ecstasy of the moment.)

He felt one of Lucius's arm wrap itself around Severus's middle; bracing him for deeper thrusts and more pleasure for both of them. His other fingers fell to the desk to curl themselves into Severus's in a sweet gesture that would be remembered by both later; Severus with amusement (not to mention a hint whimsy) and Lucius with embarrassment (and secretly, warmth.) The hand resting at his ribcage stroked lower, to meet his straining member. Lucius stroked Severus in time with his thrusts, angling them so he hit the spot that made them both see white repeatedly. Severus didn't last long. With a pleading, lovelorn cry, he came into Lucius's hand, not to mention all over the desk, and papers on said desk. Lucius shouted his release soon after, crying out Severus's name in a stream of gibberish that was loosely translated by Severus into "Oh, my god, I love you… Severus!"

Sated, Severus was content to stay there, braced on the desk, Lucius still inside him, panting, for the rest of his life. Lucius however, had other ideas.

"I think we should follow the boys' lead, and retire to bed. They'll be leaving tomorrow." Lucius smirked, "We'll need to get some rest." He summoned robes, called for elves to gather their discarded ones, cleaned up Severus's mess with a seductive chuckle, and led a still grumbling Severus in the direction of his bed.

"Not to mention we'll have to plan our wedding." This shocked Severus, in the heat of the moment, he had forgotten Lucius's proposal. But he thought quickly.

"Maybe we should plan the two weddings together?" Severus asked with a smirk, fully aware that Lucius didn't know about Harry's proposal earlier in the year.

"What two weddings?" asked Lucius, brows furrowed. "Who's getting married other than us?" Severus just smirked at him. "Draco and Harry?" Severus smiled, laughing at the shocked look on his lover's face, but Lucius quite surprised him. "Maybe we should plan a double wedding?" asked Lucius with a wicked glint in his eye.

Severus was shocked. "We'd have different Honeymoons, right?" If not, it lent a very dubious air to the

whole business.

“Of course we’d have different Honeymoons.” Lucius looked mortified. “We,” he pronounced, “are going to Greece. Nice place Greece. Never took Narcissa there.

“The boys, are going someplace properly romantic. They,” he announced to no one in particular, “are going to Paris,. Then a round tour of Europe, during which Draco can take Harry sightseeing, and they end their trip in Greece, in much the same city as we, so we can annoy them in their newlywed state.” Lucius giggled. It was such an immature sound that Severus would swear for three years that Lucius was momentarily possessed by a thirteen year old girl, only it was much too sinister to be innocent. It was plain creepy. But, hey, Severus reasoned, he loved Lucius, creepy or not. And thought so repeatedly during the night, watching Lucius sleep.

El Finto (unless you want an Epilogue, where they have the wedding and the separate honeymoons. Or I could leave it up to your imaginations.) Otherwise, I consider it finished. I might post a wedding chapter, but it's up to you! So REVIEW!!! please!

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