### Waiting

**Rating:** Explicit  
**Archive Warning:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con  
**Category:** M/M  
**Fandom:** Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling  
**Relationship:** Draco Malfoy/Harry Potter, Hermione Granger/Ron Weasley, Draco Malfoy/Blaise Zabini  
**Character:** Harry Potter, Draco Malfoy, Hermione Granger, Ron Weasley, Neville Longbottom, Anthony Goldstein, Dennis Creevey, Narcissa Black Malfoy, Blaise Zabini, Pansy Parkinson, Justin Finch-Fletchley, Rita Skeeter  
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**Summary**

Draco wakes, his last memory a crushing pain on his head, now a dull, pulsing headache. Something wet trickles down his temple. Blood. It's too cold. He gathers the sorry excuse of a blanket around his naked body. He is chained.

It's Potter sitting there. The bastard's looking at him like nothing's wrong.

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Draco wakes, his last memory a crushing pain on his head, now a dull, pulsing headache.

Something wet trickles down his temple. Blood.

It's too cold. He gathers the sorry excuse of a blanket around his naked body.

He tries not to look at his faded Dark Mark while doing it.

He tries to fold his legs. They're too heavy.

He is chained.

He fumbles for his wand automatically, only to realise it's futile.

Ex-Death Eaters on probation had their wands confiscated.

The light-bulb, no doubt just replaced, is too bright. He squints.

A chill that has nothing to do with nudity runs down his spine.

Right across the bed, head bowed low enough to obscure the face, sits a man fiddling with a collar.

Draco's hand shoots to his neck in reflex. His collar is gone.

His last defence, gone.

The stink invades his nostrils.

Alpha stench, sharp and sour like sweat.
Like the acrid smell of a Quidditch locker room after a match.

There's a unique undertone, though.


Sugar and burnt wood.

It's not unfamiliar.

It's only too familiar.

Hogwarts Express, when he stepped on the git's smug face.

Sixth-floor bathroom, when the git shouted while he was drifting away.

Room of Requirement, when the git pulled him out of the Fiendfyre's trail.

Wizengamot courtroom, when the git testified.

Only then he realises.

Every single fucking time, Potter was staring at his neck.

Madam Malkin's boutique--Potter leering at his neck through the muggle specs.

The Great Hall--Potter glaring across the table while Pansy and Blaise fussed over him.

It's Potter sitting there, toying with the omega collar enchanted to zap unwanted alphas.

Somehow he's disabled the collar.

He should have known.

It couldn't have been anything else than Potter's ridiculously overpowered *stupefy* that sent him crashing into the alleyway bricks.

He wriggles his leg again.

The chain clinks and rattles.

Potter looks up.

The bastard's looking at him like nothing's wrong.
"What's the meaning of this!" Draco yells, surprising even himself with the bravado.

Potter doesn't answer.

He puts the collar down on a nearby table, thumb brushing the buckle almost tenderly.

Something rustles.

Potter takes out a bottle of water.

He throws it carelessly. It hits the headboard.

Draco cringes, expecting the bottle to shatter.

It just bounces back.

Unbreakable glass, a newer kind, maybe.

"It's plastic," Potter says.

"What in Merlin's name is a blasting potion," Draco says. "I'm not drinking anything from you."

Potter just shrugs. "It's only water, Malfoy."

Draco can't stand the nonchalance. He throws the blasting water back at Potter, hoping it would blast him like *reducto*.

It hits Potter's shoulder and falls.

Potter doesn't even budge.

It's not fair, the alpha resilience.

"Release me this instant!" Draco commands. He puffs his chest, but it's not much.

Doesn't even compare to Potter's alpha chest.

He sees the muscles rippling through Potter's knit cardigan.

Potter turns around, and looks at him again.

No, he's looking at his neck.
Draco can feel his eyes tracing the contours of his adam's apple to the ears.

Potter's eyes then move up to meet him.

The green reminds Draco of *avada kedavra*.

Potter stares him down, his alpha torso rigid.

Draco knows what it means. The body language of an alpha demanding obedience.

But Potter isn't his alpha.

He starts to think.

An omega without wand.

An alpha who doesn't even need a wand.

A drop-out, OWL level death eater.

A fully trained NEWT level ex-auror.

Draco bites his lips.

He's many things, he knows, but he's not stupid.

He chooses to shut up, for now.

Potter doesn't answer his demand.

Scarhead reaches into the rustling bag.

He takes things out, mostly food, and sets them on the table.

They're mostly packed in transparent, glistening packs.

They're also mostly bread and buns.

Potter takes out more blasting potions and aligns them.

"Should've gotten a fridge," Potter says. "I'll bring one next time."

"Next time?" Draco asks. He doesn't know what a fridge is, but who the hell cares. "You can't keep
Potter crumples the rustling bag in his big hand.

Every motion screams alpha, telling Draco that he's no match physically.

"Potter," Draco says like he means business.

It makes Potter really look at him for the first time, waiting for the next words.

Draco draws a deep breath.

"Potter, you've got to let me go," he says as calmly he can.

Potter turns back, his impossibly strong shoulders tensing in finality.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Draco yells, but Potter's walking away.

He can't let Potter go, not like this.

What scares him most is the lack of general reaction.

Potter speaks at him, but not to him.

The captor's indifference makes Draco afraid.

A belated panic looms at the back of his mind.

He begins to imagine every worst possible situation.

"Potter, wait," Draco calls, eyes beginning to prickle.

Potter stops. It's like Draco's mastered a wandless *petrificus totalus*. But he doesn't fall.

Potter's hand freezes on the doorknob.

"Tell me why you're doing this," Draco asks, voice hitching in fear.

Potter turns. His expression is unreadable. But his gaze is so intense.

"I had to bring you here," Potter says. "I had to, I had to."

"But why?" Draco repeats.

"He..." Potter begins to say something, and his voice wavers.
Draco waits, but nothing comes. He finally explodes.

"He what, Potter, who are you talking about? Are you under orders? I'm on probation! The trials are done! You're the one who volunteered to testify for me!"

Potter comes back to the bed.

Draco slides backwards, covering his body with the blanket. It's not enough.

Potter's eyes dart to the exposed upper body.

He pulls Draco into his arms, burying his head into the neck.

It makes Draco panic even more. An alpha so near his neck.

He pushes at Potter, scratching and punching, shouting expletives.

It does nothing. Potter's built like a bloody hippogriff.

Finally, Potter releases him from the embrace.

Draco gasps, adrenaline subsiding from his body.

Panic makes him cry.

"Let me go, Potter," Draco rasps, swallowing the sobs that almost escape his mouth.

Potter shakes his head, voice as monotonous as his singular, toad-green gaze.

"Not a chance, Draco. I'm taking you as my mate."

"But I don't want to be your mate," he tries again, and realises his mistake the moment he says it.

Potter's impassive face twists into something he's never seen on him.

But he knows that look.


The same look on Quirrell when he was biting into the creature.

When Potter approaches, Draco knows the bite does, too.
Potter yanks his hair.

Draco doesn't like his hair touched.

It's too soft, too silky,

If he may say so himself.

Even when they took the Manor,
And the heirlooms, and the Gringotts vaults,
And gave it to "the bereaved" (Draco scoffed at that,
They looked entirely too pleased,
When filthy-Malfoy gold replaced their loves,
They argued among themselves,
Argued back to the officials, wanting more),
He was sort of glad
That they didn't take the hair-conditioning potions.
He had nothing left, only his body,
Only his mother (does she know I'm here?),
Might as well cherish what little he still has.

He feels some of the strands popping out,
Stinging prickling.
The side of his head hurts,
The part that hit the brick wall
When Potter *stupefied* him flying. He winces.
The hold in his hair relaxes instantly. He looks up.
Potter's brows are furrowed in concern.
Dried crusts of black blood dot Potter's hands.
Potter reaches out.
Draco sees the veins protruding on the hand,
Pushed up to the skin by the bulge of the muscles.
He recoils, Potter freezes again.

Potter's fingers glow for a second.
The pain subsides; Draco feels the flesh knitting.
He recalls a similar memory.

*Cruc- Sectumsempra!*

Madam Pomfrey said it was Professor Snape
Who cast the *vulnera sanentur*.
But it was Potter's voice, wasn't it, that he heard,
Shouting and calling
While his chest was knitting back?

People shouldn't be so gullible,
Slytherins shouldn't be so Hufflepuff,
But the gesture relaxes his alarm somewhat.
Draco thinks again. There might be a way.
He grabs Potter's wrist.
His hand's too small to circle it.
He doesn't miss, though,
The way Potter's snot-green eyes widen, ever so slightly.

They're adults now.
He's no longer Daddy's boy,
Not because Daddy's rotting in Azkaban.
He's the next Mr. Malfoy now.
He's got to take care of Mother.
And if Wizarding World's not the place,
He'll do it in the Muggle World.
But he didn't expect
The first step he took on the Muggle side
Led him to the bloody alleyway
To the bloody brick wall
To bloody Harry Potter.
But they're adults now.
So he'll do this the adult way.

Mummy always said that Muggles are scary.
They burn you, they bind you,
They sneeze and cough and spit,
So if you're really not careful,
If you ever go beyond the Magical Alleys,
You'll catch a bug.
A blood-sucking, blood-rotting, bug.
That will make your blood thick and smelly
And take away all your magic
Like the blood the Mudbloods have
In their evil, impure veins.

So, my dear Draco, remember, sweetheart,
Sanctimonia Vincet Semper.
Liquorice wands, darling?

Potter's half a Mudblood
But they're adults now.
He'll do this the adult way.
He had nothing left, only his body,
Only his Mother,
But they're adults now.
So he'll do this the adult way.

Draco grabs Potter's wrist.
Potter's toad-green eyes widen, ever so slightly.
Draco moves his fingers
Up and down, and Potter sighs.
Potter looks at him like he's drowning.
Yeah, he's a Slytherin, he knows these things.
Draco pleads.
The disgust wets his eyes.
"Potter, please, let me go, I can't stay here."
He doesn't mention his Mother,
Who knows what this lunatic will do?
Potter's surfaced back from the depths.
Potter's eyelids tremble.

Potter's vocal chords tremble.

He growls.

And his eyes, Merlin save me

His eyes are glowing yellow and green,

An alpha and angry abandon.

Potter yanks his hair again,

But now Draco hates it

Even more than before.

He scratches and pushes at Potter

Potter scratches and pushes too

But Potter is Dumbledore's Boy,

NEWT-level ex-Auror,

Order of Merlin First Class,

Vanquisher of Voldemort,

Saviour of the Wizarding and Muggle Worlds,

Wandless Magician. In the best way.

And an alpha.

Draco is the Drop-out,

OWL-level ex-Death Eater,

Tried, on probation,

Marked by Voldemort,

Refugee to the Muggle World,

Wandless Magician. In the worst way.

And an omega.
The sorry excuse of a blanket
Flutters down the bed,
There's nothing here save the mattress
And Potter scratches and pushes too.
It's a mistake, Draco thinks.
He can't do this the adult way.
It's a mistake, he thought he could be a Slytherin,
But so many miscalculations,
What did I take arithmancy for?
_Draco nunquam dormiens titillandus_, he thinks,
But who's the Draco now?
Draco cries and laughs.

He feels Potter's finger
Prodding back there,
_Fuck fuck fuck fuck it's entering me_
And Potter breaches his rim.
And then something bigger's _entering me_,
And Draco screams.
Potter puts a hand on his mouth,
Draco hears the whisper.
_Silencio._

The only sound there
Is a sick wet squelch.
In between, he hears
Potter's rumbling moans.
It hurts, it hurts,
He feels he's going to snap in two.
He tries to grab something,
But nothing's there save the mattress.
Potter must have seen it.
Potter takes his hands
And fucks him like a rutting dog.
Draco hates Potter, he hates him so much.
He should have cast that *crucio* faster,
Before Potter had the chance
To sing the *sectumsempra*.
He should have said it was Potter
When dear mad Aunt Bella shrieked and pinched him
To say Potter's name.
His fingers clench and unclench,
Wishing for his ten-inch hawthorn, unicorn hair core,
To AK Potter away,
Just like the Dark Lord did
With Potter's Mudblood mother.
If he could, if Salazar helps him just now,
He'll make sure this time,
Potter never comes back.

But Draco hates himself more
When the first rudimentary pleasure
Creeps up his arse
Into the feel-good spot
Potter's hammering on and on and on.
He hates himself more
When he feels
His arse clench and unclench
Moist and wet not just with blood
But with his fucking slick
Fucking omega slick.
It should have been enough
With just his fingers
Clenching and unclenching.
He hates his father.
Why did he have to be an omega?
Why a Malfoy?
Why a Death Eater?
Why a Slytherin?
Why in Hogwarts?

Potter casts a wandless *finite*
When he sees he's losing omega slick.
But no, Potter, oh, no.
I won't give you that satisfaction.
I'm not giving you that moan
That whimper.
You can fuck the cum out of me,
But you won't get anything beyond that.
Yeah. Take that, scarhead.
Where's Rita Skeeter when you need her?
Behold, the Saviour,
Saving Draco Malfoy from a fate of an unmated omega!
Where's her Quick-Quotes-Quill
And her clacking stiletto
When you need her to write
The Front Page of the Age?
All bow before Potter
And his Dark Lord-killing Alpha Cock!

But even that resolve
Escapes him
When the bite comes.
Draco lets out a high-pitched,
Shrill, ecstatic cry,
Begging for more,
Pleading for bondage,
Whining for deeper,
That's all that matters now, right?
There's an alpha right behind him
And he's bitten his scent gland
And the base of Potter's cock
Fills and swells and grinds
Against his prostate.

Fuck fuck fuck fuck he's cumming in me he's coming
It's so much it's dripping out I'm gonna come

Draco's elbows give out.
He falls to the mattress,
His cheeks supporting his entire weight
While his arse juts high in the air.
What a humiliating position.

_\textbf{A Malfoy never kneels, Draco.}_
But Father, you always kneel to the Dark Lord!
So it's not much a problem
That I'm kneeling, face down, arse high,
To Harry Half-blood Potter, right?
He's even more powerful
Than the Dark Lord and a dozen Aunt Bellas.
So it's only right,
That I'm kneeling, isn't it?

I'm gonna kill you, Potter. Count on it.
Draco musters all the hatred
What's left of his strength permits
But he isn't really sure.
He hates himself
And not Potter at all,
Because there's a Bond now, he can feel it,
He can feel it coursing through his body,
There's a fucking Bond that shrieks,

_\textit{Mate alpha love love love love love love love}

Draco cries.
Potter's still there, knotted inside him.
He's proud of himself when he murmurs,
"I'm gonna kill you, Potter."
Then he lets go, out cold.
Did I really do this? Fuck. Draco I'm so sorry.
Interlude: Hermione

Chapter Notes

You can say anything,
I hope you enjoy.

Hermione sits on her desk,
Deep in thought.
She supports her chin with a hand,
The other scribbling a mind map.
She underlines Harry.
She draws a question mark.
Harry resigned two weeks ago.
He and Robards were on an epic row, Dennis told her.
Reporters had a field day.
Because they couldn't track Harry after.
He simply vanished.
Into thin air.
She underlines thin air.
She hasn't heard from him for two weeks.
Underline that.
Never happened before.
Dinner every other day
Was a thing for them.
Ron's Ron, as usual.
"A bloke needs to breathe, 'Mione," he said.
"Harry takes longer, so what," he sniffed,
Munching endlessly
On the greasy croissant
They sell at the Ministry canteen for a knut.

He looked at her
Sideways,

Like he does when he's done something.

She got mad at him.

"What do you mean, Ronald?" she asked.

"Are you, Godric help me,
Insinuating something
About our scheduled life?"

Ron's ears reddened.
She understands.

But she went McGonagall at him.

McGonagall when she argued
With Dolores Umbridge.
Ron chewed out something

Sounding like
"Maybeillgoharry."

She hit his arm.

He dropped the croissant.
He yelled, and a wet fleck
Splatted on her nose.

Ron took the couch.

A week later, he snuck up
To Hermione's bed.

Angry sex and apology sex.

Two rounds.

She thinks back.
She couldn't keep her cool.
Ron riles her up like no other.
That's because they love each other, though.
They're both betas.
Their love is not irrational,
Not bond-dependent,
Unlike alphas and omegas.
No, who's she fooling.
Love isn't rational.
People in love are never rational.
Harry's an alpha.
Yes, underline, *alpha*.
But Hermione trusts him to be rational.
No, who's she fooling.
Harry's impulse incarnate.
Ron riles her like no other.
Wait.
Wait a minute.
Harry's an *alpha*.
Harry's never *rational*.
Who rules Harry up,
Like no other?
Hermione opens the red ink.
She takes the silver quill.
The *serious* quill, Ron teased before.
Underline, *thin air*.
Underline, *a month*.
Underline, *wandless*. 
Hope.
A clue.
A thought.
For Harry, courage had been his hope.
Courage to act
On his instinct.
Courage to ask
For help.
Harry didn't ask for help.
Underline, no help.
Is he afraid?
But fear
Isn't the opposite of courage.
Courage is the will to act
In fear.
Something he fears so much
That he can't even ask for help?
For Ron, loyalty had been that.
He ran when he was afraid,
That one time when starvation
Scared him.
He returned with renewed hope,
Renewed loyalty.
For her, though, truth.
Not rationality.
Not knowledge.
Not blind trust.
Truth. The hunt for truth.
The hunt for hope.
She isn't a desk job Auror
For nothing.
Truth is her job.
Truth is her courage.
Truth is her hope.
She taps her wand on the desk.
A red light appears on the tip.
She speaks.
"Dennis, get Goldstein, Neville, and Ron here."
Creevey's a good man,
Follows orders to the letter,
And he knows how Auror Granger thinks.
And he worships Harry.
Like his late brother.
A little excitable,
But not blind.
With a shared penchant
For truth.
He's told her he almost got Sorted
To Ravenclaw. Like her.

She's underlined another thought,
But she's telling Dennis later.
This one's a secret
Just for now.
She underlines two names.

Pansy Parkinson.

Blaise Zabini.
There's nothing in this room. There's a light-bulb. There's a bed. There's a blanket.
It's called a light-bulb, he knows. The name rolls off his tongue like it's a magical plant.

Ministry replaced Everlasting Candles on the chandeliers with them, after the Dark Lord kicked the bucket.

Integrating Muggle culture, they said.

There's a table, with the glistening packs of buns Potter put there days ago.

They're like Hogwarts buns. Only coarser. And drier. And too sweet.

They don't spoil. He wonders why. He doesn't feel the hum of Stasis charm on them.

He knows now the bottles aren't glass. They bend and crumple, a bit like paper.

He knows now the clear liquid's just water. Like Potter said. Not poisoned. Not spiked with Amortentia, too.

Just water. Pity it's lukewarm, though. He likes his water ice-cold. He likes his tea scalding hot.

Blaise used to say he's the snow in winter and the sun in summer.

Blaise used to say his hair's the silk of Morgana's golden shawl.

Blaise used to say, he was going to bite him in House Zabini's ancestral bed.

And feed Draco berries from a seamless emerald bowl.

And kiss the dreams of Nagini away.

Blaise doesn't yank his hair and rape him.

He wants to miss Blaise. He doesn't miss Blaise, but he wants too.

The Bond stops him, chastises him for thinking of another alpha.

This Bond with Potter though, it feels so wrong.

It feels right, it makes his abdomen clench in anticipation, it moistens his hole with slick.
But somehow it feels so wrong.
Like he's been forced into a fourth-year dress robe.
Like it doesn't fit him.
His thoughts inadvertently flow back to Potter.
Where's Potter?

There's an en-suite bathroom. There's a mirror. It's a wonder he didn't see it before.
The chain's only eleven steps long from the bed.
It means he can't go piss by himself.
Salazar's forked tongue, it means he can't go shit by himself.
But the mirror's within reach. It's huge. It reflects half the room and him in it.
He looks surprisingly small, even in half the room.
The mirror's within reach. That means he's encouraged to look at himself.
Oh, Draco knows what it means.
He's a Slytherin, he knows these things.
Scarhead wants him to really see how he's chained,
How he's naked, and how he wears the Potter Mark.
Yeah, that's what he's going to call the hideous pink indentation on his scent gland.
Potter Mark. Like the Dark Mark.
Invading and forcing him to submit.
He realises Potter's Marked him twice.
He sees the scar on his chest.
He hates the conniving git for acting like a proper Slytherin.
For Marking him.
Like the Dark Lord.
Potter's supposed to be a stuck-up Gryffindork, not a dominating Slytherin.
He hates Potter for usurping him. Draco's supposed to be the Hogwarts darling,
No, the Wizarding darling. Like Mother always said. Like Father always said.
"A Malfoy should always be welcomed, Draco." Father used to say.

"You're a Black and a Malfoy, sweetheart. They'll love you just for that," Mother used to say.

No, Dad, No, Mum,

I'm not welcomed anywhere.

They hate me just for being a Black and a Malfoy.

Potter took it all.

No, that's incorrect.

You gave it all to Potter on a silver platter. When you chose the Dark Lord.

Now he's usurped my Blaise's place, too.

He's my Alpha now.

He doesn't see windows.

But he feels the draft. The air isn't stale. The air from the bathroom doesn't smell like Stinksap.

So there must be an opening. A door, at least. He can't see it.

But he sees, if he really tries, if he focuses for minutes,

A faint shimmer in the corner of his eyes.

There's a door, he's sure, but Potter's Warded it.

His magic's so strong, Draco can't pinpoint where the shimmer comes from.

There's nothing to do here.

Oh, he knows what it means.

He's a Slytherin, he knows these things.

Potter's playing a game with him.

Fucking him not just with his huge cock, but with his huge ego, too.

Fucking with his mind, just as he fucked his hole.

Scarhead wants him to ask. For things to do. For things to enjoy.

For the Telesee. For the books. For the crystal and silk and wine.
For the walk in the garden. For the bath without chains.
For the smell of grass and trees. For white peacocks to feed.
Scarhead wants him to ask, to beg; to play the simpering, coy little omega.
Asking for the rightful care, the rightful love that an omega should get.
Asking to be pampered. And spoiled. And hugged and kissed and fucked.
Potter wants him to submit to the Bond, to let go, to lose the Draco and let the omega surface.

And, oh, he has no doubt.
Potter fucking knows that Draco knows these things.
Knowing these things makes it harder for Draco to resist.
It's so easy to do.
Just a word, "Harry," would be enough.
The sorry excuse of a blanket will turn into otter fur.
The chains around his legs will turn into silver necklace.
The springy mattress will turn into Malfoy Manor poster bed.
The Muggle buns will turn into warm treacle tart and shepherd's pie.
It's so easy to let go. Two words.
"Fuck me," would be enough.
And Potter would give it all to him. Potter would give him all the luxury he's lost.
No, he doesn't even need to speak.
Batting his eyelashes would be enough.
Feigning a blush would be enough.
More than enough. Far more than enough.
Resistance hasn't been Draco's forte.
Because even without his omega caprice,
Draco is like that.
Likes to be pampered. And spoiled. And hugged and kissed and loved.
Draco knows how to appreciate the finer things in life.
Things like Potter wrapped around his little finger.
Things like Blaise wrapped around his body.

He knows Alpha Potter will hand the world to him in a blink
If he gives up.

But no. Draco's fed up with giving up.
When the Dark Lord asked him to kill Dumbledore, that was Father's arse he had to wipe.
But now, Father's rotting in Azkaban.
Draco's the next Mr. Malfoy.
He has to take care of Mother.
So he won't give up.
Merlin, he shacked up with the Dark Lord in the Manor. And he survived it.
He can endure this. He just needs to figure out how.
The smothering Bond makes it a bit difficult,
But Draco's nothing without his dignity.
He's many things, he knows,
Resistance hasn't been his forte,
But dignity has been. Is now. Will be.

There's a crack.
Potter materialises out of thin air.
Draco hates himself for feeling that relief.
Draco wants his alpha to look at him.
He shudders. That's the Bond, not me, he tells himself.
Potter doesn't look at Draco.
Potter shoves his hand into his pocket, and palms something out.

Taps his wand on the thing.

It grows into a white, rectangular box.

"I brought the fridge," Potter says.

Who cares what a fridge is.

Draco turns his back on him. His insides clench.

The Bond protests. The Bond wants him to slide onto Potter's lap,

Lay his hands on his wide chest,

And ask him to soap his body and massage his sore muscles.

Draco shudders. He tries to think of Blaise.

The Bond protests. Blaise isn't his alpha.

But there's something else.

Something like stepping out of Madam Malkin's boutique

After trying on ill-fitting dress robes.

Something like thinking about the proper thing to do, what should have been.

He's torn between Blaise and Potter.

He feels Potter's weight on the mattress.

Potter cards his big hand into his hair.

Draco doesn't like people touching his hair.

But he arches into the touch. Potter hums happily.

Hearing that hum annoys Draco. He snarls, and inch away from Potter.

He tries to think of Mother. And it works.

But he can't ask Potter about her.

Who knows what the lunatic would do?

Potter's weight is gone.
Draco feels a cold breeze and shivers.

Potter's opened the white box. Potter steps aside.

Curious, and worried, Draco peeks. He doesn't trust strange contraptions. Even though he's decided to brave the Muggle World.

He sees pumpkin juice. Cold water. Milk. Jars of jam and honey. More glistening packs, but this time, fruits.

A lot of berries. Strawberries, blueberries, raspberries.

Draco feels his mouth water.

He realises he's had nothing but bread and water for days.

The white box is within the chain's reach.

Bloody fucking fuck. Potter spots him peeking.

The git's face is impassive, but his eyes soften slightly.

Draco's sorry for himself.

"I think you shouldn't have too much cold food," Potter says. He flicks his wrist.

Draco notices Potter doesn't use a wand.

The white box slides away. It's out of the chain's reach now.

Fuck you, Potter, he thinks.

Go to hell, Potter.

Eat shite, Potter.

Draco's a Slytherin, he knows these things.

Potter's playing a game with him.

He's hanging that carrot for him to gallop to.

Draco's mouth waters even more.

Fuck Potter and his Muggle contraptions.

Draco feels Potter's weight on the mattress.

Again.
Potter cards his big hand into Draco's hair.

Again.

This time, Draco doesn't arch into his touch.

Yeah, eat that, Potter. I'm not your slut.

"Sorry for leaving you like that. I had to take care of something," Potter says.

"I don't want you sick. I'll bring your meals. If you want anything from the fridge, just say my name. Either should be fine."

Either should be fine.

Either should be fine.

Yeah, Draco knows these things. He's a Slytherin.

Either Harry or Potter should be fine, but preferably Harry, and your alpha will make life easier for you.

What's worse, though, is the "just say my name" part.

Draco figures it out.

He doesn't have his NEWTs, but he's a Malfoy. And clever.

Potter's placed a fucking taboo on his name. Like the Dark Lord. How much magic does a spell like that need?

But not like the Dark Lord.

The Dark Lord's taboo was to forbid.

Harry Potter's taboo is a temptation.

And he's tempting Draco to say his name everyday.

To get water, juice, milk, jam, honey, and berries from the white box.

He's tempting him with food. That's low, Potter.

Even for a kidnapping, lunatic, raping Half-blood like you.

But even worse than names and taboos and delightful white boxes,
Is the fact that

He can't be sure whether Potter's playing a game.

He can't be sure whether Potter really cares.

Draco can't be sure,

The lack of certainty smothers him.

====
You can say anything,
I hope you enjoy.

let me tell you a secret.
well, rita skeeter had her way with me,
and old voldie too,
come to think of it
professor trelawney was the root of it all
she blew the epic secret out of proportion,
what with me killing tom, yeah?
well, technically he killed himself, i did next to nothing.
and that was supposed to be neville's secret, too,
professor dumbledore said. so yeah. well,
so by now you obviously know harry potter has no secrets.
bloody hell, like ron always says.
that's what i love about ron.
he knows there are times a bloke
can't simply explain, and two words
bloody hell
are more than enough to draw the rough picture.

moment of truth, people.
what's that secret, you ask?
your shiny swoony secret slide
with harry hotter, the boy who love(d)
was the absurd title
that witch weekly came up with three editions ago
when i starred for their front page
butt naked and oiled, yeah, oiled
barely covering my groin with a miniature
(not so miniature, to be honest) cauldron.
well, i have my alpha pride. can't a bloke be proud of his...
genes?
the only good it did, i swear
was making george laugh again.
he started laughing since that edition
appeared on the weasley dinner table at the burrow.
it was ron who flinched
at the receiving end of molly weasley's wrath, so
i know he's the culprit.
but even molly smiled
and dabbed at her eyes
seeing george laugh again,
so it wasn't too bad.
and the galleons weren't too bad, too.
i didn't know my biceps were worth that much.

By Now You Wonder, Of Course,
why in merlin's magical world
did harry potter appear
on mass media he hates so much?
that's the secret i'm gonna spill now.
the thing is, i have this pet peeve about paying.
i mean, about not paying.
the way my life played out,
it's crystal clear that paying is the cosmic law.
i didn't pay the dursleys,
dumbledore didn't,
so they hated me.
i had to eat food i didn't pay for,
wear clothes i didn't pay for,
live in a cupboard i didn't pay for.
ok this getting sick but
be with people i didn't pay for, too.
so, obviously, i had to pay the price.
by being unhappy.
by being mistreated.
by being lonely.

and one day, like magic,
hagrid came.
he told me,
i didn't have to pay the dursleys back anymore.
he cooked me freebie sausages.
he took me to this free show
that staged dudley as a pig.
it's only natural that even now
i feel indebted to hagrid.
i've got to pay him back
with galleons sickles and knuts
(he doesn't know i'm the one
who opened his gringotts vault,
the goblins don't really care
as long as they get the gold)
and make sure he has a nice life
with madame maxime and fang.

the best thing hagrid did, though,
was bringing me to said gringotts
and tell me
that i had mounds and mounds and mounds
of galleons sickles and knuts
to pay for things i want.
i paid for my wand.
i paid for my cauldron.
i paid for my robes.
i paid for my bed.
i paid for my common room.
i paid for my hogwarts.
i paid for my chocolate frogs.
i paid for my chocolate frogs to pay for ron.
i paid for my ron.
with chocolate frogs.
that my sickles paid for.
i paid for my hermione.
with ron.

that my chocolate frogs paid for.

so, yeah. they're mine. my friends. my best friends.

my paid property.

harry potter's!

i paid for my life.

with mum's life.

well, dad, he had it coming.

he tortured professor snape.

and he asked pettigrew to be the secret keeper.

without paying him.

so no wonder, yeah?

but i love him so much, my dad,

i'll tell you why. you're gonna feel me.

i'm a bit off topic but

about dad, well,

did i tell you i MARKED malfoy?

yeah, i did, folks,

i'm the cat that got the cream.

in more ways than one.

did i tell you how sweet

draco's cream is?

having his cream in my mouth

makes me come like a third year on amortentia.

i MARKED my draco.
now one of those MARKS
was only possible because of dad.
thanks dad. i love you so much. im serious.
you see, if dad didn't bully professor snape,
he wouldn't have invented
the sectumsempra!
i wouldn't have been able
to lay claim on draco
even before i realised
he's mine!
i drained more fluids out of draco's body
far more than zabini ever did!

they say this muggle snow white
wished for red and white and black
to a witch her friend,
so the witch gave her
lips as red as blood
skin as white as snow
hair as black as night.
my draco, he's sealed a deal with me too.
i drained from him
Red Blood
White Semen
Black Night

yeah, draco's nights are mine.
his sleeps fitfully
thrashes a bit
he calms down though, when i hold him close
my cock smearing his thighs with precum
i leave in the morning
before he wakes
but his nights are mine
he cuddle and coos too.

professor dumbledore said
my ability to love is my victory.
oh, can you imagine, professor?
my mum paid for my life with her life and with her love
my dad paid for my love with his life and with his love
my life and love are paid for
they're mine.
it's a done deal.

every single fucking year
voldemort or a lackey of his
comes to hogwarts
they don't pay for it
they stop me from eating
the food i paid for
they try to kill my friends
the friends i paid for
they try to kill me
the life my dad and my mum paid for!
now you tell me, is a bloke not justified
for being fucking angry with them all?

you know, when i first saw draco malfoy
in madam malkin's place
i was so envious. and jealous.
jealousy and envy are different, did you know?
sorry for being mione, but i'm the expert on the subject.
but when it comes to draco
that difference means nothing.
he had everything i didn't have.
let me reword it
he had everything he didn't pay for that i wanted for free.
he had a beautiful mum, like really beautiful,
aunt petunia had a portrait of a muggle lady
above her dressing table
elisabeth von wittelsbach, it said
that muggle lady had a neck to die for
that was the real reason aunt petunia
always craned her neck,
she thought she'd look like the portrait
but sadly, a mare
draco's mum looked like
elizabeth von wittelsbach, blond
narcissa malfoy
or, maybe those aristocratic women
all look the same up there in the loftiest boudoirs
muggle or witch.
he had a handsome dad, like really handsome,
yeah i know
ron will die of aneurysm
and george will lose that smile he got back
if they knew i said lucius is handsome
but i'm supposed to be the epitome of gryffindor,
i can't lie. i'm not supposed to lie.
saint potter the gryffindork,
my draco said,
when i last looked into his mind.
sorry, babe, you're a good occlumens but
you're just...
too perfect a hole not to fuck. you turn me into a hufflepuff.
your hole's made just for my cock, the way it wraps and slides around me.
your hole's made just for my mind, the way it welcomes me,
you don't even know you do that, do you?
your brain cells make room for me
even without me knocking
on your heart's door.
as if i were a part of you!
your alpha, right?
that's why you don't notice
i'm in your mind, right?
because it's so right,
right?
stop thinking of zabini
it makes me mad, even to think about it
why can't you see that i'm the one who provides for you?
why can't you see it's always been me?
you wanted me, first year,
you wanted to be the parseltongue, second year,
you wanted a black as your godfather, third year,
you wanted to be the champion, fourth year,
you wanted a prophecy of your own, fifth year,
you wanted every part of me each year!
and finally you succeeded. you got it.
you got my MARK, sixth year.
i wanted you to cum when you got my mark,
you didn't get to cum then,
but you creamed yourself when i marked you the other way,
so it's fine, i guess.
and i saved you from the fiendfyre, seventh year.
you saved me, too.
your mum did, too. her son-in-law. yeah.
did you know part of me wanted you to say my name?
point me out to mad bella?
i paid for you again, when i testified for you
and my dear mum-in-law
and my... penitent dad-in-law
i paid for you with ginny, too
yeah. i'm not a two-timing bastard, babe.
i ended things with ginny, too.
i mean, i'm supposed to be honourable, right?
for you, right?
ron was livid, but he came around.
ginny loves dean's huge alpha cock too. not just mine. she'll be fine.
the point is, draco,
we paid for each other.
our love is sealed by the heaviest law in the world.
ours is the bond of gold.
the only law there is.
gold. silver. bronze.
galleons. sickles. knuts.
people pretend like it isn't the case,
they say slytherins are evil for supporing the golden law, but
i was supposed to be a slytherin too.
i do believe in the law of gold too, draco.
like your mum.
like your dad.
like you.
we're a good match.
we belong together. i understand your point of view.
i know you're just being realistic,
i know people call you evil
for not being the idealist.
for saying out loud what's real.
and it hurts me too, when i see the hurt in your mirror eyes
when i see that you don't understand
why people hate you
for saying out loud
the truth?

my draco, he had everything i ever dreamed of.
my world is a perfect world,
a rational world,
a world that would surprise even mione
with its rationality
there's a magophysical law,
Potter's Cosmic Law of Payment
but he didn't fit the equation.
always had to be the odd one out.
so he is my project you know
he is my mystery
what the fuck is wrong with Draco Malfoy
what is this natural anomaly
what answers does he have?
I've got to solve it
I've got to open him up
See what's on the inside, See, Feel, Smell, Hear
And if it allows me
Not to pay anymore
Then I'll have him with me
Because, he's the living proof that
You can be happy without
Paying for things

oh, he did pay, but he never really understood
the meaning of it.
"Father supplied our team with Nimbus, Potter"
what he really meant was
"I bought my victory over you with brooms, Potter"
but if he wanted something from me
he should have paid me
not marcus fucking flint
not his teammates
so i didn't give him his victory
yeah
he cried behind the quidditch closet i know
it made me happy at the time
seeing malfoy broken beneath me
is like that *whooooooosh* of intense exhilaration you get
when you chug a whole flask of felix felicis
it used to do that to me
seeing him cry made my day golden
seeing his angry red face
made my day burn bright
i realised it only too late
i was too far in
by the time i saw his days were my days.
but it breaks my heart now
i would give the world to him on a silver platter
if he just cares to pay the right price
morganas saggy tits, he's born into money
he understands the language of galleons
why can't he fit himself into
Potter's Cosmic Law of Payment?

he always does that, you know, my draco
that's how he always riles me up like no other
makes my blood boil
makes my scar tingle
makes my cock ache
makes my teeth grind
makes me cry
he pays for me
he wants to be me
he wants to be one with me
but he pays
not to me
he pays random people
random people like
like zabini
he wants me
my very existence
but he doesn't pay me with his smiles
or his blush
or his moans
or his kiss
he pays random people for me!
how is that even rational!
he wants something he doesn't even pay for!

but that's not the end of the story
he's guilty of a crime
worse than trying to kill dumbledore
or nearly killing katie bell
or taking voldie's mark
a fucking Pureblood slut is what he is,
taking voldie's mark before he got the proper one
from me

he stopped paying for me
he stopped wanting me
yeah
i saw it
i saw it after the trial
after i fucking testified for him
i paid for him, for Godric's sake, i really did
i saw him looking at me
i wanted him to look at me
like he always has been
like he wants to be me
like he physically wants to get out
of his platinum-blond,
snow-white,
silver-grey shell
and become one with me
i wanted him to look at me with that envy
but he stopped. He stopped!

We had an agreement, damn it all!
We were supposed to lust after each other, forever,
Potter and Malfoy, right?!
Hogwarts Nemesis, yes?!
The Boy Who Lived and the Ice Prince, yeah?!
Gryffindor vs. Slytherin, gold and green seekers!
He stopped!
He stopped the equation!
He was supposed to keep paying for it,
Until he figured out the right way to pay,
The proper price to pay for him to have me!

He looked at me
It no longer had that flash of envy,
It didn't have that mercury blaze
Yeah, he didn't even need to say it
Our fight was over, his eyes told me
It was time to move on,
Goodbye Hogwarts,
Goodbye Potter,
He was tired of it all,
He was moving on,
He was leaving me behind, behind in this hell
A hell where you have to pay
For every single fucking thing!

That was his mistake
The Pureblood error of the century
Oh, did he ever imagine the gravity of his sin?
The fire that died in his gaze
Was rekindled when he gave it
gave it to zabini.
It was there.
I saw it.
It didn't burn with the white-hot hatred he always gave me.
It was a warm glow,
Like sunlight,
I was the one who saved him from those wolves
Who wanted to tear up his body
And offer his virgin soul to the Dementor!
I was his Patronus in that damned fucking courtroom!
And he, again, didn't pay for his safety
Didn't pay for his redemption
To the one person he had to pay!
Instead, he paid a random prat
Yet again!
Blaise Zabini!
The sound of his name makes the blood in my body flow backwards
I must congratulate myself
For having the brains to eavesdrop on them
Or I would have lost my Draco forever
I still shudder in fear when I think of it
Promises of Bond
Promises of Mate
Promises of Love and Happiness and Peace
Promises of a New World
Promises of a New Start
Not in London, Not in Wizarding World,
Draco was leaving forever,
The only world that I know,
The only world that I can live in,
The only world that I paid for.
And he was leaving it.
With Blaise Zabini.
The gall!

When I appeared on that Witch Weekly front,
It was my own way to reassure
Myself, and the witches of our generation,
Yes Ginny, that means you too,
That you get what you pay for.
Oh.
You get ONLY what you pay for.
Pay me,
I will grant you the oiled nude Potter body.
Just the picture of it.

You need to pay Draco's price
The one he's paying now
If you want my love.
But his is the only one I'll take
Because Harry Potter is priced Draco Malfoy.
That is about even steven
In Potter's Cosmic Law of Payment.

=====
Dear Mrs. Malfoy,

I hope this letter finds you well in France.

Please excuse the substandard ink and parchment; I thought magical letter would attract unwanted attention. Mother says the last thing you need is those Ministry barbarians "inquiring" after your personal correspondence.
Salazar knows (please excuse my language, but I'm absolutely sure you'd agree that one's etiquette simply fails, when one must inevitably write about a Muggle, a Mudblood, or a blood-traitor) you deserve some peace and quiet after that unfair and simply horrendous treatment from those self-styled politicians in the Ministry. Their so-called "trial" would better entertain the sorry sight of Mudbloods crowding Diagon Alley these days. Why they had to reopen investigations into a war that ended nearly a decade ago, I will never understand. I suspect, however, that the appointment of that odious man, Justin Finch-Fletchley, to the unnecessary position of Head of Wizarding Rights and Equality, is strongly connected. His was a grossly egregious existence even at Hogwarts. I believe this is the reason why Mudbloods should never run our world. They start unwanted trouble, at exact moments when citizens need them the least. Reinvestigating the war for the underrepresented, they say--as if their pockets are not fattened enough with the gold and heirlooms they robbed from us!

It is unfortunate, truly, that London has been reduced to this. Tom Riddle's affair (by now the more sound-minded of the Sacred Twenty-Eight has decided that the Half-blood was, in fact, unworthy of our attention. Why we ever did participate in the half-blood's unlikely enterprise, we'll never know. Mother assures me that he was a charlatan of a direst villainy, and that his unchallenged access to the High Arts had forced a temporary but surely unrepeatable submission on our part. I would beg you to not trouble yourself over the entire affair. It is done and gone, but please promise me you would take better care of yourself.

Your last letter inquired about Draco, but please do not receive my belated reply as a sign of trouble. I assure you Draco must be glowing, Madam. Indeed, he hasn't replied to his intended for some time, but barely a month has passed, and Draco is the model of resourcefulness. Sometimes, our wizards need a moment on their own to reconsider their future ventures, and I'm sure Draco's burden is heavier due to the unjust appropriation of Malfoy fortunes that we all truly regret. If this makes it any better, we have enlisted the help of the Deputy Head Auror. I shall not write her name here, I'm sure you know who she is. I also assure you that the weight of her position has nothing to do with Draco. In fact, Draco hasn't been threatened or attacked in years, those hostilities have fortuitously stopped years ago, much to dear Draco's delight. Her association is simply to reassure and improve your well-being concerning Draco. In fact, Blaise and I will invite her to tea this coming Sunday to talk. And of course, Madam, Blaise is well and healthy as well. He awaits Draco's return fondly, and I've never seen an alpha who treasures his intended more than Blaise. If he worries, it is only the whims of a fretting alpha over his momentarily elusive omega, I'm sure. Our Draco is ever the charmingly elusive kitten, which amuses and vexes Blaise to no end. I'm sure they will never be bored of each other, even without the Bond.

It is an offence against the Pureblood societies that the Ministry has not lifted the Floo and Apparation bans on the Malfoy bloodline for the past years. We in London continue to advocate for the privileges the Malfoys should again enjoy.

P.S. It is truly peculiar, but the Carrows tell me that Potter hasn't been seen in public for weeks.
We've been attentive to be ready for contact if and when Mr. Malfoy's legal proceedings need him, now that the War is reinvestigated. I thought you should know.

Yours in dedication,

Pansy Parkinson
Chapter Summary

Shameless smut.
I actually feel ashamed.
And there's too much angst, I'm sure I'll be ashamed again later when I sleep.

Potter responds.
I've been tallying the days I've been here,
It's well over a month now.
Potter hasn't been responding.
I've tried everything, he's been staring blankly at me.
Like he's been waiting for something.
But Potter responds now.

*Please please talk to me and hug me, I'm your mate, I need you.*

In the second month of Draco Lucius Malfoy's captivity,
It's somewhere the end of January, or early Feb, I'd think.
I skipped a day or two, perhaps three or more, I don't know,
It was December when Potter got me.
And he responds in February.
I've no idea what's going on in that lumbering rapist's mind.
Having 1/7 of the Dark Lord in him
Messed up that head of his like that hair of his.
Yeah, that must be the case.

Yes, I was abducted and then raped.
I am a survivor.
I survived the Dark Lord.
I survived Pottersemptra.
I survived Hogwarts.
I survived Potter Mark.
I survived Fiendfyre.
I survived Ministry.
Well, well, well. Let's take that last two out, shall we?
I do not fancy the idea of Potter helping me survive. He did with the Ministry, though.
I don't like debts.
A Malfoy should always be financially stable.
Well.
Recently we've lost everything, but money flows.
Yeah. I need that optimism.
Moving on,
A Slytherin always survives.
A Malfoy always survives.
Scratch all that, though. I like life. I don't want to die or go mad. I need to survive.
To survive, you adapt.
To adapt, you compromise.

I want to see Blaise again. I don't miss him all that much, that's the Bond's handiwork, by the way.
But I'd still like to see him. We have, had, happy memories.
I'd like to make him happy, too.
Blaise isn't like Potter, you see.

He's not my mate.

My apologies, it's hard to suppress the instincts and phantom desires this abominable Bond induces.
Blaise isn't like Potter.
These days Potter's almost at old Goyle's size.
Minus the lard.
He's so hairy. Ugh. Pun intended.
Yes. Potter is so hairy. And I don't like his stubble.
His unsanitary stubble scratches my skin when he licks me.
He licks me all the time, it's disgusting.
I want to be in your mouth all day long
I want to have you in my mouth all night long
You'd think he's a rodent, licking and biting but never responding.
He's like pest.
Must be that Mudblood strain in him.
Bad blood.
Evil blood.

I never liked alphas too heavy on the testosterone.
I like my alphas elegant, poised, and lean, thank you very much.
Alphas like Blaise.
And I hate it when their Alpha stink is too strong.
Potter's stench suffocates me.
He smells like stale sweat sometimes, mixed with Alpha stink.
The kind of stench that alphas give
When they're in rut.
Potter smells as if he's constantly, perpetually, in rut.
Doesn't he clean himself?
Doesn't he have the slightest sense of decency?
Must be that Mudblood strain in him.
Bad blood.
Rancid blood.

*Your smell makes my heart thrum and my hole wet. I feel I'm going into heat just for that.*

His stink affects me so much since he bit me. It's distracting.

It should have been Blaise's smell.

Blaise is all graceful, immaculate, and elegant.

He's not like Potter. You'd never know Blaise was an alpha,

Not until you see his huge alpha knot

Or catch a whiff of Blaise's fragrance.

Yes, Blaise is one of those fortunate bastards

Born with naturally fragrant alpha pheromone.

Must be his perfectly pure pedigree.

Blaise wouldn't embarrass me with his size when we're walking together.

Blaise would look clean, elegant, and beautiful in dress robes.

Potter would look hideous in dress robes.

The way his thighs bulge with those muscles,

He'd burst the seams of his trousers.

He's wearing some blue thing, it's rough, the colour looks like it's faded.

*It hugs his arse so good I want to feel his thighs tightening when he's entering me.*

Must be Muggle clothing.

Why on earth would people wear Muggle clothing?

I shall admit, I was prepared.

But that's only because I had to brave the Muggle World.

To ensure the survival and prosperity of my family.
Potter flips out for things he can't have.

My mistake?

Not knowing that I was the thing he wanted. Not that I'd have done anything with that knowledge.

Potter made my Hogwarts life miserable. Hell, he made my life miserable.

The least I could do is pay him back.

He's always done that.

People think he's this model of charity and courage and cloud bunnies on tranquil blue sky,

But I know he's not.

Oh, he's not.

He's always so desperate.

Desperate to win Quidditch.

Desperate to please old Dumbledore.

Desperate enough to bite his lips

When Broom Hair and Weasel Junior laugh at something he doesn't know.

Desperate enough to get hard

When I was hugging him from behind

On that broom of his

Out of the Fiendfyre.

Oh, I did notice. But I didn't make a move.

I didn't love him. I envied him, yes, but I never loved him.

I hated him, part of me wondered sometimes, what it'd feel like,

Being his best friend for one day, like the Weasel,

But my feelings never extended beyond that. It was Blaise since Day 1.

Potter's destroyed my love. My Blaise.

I wonder how he'll react. If he finds out I'm Marked by Potter. My poor, poor Blaise.

The Bond may make me love the way Potter rams into me,

The Bond makes me smack my lips, all hot and bothered over the taste of his come,
The Bond makes my pelvis flutter and tremble in anticipation
When that cord of muscle in Potter's neck tightens,
Heralding Potter's climax,
The Bond makes me wrap my legs around his waist
When he comes and knots me,
But I would never let it stain my consciousness.
I would never consciously love him.
I don't plan to.
But it's hard, fighting the Bond.
I wish there was a way to undo the Bond.

I'd rather die than lose you

Shush, me. I mean, my Bond.

He's nothing like Blaise, relaxed and reclining on his bed.
Potter's so desperate when he fucks me.
He tries to pull the stone face, or the long face, but it doesn't work.
I mean,
He can't control his eyes glowing yellow and green, changing colours when he fucks me.
His lips tremble when he fucks me.
Like he wants to avow his eternal love to me.
He bites until he draws blood when he fucks me.
His eyes moisten when he comes in me.
I mean,
Who the fuck cries when he comes?
I know Potter is a sad case,
What with Vane and Chang and the she-Weasel,
But he's so desperate to get laid that
He cries when he comes in me.
Talk about hilarious.

I've a suspicion.

I think Potter knows when I think of Blaise.

The way his jaws set,

The way he runs a hand into his hair,

The way he suddenly crowds me and kisses me.

Whenever I think of Blaise.

Which is most of the time, so it's hard to distinguish, really, but

I've a suspicion.

The only way for Potter to know, though, would be Legilimency.

I'm no match for Potter, not physically, not magically,

But, oh, Potter,

I'm smarter than you.

The only way you won back in Hogwarts

Was because Granger was your brain.

Sometimes bad blood results in strange mutations,

There's no way Granger's Mudblood brain can be smarter than my Pureblood one,

But the sad fact is, she is smarter.

Must be some kind of Mudblood mutation.

Speaking of Mudbloods,

I wonder if Mother would be okay

Once we venture into the Muggle World.

She's a formidable woman,

But she's always hated Muggles and Mudbloods.

But she's a Malfoy too, by Bond,

So she'll know to endure

Until we're restored.
I need to be strong for Mother.

If you have brains that work better than the average plebeians,
You should put that to use.
A good Malfoy always invests resources in the most profitable business.
The only thing I have is my brain, at the moment.
The first thing I need is Potter's reaction.
Potter seems to be holding back
Whenever I think of Blaise.
So, Blaise. My roommate, my friend, my lover, my alpha. *He's not my alpha*
It's only natural he's useful even in dire moments such as these.
Blaise will create chances.
I don't know what chance that will be,
It could lead to freedom
It could lead to death
But there are moments in life
When you have to throw your dices,
And keep your fingers crossed.
I need to crack this doll house
With something that even Legilimency can't see through.
I need to crack Potter
And that annoying nonchalance.

======

Part of me screams in joy that my alpha's coming for me.
Yes, scream away, my Bond.
Tonight, I'll let you enjoy. It will be first and the last, though. Never before, never again.

The Bond courses with lustful hunger in me.

But there's adrenaline, too.

Because I'm going to do something that even Saint Potter wouldn't dare imagine, so help me Salazar,

Not even with his stupidly overpowered Legilimency!

===== 

tonight, he's awake. I walk in excitement. I walk in expectation. I walk for him. For Draco.

my entire body is aflame, my omega's waiting for me!

The Bond's telling me he wants this.

Actively. Enthusiastically. Consciously. It's the first time, though. I'll make sure it's never the last.

The Bond courses with lustful hunger in me.

But there's adrenaline, too.

He's going to do something when we fuck, I'm reading his mind, Godric's great beard!

I can't exactly figure out what, but he's looking forward to it, he's looking forward for me to fuck him!

===== 

I hear Potter's even footsteps.

    I hear Draco's uneven breaths.

He opens the door.

    He's lying on the bed.

He's walking towards me.

    He's rising for me.

He undresses, shirt sliding down his powerful body.

    He lifts a hand, sliding his blanket down his white shoulders.
He's fully erect, the huge cock bobbing in rhythm with his heartbeat.

He's so wet, the pheromones in his slick intensifying with every heartbeat.

His eyes glow gold and green in this dimly lighted room.

The room's a bit dark, but I can almost see the flush creeping up his cheeks.

He sits on the bed, his callused hand brushes my fringes away.

He leans into my touch, oh god oh god is he smiling at me?

I incline my head slightly, I reveal my neck in submission.

He kisses my palm, and sucks my fingers one by one.

Potter's growling now, he's trying so hard not to bite me.

It's so hard not to push him down and fuck him into the bed. like he is born for it.

I slide onto his lap, and tease his cock with the rim of my wet hole. It's pulsing and the pearly pre-cum smells heavenly.

He slides on my lap, he's smearing his slick on my cock. He's teasing me, and he looks so lovely I try not to come here and now.

I raise myself, and impale my hole with his cock. It feels different. It feels different with me willing. It feels like Amortentia. Oh no, no, no, I can't be going into heat now

I can't move, I can't believe my life's desire is happening now. Draco lowers himself on my cock. He throws his head back, hugs my neck for dear life. He smells different, Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, is he going into heat?

I try to escape, I try to stand, but I can't, not with the way his huge thing caressing that spot inside, I want it deeper, I want to tell him to push deeper, but I can't form words, I only let out a silent scream, I can hear myself whining at the end-- help me, Harry, it feels so good, I'm sorry for hating you all these years, when you're making me feel so good-- no, I need to fight this, no, right there--

The alpha's surfacing, I can't stop it now. I pull out of him, it's more difficult than hunting horcruxes, I realise, somewhere back in the haze of my mind. I lower him slowly on his back, he's whining and weeping and begging and pleading and praying for Harry, help me, it feels so good, I'm sorry, he says, he says Harry, and the moment I find myself between his legs, I fuck into him mercilessly, he doesn't need foreplay, he doesn't need anything, he only needs me now, his body is telling me so, his mind is saying it, it feels like he's sucking me in--

I can't hear anything, only panting grunting growling whining, our voices are intertwining like us, I wrap my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist, everytime he lifts his waist I hear, then, the wet filthy sound that my rim makes while his shaft slides out, and he fucks me again, his cocks runs through me and kisses my prostate, he rolls his waist, and I think I almost love him, please tell me I'm not making those moans and screaming for him, I think I almost love him.

He's blinking madly like there's a blinding light, his tears flow freely from his eyes,
He's so beautiful, I want to break him and make him whine and fuck him until he feels sore for days and days, I'm gonna knot him and fill him up with the come he loves so much, until he can't take it anymore and begs me stop, but I'll never stop. I feel his nipples pebbling, I go down on him and lick and suck on one, and he lets out a moan and *Harry don't stop, please don't stop, keep fucking me until I come and kiss me right now*--

He kisses me so tenderly, it should be impossible with how the heat's affecting him, but he kisses me so tenderly I feel like crying in the vulnerability of my heat and shame. I love it so much, the way his tongue dancing on my lips, asking for the permission, and I give him that because he deserves it, he's earned his reward, I don't want to admit but it feels so complete with him here, I try to pull back but his tongue is pursuing mine, and I whine into the kiss as he rumbles back, his kiss is the opposite of the way he's fucking me the same time, he's so rough down there, but I think he should be rougher on me, I'm his little slut, after all-- oh, I'm gonna come...

He comes like someone's torturing him, my Draco. I resist the urge to bite his scent gland as he climaxes, and with a thousand thousand effort I plant my hands into the mattress on the sides of his head. I tell him to open his eyes and look at me while he comes, and he obeys, obeys so wholeheartedly, he's still crying, he doesn't make a sound when he comes, his lips are slightly open like he's amazed, like he's wondering what's happening, and I lift a hand to wipe the tears from his cheeks. Then I feel it too, my orgasm. It hits me with a pleasure bordering on pain, and I come into him, his juice and my semen mixing and dribbling out of his entrance. I bury myself deeper in him, and release the breath I didn't know I was holding when the high subsides, and my knot's filling with blood, growing and hardening to keep my come in him. He's coming down from his climax too, I can see it in his eyes, and that's when I hear, *that's when I hear,*

I don't want this, I don't want to acknowledge that it felt so good, but it did, it felt like nothing I've felt before. But I've got to continue, I've got to move on with the plan. Or else, nothing's possible. I need to give myself a chance, crack this doll house, crack his nonchalance, get a proper reaction, persuade, fight, argue, for my freedom. So that's when I say, *that's when I say,*

=====  

Blaise, I call him.

It's physically painful to do so, my throat's constricting,

The effect of the Bond is stronger when I'm in heat.

But still, I call him.

Blaise, I call him.

He's still inside me,

His knot is still inside me,

And he can't uncouple from me for at least half an hour,
The wet warmth inside me,
The sloshing filthy mess inside me,
Potter's come and my slick mixing.
The heat's far from gone,
It's going to strike me in an even greater impact
It's going to wash over me in an even greater wave
I know we'll fuck again and again all night
For how many rounds, I don't know,
But still I tell him,
The words that will create chances.
The magic spell.
The whisper that will crack it all.
I tell him,

*Blaise, I love you.*

He looks confused.
As if he didn't hear me well.
So I tell him again.

*Blaise, I love you.*

I see realisation dawning on his green, green eyes.

I almost pity him. *Tell him you're sorry* *Tell him you love him* *Hug him and Kiss him again* *Tell him It's alright*

He looks so hurt.
When he's the one who abducted me.
When he's the one who raped me.
When he's the one who took Hogwarts from me!
The Wizarding World from me!
He looks so betrayed.

His brows are furrowing.
His eyes are moistening.
He looks so angry.
His breath is quickening.
His biceps are bulging.
He looks so sad.
His mouth tries to say something.
He blinks like he's lost.
Ah, Potter, you didn't expect this, did you?
Your bad.
Your fault.
You didn't expect an omega in heat to be so resilient, did you?
Tell me now who's fucking whom?
Tell me now, who's fucking with whose mind?
I may be a weak Occlumens,
But I, unlike you, am smarter.
And like you said in Hogwarts,
I, unlike you, am a git!

Potter's liquid is all around me, inside me.
His come sloshes in me.
His damp breath touches my nose.

The beads of his sweat fall on my forehead.
The beads of his tears fall on my cheeks.
I'm missing the blood,
But strangely, I feel as if my hands are wet.
Wet with his blood.
He buries his head into my neck,
And bites my scent gland
Desperately, bites so hard,
Despairing, gnaws on it,
And he's sobbing.
He sobs like a child.
I never heard Potter sobbing like this.
He sobs, his cries escaping him in high-pitched hiccups
Cracking his alpha pride.
Cracking his brief respite.
Cracking his trust in me.
Cracking his self-assurance.
Cracking him.
So this is what it sounds like.
It's okay, Potter, we're gonna fuck again real soon.
I mean, who the fuck cries when he comes?
Talk about hilarious.

*I'm sorry. It's not hilarious. I'm so sorry. Please don't cry. I'll do anything.*

Just to be sure,
Because you've got to deliver
The coup de grâce,
I tell him again,

*I love you, Blaise.*
Drowned

Chapter Summary

This one's an intertextual chapter, parodies are everywhere. With the fourth wall thing. I'll list the sources in the footnote, I don't want to plagiarise. As I told you, I'm experimenting with styles.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

My body's aching all over. Particularly my neck. The lunatic dug his bloody canines into my nape, I wonder whether it'll get seriously infected. It stings like mad and it's already swelling. Perhaps he didn't brush his teeth, the giant slob, that's why it's starting to get tender, I know. The oversized boor. I should have realised it earlier. Those germs in Weasley's hovel must have latched on him every year he visited the place. Crossbred with the lice in Granger's hair, surely they have evolved into a monstrosity that rivals even the Venomous Tentacula. It stings but it's itching, too. I push his annoying arm away from my chest (the yeti's wrapped his clingy and hairy limbs around me all night. Now I know why my very brief and nowhere near adequate sleep was also stuffy and sticky), and I scratch that itch on my neck. I accidentally scrape a particularly painful swell and flinch. Damn Potter and his dirtiness of mind and body. The barbaric beast grunts and knocks me down again with his clingy heavy arm. I hate him so much. Merlin, I really do. I hate how he binds me into his arms, locking both of my legs with a single leg bloated like a giant radish. It makes me feel inadequate. Omega I may be, but I'm a man. I'm dwarfed by Potter, and it does nothing to fish me out of this sea of physical inferiority that's drowning me. His cock, grotesque with its blue veins and purple capillaries, hangs limp from his pelvis, resting on my arse. It's crusty with dried come and slimy with my slick, it feels like a living caterpillar. It's shocking that the creature managed to enter me last night without ripping me. An intense sense of rightness engulfs me, and I wish I could Imperio myself not to feel it.

Scarhead is snoring lightly, I can stand the sound; Blaise snores too. I think it's cute that Blaise snores. He's this charming Mr. Perfect, but he snores when he sleeps. Potter, on the other hand... Potter is such a troll that his snores actually make it all worse. The bastard's now snoring with his mouth open wide. What happens when the unattractive merges with revulsion? I've just told you now. I shall not deny I am tempted to pinch his tongue, but I fear for the hygiene of my fingers. Potter's morning breath is absolutely fetid. I can't expect proper manners from a Half-blood. Blaise, with his impeccable Pureblood upbringing, would have eaten an Everfresh Lozenge in the night. That way you can kiss your lover even in the morning. I think I can smell my own morning breath. I don't know how long it has been since I did. I look around. Of course Potter does not have that mother-of-pearl box of Everfresh Lozenges in his bedrooms. I implore you, though, this does NOT mean I expect Potter to chew a nocturnal Everfresh Lozenge to kiss me in the morning. Don't you get me wrong. There's nothing in this room except that accursed but delightful white box-- the fridge, that I swear I'll blast to pieces before I leave this hellhole.
I wish I had my wand, I would *crucio* Scarhead to see how he wakes up to it. Cruciatus requires sadistic pleasure, and I will enjoy his suffering. *Don't hurt him,* silence, Bond. My dear, late Aunt Bella comes to mind. She loved her Cruciatus and pie for breakfast, her Cruciatus and Mudbloods for lunch, her Cruciatus and the Dark Lord for dinner. I wonder if she ever got... honoured, is the correct word, or knocked up, since the Dark Lord was, and not *is* anymore-- with the Dark Lord's spawn. I know she didn't, but sometimes I imagine another universe where those two nightmares have a daughter. A woman who has the Dark Lord's power and Aunt Bella's madness. It makes me shudder all over. Now that one would be a bitch that rivals even the she-Weasel, Bush Hair, and McGonagall in her nostril mode combined.

Well, now that we're in our Morning After... Allow me to indulge you in the truth of the matter. After my little surprise last night, Potter fucked me into oblivion. Literally. He was fucking me when I begged him to stop, he fucked me until I ejaculated nothing but a clear, viscous droplet. He was fucking me when I drifted into blissful darkness, and he was still fucking me when I came to. He only stopped when I retched due to the sheer exhaustion, and mostly from the dizziness caused by his alpha stench. When I told him not to come inside anymore, because his knot was starting to feel distinctly uncomfortable, he pulled out before his knot had a chance to swell again. Yet I wasn't Slytherin enough last night. I lacked the foresight that Potter would use my mouth instead. He made me swallow every single drop of him, and I loved every single second of it.

Yes, I do admit it. I loved it. Partly. He did give me an orgasm. Orgasms. Mindblowing and Breathtaking. Wasn't I the perfect omega? The memories aren't lost. You'd think that being a rape victim prevents reliving memories, triggers you each time a bloke gets within 3-metre radius of your personal space, compels you to waste away in tears and snots and blackened virtue until you shrivel into a dried pile of dusty bones like old McGonagall, makes you wait for that know-it-all reporter from the Prophet and Bewitched Sonoria (that's the name they proudly christened the newest "omega and witch equality" pamphlet, printed daily. Omega and Witch. As if omegas were female by default.) to offer you her manicured fingers and sniff in fake sympathy, while stealing glances from the corner of her left eye to fine tune her Quick-Quotes-Quill, and ask you with controlled eagerness whether she might have, no pressure at all, no offence intended, with all wishes for swift justice and speedy recovery, to have YOUR version of Pensieve memory for the sake of truth and fellow victims. Sorry, but I don't feel like that. I can't imagine myself in that picture. That was my mate who fucked me, you know. Yes. Welcome to the Wizarding World, we have males and females and alpha and beta and omega, the whole alphabet soup. Perhaps Pansy would expect me to be a delicate sheltered princess, I love her but she's a bit shallow sometimes, she's deep, perhaps in her own quirky unique quasi-teenage empowerment, but... some things are best left unsaid. Let's not go down that lane. You should know, now I find myself craving that sex more than before, surely I deserve it in a way. I'm Potter's kept concubine, like it or not. Or his mate, actually. Yes. I must be his little prostitute. No, the Bond's affecting- affected, me. That is the precise reason I am- was, so eager. I'd really like a bath, too. And shower, if I can. With a couple of scourgify-s, if possible. No, I'd really love that scourgify, right now. I feel grimy. I am grimy. Sticky. I am dirty. I am Potter's dirty little omega slag. Malfoy Pride? Yes. I need to keep my wits about me. I am a Malfoy. *Blaise...*

I was Potter's willing slut last night. But I didn't stop with the Blaise thing. I made sure, yes I did, whenever I came I whispered and moaned Blaise's name. I think some five *Harrys* got mixed up there, but of course I overcompensated with a hundred Blaises. Potter stopped crying in the middle, and employed a different strategy. Like I came up with my own. He started to react. I wonder now whether this was a good idea. Now, he's reacting too much. More than I would have liked him to.
You want to know how? Please, allow me to demonstrate.

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Draco's Theatre of Curiosities. On this, the Morning After, we present you the Curiosity of the Age: Harry Potter, whose birdnest hair is rumoured to be infested by sparrow-sized doxies, whose morning breath is so sour that it burns hotter than a Hungarian Horntail's bile!


Ah, he stirs. He does not look pleased. Beware the waking dragon. I'm not Draco anymore. Someone else's the Draco. Potter's the Draco. He's the sleeping dragon. In another world, I would be the same silver-haired, pure-blooded nobility, boasting and threatening with "You don't want to wake the sleeping dragon, do you?" but even then I would be put in my place. By some oversized barbarian like Potter. Pathetic. "I am the patron saint of mediocrity." Or I'll be the same silver-haired concubine, boasting and threatening with pet dragons that I, alas, do not have now. I am the Dragon. Need I tell you I'm the first of my name? Tragic, though, that I'm not a Breaker of My Own Chains. But I am a Rightful Heir, you realise.

Potter stirs.
He whines like a teenager.
He opens his eyes.
He quickly masks his expression.
If he's still floored with my Blaise name-game,
He doesn't show it.
Instead,
He's smiling like he's the happiest man on Earth. I so wish I could smash his face.
He yawns exaggeratedly.

"Good morning, baby," he purrs. I wish, again, he would brush his fucking teeth. Doesn't he know one simply does not address another with morning breath? Potter, buy a box of, or boxes of, as he would need it for the indefinite future, Everfresh Lozenge. I know he has the gold to afford it. He usurped the Black inheritance too, after all. Actually, that was the Dark Lord's fault. I'm nothing if not fair and impartial. The Dark Lord killed Regulus. The Black fortune wouldn't have passed to Potter if he hadn't.

"I'm not your baby," I tell him, with all the coldness I can muster.

"Your mind tells me otherwise," he says, he actually dares to say it. As if probing my mind is his natural born right! "The Bond's practically screaming back in there. Can you feel it?"
I hate it. I hate him. With a simple question, a simple mention, a simple fact, he's managed to bring the Bond under my full attention. Now that he's said it, I can't stop being conscious about the Bond under his eyes. It's like a chain, or a handcuff, or *Incarcerous*-- the more you're conscious about it, the more it affects you. The Bond. And yes, it is screaming. It's trying to make up for the denials I lashed at him all night. It's trying to overcompensate against my overcompensation.

"I'm sorry," he says. Quiet. I can't believe my ears. Is he apologising for--

"I'm sorry I didn't know you missed me that much. We'll get in the tub together. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" He taps the chains, and they're gone. Before I can retort, or refuse him, he lifts me up, bridal style. I try to struggle, but I find out I'm under Full Body-Bind. And I'm Silenced. The bastard put me under consecutive curses without wand, without incantation.

"Baby," he calls me Baby again. "You're allowed to run into my arms if you miss me, you know."

Allowed?

Potter, I know you're in my head. Dispel the curse. Immediately. I hate being immobilised.

Baby, I'm doing this for you. Bathroom's slippery. We don't want you hurting yourself, do we?

There's no we, you imbecile. You do NOT have the permission to watch me bathe. Nor can you rampage around in my mind as if you own me. Only Blaise--

*Darling,*

My head throbs like hell. The pain's on par with a burning Dark Mark.

*Draco,*

My head's cramping with a migraine. Migraines.

*Baby,*

The ache's spreading to my eyes now. My vision blurs.

Potter's thoughts ring and echo over that pain.

*Darling, Why did you do that?*

*Draco, please don't do that again. I'm begging you. You can't speak his name. You're not allowed to do that. I like you snarky, I prefer you every bit as lively as you were in Hogwarts, but sometimes you drive a man downright crazy. You just know where to touch, huh? No wonder you're such a good fuck. But there's a limit on what you do to your husband. I want us to respect each other, yeah? We're Bonded now, we've got our spousal privacy. It's not a good attitude, I'm sure your parents taught you, to force others into your private life. It's not polite. I wouldn't want*
to presume on their goodwill. It's unbecoming for a Pureblood of your standing.

Baby, you shouldn't eat and shit in the same place. They have their lives, we have our lives, Voldemort's dead, everyone's happy. I know, I know, it's honeymoon, it's exciting and confusing too, trying to make your first step into marriage, so we're bound to bump here and there. I know, it's difficult, you're not used to a kind and loyal alpha who really knows who you are, who really cares for you. But it's all fine now. We can make this work. I'm here. You're here. We're all that matters. We're not in fucking Great Hall anymore, me watching that son of a bitch touch you like he owns you. He doesn't. He doesn't own you. You have your own free will. Mione said we should respect male omega sexuality. I respect you. I respect your masculinity. You're your own man. You're an independent human being. You just need proper guidance, Volddie's hurt and broken too many families and students. I can help you. You can recover. There's still hope, you can do it. So can we please act like proper adults? Please? Please? Please? Please? Please? Please? Why do you have to be so cruel and immature? Don't you see the Bond hurts me too when I... help you improve?

Potter, it hurts--

*Harry.*

Potter, I--

*Harry.*

Potter, can't--

*Harry.*

Harry--

The headache's gone, as if everything were a dream. It's not a gradual improvement. It's gone in an instant, the way you feel instantly free after lancing a particularly infuriating boil.

Well done, that's a good boy. I'm dying for that warm bath and fluffy scrambled egg for breakfast. You can have your berries, too. We can watch Teleseer after. But I guess my Draco will like the library better. Wait until you see it, I had the entire library in Grimmauld moved here, just for you.

I don't dare reply.
I don't dare on a whole new level after his next thought.
It changes how I perceive Potter.
Entirely.
It changes how I perceive the prospect of my freedom. Entirely.
I'm not drowning. I've drowned.

By the way, baby, did you know we're underground? Underwater, actually. Pretty cool, huh? Life was never the same after Hogwarts, don't you think? So I tried to design this house like the Slytherin Dungeons. You'll love it, the water lapping on the windows!

Chapter End Notes

Parodies:
(Narration + Some of Draco's lines)

Game of Thrones - Viserys and Daenerys Targaryen, Cersei Lannister
Devil Wears Prada - Andrea Sachs
Amadeus - Antonio Salieri
The Dark Knight - Joker
Kill Bill - Elle Driver
George Carlin's talk, On Religion - George Carlin
Harry Potter and the Cursed Child - Delphini
Les Miserables - Madame Thenardier
The Elder Scrolls: Skyrim (that's a video game)
Pottermore - Slytherin Sorting Welcome
Interlude: Ron

Chapter Notes

This will be the longest interlude in the series, I think.
As to why Blaise and Pansy aren't doing anything to help Draco's economic situation,
I'll elaborate in Blaise's Interlude, so keep seated and don't call me out on it yet.

I don't usually have time to proofread what I've written, so there will be minor
grammatical errors, I'll edit them when I read this again.

Ron's as sure as Mione's obsession with House Elves
And Harry's obsession with Saving People
And Dad's obsession with Muggle Machines
And Mum's obsession with Weasley Grandsons
And Bill's obsession with Fleur Delacour
And Charlie's obsession with Pretty Boys
And Percy's obsession with Ministry Promotion
And George's obsession with Weasleys' Wheezes
And Ginny's obsession with Quidditch Blokes
That he knows everything about Wizarding Homes.

Yeah.
Ron was born in a Wizarding Home.
Ron grew up in a Wizarding Home.
Ron returned to the Burrow
Every Hogwarts Holiday.
Ron sure doesn't need Madam Deputy Head Auror's
a.k.a. Hermione Granger-Weasley's three-hour briefing
Or Dennis Creevey's thirty-page dossier
Or Anthony Goldstein's three-minute advice
Or Neville's thirteen-second cheer up
To visit Palazzo Zabini
For a formal interrogation.

Yeah.
Ron's an Auror, too.

He's less perceptive than Mione
He's less powerful than Harry
He's less astute than Dennis
He's less smarter than Anthony
He's less calmer than Neville
But Ron's an Auror, too.
Ron's a Golden Trio, too.
Ron plays chess better than Mione and Harry.
Ron's job is to visit Wizarding Homes,
Find the stashed Dark Artifacts,
Catch the holed Dark Wizards.
Ron knows everything there's to know
About Wizarding Homes.
So he can do this job
Well enough.

Palazzo Zabini.
What a pretentious name.
Well, it's like Malfoy Manor,
But Italian sounds more arrogant.
It's in England, anyways,
So why not Zabini Palace?
Oh wait.
Zabini Palace does sound bloody pretentious.
More so than Malfoy Manor, not that he's gonna admit it.
Ferret-face's the worst git out there.
Now Ron knows why it's named Palazzo Zabini instead.
Ron made a small mistake there.
Maybe Italian's less pretentious than English.

Well,
Ron knows everything about Wizarding Homes.
He too, grew up,
In a Pureblood Home.
But Palazzo Zabini's up there
It's up there above Malfoy Manor
It's way up there in the creamy clouds.
Where did that come from? Oh. Creams.
What's that phrase again? Mione and Harry use it.
When they refer to the pointy git.
Crème de la crème.
Now Ron know why it's named Zabini Palace
In Italian.
It's a bloody palace.
It's not a Wizarding Home.
It's a Wizarding Palace.
It's a fucking Cream Castle.
Not as huge as the Buckingham,
But it's still, a bloody Palace.

Ron's not too sure now

He knows everything about Wizarding Homes.

The black steel vines on the enormous gate
Coils into dozens of serpents
Slowly turning into a head
And the two longest tendrils
Slither to form the naked torso
Of an enticing maiden,
A snake waist down.
A Gorgon, Ron thinks.
Leave it to the Slytherins
To put a Dark Creature
For their Coat-of-Arms.
Wait,
Didn't Robards call
Mrs. Zabini
A "man-hunting Gorgon"?
_Pffft._

The Gatekeeper Gorgon
Extends a steely arm,
Extends a steely hand,
A sensual come-hither.
"Auror Weasley," it says,
In a grating screechy voice
Like iron scraping stone.
"Welcome to the Palazzo Zabini,
The Young Master awaits you
In the Ruby Room."
Another pretentious name, Ron thinks,
But he also wonders
Whether the room's built with rubies.

Zabini's reclining on a red sofa
Surrounded by floating glass bottles.
Each bottle filled
With a bloom of rose.
With the candles around them,
The gleaming rose bottles
Are living rubies.
Zabini snatches a bottle from the air
And brings it to his mouth.
A petal dislodges from the bloom
And turn into rivulets of wine.
Another pretentious display, Ron thinks.

Zabini raises his head,
And stares at Ron.
He looks haggard, purple under the eyes,
Sunken cheeks, pointy cheekbones,
Drooping jowls, creased forehead.
He looks like a man
Terminally ill.
He's also helplessly drunk.
Fuck. Ron can't question him
While he's under influence.
That's when Ron hears
Echoes of footsteps. A woman, his Auror senses tell him.
High-heels on marble.
*Clack. Clack. Clack.*
In glides Pansy Parkinson.
Purebloods and their gliding.
Ron would have thought she were a Harpy
Or a she-Dementor
Were she not wearing heels.
Ron forgets that he's a Pureblood, too.
Parkinson looks vicious, although not drunk
And not haggard like Zabini.
She's more than sober, but angry.
She's waving an extra-long cigarette holder,
Drawing and puffing smoke, lips blood-red,
Like a Vampiress after supper.
But Ron's Auror-trained eyes
Spot that seam in the middle,
He figures it out. It's a wand.
Purebloods and their hidden wands, Ron thinks.
As if he weren't a Pureblood himself.
He remembers Lucius and his cane wand.
When Parkinson bares her magicked
White teeth, Ron knows she's
Zabini's mouthpiece.
"I expect, by all that sustains
the Wizarding World, Weasley,
That Granger's sent you
with news of Draco," she hisses,
And Ron's miffed
That even this stuck-up Blood Supremacist
Belittles him,
Below, way below his wife.
But he also feels a surge of pride.
Because he's the shield that
Acts in his girl's stead.
He's the brawns, Mione's the brains,
Harry's the will,
But Harry's out for a breather now.
People think him a bit dense,
But Ron's actually pretty smart, too!
He can put two and two together.
He's a chess whiz, after all.
He cracked that first-year puzzle.
He's a seasoned Auror, too.
He knows Mione thinks
Harry and Malfoy are connected, somehow.

Ron braces himself
For the Harpy's shriek,
Or the Banshee's scream,
Or the Gorgon's hiss,
He draws a deep breath
And tells Parkinson,
"Actually, no, figures she sent me
To get news on him."
Taking so much care not to sound
Too uncaring.
Trying to sound professional.
Not casual, not casual, remember what Mione said.

Parkinson's neck flush,
Her blood-red lips split,
And Ron prepares for a piercing shriek,
But it doesn't come.
Instead, the rose bottles floating
Come crashing down on him,
The bottles explode and wine
Pours and splats and spills
Into every corner of the room.
Ron's heart hammers, that was close, he thinks,
A *Protego* enveloping
The lanky length of his body.

Zabini's faulty magic
Drunk and angry wild magic.
Parkinson misses a shard,
A *Protego* a second too late,
Red blooms on her bare shoulder
Where a shard shot slicing.
Waving a mindless Episkey,
Her cocktail dress tightening,
Parkinson yells at Zabini,
"Blaise! Stop hogging the wine
And get your arse out there!
Draco's missing, Great Salazar,
The so-called Aurors are clueless,
And you play the tragic princess!
I can well imagine Mrs. Malfoy says
That you're disappointingly useless!"
She swishes her cigarette holder
And flicks it harshly at Zabini
Who recoils and shudders
As the Sobering Charm slaps his forehead.
Ron's a bit amazed,
That mindless Episkey
And that potent Sobering Charm
Figures Parkinson's talent was
Healing Magic.
Don't judge a book by its cover, Ronald,
He remembers Mione saying,
But
A Blood Supremacist?
A Slytherin Pureblood?
A Voldemort Sympathiser?
A Malfoy Family Friend?
A Last Moment Coward?
A Pansy Parkinson?
Healing Magic Talent?
It's surprising. No, it borders on cosmic joke.
Yeah. Ron's defeated.
He swears, he doesn't know the first thing
When it comes to Slytherin Wizarding Home.

Zabini slides a hand down his chin,
Takes a moment to adjust his thoughts,
And looks square at Ron.
"My apologies, Weasley," he says,
"It was moment of weakness,
I allowed myself
To be rude to a guest.
It shall not happen again."
And Ron's surprised again.
He expected a Malfoy-ish drawl,
Or a Parkinson-ish condescension,
Or a Slytherin-ish insult,
But Zabini sounds too sincere
When he's apologising.
The Male Gorgon apologising, Ron thinks.
He's not that easily bought.
The sneaky git's not gonna have him on, Ron thinks.
"Basso!" Zabini calls,
And a House Elf appears, wearing a toga.
The Medusa Head silver badge on the cloth
Indicates the Elf as the Zabini majordomo.
He bows deeply, crooked nose touching the floor.
"Basso be answering Young Master," he says.
The Elf takes in Ron's dusty boots, and scowls invisibly.
Ron flinches. Mione's influence.
Peeved House Elves make him uncomfortable.
Zabini notices, and commands,
"Clean this mess,
Serve refreshments for Mr. Weasley.
He's here for my Draco's business,
And you will show respect
A Pureblood Wizard deserves."
Basso bows silently, and disappears.
Ron's a bit heated (in a bad way!)
At the way Zabini treats the Elf, Mione's influence,
And the way he thinks
Ron deserves respect
For being a Pureblood,
But the news of "refreshments"
Lightens up his mood.
Food's food, even if it's served
In a Slytherin Pureblood's home.
Parkinson watches the whole dialogue
With displeased, narrowed eyes.
It annoys Ron.

"I'm a blood traitor too, you know,"
Ron tries, just to irk Parkinson,
Sorry Mione, but it's too tempting.
But Zabini nods neutrally.
"I'm aware that you are."
The affirmative is not aggressive.
Ron raises an eyebrow.
"House Zabini moved with neutrality
During the War.
Your animosity to us
Stems from my Draco's temper of course,
I am not ignorant of our Hogwarts days.
His pride comes from Old Blood,
Aristocratic Blood.
If you'd taken your genealogy lessons well,
My Pureblood friend,
You'll know my Draco's house
Started as landed nobility,
Where the Zabini forefathers
Started as Mediterranean merchants.
And stability is a merchant's best friend.
The Dark Lord's Wish
Was to conquer by blood,
A war unending.
War demands Gold,
But a war too long devalues Gold.
Mother's an omega, that she is,
But Gold is her Mate, not past Alphas.
Dear Pansy believes Blood rules Magic,
But even she can't deny
The charms of Gold," Blaise says,
A hint of smile on his face, Parkinson pulling a poker face.
"Merchants marry the winning side,
And the Dark Lord was indeed, winning,
But he shunned negotiation, he shunned compromise.
Without the two, House Zabini would have fallen;
We're merchants by Blood.
No doubt you're aware of Gold's neutrality,
I hear your own staked business
Thrives, and among its best patrons
Are Pureblood Children
Of Slytherin Parents."
At the mention of the stakes in the Wheezes,
And at the take on his duplicity,
Ron's ears redden,
He can't help but nod, too,
Because children are faultless,
Happy in his toy-shop.

"My Draco, he shares my beliefs,
He believes Gold is the true currency,
Despite his avowal of Purity First.
He was bred and nurtured to be that,
To be the Pureblood Aristocrat.
He was led to think
That the world is divided,
Into ranks of Blood, as our Pansy thinks.
And I confess I see the rationale
Of Pansy's perspective, too.
You see, Blood Purity is more useful than Gold
To protect your privileges.
You do spend Gold to buy privilege,
It ends when your Gold is exhausted,
But Purity allows you perpetual privilege
Without spending Blood itself.
Yet Draco's talents and nature lie
In Trade and Gold, neutral in themselves,
Not in the business of shedding Blood,
Breeding Blood.
If I could, I would persuade you
To be better disposed to my Draco,
His soul is not as vicious
As he tries to fashion it,
He is too sensitive, too emotional sometimes,
Although he sees himself
As the model of rationality.
He lashes out to protect his pride.
And you Gryffindors, do you not value
Purity of Soul over Purity of Blood?"

Now this was getting real uncomfortable.
Zabini's forked snake tongue
Was shaking Ron's perspective, too,
Perhaps he wasn't lying
When he said he is a born merchant--
He certainly knows how to talk.
"Yeah, well," Ron begins hotly,
"Malfoy's been a right prat to everyone,
He stole Neville's Remembrall,
He stepped on Harry's face,
He called Mione Mudblood,
He called my family beggars.
He nearly murdered Katie Bell,
And Dumbledore, too!"

Somewhere back in his mind, Mione said,
Professionalism, Ronald, and no scenes,
But he ignores it.
The imposing, but suppressed feeling he felt
At the gates of the Palazzo Zabini
Comes back in full force,
Comes back tenfold.

"The Malfoys deserved everything they got
After the War! They brought it on themselves!"

Zabini's eyes darken.
"My Draco did all that, you're right," he says.
"But it's all in the past. Longbottom's forgetfulness
Seems to have diminished,
Your Saviour's face appears
Daily in the ladies' magazines,
No one dares to call Madam Deputy Head Auror
a Mudblood,
And your Quidditch Captain sister
Brings her weight in gold to your home,
With your brother's toy shop, no, corporation, too.
You yourself, and that Percy Weasley,
Work in the Ministry, the very centre of power!
The part that my Draco actually played in your lives
Is less than insignificant, such as it is,
It grows ever more insignificant with each passing day.
Perhaps he may have angered you in your juvenile days,
With his juvenile ways,
And his father might have tormented yours, this I know,
But still you managed to keep your family!
Your brother died fighting Tom Riddle, a heroic death,
People will continue to sing his heroics for as long as there are
Remembrance Feasts, for as long as Hogwarts stands in history!
I do not sympathise with his death, it all seems less tragic,
With the number of freckled ginger-heads crowding the streets these days,
Laughing their contented, toothy grins!
My Draco is no better than a Squib, his father rots in Azkaban,
Narcissa is dying slowly in a strange land, the World hates my Draco more than he ever deserved,
They desire to see him make the smallest error
So that remnant vigilantes like you, Weasley,
Can drag him back to Salazar-knows-where!
They wish to dirty their eyes with another spectacle of my Draco's shame,
But they wish their hands clean!
I confess, I suspected vigilantes such as you when I first realised
He truly vanished.
Revolting hypocrites, the lot of them, and you too!
It makes bile rise in my throat.
He's cursed to a fate of solitude and shame to his dying days,
And my heart breaks for him every day!
Every day while you sigh your satisfied sighs in the arms of your
Mudblood Deputy Head Auror!
Draco never smiles, unlike you!

His family will be forever broken by their past choices.

So why is it that you still yet demonise

My Draco, who has lost everything, except his Mother and his life?

What, pray tell, gives your that right?

Did you not, perhaps, pretend yourself as your Saviour's lackey

All the while, perhaps, you were envious of his limelight?!

Look into my eyes and tell me, noble Gryffindor, Potter's subservient High Priest,

Weasley, our King, our Auror of Justice, Guardian of Muggles and Husband of Mudbloods-- yes!

I dare say that word!

Is your hatred of my Draco

Not at all influenced

By your past poverty and mediocrity,

And his past wealth and eminence, which haunt you still,

Well into the years of your deplorable manhood,

When they should have faded long ago?"

Ron's face flushes, his ears crimson,

Trembling, his hand clenches and unclenches around his wand.

Parkinson is blowing a ring of smoke into the air, her stony face

Not betraying any smugness, if she feels it. She is watching the scene

Unfolding, with an impassive and deliberate gaze.

For sure she feels smug, Ron thinks. It is embarrassing,

Although Zabini is flushed and shaking

As much as him. Ron knew it. Ron knew Zabini was pretending,

He thinks of Mione as a Mudblood still.

That Pureblood Supremacy is not going anywhere.

So why is it so embarrassing?
Never before was his insecurity magnified and dissected like that,
Not even Mione, with her intelligence, did that when they fought.
Mione always preserves his dignity,
Even during the most heated arguments.
He thinks of Mione, and closes his eyes.
He can feel his pulses relaxing,
His ragged breath calming.
Mione is not a Mudblood.

_Professionalism, Ronald._

_No scene, Ronald._

_You're an Auror now. I need you to make this work._

_Names are just names._

_Our work is to catch those bastards who devolve the entire nomenclature system into social stigma._

_That was what we did against Voldemort._

_That is what we do now._

_Our job means more than catching Voldemorts and Grindelwalds and throwing them into Azkaban, losing the keys._

_Our job is to prevent the tragedy we know so well from repeating._

Ron opens his eyes again. Parkinson is still staring into the air, blowing ring after ring of smoke,
Rings connecting into chains of memories that disappear into the air with the acrid smell of tobacco.
They don't truly disappear, they will always be there, in the air, in the clouds, in the smoke,
On familiar faces, on new faces, on his own face.

_Zabini appears to be struggling as much as himself._

_Letting emotions show seems to embarrass Zabini more than it does Ron._
"My apologies," Zabini tries with a clipped tone,

"I truly hope this small matter does not deter your investigation," he says, as if forced,

And Ron realises that Zabini is a desperate man, too,

Desperately in love with Draco Malfoy just as he is desperately in love with Hermione Granger.

The House Elf appears,

With the promised refreshments.

Zabini doesn't say anything, but

Pours pumpkin juice instead of the rose wine

Into Ron's and his glass.

Trying to make himself useful,

And Ron's a true Gryffindor who can't let a

Slimy Blood Supremacist Slytherin

To be the bigger man, so he beckons at

Pansy Parkinson to sit too,

To discuss what's to come.

====
Often, life is about choices. Very often, you can't not choose.

Almost always, you muse on your choices. You're lucky if you regret sometimes.

I regret all the time.

Always, you choose. Until you can't exactly choose anymore.

You can gradually not choose. That happens when you're lying in a St. Mungo's Hospice for Magical Beings ward.

Once, Mother said she wanted to gradually not choose there.

You see, she told me, hushed whispers of course, she doesn't want to gradually not choose in the Manor.

She said she doesn't want to do that in a place filled with so much life. Peacocks, house elves, albino crups, hydrangea, Malfoys.

Not that we don't have our own brand of spooky crypt, but the Manor is - Was? different than Grimmauld.

Grimmauld's filled with so much death. Troll legs. You would have to kill the troll. House elf fetishes.

You would have to decapitate the house elf. Even if it's dead. Yuck.

I don't like dead things, I don't like making things dead.

That was a humble statement, my apologies.

I can't like dead things, I can't make things dead.

I can hate things enough to Crucio them,

But I could never move on to the Avada Kedavra.

Once, a crup died in the gardens.

I remember kicking the thing as a toddler.
It was around for a while.

It wasn't around anymore when I went back after third year.

Sure, it was around, but it wasn't around.

It greeted me in the gardens, not moving anymore,
Not sucking air in anymore, not blowing air out anymore.

It left near a hydrangea bush.

It left me near a hydrangea bush.

He left me standing near a hydrangea bush.

He left me there, the ingrate.

Did he know I was watching him?

How dare he not greet me properly, the untrained mongrel, as if his own Malfoy surname meant nothing.

His legs curling in a weird way,

Flying dots peppering his nose, buzzing about,

Eyes half-closed, looking at me, looking past me, tongue lolling out.

Nah, I didn't hold him in my arms and cry and brush my cheeks to the rigid cold bundle of cuteness.

I summoned Vipsy to take care of him.

I missed dinner that day.

And the breakfast after.

And the lunch, tea, supper, dinner, breakfast, lunch...

Vipsy tried to sneak into my apartments, Mother's secret agent,

Armed with trays and sweets and towels.


Yeah.

I don't do well with things that gradually don't choose.

I don't do well with things that stop choosing.
I don't do well with Mother gradually not choosing.

I'll always choose.

I'll make Mother not gradually not choose.

But I can't do it if I'm here with Potter.

I can't choose if I'm here with Potter.

Potter inherited Grimmauld.

He has a Peverell great great (and so on) grandfather up there somewhere.

He has a godfather, who passed through the Veil.

His parents got offed with AK.

He got offed with AK, only came back.

He AKs people, the bad sort, he was an Auror,

The bad sort, yes, but people still.

He doesn't miss a night's sleep over it.

Sometimes he screams next to me in his sleep, but not about people he AKed.

That makes me like him even less.

I like him a lot less when I remember

He's the Master of Not Choosing.

I don't do well with those.

I can't stop thinking about him and hydrangea and Vipsy

Whenever I see Potter.

I can't think about "him" too many times nowadays too

Because Potter makes my head hurt.

Three hims.

Potter, him, and "him".

Potter only gives me three chances.

He says every well-behaved Pureblood wizard

Must respect his spouse
Especially if said spouse loves him so much
And saved him from a Manor-terrorising Dark Lord
And saved him from a Fiendfyre
And saved him from a Hateful World
And saved him from a Raping Slytherin Alpha
From pulling him into an unhappy marriage.
Potter mutters when he sleeps.
"I saved you from a Manor-terrorising Dark Lord," he mumbles.
"I saved you from a Fiendfyre," he whispers.
"I saved you from a Hateful World," he nods.
"I saved you from a Raping Slytherin Alpha," he nods. Twice.
"I saved you from an unhappy marriage..." and then something unintelligible.
And then he repeats. Night after night.
Some nights he doesn't, just screams for dear life,
Some nights he repeats again, with different words.
They're usually about saving and paying, I don't really get it.
His tongue lolls out. Like an uncouth mongrel.
Like him near the hydrangea bush.
Sometimes his eyes are half-closed, too.
Sometimes his breaths are too shallow.
I don't have Vipsy here,
So sometimes I check.
I put a finger under his nose, until I feel something.
I put a finger under his jaw, until I feel something.
Sometimes he moves around and flails,
And he pulls me into his arms.
I put a finger on his chest, until I feel something.
It lulls me to sleep.
Potter's tongue lolls out a lot. Like an uncouth mongrel.

Like him near the hydrangea bush,

Like them when the Dark Lord lived in the Manor.

Fenrir and the mongrels.

Did you know all betas become alphas when they're Turned?

Some betas with masculinity issues get purposefully Bitten.

I'd never understand why they would do that.

That's why no one messed with Fenrir.

Because he was the alpha of alphas.

And Fenrir and the mongrels, their tongues lolled out all the time.

Their tongues lolled out longer if I was around.

Some of them panted too, swaying their limbs.

Once, I went into full-blown heat.

I heard a couple of mongrels scratching the door, whining and panting.

I nearly gagged over the smell of wet dog and semen.

They chose wrong.

So Mother and dear Aunt Bella made them not choose anymore.

Yelps and more whines, thuds and then silence,

Something wet splashing on the doors.

Aunt Bella cackling,

Mother hmph-ing.

You see, Blacks aren't really keen on Impurity, after all.

Toujours Pur, remember?

The Manor wasn't the same after the Dark Lord.

Filled with things that do not choose.
Mother once said that she wanted to gradually not choose in St. Mungo's Hospice for Magical Beings.

She couldn't let Father hear; he would have locked himself in the study for the whole afternoon, staring at nothing in particular.

Let me tell you a secret on Lucius Malfoy - he locks himself like a teenager when he's sulking.

Please. I know some of your parents do too. Father is just a bit more dramatic about it all.

Life and living things.

The Dark Lord very briefly filled the place with things you do not bring home.

Things, such as human-devouring serpents, gagged and bound professors, dozens of lolling tongues,

Things, such as Harry Potter.

Very rarely, someone chooses for you.

Even less, someone chooses you.

You see, most of them compromise. They don't really choose you.

They say they do, but what they do is compromise.

Choice means you're not turning back.

Choice indicates something's done.

So when they tell you they chose you, what they really mean is they compromised,

Because you can't turn back. They usually turn back, making their not-choices with different partners every couple of years.

I'm chosen.
Someone chooses for me.

It feels a bit good, I guess. I don't have to think so hard.

But Mother said

"My very own Draco, you must never stop choosing as long as you live."

I'm a bit Confounded, I think.

Because I'm gradually not choosing, I think.

Am I supposed to go to St. Mungo's Hospice for Magical Beings?

Someone chooses for me.

Someone chose me.

Potter does.

Potter did.

Potter's up.

It's night still.

He scratches his tummy and then his balls.

His abs ripple and his cock swings.

He yawns loudly.

He hops off the bed.

He goes to the bathroom.

I can hear him taking piss.

Water pouring on water.

Potter's loud when he's pissing.

His cock shoots his piss like everything about him.


Liquid spraying.

The sound makes me think of Potter's cock.
He's back.

He hops on the bed.

He pulls me into his embrace.

I can feel something wet.

He's half-hard.

Merlin. That's his piss on my thigh.

Potter's such a boor, seriously, no wonder he's chummy with Hagrid.

I hear his heart beating.

Potter sweats a bit when he sleeps, he sometimes smells a bit.

I bury my head into his chest. I inhale.

I smell a hint of stale sweat.

I think of "him" in reflex.

Him. He always smells fresh.

He always tucks me under his chin when we sleep, and we fit like wandwood and core.

But Potter and I don't fit.

He's too big and he surrounds me everywhere and he's too warm and sticky and hairy.

But I can't think of "him" too much now.

If Potter knows, I won't be able to sleep anymore.

I hate migraines.

Potter reaches for my cock.

He does that when he sleeps,

Or half sleeps, like right now,

Kneading and squeezing and tickling.

I feel his piss-wet cock half-hard.

He's always half-hard around me.

I'm getting hard.
My heart's racing.

Potter's rock hard now.

His breath's rough.

I'm panting like a mongrel.

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Chapter Notes

Many thanks to artemis0135 for helping with some of the idea in this chapter!

Now that we're halfway into plot,

A not-spoiler:
Harry's made two mistakes this chapter that will propel the plot forward.
Can you figure them out?

The fight he had left him this month.
But this is Draco Malfoy we're talking about.
So I can't let my guard down.
The last time I did, he conquered a castle. Single-handedly.
The last time I did, he held Voldemort's rival at wandpoint.
The last time I did, he stepped on my nose.
The last time I did, he kicked my arse when we should have cuddled
In the afterglow of the million-galleon orgasm we gave each other.
I whined and sniffled like a kicked crup that night. Not happening again.
I'm the head of this household. I've got to man up for this family.
I can't cry and beg all the time.
So I can't let my guard down.

Did I say Draco Malfoy?
It sounds wrong. And strange. Remember Ron's snort that day?
On the train? D-ray-cho-Mal-Foi. I'm used to it now, but
I had to stop myself from laughing when I first heard it, too.
But no, Ron, now you can't snort. I'm gonna punch you if you do.

Ron's got Hermione, and Mione's _Episkey_ is St. Mungo-quality.

Draco has no one. Except me. And he's an omega.

You can't let an omega take nonsense.

Look at Draco. Look at how he clings to me when I fuck him.

Look how helpless he is without his wand.

Look how he kept thinking about Zabini

Until I helped him to be independent.

Well, Draco was a little piece of bullying shit,

So I understand Ron hates him,

But now he's my Mate, I have to protect him.

I have to protect him.

From people who tell him he's done nothing wrong.

People like the Slytherin gang. It's not a good way to break a child's bad habits.

Draco might as well pass for a child. His parents put so much shit into his mind,

He's a bit immature right now. I have to guide him the right way.

It's taking longer than I expected, but I'm beginning to see that glimmer of hope.

He's more pliant now. Softer. Calmer.

Responds to my kiss.

Tilts his neck when I shove my hands down his trousers.

Wets his hole when I tease his small cock.

But too quiet.

Yeah, he screams and moans and begs for more

When I give it to him,

But off the bed he's too quiet.
He doesn't smile for the things I bring to him.

It took me weeks to move that library here.

I was knocked out for three hours for the amount of magic it needed.

Draco just looks at it, looks at me, and looks at his hands.

He doesn't hum in appreciation eating the food I provide him.

It took me thousands of galleons to bring that Undetectable Stasis fridge here.

I had to use my name for it. I had to persuade Arthur for the license.

Wizards don't need fridge, so fridge wasn't on the Enchanted Muggle Artefacts list.

Draco never asks me for food.

He starves himself if I don't tell him to eat.

I caught him more than several times looking at the fridge,

Looking into the kitchen when I let him out of the room,

Hugging his knees on the sofa, watching food ads on the Teleseer,

But he doesn't ask me for food.

Even when it's obvious he's ready to swallow a hippogriff whole.

I yelled at him once. Or twice. Or more, now that I think.

I told him nicely at first. But he just kept giving me the cold shoulder.

So one time I didn't feed him.

I would have if he asked. But I waited.

I waited, I waited, I waited until the Bond told me to get my arse in that room

And take care of my Mate as it was meant to be,

But still he didn't ask.

So I let him sit there on the bed, starving.

He sat there, hugging his knees, looking at me,

I sat there, in front of him, looking at him,

He said nothing.
I said nothing.
The Bond nagging, prickling, piercing, until it became impossible for me to breathe
Over the panic and anxiety that my Mate was starving.

I searched his mind.
Piles and layers of thoughts,
All neatly packed into single words.

_Hungry, Thirsty, Potter, Blaise, Mother, Pansy,_
_Father, Chains, Potter, Potter, Cock, Books,_
_Park, Trees, Wind, Room, Room, Shopping,_
_Hungry, Pumpkin Juice, Wine, Thirsty,_
_Potatoes, Steak, Ice Mice, Honeyduke._

I couldn't take it anymore, not with the Bond and his stuttering thoughts,
So I fed him.
Porridge first, for a day, so he wouldn't upset his tummy.
The next day,
Steak, potatoes, pumpkin juice, wine, and ice mice from Honeydukes.
His teeth chattered and he squeaked from the ice mice.
Watching him sucking on the ice mice,
Crunching on the frozen sweets and licking his lips,
Chattering and squeaking,
Nothing mattered then.
Only Draco and his Honeydukes ice mice mattered.
And I also found out
He loves the yellow mice best.
The lemon mice.
I have to protect him.

From people who tell him he's done so much wrong.
People like Justin Finch-Fletchley. It's not a good way to redeem people. If you ask me, this War Reinvestigation thing's got
Nothing to do with that equality rubbish old Justin came up with.
It's just a slogan. Like all Ministry rubbish. An excuse.
Finch-Fletchley hates Purebloods.
Let me put it this way.
Finch-Fletchley is afraid of Purebloods.
He wants to cut them open flesh and bones
So he can look inside and be sure no Voldemort look alike's hiding there.
And people who support his campaign
Are the same bastards
Who tipped their neighbours off to Voldie's minions back then.

Honestly though?
I couldn't care less if Justin rounds up all the Ex-Death Eaters
And their families in the world
And throws them into Azkaban.
He can strip their names, their gold, their everything,
And I would not lose fucking two knuts over it.
Hermione would care a lot.
Ron would, but not that much. A shrug after a bloody hell, perhaps.

Oh, but I would lose more than two knuts
If they ever take Draco from me.
I paid more than two knuts.
Every knut and sickle and galleon in the world
Won't be enough.
And they won't take him from me.
Not the Slytherins, not the Purebloods,
Not the Ministry, not Finch-Fletchley,
Not his parents,
Not the entire Auror Office,
Not even Draco himself.

Oh, I'd like to see them try.

Malfoy name means nothing now. Wait, it means something.
It means hexes and curses and threats and possible death.
And possible Azkaban.

Draco Potter is much better for him, all things considered.
It sounds better too.
And Ron won't snort at the sound of his name.
People would treat him with some respect.
It's a shame male omegas get wet but don't get pregnant.
I would have liked to see him filled and fat with my child.
But there's no way,
So I guess I'll have to do with names.
Draco Potter.
Mr. Draco Potter.
Harry and Draco Potter.
Ron and Hermione Granger-Weasley,
Harry and Draco Potter. Not Malfoy-Potter.
Because it's dangerous for him.

Just Potter.

Yeah. I should tell Draco

His name's Draco Potter now.

In fact, I should right now.

Where's Draco?

He's in the library.

Trying to reach that book up there.

Without his wand, he can't reach the higher shelves well.

He doesn't know I'm watching.

He's so expressive right now,

Not at all like the fucking annoying way he treats me.

Not like the cold shoulder he gives me.

He's trying so hard.

Standing on his toes, stretching his fingers,

Biting his lips, wrinkling his forehead in effort,

So unlike the fucking annoying manner

The unbearably quiet mouth

The pliant, quiet, soft, calm way

He treats me with.

He's sexier this way.

He's more Draco Malfoy this way.

Why can't he be Draco Potter this way?
Yeah. I should tell him he's Draco Potter now.

He should understand.

That he's Draco Malfoy

Who's just named Draco Potter.

Nothing has to change.

I don't even have to point that out.

He's smart. He's clever.

He'll know.

If he doesn't, well...

I can help him.

I help him.

He tenses his shoulders when I stand behind him.

He freezes his stretched arm.

His breath hitches, he's so adorable,

Merlin, why did I not do this in Hogwarts?

The Bond trembles in joy as I touch him, as he is touched.

He's a bit scared, but there's also excitement and relief.

Relief at the presence of his Alpha.

I slide a hand on his navel,

Loving the feeling of his skin.

He ought to have more meat on his body.

I take the book from the shelf,

I give it to him.

He takes it, reflexively.
"Draco, what do you say when someone helps you?"

He looks at me blankly, as if the question is too abrupt.

I repeat.

"Darling, I just helped you. What do you say to that?"

He blinks. He replies,

"Thank you, Potter," in his posh, quiet, soft, and careful accent.

I close my eyes. I try not to yell. I try not to probe his mind to the core,

Because it gives him headaches, apparently.

I try not to push him down to the wooden floor and fuck him dry.

Draco doesn't like fucking on the floor.

I try very hard, breathing through my nose,

Because a husband must always be patient.

Because an alpha must always be caring to an omega.

Because a Harry must always love a Draco.

Because Potters respect each other.

"I told you, love, it's Harry. My name is Harry. You know my name. And you shouldn't call me Potter,
You're a Potter, too.
"The horror, the horror!"
Remember your high school literature class?
Yes, that line is from Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness.

And "Another Queen" line and "drown in her tears" line--
courtesy of Game of Thrones prophecy on Cersei Lannister.

A shame, really.
A mind-crushing, nerve-wracking, brain-incensing, shame, really.

These younglings, these juniors, these greenhorns--
They don't know the first thing about reporting.
They don't know the second thing about writing.
They don't know the third thing about stories.

Gone is the heyday of the Prophet,
Gone is the golden age of Papers.
Witch Weekly, Bewitched Sonoria, and The Quibbler. The Quibbler!

Luna Lovegood and her Wrackspurts, where is that public thirst for truth?!

Morgana's plump red lips (Rita takes out her lipstick),
These newbies don't know the first thing about journalism
(Rita shuts her crocodile skin handbag with a click).
It's all wrong. Everything's gone haywire. A total fiasco.

Quick-Quotes-Quill overclocked.

These reporters, these so-called reporters,
Are little better than abandoned crups.

Wagging their tails for what little crumbs and morsels

The Auror Office chucks at them--

**The Auror Office !**

Gone are the days when quills ruled the handcuffs!

*This* reporter thinks that truth is now biased.

Beats and staffs and press and *desks* and whatnot-- Desks! The horror, the horror!

Mind-boggling jargons, evidence of their incompetence.

A true reporter does NOT have beats.

A true reporter does NOT beg to be a staff.

A true reporter does NOT fear the press.

A true reporter does NOT aim for desks.

A true reporter aims for disruption.

Ah, yes, what a beautiful and *thrilling* word that is--

Rita must praise the masters of the English language.

*Disruption*-- yes. That omnipotent word is the breath of life,

The core of the wand, the flames of the dragon, the horn of the unicorn.

Disruption maketh the reporter.

But only for the best effect, please, *He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named* was brimming over the top.

Hermione Granger is a problem to truth-hunting.

Because the girl tries to keep stability.

What will reporters write, in these *peaceful* times?

Where's the glorious disruption?

What will become of the public, forever craving the truth?

Begging the Auror Office for information, for chances, for hints--

Dear life, journalism is dead.

Particularly when one has to curry favour with Hermione Granger.
(This reporter must insist that this lament has nothing to do with the
"Beetle-in-Bottle" incident).

But Rita

Did not earn that sobriquet,

"Queen of the Quills," for nothing.

Oh, Rita is the Queen when it comes to Quills.

If a reporter doesn't get her disruption,

She only has to find it.

If she can't find it,

Then **make one.**

Rita is getting old. She doesn't want to admit it,

But yes, she is. Times have changed.

Journalism is dead, and the Queen has to go behind the curtains.

Another Queen will be here before long.

More beautiful, more powerful,

To take away everything Rita held dear.

Stilettos now sprain her ankles,

Rouge accentuates the lines on her lips,

She needs thicker lenses,

The crocodile-skin bag is getting heavier,

And sometimes she has a hard time

Recalling that word.

Thank Merlin for Quick-Quotes-Quill.
Oh, but Rita will not drown in her tears.

No, no, she won't. Absolutely not, dear Rowena.

She will go down with a poise.

She will make her *exeunt* with flair!

So she recalls the first rule of reporting:

*When in doubt, find Harry Potter.*

*When in doubt, find Draco Malfoy.*

*When in doubt, find those two* 

That had given her the greatest time in her life.

*Marked by Lightning: The Flash of Harry Potter*

*Sold like hot crups--*

*Ensured her cozy retirement. Thank you for the trouble, Harry.*

The sequel,

*Skull in School: The Fall of Draco Malfoy*

*Sold like cold ice mice--*

*Ensured her easy retirement. Draco, you've always been *such* a darling, much obliged.*

The Queen will NOT go 

Off the stage of history 

Without the *bang* of the century.

Oh, no.

Rita will sound a resounding *bang* 

That will echo for the next one-hundred years.

Later journalists will refer to her, 

Cite her, 

Learn from her example, 

What it means to *report.* 

It's all simple, really:
To report means to tell.
To tell means one-way communication.
You won't get a reply,
So you've got a *carte blanche*
To tell them whatever you want.
Whatever you want to tell them
Is whatever they want from you.
The poor, darling readers have a right to know

**A right to know that sweet little piece of information**

(Yes, and *to inform* is one-way again!)

That will decorate their dinner tables nicely,

**A hors d'oeuvre to their nice dinners!**

Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy,

**What beautiful syllables!**

Yet Harry and Draco are missing.
She looked for them,
But they're gone!
Rita knows where to look,
Rita has all the details
Of Harry Potter's life
and Draco Malfoy's life
That she kept for herself,
Her precious trade secret.
Never will she share the details of *how to look*
With the rest of the greenhorns.
No, no. That information will go with her
As her burial treasure.
Those two are NEVER separate,
Rita knows now,
Decades in journalism gave her that demonic hunch.
Where is Harry Potter?
Where is Draco Malfoy?
First steps first, of course.
Rita stops biting the tip of her Quick-Quotes-Quill.
She conjures a parchment.
As she recites her thoughts to the magicked quill,
The green feather begins to swish and glide
Over the yellow surface,
Writing the necessary words.

*Find Narcissa Malfoy. France.*

*Reserve Interview at the Auror Office:*

*Hermione Granger-Weasley, Deputy Head Auror*

*Ronald Granger-Weasley, Field Auror*

*Dennis Creevey, Investigator*
No more leftover crumbs from the Auror Office.

The Queen will go down a Huntress.

Get ready for it, Hermione Granger.

Let us see who’s the beetle in bottle now.

The shock will straighten and gloss

That bushy hair of yours.
Forgetting

Chapter Summary

Alexander the Great cut the Gordian Knot with a single strike of his sword, he didn't bother solving the puzzle.

"Needs a little push" - Quoted from Joker in Dark Knight. Harry's line.

Chapter Notes

Yes, the titles will change into present continuous tense from now on.

Fluffy, but it won't last forever, so gird your loins. I'm not known to be predictable.
BOO!

P.S. Shameless smut version 2.
This will be the smuttiest chapter in this fic.
Not the last smut, but I don't plan on repeating a smut this explicit.
So.... enjoy that roller-coaster ride.

Harry likes to kiss Draco's scalp.

He loves the scent of Draco's hair.

He takes some of the strands into his mouth,
Blowing them, counting them with his tongue.

Draco's very still when Harry does that.

But sometimes, when Harry buries his head
And rubs his nose and lips on his hair

Draco imperceptibly leans into Harry's embrace.

Harry grins happily in those precious, rare moments.

Draco's still very quiet, but he responds more to Harry's kiss.

Harry smiles into the kiss when he feels the lick of Draco's tongue.

Sometimes Harry holds Draco's face in his hands
And looks into his eyes.
They stay that way for five minutes, ten sometimes.

Draco stares back,

But his eyes no longer water in fear.

Sometimes when Harry stares too long

Draco turns his neck,

Resting his tired joints,

Resting his head on Harry's chest.

Draco doesn't respond when Harry tells him

"I love you."

"I love you so much."

"I can't describe this any other way."

But Draco responds to one sentence,

And one sentence only.

Harry tells him,

I'll die without you.

Then Draco looks up,

Up into Harry's eyes,

His own silver-grey questioning.

Harry tells him every hour, every day.

I'll die without you.

So you can't leave.

I'll die if you leave.

You don't want to kill me, do you?

Harry closes his arms around Draco

And tells and tells and tells him

I'll die without you. Really. I will.
If Harry's lucky,
Sometimes Draco pats him awkwardly.
Harry smiles in those rare moments.

Sometimes Draco is hard and wet before Harry touches him.
He doesn't shy away anymore, even opens his shaking legs
When Harry kisses the inside of his thighs.
He thrusts languidly into Harry's mouth
When Harry sucks him, his tongue swirling
Around the head and the shaft of Draco's cock.
When he comes, his fingers curl into Harry's hair.
Draco's pale cheeks flush, splotched with pink and red.
Harry smiles in those moments, swallowing still.

Draco's waist relaxes
When Harry licks his hole, thrusting his tongue deep into the tight rim.
Sometimes Draco strains his neck to kiss Harry
When Harry is balls deep inside him.
Draco's moans aren't suppressed grunts anymore,
They're amazed gasps,
Unrestrained screams,
And pleading whines,
And sometimes he doesn't let go
When he winds his arms around Harry's neck.
Harry's finally unravelled him completely
In bed.
Draco's starting to unravel too,
Out of bed.

Sometimes Harry catches
Draco thinking about Zabini.
But he's given him three chances,
And nowadays,
Draco stops himself
Before the third time.
Draco doesn't think of "Zabini" anymore.
It's not allowed.
He thinks of "him"
And then "him...?"
And then it fades slowly.

Draco still thinks a lot
About his mother.
Sometimes Harry wants to ask him
Whether he would like to see Narcissa
But no, not right now.
Not right now? Not ever, most likely.
Harry's sorry about it.
Harry doesn't think Draco could ever see her.
Harry doesn't want anyone to interrupt this.
Draco's finally coming around.
Harry doesn't want to be disturbed.
Draco doesn't need to be disturbed.
Yeah. Harry's paid enough.
He paid the entire world for this.

They can't take Draco away.

Draco's his rival.

Draco's his arch-nemesis.

Draco's his obsession.

Draco's everything Harry wanted.

Draco's Harry's Mate now.

Sometimes Draco doesn't know

Harry mixes Amortentia and Veritaserum

Into his pumpkin juice

Into his wine

Into his food.

Draco thinks his heat's getting irregular, but no.

It's all Harry,

Because Harry knows

Draco just needs a little push

Into the right direction.

Draco's heat spikes up to the point of wild confusion,

Whenever Harry spikes his food and drink.

Harry waits for the potion to take effect.

He hears Draco's breath shortening and quickening

He smells Draco's scent engulfing the entire house

Draco's scent coaxes Harry's own rut,

But he suppresses it.

He pushes down, not now, not now,
He pushes down until Draco's incoherent,
He stays in the sitting room, clutching the arm of the chair,
Until Draco's entire body is damp with perspiration
Under the Amortentia-induced heat.
Under the Veritaserum-induced honesty.
Harry waits until Draco screams for him.
Harry shoves a curtain tieback into his mouth
And bites hard, grinds his teeth,
Suppressing his own rut,
Waiting for Draco's call.

Draco finally does,
All honest under the Veritaserum
Crazy with heat under Amortentia.
Then Harry runs, half-stumbling over the carpet
Into Draco's room.
Draco's countenance improves markedly
When he sees Harry.
He can't form words, he only emits hot sighs.
Tears streaming down his face,
Draco opens his legs wide, like a frog on its back.
The strong, slightly fishy smell of Draco's slick
Washes over Harry,
And Harry climbs onto the bed clumsily.
He falls on Draco's body, cock pressing cock,
And Draco stutters over
"Please, please, Harry, fill me up, I can't come without you,"
And Harry gives him exactly what he wants.
They don't need foreplay.

He misses his aim several times over his rut,

But manages to enter Draco.

It's a clumsy aim, rough and unconcerned with preparation at all,

But Draco comes when Harry's buried to the hilt,

Eyes rolling back, fingers scratching Harry's back,

Half-smiling in mad climax.

Even in his rut,

Harry uses that paper-thin chaos

Formed by Amortentia and Veritaserum.

Amortentia, strongest love potion known,

Creating false affection, inducing heat and rut.

Veritaserum, strongest truth potion known,

Creating undeniable truth.

Falsity and truth collide in Draco.

Harry uses that paper-thin space between the two.

He asks,

"Draco, who's with you right now?"

Draco directs a dazed look.

Harry asks again,

"Draco, who's fucking you now, Zabini or Harry?"

Harry asks again,

"Draco, who do you love, Zabini or Harry?"
Just when Draco's about to answer,

Harry presses his cock hard on Draco's prostate.

It's Harry's name on Draco's lips,

Harry's name Draco voices

While he screams in

Half-sob, half-laugh,

Half-dream, half-awake,

Half-mad, half-conscious,

Spraying his slick and come all over the bed,

Professing love and pleasure to the man in front of him.

This time he doesn't say those damning words, that "I love you, Blaise."

Gasping in wonder as his orgasm tears into a whole new height,

Draco whines, "I love you, Harry, only you."

It's another precious moment,

And Harry smiles, his revenge complete.

Harry scoops the come and slick pooling in Draco's navel with his tongue,

And feeds the filthy slime to Draco

With a kiss,
Moaning into Draco's mouth
Into the way slime mixing with saliva.

Who said revenge is bittersweet?
It's so sweet,
He prefers this to treacle tart.
Hating

Chapter Summary

Another change of style.

I didn't pay attention to grammar and mechanics at all.
Because I'm lazy. And stupid.

The solution seemed simple.

Little by little, he shied away from the world, tucking himself into the blanket of safety that the Manor offered him in return for his blissfully suffocating solitude. For solitude indeed suffocated him into the unshakable realisation that he was well and truly alone now. But it also stifled the sting of ostracisation because no one was there to fasten the screw of unworthiness into his soul or to patronise him in their short-lived observer's pity that lacked the sympathy of charity.

He learnt how to brush away, at least in appearance, the blatant whispers of accusation and insulting expletives that people threw his way on the streets; he learnt how to mask his face into a flawless expression of granite nonchalance while his intestines were blistering with untreated shame and resentment.

When he returned to the Manor he felt as if he were waking from a dream; a black, bubbling, brutal dream in which people thought his Manor was the somnolent, looping reminder of the memories of a war bygone. Only in the scarring comfort of the Manor did he embrace split seconds of waking clarity allotted to him. And there he basked and revelled in the hatred that he finally was entitled to release and reveal without fear of retaliation, the snorts of laughter and grimaces of indignant shock. Oh, how he hated them. He did not deny the blaring fact that he was a Marked Death Eater, in fact his own body denied him the denial--the now blackened Skull and Serpent on his arm hissed and chattered the vestiges of the foolish and cowardly choices that he had made in his youth. But they hated him as if he had denied it; they hated him not only for what his name represented but also because his superficial nonchalance made them forget that a lowly ex-Death Eater was shopping groceries with them. They wished to see him crack, they wished to bend his straight spine and rip open his mouth if only to make sure that his tongue was as forked as the Dark Lord's tongue had been.

Of course they did not have the courage they celebrated so much to carry out those wishes. They wanted the revolting spectacle of his torture and shame but they did not want to take it into their
hands, so they waited; they bade their time baiting his reaction so that he would make the necessary mistake for the Aurors and other paragons of justice like Potter to arrive to the scene and do the job in their stead.

And he kept on hating himself and hating them, he kept on hating the Manor and hating the streets, he hated and gloriéd in his hatred. Blaise and Pansy elevated him in his hatred, until its thorns shrank and fell off; until only the smooth, constricting vines remained. Blaise and Pansy did not scorn his hatred and the prickling and lacerating consolation he earned from his high hatred. When he laughed his throat rolled despising, when he scowled his mouth thinned abhorring, when he wept his eyes reddened loathing. He ate and drank from the cornucopia until he was distended with hatred.

Hatred demanded nothing of him. Hatred allowed him revenge in ways that did not cost magic and galleon, two things taken away from him. Hatred simplified the maddening complexity of it all. It was either hate or do not, and the solution was too easy, too simple, for even the loveliest and noblest thing never lacked its abhorrent, hidden side. And once he learnt to wield his hatred like a wand and magic and gold and Purity, everything else seemed easier and tamed. The Muggle World, The World Without Magic seemed easier and tamed. He dared to venture it. Nothing stood between Draco and the terrible fortitude that hatred granted him.

The solution seemed simple, extremely simple when they took the Manor.

He loved Blaise for the hatred the man shared with him; he hated Blaise for awakening the painful capacity to love that he was determined to bury into the deepest sepulchre of his heart. Blaise hated with him. When Draco spat venom against the world and people around him, when Draco poisoned his own mind and sight with hateful, hateful accusation against all those hypocrites, Blaise took it with gleeful silence; equally triumphant in loving hatred. He encouraged Draco to heal himself with hatred until the whipped scars on his heart coiled and hardened not unlike the bark of a tree. Rough, dry, hard, immobile, yet alive. Alive and festering with insects of all kind. And in that hatred Draco and Blaise bound each other. Blaise agreed to venture the Muggle World with him.

Yet again, however, Draco was thwarted.

Harry Potter.

Draco proved it; a part of him again gloriéd and revelled and basked in the writhing, screaming truth that made itself known with every breath he took. He proved that even Potter was abhorrent and disgusting, and he loved the hatred that it symbolised. Potter was now his equal; he was now Potter's equal–hatred made it possible, they were the same, abhorrent, disgusting, cowardly, and deceptive villains, deserving nothing more than a life of oblivion under the surface of water.
Yes, his hatred lives on, even without the streets and the Manor.

Even without Blaise Zabini.

Draco forgot, Draco forgets, Draco tried forgetting and tries forgetting, but Blaise will never leave him.

Blaise will come back, Draco will go back, and they will lavish themselves with the luxury of hatred.

His hatred lives on in himself, in Potter, and he will never stop, and he thanks Potter for reminding him again; carving into his flesh, etching into his mind, Marking and Marking so he would never forget, never forget that everything between soil and sun is abhorrent, deserving hate, hatred given to him in abundance, hatred he reciprocated in equal.

Draco will reciprocate Potter's desperation with equal hatred.

Draco will reciprocate Potter with muted hatred.

Oh yes, Draco will reciprocate with hate,

Despite the unaccountable sorrow that constricts his throat with lumps

Whenever Potter says he'll die if Draco leaves.

Draco will not abandon the renewed fortitude that hatred gifted him.

====
Interlude: Muggles

Chapter Summary

Parody parody again. Parodies galore.
Something to lighten your moods in this fucked up perverted dark fic.
I don't do cheerful often, I'm not a good joker (that's why I love Batman).

By the way,
"Pardon me sir, I meant not to do it." Draco's line in this chapter?
Those were Marie Antoinette’s last words before they cut her head off.

Also,
"My Britain is dead" -- yes, that's from this notorious Youtube clip
Featuring a racist lady insulting a man on the tram. What's wrong with her, I wonder.
Did she not receive proper education?

Chapter Notes

I have to stay awake for dozens of hours because I have to write sth for work.
There's a presentation coming up and I'm about to go absolutely crazy.
I really shouldn't be writing fics, but here I am.
This is a bit rushed, so you may find errors here and there.

Also, I do not live in England.
I was educated and grew up in a Commonwealth country,
But I live in a different country now.
I've kept the British-isms to the minimum, because I don't really know them.
Don't let that diminish your fun, though.

After the fic is completed, if you want to help beta-ing the expressions, you're welcome.
Leave a comment if you want to do that.

Scene I: Cafe.

Those are two very strange people.
That is no doubt the most out-of-place pair he's ever seen.
They are decidedly dodgy and fishy.
Something's wrong with those people.

He should call the police.

On second thought, perhaps not.

What if they turn out to be perfectly normal?

He doesn't want to disturb respectable citizens.

Yeah.

He's suddenly reminded of an e-mail

He has to send a buyer. Yes.

He shouldn't procrastinate.

But still he can't help looking at the couple

Over the screen of his laptop.

The blond one.

He wonders if the blond one bleached his hair.

That shade of platinum isn't really possible, is it.

He knows. He watched that telly show,

A barber said she's never seen natural platinum blond hair.

And the blond one's eyes.

Grey eyes are common, but silver? Lenses.

There's no way eyes can sparkle silver without magic.

Those eyes are eye-catching even across two tables.

And the way he hangs his head down,

Flinching every time the big man looks at him?

Suspicious.

Disguised and suspicious.

Spies? A discovered spy?

A discovered spy to be exterminated?

He knows some assassins use radioactive earl grey to kill.
The big man ordered earl grey for him.
The big man looks like a Marvel superhero with the muscles on him.
Perhaps a government hitman, assigned to tail the spy.
Elegant execution in a cafe.

The spy drops his teacup.
People stare.
Men frown, women smile.
Actually, women swoon.
The waitress rushes over to them, but fusses over the hitman
Instead of wiping away the tea and shards.
Bloody unfair world.
A bit of muscles, and girls are head over heels.
What's the deal with muscles anyway?
You'd have to undress the bloke first.
Big muscles don't guarantee big cock.
Hmph. Perhaps he has a small cock.
That's why he built up on all those useless muscles.
To compensate for his small cock.

The spy looks up to the hitman like a lost puppy.
The hitman ignores the fussing waitress
And fusses over the blond one in turn.
"Draco, you alright?"
The blond one-- Draco? What a strange name. A code name?
Draco nods. The big bloke ruffles his hair.
Draco? He leans into the touch.
The big man embraces him tightly.

Oh.

Oh.

Now he knows.

Not two spies, not two hitmans.

Two poofs.

Now he understands the need for muscles.

Those are poofy muscles.

He doesn't want to be in this cafe anymore.

He doesn't want to breathe the same air

The two pillow-biters are breathing.

He stands, and turns to leave.

A stroke of bad luck.

The two homos rise to leave, too.

A stroke of worse luck.

The blond fairy bumps into him.

"Pardon me, sir, I meant not to do it," he says.

The blond one looks scared.

This up-close, he looks very young, barely an adult.

He's surprised at the perfect pronunciation,

Posh accent that forbids mimicry.

Sounds like money. And peerage, too.

Now that they're close,

He figures out the shirt the boy's wearing

Is silk.
He feels instantly subdued.
But he doesn't want to lose
To a limp-wristed shirt lifter.
So he hisses,
"Bloody poof."

An unwise decision, it turns out.
The other man grabs him by the collar
And lifts him up.
His feet dangle in the air as he gasps for air.
He should have called the police!
These are violent, aggressive deviants!

That is when he realises,
People in the cafe aren't looking!
A respectable citizen is under attack,
And no one even lifts an eyebrow!
My Britain is done for!
My Britain is dead!

The rabid aggressor whispers very calmly.
"Do you want to repeat that?" he asks, eyes bulging with contempt;
The white is visible surrounding the green pupils.
He tries to unwind the hands around his neck,
But it doesn't work.
It's humiliating. A respectable, normal man,
Losing to a poof.
Losing to a poof's masculinity.
His face grows hot with shame.
But the heat of shame cools into chilling horror
When he sees that every lamp in the cafe
Explodes into more glass shards and smoke.
His mouth opens and closes like a fish.

The boy touches the arm of his aggressor, and says:
"Potter, you're killing the Muggle."
It doesn't placate the madman.
The boy sighs, and tells him again:
"Harry, kill the Muggle by all means,
But if they ever find out I was with you,
I'll share a cell with dear Father."
The hold on his collar instantly relaxes.
He is dropped on to the floor,
But still no one notices.
It wounds his pride,
But he doesn't understand
Why no one's noticed
The exploding lamps.
Government conspiracy...?

The blond boy walks out of the cafe.
The attacker follows after hurriedly,
But not before delivering a snide comment,
A obscure remark that would stay with him for life,
But elude him when he tried to remember where he heard it.
Godric...? Vernon...? Repair-O...? Oblivi... ?

"You should thank Godric you're nowhere as fat as Uncle Vernon,
or I'd have given you a pig's tail. Reparo, Obliviate."

======

Scene II: Bistro

"Welcome to Mandy's!"
I plaster a fake smile and force out an exaggeratedly happy greeting.
It really isn't easy working part-time
When you're a single mum newly off the streets.
Yeah. I had a bad encounter with meth.
But now I'm clean.
I'm trying to start again.
It's hard suppressing the addiction, but... I try.
For my son.
Thank heavens for childminder allowance.
I'm constantly tired,
I can't complain and watch what I eat.
Sometimes my vision grows dim
When I stand up too quickly, I'm anaemic.
But I can't work anywhere else. They don't have slots for people like me. I guess I'll have to thank my lucky stars That I'm in Mandy's. At least they give you free chips If you work overtime.

The exaggerated smile was unnecessary. The hot hunk walking in...

God, A sight for tired eyes. Well, if you're this tired, You get indifferent about hot things, But those two have this atmosphere. The blond one's not that attractive actually. He's a bit on the thin side, He's a bit... pointy? Not the pretty boy-look you usually expect From a gay guy.

I figure it out with a single glance-- They're a couple. The black-haired hunk constantly touches The blond boy. An invisible brush here, A casual press there. And the slight one seems used to the touch. He tenses up a bit, perhaps he's worried they'll be seen.

Yeah. We girls do notice.
The blond boy stands looking at the menu.
There's an impatient lady behind him. She taps her foot.
The boy looks amazed. He looks lost, actually.
Like he's never been to a bistro before.
Wait. Is that *silk*?
The boy clears his throat several times.
He looks like he wants to say something,
But he's holding back.
The big bloke walks up behind him,
And hugs him.
Yeah. It's genuinely sweet, cuddling with your boyfriend,
And it's hot, really,
But please, don't do it *here*. People are trying to order.
I have a job to do.
Do it when you're seated.

"Baby, let me help you," he says.

*Baby.*
It's a bit cringy, really.
I mean, they're both grown-ups.
Men, too.
He doesn't need to dog the other one
Like a single mum.
Yes. He does remind me a bit of myself.
I wonder if I'll do that to my son, too,
In the future.
Constantly worrying about my little boy,
Fussing about what he's going to order,
Watch with mingled pride and sorrow
As he leaves me for his wife.
Will I get the chance to hold a grandchild in my arms?
Will I live until then?
Will my son grow up to be steaming hot or pointy elegant?

"No, thank you, Potter.
I can order myself perfectly well."

Wow. The accent.
It's like he's a prince out of some costume drama.
Silk shirt, too.
He looks aristocratic.
He's really not attractive in the conventional way,
But he carries himself with this air.
He stands out.
Ramrod straight back,
Raised chin,
Elegant pose.
Like he's received etiquette lessons all his life.
But he hangs his head low when the big one feels him up.
I wonder if he's abused.
That's how the girls in rehab centre act all the time,
Head bowed and flinchy.
Signs of abuse. And shame.
Yes. Girls like me, we notice.
"Do you recommend anything?" he asks in *that* accent.

I could listen to him all day and not get bored.

It'll be like watching costume drama.

Sometimes when I'm too tired,
And hate life in general,
I watch costume drama.

It makes me feel kinda like drugs.

Like I'm transported out of this time, this age, this world,
Into a more colourful and fantastic life.

But in a good way,

Because you are sober and sound.

Is that how he got his man?

With *that* *air* and accent?

Certainly not with his pointy chin.

He talks as if he's some *Lord*. Or *Sir*.

Asking for recommendations in a bistro. Huh.

Well.

I show him the burger.

The picture, I mean.

You don't usually go wrong with burgers.

He arches an eyebrow.

His reply isn't something I expected.

"It's not moving," he says.

"Sorry?" I reply.

He stares at me,

And then he stares at the picture.

"The picture, *mmph*--"

His boyfriend covers his mouth.
He struggles and squirms, but goes pliant and still
When his boyfriend bites--- yes. I'm not joking.
Bites his neck.
They're a weird couple.
The tall one grins, white teeth gleaming like some supermodel.
"We'll have two burgers, thanks!" he says.
Then he pays awkwardly with cash.
He picks up the note and counts it in his awkward way.
As if he never touched paper money in his life.
Now I really don't know whether they're
Super-rich people who never touched cash,
Or super-poor people who never touched cash.
Between silk and their... I don't know, otherworldly manner,
I can't really be sure.
Wait. Are they on drugs too?
Should I ask?
Should I introduce them to my counselor?
He wakes me up from my reverie.
"Keep the change," he says. Hmm. That's a lot of change, though.

I bring them the burgers.
Now that I've taken care of the orders,
I have the time to glance furtively at them.
The muscly bloke wolfs down his burger
Like he's starved,
The pointy boy uses knife and fork,
Bringing tiny morsels to his mouth.
I think now I know a little
Why the tall guy's hooked on the little one.

That's elegance unbroken.

He doesn't fake elegance, like so many pretentious people I've seen on the streets, in the hotel room, or at the tables.

But I finally know for sure

When I bring their drinks to them.

Chewing daintily on the food,

The blond one smiles and nods absently, enjoying his food.

The smile eases the strain of frown between his brows,

It makes his chin look less pointy,

And it brings life to the dead pallor of his cheeks.

It makes him bloom. He is a pretty boy now.

And I notice I'm not the only one surprised at that smile.

The black-haired guy, he's put down his burger.

He looks at his boyfriend,

There's such tenderness in those eyes.

I'm a mother, I know what it looks like.

I'm not really sure now whether he's abusing his boyfriend.

I don't think so, actually.

====
I'm not feeling well today.

My captivity doesn't feel all that bad
Compared to how I'm feeling right now.
I feel like a dried pile of shit.
No longer disgusting
Without the slimy and steamy smell,
But still a worthless mess.

I feel hungry, but I'd rather not eat.

These days I don't really starve myself.
I ask Harry for food, and even sweets sometimes.
Harry's always the perkiest when he's feeding me.
He watches me as if Draco Eating Malfoy is phenomenal.
In those moments Harry is like a house elf.
He waits until I finish eating,
Watches every movement,
Asks if I would like seconds,
And pours me water, tea, and wine
At the shortest drop of spoon and fork.
I don't feel like I'm betraying something anymore
When I eat Harry's food.
Harry's stopped chaining me,
So I'm free to move in this underwater house.
But today, I'd rather not explore.
I don't need to.
I've been to every nook and cranny.
I just want to stay in bed.
I feel worthless.
I feel there's no point in eating.
I feel there's no point in breathing.
I feel there's no point in seeing.
I feel there's no point in living.
I feel exhausted.
Do I?
I don't even know.
I can't think of an explanation.

I lift my hand.
I wiggle my fingers.
I stare.
They're long and white and bony.
The candles flicker in between.
Harry's changed the Muggle light
Into floating candles.
There was a time
When my nails were perfectly manicured.
There was a time
When a squad of house elves
Oiled and scented my hands.
I look back, and I can't understand
What made me love grooming my fingers.
They're just fingers.
I see blue veins
Stretched like spider web
Beneath my pale skin.
I see a nearly invisible brown spot.
The only blemish on my right hand.

I see myself staring.
I squint.
I try to contain
The dim, flickering frame
In my eyes.
My eyes prickle.
I try to yawn.
I want my eyes to water from yawning,
Not from how I'm feeling.

I don't want Harry to know.
I'm crying for no reason, I think.
I'm not sure.
Is there a reason?
I can't think of an explanation.
The door creaks.
Harry's here.
I feel his weight
Sinking into the bed.
"Hey," he says.
His hand sneaks up
To the back of my nape.
He massages
The sore and tense cords.
His scent wafts into my nose.
I close my eyes.
I let his touch
I let his scent
Distract me from my sulk.
I snuffle.

"Hey," he says again.
A slightly higher tone.
He's noticed
I'm crying.
"What's wrong," he asks.
His touch gets gentler.
He lies down, spooning me.
His hand moves from my neck,
Sneaks under my shirt.
He rubs my stomach,
Making small circles
With his thumb.
I can feel he's half-hard.

"Not in the mood,"
I tell him.
"Okay," he says. "Wasn't planning to."
That makes me angry. "Fuck off."
He snuggles closer. "You really want me to go?"
I ignore him.
I tie my fingers into his.
I can tell he's smirking into my hair.
That makes me angrier.
That makes me sniffle louder.

"Draco," he says.
Do you know,
You answer
To your name,

But
You also answer
To how people
Say your name?

Father, he always called me
As if my name were
Three syllables, not two.
Not Dra-Co,
But D-Ra-Co.
Did he know he pronounced the D
With extra stress?
It made my name feel weightier.
Not heavier,
But weightier.
It made my name feel important.
But it also made Father's voice
Heavy,
As if he were always
Irritated.
As if I had to do
Better.

Mother, she calls me
"d Ray coe,"
Stressing the R.
the d and coe
Almost disappears
On her shapely lips.
It make my name
Feel brighter.
And lighter.
As if I had to do nothing,
As if she would love me
Unconditionally.
I miss listening
To the way
Mother pronounces my name.

Blaise...
He calls me,
"My Draco."
He never separates
The possessive and the name.
It announced
To the world
That we belong together.
Belonged.
Sometimes
It made his utterances
Funny and awkward.
"Hey, my Draco,"
He would say.
And I would laugh.
It sounded absurd.
But I did answer,
"Hey, my Blaise."
And Pansy gagged.

Pansy, she calls me
Never Draco.
Not "Never Draco."

I mean,

Never by the name "Draco".

It's always,

"Darling,"

Or other forms of endearment.

Or she just warps

My name.

Something like

"Drakey-poo"

Or

"Coco dear."

Sometimes it irritates me.

Sometimes she does it on purpose,

Sometimes she does it

Because it's become a habit.


Harry calls me

"Draco."

Sometimes he calls me "Baby,"

When he's real angry

Or real horny.

Or when he's cumming.

Or when we go

To the Muggle World

And get surrounded by Muggles

To get the nice, fast food.

Harry says "fast" means bad in Mugglish,
He tells me Granger said so.
But I think he's lying.
There's no way
Something that tasty
And fast like magic's bad.
I make Harry buy me fast food
With the limp paper pieces
Muggles think as money.
Harry says
Fast food makes you get fat faster.
He says that's why it's fast food.
It's like Engorgio, he explained.

Harry calls me "Draco,"
Or "Baby,"
If he's really mad,
Beyond control mad,
He doesn't call me at all.
He just pushes me down
And fucks me.
And never calls me with my name.
Just "You're my omega!"
"You're my mate!"
"You're my rival!"
"You're mine!"
I'm glad he's never hit me.
Sometimes when I ignore him
His fists clench
Like he wants to punch me,
But he never does.
Salazar knows I'm no match.
I don't want to feel crushed.

Usually,
Harry just calls me "Draco."
He pronounces my name
As if it's a question.
Not "Draco,"
But "Draco?".
He stresses the end.
The sound of my name
Lilts upward in his deep voice.
He says my name
Like he's asking.
Like he's uncertain.
Like he's wondering.
Like he wants,
Wants an answer.
Like right now.
Asking, what's wrong,
Why are you crying?
Are you crying
Because of me?
Are you crying
Because you want to leave?
Does my company,
My house,
Our time together
Make you cry?

He doesn't spell it.
But I can tell.
This is Potter we're talking about.
Desperate, attention-hungry,
Insecure, unstable,
Tactless, awkward,
Childlike, clingy,
Temper tantrums, rapes.
He needs me to spell out
What he doesn't want to
Spell out.
I'm really tired,
I really don't want to talk,
I really want to stay in bed,
But I talk anyway.
I'm his Mate, am I not, like it or not,
I need to take care of him.

"I just feel a bit under the weather," I talk. "Well, not much weather since we're underwater and all, though."

"You wanna get some air or something?" He talks. "Like last time. We can go to Muggle London. Or anywhere else you'd like."

"Anywhere else I'd like?" I talk. "You sure?"
"Harry," I say his name. His face lightens up at the sound of his name from my mouth. From another perspective, I feel powerful. My control over Harry Potter is as deep and commanding as his control over me. But this isn't that story, is it. This is a story of Harry Potter the Alpha and Draco Potter the Omega, isn't it. I'll never be separated from him, will I. Until the day I die, until the day he dies, until the day one of us dies and the Bond kills the other, too. Because that's how it works, isn't it. We're Bound for life. We're Bound for death. Harry, are you in my head? No? No answers? Good. You're not in my head now.

"Harry," I say. I turn to face him.

His face looks ridiculous,

His cheek squished by the mattress.

He's so insecure,

So vulnerable,

So uncertain.

"I wasn't crying because of you," I tell him.

"I was a bit depressed. There's not much to do down here. I'm not doing anything productive. I feel like shit."

His mouth opens slightly; he's amazed.

He blinks once or twice.

I'm reminded of that time.

When I told him during sex, I love you Blaise.
He'd made this face. The confused face.

He collects himself.

But he looks much happier than back then.

"D'you wanna do something you'd like to do or you feel like you want or uhm, new house? Not Grimmauld no, because Ron and Mione can Floo in, and Wizards will know so... yeah, but yeah I don't mind Muggle London, and, uhm, you wanted to try Muggle World, so I thought you might like to visit more Muggle places, I'm not really Mione so I'm not all good there, too, and --"

"Stop rambling, you're not in Hogwarts anymore," I tell him.

He smiles.

He rubs his thumb over my cheek.

He wipes the tear tracks.

"I love you so much," he says.

He embraces me and laughs.

I can't bring myself to reply.

That's the one thing I'll never do.

No reply, no nods, nothing.

Until the day we die.

So I switch the topic.

I talk about things.

The little things that you can talk about underwater.

Talking, talking, talking,

Words, words, words,

Looking at his animated face, I feel the Bond thrumming, I feel my heart fluttering, I feel an ache in my abdomen, my eyes prickle again with tears. I'm amazed at how Harry's nodding so many times to whatever I'm saying, it hurts how his eyes never waver away from my lips, so I'll keep talking, with words, with sentences, but I'll never spell it out.
He spells it out so easily.
That he loves me.
But it's impossible for me.
So I won't.
I shouldn't exert myself too much, should I,
I'm Harry's Mate, am I not, like it or not,
I need to take care of myself.
So I'll stick with talking.

=====
Yes. Smut.
Shameless smut. But only a few lines.
The rest is no smut.

Only the first quarter part.

Draco's asleep.
Last night we made love,
I put a charm on his cock
So he wouldn't be able to cum
Until I was done with him.
He was babbling incoherent
By the time I let him come.
Nowadays he lets go
When I'm inside him.
His thighs slide and rub my waist,
He croons his neck to meet my lips.
When I take him from behind,
His butt flexes into bubbles.
He loses so much slick,
I have to spell the sheets dry.
He chants my name like a prayer
When I thrust into him,
Pistoning until his hole
Sprays slick with a sick pop, dirty blob.
These days he's learnt to plead and beg.
"I'm gonna come," he would coax me,
Scratching my forearm planted on his sides
Until his nails break my skin
Leaving marks of glory that I never Episkey.
I usually slow down, until he breaks.
Until he whispers and then clenches and then screams,
"ImgonnacomeimgonnacomeimgonnacumpleasefuckmelikeimyourlittlebitchHarryharry--"
That's when I ram into him with all I have,
Not stopping even when his tiny omega cock
Rests limp and flaccid,
Covered with white-yellowish slime.
He would dig his elegant fingers into the sheets,
Fabric bunching in his fist,
Sometimes he pisses himself
If I get too rough;
The yellow piss mixes with his
Clear sticky slick
And wets the mattress
With the proof of our love,
He begs me not to be so rough, to stop,
That my knot's breaking him,

but DrACo likes it rough. i don't mind the acrid smell of piss if it's dRaCO's. everything about HiM is hot. every fluid oozing out of HiS body is made from what i feed hIM. it's another proof that my gold, my right, my kindness, my mercy, my love flow within HIS blood, pool in hiS heart, and filter into HiS bladder, no, flow within mY blood, PooL in MY heart, and filter into MY bladder, because his blood is my blood and his heart is my heart and his bladder is my bladder.
And seeing him fainting
I pull out of him
And stroke my cock once
And cover his face with my come.
I smear the semen
All over his face,
Letting some slide into his mouth.
Seeing him fainting
Falling into sleep
In my arms
Calms me down.
Calms this need.
Quenches my thirst.
Lets me breathe deep,
Appraising the way
His downy silky golden lashes
Curve and flutter
In his sated sleep.
It's a ritual,
I clean him,
I clean him with no magic,
It's a ritual,
I prepare a warm towel
And wipe the slime
The proof of our love
Away from his body,
It's a ritual,
I baptise him anew
In my hands.
I kiss his toes,
I kiss his ankles,
I run my lips on his shin,
I taste the vestigial drops of piss,
Slick, and cum,
I kiss his pelvis
Where the bones protrude,
I kiss his waist,
His belly button,
Roll his nipples in my tongue,
Marvel at the pert beads of flesh,
I kiss his collarbones,
I kiss his neck,
I plant chaste kisses on his face,
On the lips,
On the cheeks,
On the nose and brows and forehead,
And I pull him into my embrace,
And I feel like
I have the world.
I hold my breath
I bite my lips
I focus all my senses to my ear
To listen to the relaxing
Beats of his heart.
I have the world.
Draco's asleep.

Last night we made love.

He's gonna be famished
And thirsty
With all the protein
And piss he's lost,
So I wanna surprise him.
I'm gonna get him fry-up.
And Honeydukes sweets.
And berries.
And lemon sherbet.
And I'm gonna get
Pigeons for his lunch.
I'm gonna ask Kreacher
For a full-course dinner.
I'm gonna order
That black velvet cloak
And the red silk robe
To pamper his clear skin.
Did you know Draco looks absolutely stunning
In red?
Thank Salazar he was in Slytherin.
If he was in Gryffindor, everyone
Every single fucking Alpha that I
No doubt would have cursed blind
Would've seen him in red.
The way his white-gold silhouette
Willowing in red silk...
I should commission
His painting some day.
So that I can cherish,
And boast some day,

"That's my Draco painted on the wall",

Looking as alive as he is now. I call

That piece a wonder, now; Luna Lovegood's hands

Worked busily a day, and there he stands.

Will't please you sit and look at him? I said

"Luna Lovegood" by design, for never read

Strangers like you that pictured countenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest glance,

But to myself they turned (since none puts by

The curtain I have drawn for you, but I, Harry Potter!)

And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,

How such a glance came there; so, not the first

Are you to turn and ask thus, Zabini, you worthless pile of Thestral dung, Yeah, that's MY
Draco on the wall, by my side, NOT yours

So I Apparate to Grimmauld
To give my instructions
To Kreacher,
Who presents me
Five envelopes.
I burn the one
Signed "Hermione Granger".
I burn the one
Signed "Ron Weasley".
I burn the one
Signed "Neville Longbottom".
I burn the one
Signed "Pansy Parkinson".
I burn the one
Signed "Rita Skeeter",
With an extra-potent spark of magic,
Grimmauld trembles and groans.

But as the envelope burns
Skeeter's silvery sneaky sneery voice
Fills the sitting room:

"Harry, I'm writing on behalf of Mrs. Narcissa Malfoy,
The mother of your school rival Draco, you're aware, yes?
We have reason to believe that
You might know dear Draco's whereabouts.
His mother is absolutely worried;
His omega presentation bestowed him
With such delectable looks,
We wouldn't want stray Alphas
To get their dirty, naughty paws on him.
I hear tell a superhero recently visited Honeydukes;
A very clever kid who was playing
Seeing through his brand new
Wheezes-made Veil-Lifties Mirrorball
Spotted a certain Superhero
With messy raven hair
And stunning emerald eyes
Buying several packs of ice-mice.
Isn't that just lovely?
So much for Glamours, yes?
He wanted to ask for an autograph,
But the dashing superhero
Left the premises so hurriedly.
Now, Mrs. Malfoy tells me
Dear Draco loves anything lemon.
I think you and I must have that nice cuppa, yes?"

I glare and snarl in frustration.
Windows break,
Chairs fly,
Portraits rip,
Walburga shuts up,
Kreacher hides.

_I've never hated Ron and George_

_Like I do now._

=====
Interlude: Neville

Chapter Notes

It's getting too long
And I didn't check for plot holes. Sorry if you find some.

Honestly,

The last time he saw Malfoy

Malfoy was not who he was in Hogwarts.

=====

Being part of the forfeiture enforcement

Wasn't a pleasant experience.

In fact,

It was a horrible, horrible experience.

Neville doesn't like taking things away

From people.

Neville doesn't like giving sorrow

To people.

He knows all too well

What it's like

To have love taken away,

Replaced instead by isolation,

Emptiness, fear, and doubt.

And forgetfulness.
Sometimes he has no choice
But to use lethal force
Against Dark Wizards who resist
With curses so Dark
That words can't describe
The horrors they do to the human body.
And then he files the death report.
And then sometimes, if he's really unlucky,
He's the one to inform
The family of the criminal.
Because there aren't enough Aurors
In Wizarding Britain
To handle the overwhelming workload.
It's not a nice experience.
Most people cry. Or yell. Or snarl horrible words to him.
Some people take out their wands.
The other Aurors Disarm them. Then they cry, bawling like children.
Mothers wring their hands and cover their mouths.
Some mothers forget even to cry, face pale with shock.
Kids stare up, not really knowing what's going on.
Older ones look down, trying to hide their moistening eyes.
Fathers suddenly look ten years older.
Spouses hold on to the door frame to steady themselves.
Friends nod blearily, eyes seeing into past memories,
Memories where their friends weren't Dark wizards.

Neville really doesn't like
Taking people away
Taking houses away
And replacing them
With grudge, sorrow, and fear.
But it's his job sometimes.
So that the emptiness doesn't spread.
So that the tragedy of
Frank and Alice Longbottom
 Doesn't repeat.

Sometimes he comes home and cries
After operations that don't end too well.
Gran makes a cup of really strong tea
And stays by his side,
Her old, wrinkled head dozing off
In her equally wrinkled armchair.
Gran is in her final years.
It won't be too long before she, too,
Leaves.
Neville's bracing himself daily.
For the morning when Gran wouldn't wake up,
Deep in another kind of sleep,
Well on her way towards another kind of adventure.
Harry says there is a whole new world
After death.
That consoles Neville a bit.

But did they have to do that
To Malfoy?
Was it really necessary?

Ron says

A good Auror shouldn't question too much,

Leave the thinking bit to

Desk-jobs like Hermione.

Oops, Madam Deputy Head Auror.

But Neville really can't stop

Asking and doubting.

A Manor house,

High on a hill, gild gliterring

Deep in the woods, white washing.

Surrounded only by rudimentary Wards.

Neville and the other Aurors

Visited the Manor

As forfeiture enforcers.

Lucius already in Azkaban,

Narcissa seeking asylum in France.

Only his former school-bully,

Draco Lucius Malfoy, Ex-Death Eater,

Owner of criminal property to be forfeited.

War Reinvestigation and all, they said.

Liquidate the criminal property,

Redistribute it to underrepresented past victims.

But Neville didn't like the way

Justin Finch-Fletchley was saying it.

That uncanny look in his eyes,

Spittle spraying out his preaching mouth,
Cheeks heating with zealous conviction.
He’d seen that look,
During the War.
A fanaticism that believes in nothing
But self-righteousness.
Something that also had resulted
In Frank and Alice Longbottom.
Cruciatus wasn't the only catalyst
Of their permanent care
In Janus Thickey.

They expected a house elf,
But none came.
They were received by Malfoy himself.
Tables turned,
Neville couldn't imagine that
The scrawny, pointy little omega
Had been the Hogwarts bully
And the Slytherin Prince.
A cohort of six Aurors,
All unmated Alphas,
In the prime of their manhood,
Towering over Malfoy's frame.
All field Aurors, too, no investigators.
That had been deliberate.
The higher-ups made this team deliberately.
When Malfoy appeared at the gates,
He was immediately Disarmed.
Neville wanted to tell him first.
At least he deserves that, he thought.
After all, his mum didn't tell Voldemort
That Harry was still alive.
Malfoy didn't point Harry out to Bellatrix.
Malfoy didn't kill Dumbledore.

Neville wanted to warn Malfoy first.
That his wand is going to be confiscated,
Perhaps returned if the War Reinvestigation
Goes well,
Don't be alarmed.
He didn't get the chance.
His teammates cast the Expelliarmus
The minute Malfoy was within range.
Malfoy crumpled, multiple Expelliarmus hitting him.
A couple of the Aurors sniffed the air audibly.
Smirking knowingly, they renewed their posture,
Standing upright, jutting their pelvis imperceptibly,
They approached Malfoy
And toyed with the omega collar
Around his neck.
"Shame he's wearing one," an Auror said.
Others laughed boisterously.
Malfoy fought back with defiant eyes.
He even called one a filthy half-blood.
They punched him.
One of them cast a nasty Stinging Hex.
Malfoy yelped.

They only stopped when Neville growled in warning.

Mentioning Hermione's name.

"You're no fun, Neville," one said.

But they stepped back, letting Neville handle it.

Neville ignored them

Until they returned to the Ministry.

"Malfoy," Neville called him.

He tried to make his tone neutral.

He remembered what Malfoy was like

Back in school,

He didn't want to handle

Malfoy's reaction

At feeling like a charity case.

Malfoy looked at him squarely.

Neville couldn't help his Alpha demeanour

Surfacing.

He stared Malfoy down,

Until the omega averted his eyes.

And Neville felt good,

Good that this little omega slut

Knew his place.

As Malfoy's musky scent

Filled his nose,

Neville felt a baser instinct clouding his mind.

Perhaps Malfoy would like it better

If Neville showed him who's the boss
When Malfoy's caged under his body.

But Neville caught himself.

He didn't want to be his teammates.

Neville sighed in exasperation,

Hating himself for his own thoughts.

"Malfoy," he tried again.

"The Ministry's confiscating the Manor,

Effective immediately.

I honestly wish we warned you in advance,

But things didn't work out.

Hermione tried postponing this,

But the majority spoke against her."

Not knowing how to finish the information,

Neville added,

"I'm sorry. Maybe you could ask Parkinson and them

For help until this whole Reinvestigation's done."

Malfoy looked at him again,

Not saying anything.

They stared at each other

For a long time,

Not saying anything,

Not conveying anything,

Merely taking in the sight of each other

In front of the glittering white Manor.
Neville saw
A school mate,
An ex-Death Eater,
Someone about to lose his home,
An omega without a protector,
A lonely person,
A lonely person,
Subsisting on a hint of vestigial dignity.
Neville wonders,
What did Malfoy see,
When he looked at him
Meekly, expressionless,
Wordless, unblinking?
What was Malfoy thinking about
When he directed that gaze
To Neville?

After a silence that was finally broken
By the snap of grass
And rustle of fabric,
Malfoy stood,
And left.
Neville called after him,
Trying to ask,
Where he's going,
Whether he would like
To keep something,
Whether he's not curious
About his wand,
About the details
Of the forfeiture,
Does he want to talk to
Hermione, perhaps, complain a bit,
But something in Malfoy's
Hunched shoulders
Forbade him.
Neville stood rooted there,
His teammates jeering and cat-calling
While Malfoy left,
Walking into the woods,
Wandless, wordless, homeless,
Alone into the woods,
Alone beyond the gates
Of his home,
Disappearing into the
Welcoming embrace
Of shade.

=====

Neville doesn't exactly know
Why he's reminded of
Malfoy's hunched shoulders
Malfoy's thin silhouette
Disappearing into the woods
Now of all times,

But he can't seem to let go
Of that haunting image.

Hermione's tasked him
To find every scrap of detail
On Malfoy's whereabouts.

Neville's not an investigator
Like Dennis Creevey
Who can conjure up
Dossiers dozens of pages
And stand proudly, nose high in the air,
While Hermione hums in evident satisfaction.

Neville's also not headstrong
And hot-headed (Oops again. Ron doesn't like that word.
He says it reminds him of his hair.)

Like Ron,
Sometimes he hesitates
Firing the lethal curse,
Earning Ron's yells
And Hermione's careful recommendation
Of a Mungo's Mind Healer
Specialising in Field Auror Trauma.
But Madam Deputy Head Auror
Wants her closest aides
To really get to the bottom of this.
Well, Hermione's his friend
Before she is his superior.
So, Neville's got to do this.
Anthony Goldstein says
Departments dealing with
Everything and anything Muggle
Should probably be the last places
Neville should go for relevant info,
Since there's no way
Malfoy could ever be related
To anything Muggle.
It's just not possible.
And Neville agrees
One-hundred percent.

But where would Malfoy go
Without his wand,
With only clothes on his back,
If he doesn't want to be a charity case?

Hermione says
He should try answering that question
On his own,
Try forgetting everything he knows,
Because a desperate person
Sometimes uses desperate means.
That's why, Hermione says,
He shouldn't rely on
Malfoy's social contacts.
That's her share of the job, she says.
He should just focus
On Malfoy himself.

So here he is,
In front of the
Misuse of Muggle Artefacts Office,
Trying to scoop some
Nonexistent information
About how Malfoy's related
To enchanted Muggle Artefacts.
Draco Malfoy.
To Muggle Artefacts.
Neville lets out a laugh.
This is stupid.

Neville turns his back,
Leaving the floor.
In the corridor leading to the elevator,
He hears in passing gossip,
"So is it true that Harry Potter himself
Came all the way here
Just to get a silly license
For an enchanted refrigerator?"

"Yup, he wanted the chill to last.
And he wanted to slap the machine
With layers of Undetectable Stasis charms.
Wanted to feel the Muggle vibe of his childhood,
He said.
Guess that's why he's friends with
Arthur Weasley. The man would have taken
A Muggle contraption for a wife,
If he hadn't married Molly already."

What's a Free Jerater, Neville wonders.
Something with a chill?
He makes a mental note
To ask Hermione later.
Sometimes Neville doesn't get
What Hermione and Harry talk about
When they start using Muggle jargons.
Guess it's really time for Purebloods
To learn more of the other culture.
Muggleborns are among
Neville's closest friends,

After all.

Well. He was stupid to have come to this floor

Trying to collect anything on Draco Malfoy.

He should ask Dennis Creevey and Anthony Goldstein

For other possible sources.

Places like Gringotts, maybe?

Gold seems like a good keyword to start

Working on Draco Malfoy.
"House of suffocation" -- that's another phrase Henry James used in The Portrait of a Lady. I used it in Draco's dialogue.

"I don't like flowers," he says.
I almost let the bouquet slip from my grip,
But I manage to hold on.
Draco doesn't take the flowers.
My outstretched arms, purposeless,
Embarrass me.
I hang my head like a kicked crup.
These days, something holds me back
From getting mad at Draco.
I'm afraid my temper
Will chill Draco's shoulders again.
I'm afraid my anger
Will shut Draco's mouth silent again.
A taste of routine normality with Draco,
And I'm addicted.
I don't want to let this go.

"I hand-picked these for you," I try.
Draco scoffs.
"You mean you killed them for me," he retorts.

At loss for words, I blink.

"If you left them where they were,
They would have lived.
You mutilated those flowers.
You disembodied them root and stem,
And brought them to this underwater
House of suffocation.
Now you want me
To admire the colourful corpses.
You're sick, Potter."

I don't know what brought this temper.
Draco's moodswings make me tumble from heaven to hell
In a matter of seconds.
And sometimes-- not sometimes. Often,
I can't control myself.
Although I don't want to get mad at him.
"They're just flowers," I tell him.
I bite the inside of my cheek,
Trying not to explode,
Or push him down and fuck him,
Or rampage through his mind.
I have Rita Skeeter to deal with,
And I don't want Draco
To notice something amiss.
I also don't want him to look at me
Like he's looking at Voldie,
Trembling and pale.
Last time I lost control,
He knelt and begged me not to hurt him,
Tears and snots.
Like Voldie's minions pleading
Kissing the hem of his robe.
No. I don't want to be like Tom Riddle.

Draco's getting more upset.
By now, he's incensing himself.
He's sneering now.
And then he blazes.
"Alas, Potter, misery loves company.
My present, pathetic state of existence
Makes me feel for every single pathetic life
Ended by your barbaric Alpha hands.
Fuck you! Fuck you, your Gryffindor cronies,
The Mudblood, the Blood-traitor,
Your slaughtered Mummy and Daddy,
All of you murdering Aurors,
All of you raping Alphas,
Every one of you Dark Lord wanna-bes,
Power-hungry, disgusting hypocrites!
I hate you all! I hate you the most!
Why don't you go off yourself
Like your filthy Mudblood mother!
Then I can be free of this hellhole, too!
Yeah, you've gone and done it,
Draco launches himself at me,
Clawing and punching at every bit of me
He gets his hands on.
"Flowers! For Salazar's sake Potter, flowers!
Did I ask for flowers?
You bit me already!
I'll never be rid of you now!
I'm stuck with you my whole life!
My whole life,
I'll be seen at your side,
The sorry Death Eater bitch
Fucked and Bound to the
Charitable Saviour!
Oh, who am I fooling.
I'm lucky if I'm ever seen!
You're gonna keep me locked in here forever,
And I'll never, never see the world again!
Alone! Alone with no one but you,
Never to see Mother,
Never to visit Father,
Never to see my friends,
Never to wield magic again!
Flowers!
You keep me here,
And you bring mementos from out there,
The fresh, wide scenery that you alone
Are free to enjoy!

What's this if not a mockery of the worst kind!

You're *malevolent*, Potter.

I never knew you had it in you.

I should have realised it when I heard

You were actually a tiny piece of the Dark Lord.

You must be extremely proud of yourself!

Ah, yes, I laugh at myself. Is it not funny, *Harry*,

The irony of it all?

The Pureblood extraordinaire,

Not even worthy to be a simpering concubine of a whole Dark Lord.

I'm the filthy slut of the Dark Lord's fucking fragment!"

He drops his fists, shaking in anger.

He doesn't cover his face

Or avert his gaze

Or wipe his eyes with his wrist

Like he usually does when he cries.

He looks at me with all the overflow

Of his bubbling emotions.

Not a modicum of dignity left.

I see it now.

He bares his soul,

And I see in its

Crude nakedness.

Deeper than his mind,

The ugly part,
The sad part,
The parts that no one should be forced
To exhibit.
And I'm the one who hurt him.
I didn't let him keep his dignity.
I'm the one who made him feel unworthy.
I'm an unworthy Mate.

Angry at myself,
I throw the flowers aside.
The bouquet hits the wall,
Falling into messy bunch of killed plants.
Even in his anger, Draco flinches.
Yeah.
I'm the one who hammered
That nail of fear into his brains.
He steps back when I approach him.
His fear quells his anger.
His eyes grow a bit wider
As he anticipates the impending pain.
But no.
I can't add more pain
To what he's already suffering.
Maybe I shouldn't touch him.
But I do anyway.

I pull him into my arms.
He doesn't resist.
But nor does he reciprocate the embrace.
He is rigidly still,
His slender frame stiff like a statue.

"I'm sorry," I tell him. I don't know what else to say.
I don't know what else I can do to make him feel better.
Half of me
Is angry at Draco for prioritising his own feelings than mine.
He's mine, shouldn't he pamper me first?
Smile at me, kiss me, look at me with lovestruck eyes
Like all Mates do?
But now isn't the time for that, I realise.
There are moments in life
When a seemingly small gesture
Changes the course of fate.
And now is that moment, I realise.
So, with a totally self-centred motive,
I embrace him so tight,
Because I don't want him to disappear.
And I tell him that I'm sorry.
Am I sorry? I don't know.
I just feel like I have to tell him.

"I'll never forgive you," he says.
"I'll never forget what you did to me.
I may have to spend the rest of my life
With you, locked here,
I may get used to this suffocation,
And the memories
And the hatred
May dim,
But they'll never disappear."

"Yeah," I reply.

"You don't need to forgive me," I tell him.
"I won't beg for your forgiveness, too.
I'm not even sure if I'm sorry.
You don't even have to love me.
I'll keep you with me nonetheless."

I say more. I confirm the words
That will chain me to him
As I chained him to me.
I embrace him tighter, burying my nose
Into the tantalising scent of his hair.
It's not tantalising anymore, now,
Because it's within my reach. It's mine.

"If it makes you feel better,
You should know that I'll always need you.
I'll always need you. There, I said it twice."
They can take everything you have--
Well, I'm not even sure what you have left.
Except your body. And even that's mine now.
Yeah, you're right.
You're a pathetic Death Eater.
You didn't even do your job right,
You didn't have the guts
To put your life on the line
Like Bellatrix or Crabbe.
You were a cowardly, slimy, whiny little Blood Supremacist
Who couldn't even digest the gravity
Of the cause that you let run so cheaply with your cute lips.
You thought your Galleons and your pretty palace
Would protect you from the world,
And now you know you were wrong.
And I hated you for it.
I hated your fucking stupidity.
I hated how you could be so clever and so stupid at the same time.
Don't take it wrong, Draco. Don't ever think, not for a minute, a second,
That I didn't hate you.
I hated you as much as you hated me.
More, and I bet my fucking balls that it wasn't less.
I still do. I hate your fucking flippant Pureblood way,
I hate you so much, as much as I love you.
Everytime I look at you, you annoy the hell out of me.
The tiniest sign of refusal in your eyes, on your brows,
Is enough to drive me into that despair
I felt when your aunt blasted Sirius through the Veil
In the Department of Mysteries.
Your Father was there, along with your Aunt. You know the old story, don't you?
Yeah. Your whole family, Draco.
Murderers and Death Eaters and Lunatics and Inbreds and Slytherins.
And that's how they'll see you
As long as there are history books
In the Wizarding World.
That's how they'll portray you
As long as there are newspapers
In the Wizarding World.
And they will despise you forever.
Your family,
Your blood,
Your name,
Will always be smeared by the taint
Of your past choices.
People will curse you on the streets.
I guarantee one-third of those curses will be Unforgivables.
People will throw you putrefaction and decay.
Rotten fruits, rotten dung, rotten words.
You will always be alone.
But I'll always need you, despite all that.
There, that's the third time I've said it.
I'm all you have now,
And you can do nothing about it.
I can do nothing about it.
There's not a single fucking thing that we can do
To free you from me,
Or to free me from you.
No one can help you.
No one can help me.
You can cry and yell and scratch
But you'll never be able to change anything.
So learn to enjoy.
Learn to wield that power,
Learn to pull the chain you collared me with.
Learn to enjoy watching me die by your frown,
Learn to enjoy watching me resurrect on your smile.
Learn to wrap me around your little finger,
Learn to bask in the unbreakable hold
You have over my life.
The most powerful wizard in the present age
At your beck and call.
The vaults of Black and Potter families
At your disposal.
Night after night of the most debauched pleasure you can imagine
Overwhelming your senses.
And you don't even need to share.
Yeah. Think of the poor Muggles you so detest.
They don't have Alphas and Omegas.
They deal with infidelities and self-doubt,
Trying to appear beautiful for their boyfriends and girlfriends and husbands and wives
Desperate to get the night's company
In the dank crowded spaces
Of their underground dancing hotspots.
But we don't have to go through all that.
We have the Bond, don't we?
I'll love you even if you're skin and bones.
I'll love you even if you're a mountain of lard.
You can be the tyrant you wanted to be for so long.
You can be the boss in this relationship,
And I'll be your pet dog, your mangy mutt,
Only if you learn how to wield that power.
But everything takes practice,
Even first-year *Wingardium Leviosa* needed practice. Remember?

Don't victimise yourself.
Don't add such ingratitude
To the already long list of your sins.
Count your blessings, Draco,
Because you're the master
And I'm the slave
In this relationship."
BREAKING NEWS!

Yes. This chapter is entitled "Interruption". This part interrupted the standard couplet chapter/single interlude format that this story has been following.

THE DAILY PROPHET

Wednesday, 18th July 2007

London

NARCISSA RETURNS TO ENGLAND, DRACO MALFOY MISSING

Exclusive Headline by Rita Skeeter

- The Wife of Jailed Death Eater Lucius Malfoy cancels asylum for missing son
- Narcissa is in the last stages of CMC (Cancerous Magical Core), fatal for Magical Beings
- Billionaire Heiress Pansy Parkinson rallies Pureblood and Omega rights support
- Zabini Commerce & Securities pledges 5.5-million-galleon donation for past war victims

Even the skyrocketing national support for the Ministry's War Reinvestigation is no match against a formidable woman's longing for her son. Braving potential detainment, Mrs Malfoy arrived at London yesterday via international Portkey. Aurors and the press were already on standby when she entered the Entry and Customs floor at the Ministry of Magic.

Protesters and supporters alike gasped in shock as an emaciated Mrs Malfoy appeared, robes hanging heavily on her bony frame. She was accompanied by her son's Alpha fiancé Blaise Zabini and long-time family friend Pansy Parkinson. Many spectators were outraged as Alpha Aurors manhandled Mrs Malfoy, until Head Auror Gawain Robards called off the arrest. The DMLE issued a suspension of detention as Mrs Malfoy is terminally ill.

"My son," said Mrs Malfoy, wheezing and heaving in obstructed breaths. "Please, find my Draco for me. Let me see him one last time before I die."

Overwhelmed by pain and distress, the dying mother collapsed into Mr Zabini's arms. Ms Parkinson's personal Healer immediately rushed Mrs Malfoy to St. Mungo's, where she will be
treated in ISU (Intensive Spellcare Unit).

In a press conference following the unfortunate scene, Mr Zabini promised to donate 5.5 million galleons to past war victims. He named Pansy Parkinson, heiress of Parkinson Wizarding Hotels and Justin Finch-Fletchley, Head of Wizarding Rights and Equality, as co-executors of the fund. Mr Finch-Fletchley is yet to respond, but the initiative aligns with the purpose of his War Reinvestigation campaign, which is in constant shortage of budget.

"We are all truly hurt by this history of hatred," said Mr Zabini. "As Draco's fiancé, I feel partly responsible for the past actions of my intended. I know money can't ever replace the emptiness left in the hearts of the victims' families, but I hope this pledge can at least be a meagre sign of Draco's contrition and my regret." Mr Zabini left for St. Mungo's immediately after the press conference.

Our reporters surprisingly confirm that Mrs Malfoy was whispering Harry Potter's name in delirium. Mr Potter's resignation from the Auror Office at the height of his career has called widespread public attention December last year. Reporters across media could not reach Mr Potter since.

Draco Malfoy was last seen in December last year, according to Mr Zabini and Ms Parkinson. The two friends requested help from the Aurors, but investigation was strangely hushed. Initial investigations of missing persons tend to be confidential so as not to drive abductors into rash actions, and to preserve the integrity of evidences. However, it is curious that the Auror Office has stayed silent when Draco Malfoy has been missing for more than half a year.

*The Daily Prophet* attempted to reach Deputy Head Auror Hermione Granger-Weasley and Field Auror Ronald Granger-Weasley, Mr Potter's married friends. Both refrained from commenting.

The three friends, who saved Wizarding Britain from the Blood Supremacist terrorism of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, are also known collectively as "The Golden Trio". The recent development in Draco Malfoy's disappearance, however, seems to tarnish the sobriquet. All three friends share an extremely complex history of animosity with Draco Malfoy.

The bad blood between Weasley and Malfoy families is a well-known subject among Pureblood societies. Following the fall of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, the Weasley family has risen to occupy the financial prominence that the Malfoys once enjoyed. The Weasley family holds a stunning 68.7 percent shares in Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes, the world-leading manufacturer and distributor of Magical toys. The youngest daughter of the family, Ginevra, is a Chaser and Captain of Holyhead Harpies. She renewed her 230,000-galleon contract with the Harpies April this year. The Weasleys' social rise is a grudging phenomenon for most of the so-called "Sacred Twenty-Eight". Death Eater Lucius Malfoy's premeditated murder machination with a Dark Artifact nearly killed Ginevra when she was a pubescent student in 1992.

As a Muggleborn, Mrs Granger-Weasley herself had been subjected to Mr Malfoy's Blood Supremacist linguistic abuse in Hogwarts. The first female Deputy Head Auror in history was also tortured with Cruciatatus by Mr Malfoy's aunt, the Death Eater Bellatrix Lestrange née Black. Mrs Lestrange was Narcissa Malfoy's sister. She was killed in a duel by Molly Weasley.

The two-decade long history of rivalry and animosity between Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy is too long to be summarised in this article (see page 5). Mr Potter was the primary target of Mr Malfoy's school bullying. Yet the hero peculiarly saved his bully from a Fiendfyre cast by Death Eater Vincent Crabbe during the Battle of Hogwarts in 1998, before returning to testify for him not once, but twice in Wizengamot Trials of Death Eaters and War Criminals in 1999 and the recent Wizengamot Trials for War Reinvestigation.
Mr Potter's notorious indifference to Omegas is another juicy subject for gossip tabloids such as *Witch Weekly* and the *Bewitched Sonoria*. Magical media has been portraying Mr Potter as a loyal and faithful lover to his one true Omega, providing adolescent and young adult Omegas with sweet daydreams. Contrarily, an anonymous St. Mungo's Healer in the past had offered to examine Mr Potter's "performance", citing specific Magical maladies that may affect an Alpha's hormonal receptors against Omega pheromones. Mr Potter's Hogwarts dormmates have unanimously refuted rumours of Mr Potter's damaged Alpha health.

Draco Malfoy is the only Omega so far to have received Mr Potter's undivided attention. The Auror Office has yet to explain Mr Potter and Mr Malfoy's disappearances.

*Rita Skeeter has been a living witness of history in journalism and the long, horrific reign of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named in Wizarding Britain. She has contributed to public understanding of historical figures ranging from Albus Dumbledore to Harry Potter through her numerous and sophisticated biographies. A journalist, biographer, literary critic, and creative author herself, Rita has trained countless junior reporters for the Prophet and Quibbler. Among Rita's most authoritative works are:*


*Rita is a decorated Dame of the prestigious Perpetua Fancourt Order for the Pursuit of Magical Truth. The order earned her the laudable nickname "Queen of the Quills".*
Draco, I'm so sorry again
And I am fully aware I'll cringe when I see this later xD

Potter's being weird.
He gets rid of the Teleseeer.
He gives a weird excuse for that.
"I think too much telly
Doesn't really let us talk
To each other," he says.
He redoubles the ward
Around this underwater house
That no one knows about.
And he doesn't leave my side.
He constantly dogs me.
He lounges in the couch beside me
When I read in the library.
He follows me into the loo.
It take half an hour for me
To make him swear
He won't enter the loo
When I'm shitting.
I'm worried I'll get constipation.
Potter doesn't sleep very well,
Even with me next to him.
His nightmares get wilder.
He thrashes about.

When he's doing the Muggle exercise

Lifting stupid iron bars

He makes me sit and watch him.

I see the way his muscles bunch and

Relax, and the smell of his sweat

Makes me think of our nights.

I try not to get distracted.

He makes me sit and watch him cook, too.

And then he talks,

Talks non-stop.

He doesn't even wait for me to reply

Or nod.

"Draco, did you know the first time I tried to cook beef stew, I burnt everything soot black? Yeah, and Kreacher wasn't pleased at all that Master Harry cooked. So I had to intrude Mione's home and ask her to let me use the stove. Yeah. She got frustrated trying to teach me how to cook the perfect beef stew. Yeah. She pinched me because I bought steak meat and not stew meat. And I put in the carrot near the end. I don't like onions so I didn't add any, and she got annoyed and told me I shouldn't force my eating habit on other people. Yeah. So I put onions in here, you know. I knew I finally learnt how to cook beef stew when Ron asked for seconds, but Mione told me I shouldn't hope too much because Ron asks seconds for everything. You know, sometimes I think I don't have to eat anything. Watching you eat makes me full. Yeah. You do that. You know I can't live without you, right? I know you know, you don't have to say anything, just look pretty and sit there and be with me all the time. You're all I need. Draco, the worlds-- yeah babe, the worlds, both Wizarding and Muggle-- they don't play nice. They try to erase you and they try to beg me. I don't like it at all. Food's nice, though. The only thing that keeps me from losing my mind, sometimes, I think is the food. I won't be able to get stew meat, I mean, if I kill everyone, right? And I won't be able to cook you nice food, too. I won't be able to watch the way you wet your lips with wine and the way you stroke the ivory handle of the fork with your index finger. I like your index finger, you know. I like every part of you. You're like food, Draco. Yeah. And you know? The other day...

... ..."

I can put two and two together.

Blaise or Pansy must have moved.

Or someone must have caught Potter's tail.
With Potter, you can't play games.
He'll just play a sicker game with you.
With Potter, you just deliver a punch outright.
So I do just that.

"Potter," I call him. As softly as I can.
I beckon, smiling the nice smile.
He casts a Stasis on the beef stew
And turns the fire off.
He sits on the floor.
I smile
With a hint of the Malfoy sneer
I know he enjoys.
Not too widely, because too much sneer
Makes him mad.
He gets riled up
When I sneer too much.
I get off the chair.
I climb on his lap and
Link my arms around his neck.
I hug him really close
And ask.
"Potter, what's wrong?"

Of course he tenses.
I feel the tell-tale signs
Of his magic probing my mind.
After so many mindfucks,
My head's so sensitive that
Potter doesn't even need to actually
Enter my head.
"Harry, please don't do that," I tell him.
I pout a little.
Before Potter locked me up,
I would have gagged
Imagining myself pout,
But now I'm used to it.
It's become a habit, too.
Sometimes I catch myself pouting
When Potter refuses me something.
"I don't want to be scared of you," I tie the right words.
"Please respect me, I'm your Mate, am I not?
If you want to know something, you can just ask, Harry."

Freeing himself from my arms,
He cups my face in his hands.
I feel so vulnerable when he does that.
I gulp, knowing how easily he can
Snap my neck with those hands.
He senses the fear
And kisses my forehead.
The mad glint in his eyes subsides.
"Hey," he coos, "It's alright."
"Tell me what's wrong," I say.

I toy with the fading print

On his shirt.

I lean to peck his cheek with a kiss.

"Harry? Tell me what's wrong, I'm worried."

His wand appears in his grip out of nowhere.

"Swear to me," he says.

"Consent to an Unbreakable Vow,

Swear that you'll never leave me,

And I'll tell you."

"Are you going to say that

Every single time I ask you a question?" I say.

I'm getting angry,

But Potter's anger is usually

Worse than mine, so I chill.

"I promise," I tell him.

"I promise I won't leave you, whatever you say.

You don't need magic. We already have the Bond, don't we?"

Times like these, I rely on the Bond.

I stop resisting, and let it direct me completely.

I aim for his mouth.

Licking his lips, coaxing him to open his mouth,

I kiss him deeply.

I even get hard and my heartbeat quickens.

I rely on the hackneyed gesture

So common in the sappy romances

Pansy used to read.

I take one of his hands and

Put it over my chest.
"Here, you feel that? I get really excited for you.
I get wet when I kiss you, too.
I don't hate you at all."

Potter hums and kisses my forehead again.

"Please tell me?"
I say.

"It's Narcissa," he says.
My heartbeat quickens even more,
But my cock goes limp immediately.
I'm almost nauseous with thrill.
"What about Mother," I ask.
"Is she alright?"
I can't suppress the tears that rise in my eyes.
I miss her so much.
I couldn't even talk about her freely
These past months.
"Harry, please, is everything fine with Mother?"

"She's back in England," he says.
He hesitates, and then continues.
"She's dying. I'm so sorry.
If there were anything I could do,
I would have done it. But I can't.
They say she's in Intensive Spellcare Unit at Mungo's."
News of Mother's illness doesn't surprise me.
I've been preparing myself for the day.
But it isn't easy all the same.
"I need to see her," I say.
I don't hesitate, I don't care.
Right now I don't care about Potter.
Right now Potter can Crucio me for all I care.
I would still say it.
I don't care about Alphas and Omegas.
Fuck the Bond, too.
"Please, let me see her," I repeat,
When Potter doesn't answer me.
He just hangs his head and
Remains silent.

"How could you!" I yell at him.
"How can you do this to me! My mother, Potter!
She lied to the Dark Lord for you! She's my mother!"
Potter looks at me impassively,
And I think I hate him.
But I have to get a reaction again.
"You say you love me," I say. No, no sobs, I can't let the words jumbled by the sobs.
"Don't you love me?"
Potter's head snaps up.
"Of course I do love you," he says.

"I promise, Potter. I swear it. Let me see Mother.
I won't leave you. I won't ask for anyone's help.
I'll even tell Mother that I got the best Alpha I can get.
I'll tell Mother not to worry about me.
I'll tell her she can rest in peace because Harry Potter is going to take care of her son.
Please, let me see her. I'll do anything for you."
I cry openly. There's a lump in my throat that I can't swallow.

"Call me Harry all the time?" he says.
My breath hitches.
Potter's so evil.
He's worse than the Dark Lord.
I'm about to throw up.
But there's nothing I can do.
There's nothing I can do.
There's not a single thing I can do.
Someone help me.
But there's no one.
No one, not one soul in the world.

My love, please, let me see Mother.
Let me comfort her.
Let me take care of her
And repay some of the kindness
She showed me in this world.
She has no one on Earth.
I'm her only son.
Imagine how she must move on, Harry.
Her body's torturing her.
Let her mind be at ease, at least.

Harry, my darling, please, I'm begging you.

I love you. I'll only ever love you.

Give me this, and I'll never doubt our love again.

I'll stay here forever. I'll go with you anywhere.

Harry, my love, please take pity on my Mother and me."

His smile is dazzling.

Yes, even now I can see how handsome he is.

He cries too,

But I can see he's not sympathetic.

His tears

Are the tears of happiness.

"What if you see Zabini?" he asks me,

Wiping my tears with his thumb.

He conjures a handkerchief wandlessly,

And wipes my runny nose, too.

"What if you see Zabini?" he repeats one more time.

"I'll tell him that I chose you.

I'll tell him I left on my own accord.

I'll tell him never to see me again.
I'll even kiss you in front of him.

You can do whatever you want with me.

Please, let me see my Mother."
And the glory of Purity has come to an end.
The great age of Witchcraft and Wizardry sets.
The Ancient and Noble Houses will never rise again.
It will never be the same.
Fate had offered us myriad choices,
And we chose to close our path.
Perhaps this is deserved.
Perhaps this burden of suffering is ours to bear
Since we are the custodians of finality.
The Most Ancient and Noble House of Black ends,
The Most Ancient and Noble House of Malfoy ends.

Young ones such as Pansy and Blaise,
Whose veins are still aflame with desire,
Dream of the day we rise again *Toujours Pur*,
This time legitimately,
Without borrowing the hands of Half-Bloods.
I see the end coming-- I jest.
I see the end has now come.
I only hope the young ones are able
To bear the disappointment
When they truly realise that their age is
The Age of Impurity.
The Age of Impurity wrought by the hands
Of their predecessors.

We made the wrong choice, Lucius.

Tom Marvolo Riddle.
Curse on your name,
Curse on the weakness of heart
That spawned you.
Curse on you for the lust
That formed your existence.
Curse on you for the fall of the House of Black.
Curse on you for Regulus Black.
Curse on you for Sirius Black.
Curse on you for Bellatrix Black.
Curse on you for Andromeda Black.
Curse on you for Narcissa Black.
The Dark Lord?
A thousand curses on your seduction
That clouded Lucius.
He was expected to be the light--
His name attests to it.
Under your savagery
He became less than a shadow.

Curse on you, Tom Riddle,
For Marking my darling son.
My only hope,
My only love,
The only true remaining scion
Of the Houses Black and Malfoy.
Born to nobility,
Marked as a slave,
Now to be Marked-- I jest.
No doubt the Potter boy has already Marked him.
All for the best.
I hope, I hope,
I hope I haven't made the final mistake.

I lied, my son.
Narcissa Malfoy is a liar.
I realised only too late
That the Pureblood legacy has always been a lie.
Lucius was taught a lie
By his father,
Who was taught
By his father,
And his father's fathers,
All the way up.
When I go to the Beyond,
I will ask them myself.
Old Men,
What value did you ever see
In Purity?
My House is massacred.
My husband suffered,
I suffer,
My son suffers.

Was it your legacy for us to suffer?

And the Age of Lies is now ended.

We were the custodians of lies, Draco.

May you be free of all the lies

We fed you.

Mother will bring this last burden with her.

May you live freely, free from all those

Who demand your subjection.

Forget, if you can, I do so hope you will forget,

That we once expected from you.

Expectations-- lies.

I regret.

I should have stopped Lucius.

I should have embraced you in my arms,

I should have left the Manor to distant lands

Where you would have grown

To be true to yourself.

I lied, my son.

I lied to Tom Riddle

For you.

I needed the Potter boy

Alive

Not only to ensure your survival

Then and there,

But also to ensure your survival

Ever after.
Lucius had been a fool.

Your father, for all his pretence of wisdom,

Never truly saw the world

For what it is.

When Tom Riddle sent him

To get the Prophecy,

I realised that the Age of Purity--

That the Age of Lies was about to close.

I bade my time.

I waited for the right moment.

Then I made my move,

Lucius would never have expected it.

Tom Riddle would never have predicted it.

The greatest Seers would never have known

That Liecissa Malfoy

Brought an end to Tom Riddle.

Harry Potter? No!

Even that flustering moron Neville Longbottom

Had been a candidate

To defeat Tom Riddle.

Liecissa Malfoy is the true vanquisher

Of Tom Riddle!

With nothing more than a lie.

A lie against a lie.

I lied, my son.

I couldn't give you to the Noble Houses.

They would have made you another Narcissa Malfoy.
And you would have tried your best
To become Lucius Malfoy.
And you would have become a lie,
Less than a shadow.
How long before House Zabini falls?
How long before House Parkinson falls?
The Sacred Twenty-Eight grows
Smaller and smaller each year,
Extinct every half decade.
How long before it becomes
The Sacred Nil?
So I shed the false tears,
I showed the false concern,
I asked for you, lying.
I fooled Pansy Parkinson and Blaise Zabini.

I lied, my son.

When Lucius made the fatal decision
To end our Houses,
I needed to extract you from Purity.
I needed a brush to paint over the Mark of slavery.
I needed a shield to protect you from the world.
I needed a sword to hunt down those who would wish you harm.
I needed a name to outshine the taint we would leave you with.
I needed an Alpha among Alphas.

I lied, my son.
For years long I watched,
I watched you from afar,
Severus Snape, bless his soul,
Watched with me.
When Harry Potter sealed the Prophecy
To emerge as the budding hero,
We knew that he was the right one
To entrust your survival.
We saw his thirst,
Severus saw his obsession,
He gave you free rein to prod and probe
The Potter boy.
He allowed you to work your insecurity,
He withstood your whines and tantrums
And gave you everything you wanted
To stand at Harry Potter's opposite.
You considered yourself to be his enemy,
But we saw that you were desperate.
We saw you thirsted for him
As he thirsted for you.

Perhaps you were destined for one another,
If a nonsense such as Soulmates is to be believed.
Why else would an Omega
Puff his chest to match an Alpha?
How would an Omega be an Alpha's equal match,
Without a little push of support?
I wonder if Dumbledore knew.
I suspect the doddering old fool knew what was going on.
But he didn't stop us.
He wasn't senile enough not to see
That the Age of Lies was coming to an end.
So, to make a pretty story,
Perhaps he knew our little plot.
Perhaps he wanted your survival, too.
Perhaps he allowed the Potter boy to watch
You in the Astronomy Tower.
And the Room of Requirement--
Is not the true Requirement of your soul
A brush, a shield, a sword, a name
That will let you live the future?
Is Requirement not
Different from Want?
The Room of Requirement, Draco.
Not the Room of Want.
So, to make a pretty story,
Perhaps it wanted your survival, too.
Perhaps it allowed the Potter boy to
Rescue you.

Perhaps Fate works that way.
Then hope is not lost.

I wish now, Draco,
That this accursed narrow room they call
Intensive Spellcare Unit
Were the Room of Requirement.
Then it would have allowed you
To come to me,
To say your farewell
To Mother.
It would have allowed me
To ask for your forgiveness
By telling you that
Mother loves you
Until my breath fades.

It seems now I can't keep our promise.
You told me the Muggle World
Wouldn't be so scary
If Mother is with you.
You told me the Muggle World
Would feel like a picnic.
That pained smile shredded my heart into a thousand pieces.
I was more than proud of your determination
When you said you wanted to try the Muggle World.
That's my son, I thought.
That's my adventurer.
The dragon who dares worlds
In search of freedom.
Imagine my pride
When you refused Blaise and Pansy's gold!
When you slapped Blaise
And bellowed at Pansy
Not to treat you as a beggar,
I knew then that Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy
Had not corrupted your soul
To the uttermost end. Thank Merlin.

True dragons, however, Draco,
Leave their nest
To stand alone.
It seem now I can't keep our promise.
Narcissa Malfoy is a liar.
But you, there is still time for you.
And there is a whole world
Waiting for your adventure.
You'll manage.
Mother will carry this burden with her.
Be free of us.
I only hope that the Potter boy
Doesn't betray my hope.
I only hope that the Room of Requirement
Really delivered the one true Requirement.

The Beyond!
If your Alpha Shield is to be believed,
There is another World out there.
But that's Mother's share of adventure, my son.
Not yours.
Not to be yours for a long time.
I'll go sightseeing first.
Perhaps I'll meet the Potters.
And Cousin Sirius.
And Albus Dumbledore.
I do hope they won't be too harsh on me
For taking advantage of Harry Potter.

Mother will go sightseeing first,
For a long, long time,
And I will be there to hug you
When you come
After a long, long time.
I'll keep my promise
To venture a new world with you
After a long, long time.

_The Beyond!_
Doubting

Chapter Notes

I didn't differentiate the utterances and the thoughts in this chapter. You'll need to decide which ones are the thoughts and which is the utterance. It doesn't matter either way, I think.

I pull Draco into my arms
And Side-Along to Mungo's.
He's shaking so much.
He clings to me like
I'm his lifeline.
He mumbles something unintelligible
Over and over again.
I hear "Mother"s and "Please"s.
I sense wizards casting *Expecto Patronum*.
Reporters, sending Patronuses
To their seniors.
Aurors, too.
They don't approach me, though.
Some former colleagues.
Familiar faces.
Aurors, sending Patronuses
To their seniors.
Calling for back-ups.
"That's Harry Potter!"
"Is that Draco Malfoy?"
Fuck you, you son of a bitch.
That's Draco Potter.
He has a proper name.

There are people.
Families of patients.
I see Omegas checking me out.
Some Alphas crowd their Omegas,
Looking at me with defiant eyes.
Don't worry. I have no interest
In your thirsty bitches. Yeah.
I have my Draco right here.
My Draco who needs me more
Than your Omegas need you.
I cast double *Protego Maxima*.
Two silvery layers cover
Draco and me.
The force pushes some wizards
Out of our way.
People gape at the strength of the magic.
At the way I sustain two *Protego Maxima*.
Oh, but don't get too surprised yet.
The show isn't over.
You need more warning.
Don't touch my Draco.
I add *Protego Horribilis*.
Twice.
Thanks, Voldie.

They wouldn't know you left
Most of your magic in me
When you kicked the bucket.
With my own magic added,
I am Draco's fortress.
I am Draco's castle.
I am Draco's shield.
Sword, too, if need be.
Perks of being a former fragment
Of a Dark Lord. Heh.

Yeah. Wouldn't want anyone
To hurt my love.
Wouldn't want anyone
To touch him.
He's not safe out here.
We're not safe out here.
Yeah. I'll use all the magic I have
To keep Draco safe from these
Freeloaders.
Freeloaders who live their sweet lives
Their sweet jobs
By our sacrifice
Without paying.
Without paying!
But it's okay now.
I have my Draco.
I earned my reward.
We're both happy.
I hear *cracks* in the air.

Dozens more Aurors and reporters.

Damn them all.

They rush to us

Before we have the chance

To enter the hospital.

"Mr Potter! Mr Potter!"

"Mr Malfoy! Mr Malfoy!"

Looking at my arms locking

Around my Draco's waist,

The reporters start asking

Meddling questions.

"Mr Potter! Mr Potter!

Are you in a romantic relationship

With Draco Malfoy?"

"Mr Potter! Mr Potter!

What is your position on

Draco Malfoy's Death Eater status?"

"Mr Malfoy! Mr Malfoy!

Are you Mr Potter's Mate?"

"Mr Malfoy! Mr Malfoy!

Do you think your relationship

With Mr Potter is appropriate?"
An Alpha reporter gets too close
For my liking, even with the *Protego*.

Fuck off.

I twitch my fingers.

She yelps as she is levitated
And placed far behind the crowd.

Merlin, these people.

They don't get the clue, do they.

They always need a show
And a nice scolding.

"Folks," I say.

They go quiet.

I see flashes of cameras.

"Right now my Mate
Is here to see his mother.

Draco can't deal with questions
At the moment. He's not in his best.

And if you invade his personal space,
Like the witch just now,

If you disturb my Mate

From seeing his mother,

I'll respond with magic.

So, not today."

Yeah, I don't expect them to relent.
There are more flashes,
There are more questions.
Reporters, for Godric's sake.
Reporters are the dregs of humanity.
Voldemort should have killed them
Instead of the Muggleborns.
Well, I'll miss the galleons
I get for modelling for *Witch Weekly*,
But no great loss.
Someone needs to deal with these
Reporters. Merlin.

So I do the necessary.
I whip out my wand.
Swish it decisively.
The crowd parts.
Some reporters take their own wand out
To resist being pushed.
Sorry. You're too weak.
I am the most powerful wizard alive.

As we turn to enter the hospital
I spot a familiar pair.
My friends.
It's Ron and Mione.
They aren't pleased.
Their faces are grim.

Mione looks really tired.

Ron's expression is questioning.

Demanding answers.

Mione shakes her head slowly.

Reporters see me looking their way
And turn to take their pictures, too.

I want to talk to them.

I want to explain.

That Draco's with me now,

His bad Pureblood ways are all mended,

He's become a better person now.

I'm his rightful Mate,

There are no problems,

Everything will now return to normal.

And they should welcome Draco

Into our friendship too.

But there are too many ears here.

And Draco's getting impatient.

For the first time in my life,

I don't know what to do

With them.

So I just wave my hand at them.

Hey. Hello.

I usher Draco into the hospital.

Boring into my back

Are not the shrieks of reporters

Desperate to ask questions

Or the clicks of cameras
Or the commotion of the spectators.
Boring into my back
Are the silent gazes of my friends.
I'll explain, guys.
Just not now.
Later.
Right now I want to be with Draco.
Right now he's so fragile.
He's gonna vanish into thin air
If I take my eyes
Even once away.
I don't know what I'll do if he does.
Can't. Not now.
I think I'm going to be the next Voldemort
If Draco leaves me.
So, not now. Not now. Not now, not now.

==========

Mother, Mother.
That's her hospital ward.
Okay. I'm here now.
Mum, I'm here.
Harry, that's her room.
I don't even know how I got here.
But I'm here now, so it's okay.
It's been so long.
I hope Mother's not in too much pain.

Someone's crying inside.

That's Pansy.

Harry, that's Pansy.

She must have visited Mother.

That's my Pansy.

She must have taken care of Mother

While I was away.

And I smell Blaise.

That's my Blaise.

He's in there with Mother, too.

I was right to trust him.

Harry, I can't go in there

If you hold me like that.

I promise,

I won't say anything to Blaise.

Please. Let me see Mother.

have to use coarse cotton? Narcissa Malfoy prefers satin and fleece for her blanket.

Mother is beautiful even when she's sleeping forever. Mother is beautiful even with gaunt face. Mother is beautiful even with age.

I understand now. I didn't just now, but I do now. Yes. I truly do understand now. She's free now. From her pain. From our name.

From me. From my incompetence. From having to say goodbye. I didn't get to say goodbye.

I didn't get to take care of her like she did with me.

I'm a bad son.

I hope there are crystal goblets in her dreams. Wine, too. Red wine and blue cheese. Those were her favourite.

I hope Father is his old self in her dreams. Before the Dark Lord got to him. When he used to smile more at Mother and me.

I hope there's another Manor in her dreams. The Manor in mid-spring. When flowers are just about to unfurl.

When life is just about to bloom in its shy radiance. When life is fresh in its first dewy beginning.

So that you can start again.

I understand now.

Yes. I do now.

I have to take things into my own hands.

I understand now.

Everything is crystal clear.

This time I need to be independent.

Make a decision.

I understand now,

Like a cold drop of water on my forehead.

It's been so simple all along.

Blaise's wand is there.

It's rolled to stop at the bed's foot.
It's been a long time since I last held a wand.
I hope I haven't gone rusty.
I understand now.
I hope there's a place for me in her dreams.
I wonder if I'll have a nice dream, too.
I wonder how it will be.
Will it be like *Stupefy*?
Will I wake up in Potter's bed again?
If I close my eyes, and open them again,
Will I be standing in the Manor's dining room?

There's only one way to find out.

==========
Emptying

Chapter Notes

Only two chapters to go now.
You must know that writing this particular fic is emotionally draining.
I feel exhausted after completing each chapter.
Please do excuse me for errors or mistakes.

My central purpose in this fic was the smut... just joking.
It was to cause Draco pain and laugh like a voyeur... just joking partially. We're all partners in crime for this bit, don't you think?

Anyway. My central purpose in this fic was to show that the fictional universe I thought of isn't black and white. Not even Hermione Granger is a defender of justice, she has her own bias too in this chapter.
It's almost the end, I don't know whether I've depicted the grey area well, but I hope I did.

"Malfoy!"
It's Ron.
Hermione, too.
The Healer's alarm summoned a cohort of Aurors.
Of course both of them are here too.
Entangled in a bloody mess with Zabini on the floor,
I see Draco holding a wand to his throat.
Zabini stops moving and directs a look of horror at Draco.
Parkinson fumbles for her wand, but is too late.
My Draco whispers the first half of the deadly words.
"Avada--"
I can't move.
I should cast the wandless magic.
But I can't move.
The Bond rings in my head.

But I can't move.

My Draco's going to die.

But I can't move.

Zabini jumps from the floor towards Draco.

"Kedav-"

"Expelliarmus! Expelliarmus!"

Ron casts the Disarming Charm.

"Expelliarmus!" He still shouts, although Draco already lost the wand.

Hermione pats him on the back.

"Jesus Christ," she says.

She only swears the Muggle way when she's genuinely frazzled.

"Ron, well done. That's my field Auror."

Ron lowers his wand.

"Bloody hell," he says. "Malfoy, what in Merlin's beard were you thinking."

It's Zabini who embraces Draco.

Not me.

It's Parkinson who blubbers all over him.

Not me.

The three of them are huddled there,

Next to Narcissa Malfoy's deathbed.

I'm not the one holding Draco in my arms.

I'm not the one telling him it's okay.

I'm still sitting on the floor,

My heart's hammering so fast,
I can feel blood rushing to my face.
They've usurped my place.
Draco bursts out crying like he's never cried before.
More Aurors rush to the room.
Other Healers start to gather to see what's happening.
But I can't move.
This is the first time I've seen Draco crying with his heart on his sleeve.
He's never shown that side to me.
And he hugs Zabini back.
I find my fists clenching.
Magic starts to course through me.
Windows rattle.

Sensing my magic,
Draco pushes Zabini away.
His face is white.
He looks at me like he's scared.
"I'm alright," he tells Zabini.
Don't look at me like that.
I'm your Mate.
Don't look at me like that before these meddlers.
I'm the one who loves you. Not them.
"No, you aren't alright," Zabini says.
Zabini hugs Draco again.
He kisses his forehead.
"Pansy and I are here now. Let's get you home.
We'll arrange for Narcissa to come with us, too.
Let's get you to the Palazzo.
What you need is to get out of this place.
You need to rest.
I'll prepare the main hall for the vigil."

It's only then that I find the strength to move.
"He's not going anywhere," I tell him.
"Draco's my Mate. He's not going anywhere. He's going home with me. I Marked him. He's my Omega."
Zabini laughs.
"I don't care," he says.
"I don't care if a thousand Alphas Marked him. I don't care if I can't be his Mate anymore. He belongs with us. We're his family, Potter. He deserves to enjoy the attention of his friends. He deserves to be comforted by people who knew Narcissa. Not you, Potter. You're the outsider here. You must have kidnapped him when he's suddenly disappeared. These useless Aurors say they need evidence, but I know, Potter. I've seen the lusty half-blood look you gave to my Draco in Hogwarts. I hope these Aurors do make good of their monthly wage And prove your crime."

"Keep your Slytherin tongue in your trap. He's just tried to fucking kill himself," I say. Zabini's so mindless. He doesn't see that Draco's weak and fragile now. "He needs me. I can protect him better than you. You know what, I'll take him. Yeah. He needs to get the fuck away from you people.
He's my Mate."

Parkinson dabs her eyes with a hanky.
She sniffs loudly.
"You just sat there doing nothing.
And a Bond doesn't give you the right to stop a Mate
From meeting his friends. You're not Draco's legal guardian.
He's an adult. He can decide for himself. Draco darling,
Tell him. Tell Potter that you want to stay with us.
The Aurors are here, Draco. Granger, tell him.
You're a bloody Auror, aren't you.
If you're as morally stuck up as you make yourself,
Tell your crazy saviour that this has to stop.
Tell Potter that he has no right to do this to him.
Potter, you're worse than Tom Riddle!"

These people will only make you worse.
They were all Voldemort's sympathisers.
Come with me. I can't live without you.
I'm gonna fucking kill myself if you leave me.
And then you'll die too. Come home with me."

"All of you shut up," Hermione says.
"The moment Healer Tucker sounded the alarm,
This became official DMLE business."
No one's going anywhere.

Harry, I'm sorry, but this is St. Mungo's. You were an Auror, you know the deal, don't you.

You and Zabini tried to literally kill each other here in neutral hospital ground.

Both of you will come to the DMLE with us.

Count yourselves lucky I'm not throwing your arses into an Azkaban cell right away."

"I'm staying where Draco is," I tell her.

I hold the wand I don't need in my hand.

Ron stares at my hand, eyes wide.

"Harry," Ron says. "Harry, mate, don't do this.

Just... just don't resist, and do what Mione tells you.

Things are getting real tight at the moment, with Skeeter and all.

Mum's weeping in the kitchen everyday because she's worried sick of you."

Hermione stares at me intently.

I realise she's knocking on my mind.

Legilimency.

Even in this middle of this all I'm proud of her.

The brightest witch of our time.

"Harry, you've always hated special treatment.

I'm your friend, but I'm an Auror. We shared a job, didn't we.

I can't overlook what's happened. It's not right. But don't do anything stupid. Please.

Don't make your best friends duel you.

Knowing your powers, someone might not even survive.

What are you going to do if you killed Ron and me?

Will you be able to live with that?

You will also compromise any chance of seeing Malfoy again if you do.

I want to help you. I don't know what exactly happened,

But you and Malfoy both need help.
And if what little I know has some truth, Malfoy needs more help than you do.

If you really love him, think for him this one time.

I'm taking you and Zabini both with me to give all of you some time to think,
And to place Malfoy in a neutral space.

There will be an investigation.

This is the best I can do for you now. For you both.
And this is the best you can do for Malfoy right now.

Just look at him. Does he look happy?

People who try to kill themselves once tend to repeat, Harry.

You need help, he needs help. If you've done something wrong, there will be a trial.

Don't get involved with the law anymore than you've done already.

You'll really wipe out any bright future for you.

People will incriminate Malfoy for that, too.

I'll talk to Malfoy while you're detained.

This conversation already tips the scales to your favour, I've broken my oath of impartiality.

I'm ashamed of myself as an Auror. Please don't make me humiliate myself more than this.”

I look at Draco.

He's not looking at me the way I would have liked.

In the past, I dreamed of Draco looking at me

With smitten eyes.

He's looking at me like people look at Voldemort.

Fear.

Fear.

Draco, I'm more afraid than you.

You need to understand I'm more scared to lose you.

But fine.

I'll do as Hermione says for now.
Just for now.
You better not disappear while I'm gone.
Because I'll find you.

==========

Potter and Blaise leave the room with Weasley.
Potter looks back one last time.
He looks sad.
I don't feel so good.
I want to go and tell him to stay with me.
They're taking my Mate away from me.
The Bond's ringing so loud,
Harry's so full of despair.
I can't think clearly.

"Malfoy," Granger says.
"Malfoy, I don't want to let you go home like this. You're a danger to yourself currently.
Healer Tucker, can we have a private ward for him?"
"Of course. I do insist Mr Malfoy to stay."

"Draco isn't out of his mind," Pansy replies hotly for me.
"You can't section him here like he's bonkers."
"This isn't involuntary commitment, Ms Parkinson.
Mr Malfoy is free to leave anytime.
But let's all calm down and stay here for some two nights, at least.

If Mr Malfoy wishes, Ms Parkinson may stay with him in the ward.

What do you think, Mr Malfoy?"

Huh? I don’t know how to answer that.

What does it matter what I want?

I don't know what I want.

So I say what I feel.

"I don't know,

What do you think I should do?

Mother's here..."

"We'll, uh, allocate a place for her downstairs, Mr Malfoy."

The morgue.

Downstairs means the morgue.

Mother's death hits me again in full force.

I can't stop the tears.

I can't stop crying.

"Oh, Draco," Pansy hugs me.

"Okay. Let's accept the room, darling.

And Healer Tucker, I'll not take anything less than the best.

I don't care about the cost.

I want a private luxury ward for Draco.

I'm going to sue the hospital if I see sneaky reporters

Trying to butt in where they're unwanted."
"I'm really sorry about your mother, Malfoy," Granger says.

"Are you?" I ask.

"I am," she says.

Pansy scrunches her nose.

"Will Potter come back?" I ask.

"Of course not, sweetheart. That lunatic isn't coming anywhere near you," Pansy says shrilly.

That wasn't what I meant.

I meant something else.

Like Potter's warm embrace.

And his chuckles when I do something he likes.

Granger's quiet. There's a long silence.

Granger asks.

"Why would you ask that?"

I can't tell her I want to see Potter.

I can't tell her the Bond's ringing madly,

Telling me to run after him and beg him to stay.

But above all,

I don't know what to do without Potter.

I don't have anything to talk about with Pansy.

I don't have anything I want to eat.

I don't have anything I want to read.

I miss Harry already.

It's strange.
I wanted to be free of him for so long.
I have the freedom now.
It feels strangely empty.
It feels strangely full.
Full with mother's absence.
Full with Harry's absence.
Full with me.
Empty with me.

What do I want?

==========
Finally.
Smut in graphic detail.
I did say before that I won't write smut again, but well.
Blaise and Draco deserve a scene.

And several things to tie up loose ends.
The rest loose ends will be dealt in the next chapter--
Epilogue: Waiting.

Blaise is released first.
The Ministry releases Potter two weeks after his detainment.

Reporters move in joy like beavers in rivers.

Sometime during Potter's detainment,

Granger sends a private owl to Draco.

A letter asking for a talk.

Blaise stops Draco at first.

"Draco, you can't go meet Granger now of all times.

She's one of Potter's cronies.

She's not as fair as she presents herself to be.

Who knows what she'll ask you to do?

Perhaps she wants you to deny what Potter's done."

Draco doesn't answer.

Later, Draco says he wants to meet Granger.

He doesn't tell what it is for.

Blaise wants to yell at Draco for his stubbornness.
He decides not to.

He doesn't want to yell at him, too.

Blaise offers to go with Draco.

Draco shakes his head.

Blaise is worried, but glad at the same time.

He's expressing something, at least.

Blaise walks with Draco to the gates of the Palazzo.

He summons a house elf to Side-Along Draco.

He orders the elf not to eavesdrop for his master's sake.

The elf has to return immediately.

Draco gives Blaise a look of gratitude.

Draco's changed.

Blaise isn't sure whether Draco will ever change

back into the person he was.

Blaise regrets not killing Potter.

Draco doesn't speak so much anymore.

His snark is all gone.

Draco sits and looks at Blaise with open mouth

When Draco enters the room.

Draco leans into Blaise's touch when he caresses his face.

And then Draco pushes Blaise away.

"I'm sorry. The Bond..."

He wasn't a person to apologise for everything.
Blaise is angry Potter's injected this subservience.

Blaise doesn't know what conversation took place
Between Granger and Draco that day.
The media draws a clear enough picture.
Draco denied anything that had to do with his abduction.
Pansy raves.
She shrieks at Draco to pursue a lawsuit.
Draco flinches.
Blaise tells Pansy to stop squawking like a harpy.
Pansy slaps him.
Pansy returns first thing in the morning
To demand an apology and apologise, too.

Blaise expects Potter to come to the Palazzo.
He orders his elves to turn Potter away
If he ever shows up.
Potter doesn't visit.
Potter sends owls.
Draco burns all letters.
Blaise hexes one of the owls to hoot "Stay away".

Pansy goes to the DMLE to request a restraining order.
The Mudblood refuses.
She says she needs Draco's consent,
And evidence that Potter's committed an assault.
Pansy submits the few things she has.
Correspondence with Narcissa, other minute details.
The Aurors take the documents, but don't make additional effort.
"We're still looking into it,"
They would say. Everytime Pansy visits the DMLE.
Pansy asks for wine.
She drinks herself until she pukes in the loo.
She asks for a hangover potion in the morning.
Draco doesn't speak.
Blaise tells Pansy not to express frustration.
Pansy says okay.

Things get more complicated when Draco's heat comes.
Draco locks his room and tells Blaise not to enter.
Blaise thinks he's going to go crazy
With Draco's scent pervading through his house.
He knocks and tells Draco to open the door.
"This is just a cycle."
"You need an Alpha now."
"You can't possibly expect to spend your heat alone."
"It's okay. Open the door."
Draco emits a keening sound at Blaise's temptation.
He opens the door.

Draco is naked.
He wobbles as slick trickles down his thigh.
Blaise captures Draco's lips.
He rips off his clothes and carries Draco to the bed.

He suppresses his instincts to ravage him.

It doesn't work so well, but he manages.

He kisses Draco tenderly.

Draco makes sounds that coax Blaise's own moans.

Blaise directs his cock to Draco's mouth.

Draco hesitates.

Blaise knows the Bond's blocking Draco.

Blaise combs Draco's hair back with his fingers.

"Baby, it's okay. It's okay. You can let go."

Tears stream down Draco's cheek

As he licks and sucks Blaise's cock,

Moaning and grunting as he deep throats him.

Draco's hair tangles around Blaise's hands.

Blaise fucks Draco's face,

Taking care not to hit the back of Draco's throat.

When Draco gags inside, Blaise pulls out briefly.

Draco opens his mouth again.

Blaise lets him suck his cock until he's about to come.

He tells Draco to stop, and breathes several times,

Clenching his thighs to stop his orgasm.

Blaise goes down on Draco,

Prodding and parting Draco's hole with his tongue.

Draco weeps, asking Blaise to fill him up.

Blaise's face glistens from the slick that now spurts out of Draco's hole.

Draco attempts to close his thighs in shame.

Blaise doesn't let him.
"Draco, darling, it's fine. You're beautiful."

When Blaise positions himself to enter him,
Draco winds his legs around Blaise's waist.
Blaise slides into Draco, trembling from the slowness of it all.
He enters Draco inch by inch,
Biting his lips to suppress the violent Alpha instinct.

But his determination crumbles.
Blaise sees red when he sees a part of
Potter's bite mark on Draco's neck.
He drives his cock into Draco,
Until Draco's body slides towards the headboard from the force.
He pulls out at one go.
Slick dribbles out of Draco's gaping hole, wetting the bed.
Draco whines.

Blaise flips him and takes him from the back.
He bites Draco's scent gland.
He places Draco's flesh between his teeth
And bites, gnawing, not letting go.
Draco screams from the pain.
Blaise fucks Draco into the bed,
Eyes turning yellow.
He lets go of himself completely,
Surrendering to the Alpha side.
He rolls his waist for hours,
Sweat dripping from his wet hair
On Draco's back.
He comes inside Draco,
Pulls out,
And fucks him again in full force
Although his knot is starting to bulge.
Draco's arms and knees give out, sprawled on all fours on the bed.
Blaise keeps pistoning in him.
His come and Draco's slick brim like foam around Draco's rim.
Draco chants Blaise's name like it's a prayer.
"Blaise, I'm so sorry," he says,
In the middle of his euphoric haze.
He alternates between Harry and Blaise,
Screaming their names.
Blaise wets his hand with Draco's slick
And milks Draco's cock hard.
Draco comes.
"Harry, I'm so sorry," he says,
Waist jumping and jutting with every spray of cum.
Blaise lets out a stifled sob,
Peppering feathery kisses on Draco's back.
He leans down when his cock completely knots Draco.
"I love you, Draco. I love you."
He is rewarded when Draco answers back.
"Blaise, I love you too."
But it doesn't end there.
Draco cries immediately.
"Harry, I'm so sorry," he says again.
Blaise tortures himself with Potter's name on Draco's lips
For the next three days of Draco's heat.

==========

Blaise is restless that Potter doesn't send owls for a couple of months.
Potter doesn't appear before the gates of the Palazzo, too.
The sordid tale of illicit love between two Alphas and a Death Eater Omega
Became a repetitive sensationalism in the media.
It died down to some degree,
But still reporters write rubbish about Draco time to time.
Rita Skeeter's the final winner.
She keeps writing stories after stories about Draco's promiscuity.
She writes about Potter's obsession and thirst for attention.
She portrays Blaise as a cuckolded Alpha, inserting choice mock-pities here and there.
She says Draco is an *Omega Fatale*, using his secondary sex to clear his name.
Skeeter publishes a new biography on Potter and Draco.
"Madly in Love: Harry Potter's Insanity and Draco Malfoy's Redemption"
*Mr Malfoy, apparently, succeeded in advancing his position in the Wizarding World.*
*With the heir of Zabini business empire and our dear saviour Harry Potter at his side,*
*Mr Malfoy's prospect is at top form.*
People send howlers and hate mails to Draco.
*You whore! I hope you choke on Zabini's galleons and die!*
*Omega bitch! How dare you corrupt Harry Potter!*
*You're a shame to all Omegas, Draco Malfoy, how dare you betray the Bond!*
Poor Harry, betrayed by his own Mate!

Mr Zabini, the slut is just using you to get your money.

Death Eater-cum-Gold Digger!

Pansy tracks down every mail and sues the senders.

With Blaise's donation, Justin Finch-Fletchley agreed to stop the War Reinvestigation. Pansy swears about the "Mudblood's stink" everytime she has to meet Finch-Fletchley To discuss how to manage the 5.5 million galleons. Blaise isn't surprised that only one million is given to past victims. The remaining 4.5 is dedicated to a trust managed both by Finch-Fletchley and Pansy. Blaise suspects Finch-Fletchley is going to use the money To run for the Minister for Magic. Oh, but you won't, Mudblood scum. Those 4.5 million galleons were stakes of Knockturn Alley underworld. No one toys with our blood money. There is a reason my six stepfathers died. You've awakened the Gorgon of House Zabini. Mother is coming for you. Along with Knockturn Alley assassins.

Draco freaks out whenever he reads Potter's name in the paper. "Where's Potter?"

"Is he gone?"

"Is he never going to come see me?"

"Am I abandoned?"
Blaise visits Slughorn.

Slughorn gives him potions that calm the effects of the Bond.

"The potions, Mr Zabini, won't sever a Bond."

Blaise says it's okay.

"Are there side effects?"

"No, but if you stop taking the potion abruptly, it will aggravate the Bond. Tell Mr Malfoy to take an exact dose and to stop only gradually."

Blaise knows Potter isn't going to stay away.

He's constantly worried for Draco.

Pansy glances at Draco,

Pansy glances at Blaise.

Pansy sits with Blaise when Draco sleeps.

Blaise cries.

Pansy pats his arm.

With the potion, Draco recovers to a semblance of his former self.

It takes a whole year.

Still, Potter doesn't appear.

Potter doesn't send an owl.

Potter's disappeared from the public completely.

One day, a second owl arrives from Granger.

Draco packs.

His eyes are firm.

"Blaise, I can't do this to you," he says.

Blaise pulls Draco into an embrace.

"Nothing you do can hurt me, Draco."
"Blaise, you need to continue your line. You're an only child. I'm a male Omega. I can't bear
children."

"No. You're enough for me. I'll just will everything to House Parkinson when I die. Fuck Sacred
Twenty-Eight."

Draco kisses Blaise deeply.

"I love you," he says.

Blaise's heart hammers, although it's not the first time Draco's said that. "Me too."

Draco rests his head on Blaise's chest.

"Blaise, I have to leave. I can't stay in the Wizarding World. I have a promise with Mother I have to
keep.

I can't forever be infantilised by you and Pansy.

I can't forever wait for Potter. I know now. I'll never be able to stand for myself as a person

If I let you or Pansy or even Potter to shadow my every step.

I need a new page, Blaise."

"I'll come with you," Blaise tries.

"No," Draco says. Blaise's vision blurs.

"And don't cry," Draco says. "It's not like I'm not going to visit or write."

Blaise blinks several times to dry the tears.

He holds Draco's hand and leads him to the drawer.

Blaise finds a Two-way Mirror.

"Take this," he says. "Promise me you'll talk everyday."

Draco kisses him again.

"I promise. I most certainly will. Trust me."

Draco leaves.

Pansy visits the Palazzo that evening to tell Blaise

She saw Draco off beyond Leaky Cauldron to the Charing Cross.
She changed a bag of galleons into Muggle money, she tells him.

They have dinner together.

Blaise asks Pansy to stay the night.

Pansy takes the guest room.

Blaise returns to his bedroom.

He buries his nose into Draco's pillow.

When he lifts the pillow to hug it,

Blaise finds a short note from Draco.

Blaise.

You didn't ask, but I could see you were thinking about Granger's letter.

I'll tell you about it when I've settled in the Muggle World.

But I want you to know one thing, I really do.

The letter wasn't about Potter. I haven't left you for Potter.

Yours (I mean it),

Draco.

==========
Epilogue: Waiting

Chapter Notes

Finally, the epilogue. It's been such a long journey. Well. 45k words aren't that much, but a lot of brainstorming went into this, trust me.

The events aren't arranged in a chronological order.

Special thanks to artemis0135 and threnody.
Please check out their fics, they're starting wonderful fics too.

"You must be joking," Robards says.
"Nope. I'm quitting. I'm tired, Robards. I can't do this anymore."

"But you're on the track, Granger. Excuse me. I mean Granger-Weas-- look, can we drop the surnames?
Just keep going and you'll come out on the top. You're Minister material. If it's a vacation you want--"

"I don't want a vacation. And I'm a mother material. I'm pregnant."

"Congratulations," he says. "A maternity leave, then."

"Absolutely not. I'm not Minister material. Actually, I want to confess something. I already told Kingsley.
Deputy Head Auror commits grave moral hazard! Nice headline for the paper, don't you think?"

"Hermione, what did you do this time."

"I told The Quibbler and the Prophet first. Sorry."

"Just what in Merlin's name is this about, spill."

"You'll find out this afternoon. I want to keep it a surprise."

"This better not be about George Weasley's toys or I'll--"

"Nothing like that. Oh, but the other Weasley will quit, too. Ron said he'll come see you after lunch."

Robards stands up. "Are you telling me that I'm going to lose my two best Aurors in a single day?"
Hermione approaches Robards and pecks him on the cheek.

"Gawain, thanks for everything. And I'm sorry for this.

But at the end of the day you'll both love and hate me when you know.

I'll leave my resignation just right here.

I'll relinquish all authority and benefits of a Ministry employee and a Deputy Head Auror effective 4 pm today.

I recommend Dennis Creevey and Neville Longbottom for consideration."

Hermione leaves Robards's office. Robards stares agape as Hermione's heels disappear out of the door.

==========

"Rita! I'm so glad you came!" Hermione says, all smiles.

Rita scoffs inwardly. Aurors. Sucking up to a reporter when it's about covering their shame.

"Hermione! It's been too long!" she says.

Rita opens her bag and takes out her Quick-Quotes-Quill. "I heard you're quitting?"

"Oh, Rita. Do we really need that quill?"

"Of course, my dear. I'm a reporter. I'm true to myself and my thirsty readers."

"That you are, that you are."

"What's this about? If you're asking me to kill that story on Harry Potter's self-exile from guilt..."

"Oh, quite the contrary. Publish away. I mean, if there's a single publisher out there that will take you."

Rita readjusts her glasses. The fake stones studding the frame reflects the lights.

"Are you threatening the press?" Rita narrows her eyes dangerously.

Hermione's demeanour turns 180 degrees. Her face contorts into a look of pure anger.

"You poisonous bitch," she snarls.

Rita bites her lips. "Pardon?"

"You. You are a poisonous bitch," Hermione tells her again.

Rita's smile widens. Her Quick-Quotes-Quill scribbles on the floating parchment.
Hermione blasts the Quill away with her wand. It hits the wall behind Rita and bursts into flames.

Rita screams.

The door to Hermione's office opens.

Alpha Aurors enter the office.

"This woman tried to attack me!" Rita shrieks. "An Auror, breaching press neutrality!"

Hermione laughs.

To Rita's surprise, the other Aurors laugh, too.

Hermione casts the Incarcerous.

"I always wanted to do that," she breathes in utter satisfaction.

"Hermione Granger! I will not have you manhandle me! I am protected by freedom of the press!"

Hermione shakes her head.

She rises from her chair, sits on her desk, and crosses her legs.

"Rita Skeeter. You're under arrest for deliberately hiding your Animagus status for decades.

You are suspected of extracting information illegally against basic Wizarding rights of the countless people you've savaged with your quill,

Which I have destroyed just now. Ugh, that felt so good."

She motions an Auror to continue.

"Well, Ms Skeeter," he says,

"You have the right to remain silent, but I doubt it'll do you much good because we have a witness.

You have the right of legal representation before the Wizengamot, but you know the drill.

Unregistered Animagi land straight in Azkaban.

Feel free to call for defence."

"I will!" Skeeter shrieks. "The Prophet will prove my innocence! I want my solicitor!"

"Sure. We respect your rights," Hermione says. "It pains me to repeat what you already know,

But everything you say can be used against you before the Wizengamot, so watch your venomous tongue.

The Prophet already denounced you. What was it again? Something about deeply regretting--they
always say regret, don't they--

the unimaginable transgressions of a senior reporter. Oh, and you'd be happy to know that your memories

will be extracted for a Pensieve review. If you used any other illegal means to get information, you'll be tried for that, too."

Rita's face burns crimson. "Who's this witness! Who's responsible for this baseless slander?! Who's--"

She stops mid-sentence.

Rita looks at Hermione with horrified, bulging eyes.

Hermione purses her lips.

"Yeah, Rita, it's me. I came clean. I told the world you're an unregistered Animagus."

"You!" Rita says. She bristles, knowing that there's no way out. "But it would have obliterated your--"

"Of course," Hermione interrupts,

"I have to resign. Ron too, since we hid such criminal fact from the public for more than a decade as Aurors.

I couldn't tell anyone, could I, because it would have damaged our career if they knew we bargained with an unregistered Animagus,

And kept it a secret even during our times in the Ministry.

But thanks to you, I made up my mind.

I'm giving up my career. I'm leaving this cesspool for something I should've done long ago.

You crossed a line there.

You destroyed the lives and reputations of so many people, I don't even know how they'll order the cases.

You'll never be back in journalism again. I expect people to start filing lawsuits against The Prophet.

Your criminal activity as an unregistered Animagus did bring in the galleons for The Prophet, after all.

I doubt, Rita, really, that The Prophet will want to give up its gold.

It's a harsh world we live in. They'll want to share liability with you, if not heaping the entire blame
That's the sad part, isn't it, you're always replaceable. They'll find another Rita Skeeter if they can.
And they will. It's not going to end, I guess."

Hermione's expression turns grim.
She incenses her own anger, and her eyes are bright with unshed tears.
The Aurors in the room lower their eyes.
Some regard Rita with intense disgust.
Rita is scared.

"You're a poisonous bitch," Hermione says once more.
"Harry had a chance. He was wrong, but there was still time to help him.
There was still time to find out where it all went wrong,
Before he drove himself and Malfoy to the corner.
Even if it failed, we could've helped him.
We could've helped Malfoy to stay in the Wizarding World, too.
But they now have to take the long way
Thanks to you.
People blame them for their fates nowadays,
Death Eater and Mad Hero,
But really it was you in the background all along.
It was you who sensationalised Harry and Malfoy's sad, sad lives
Since they were teenagers.
You plotted to threaten Harry with what you know.
You plotted to use Malfoy's spectacular failure for your stories.
You fed the public with lies, like you did with Professor Dumbledore's death.
Malfoy could have lived a quiet life after the War.
It was you and your poisonous reporter friends that saw money in Malfoy's despair
And drove him away.

It was your poisonous words that exacerbated Harry's insecurity every day.

And you made the despair in the deepest corners of their hearts a common knowledge.

It was you who exhibited them stark naked before the public,

Again with lies.

People will never see them for who they really are.

They will only see the picture you've drawn with your poisonous, poisonous words.

I'm glad I'm resigning, actually. This will be my last duty as Deputy Head Auror:

Rid the Wizarding World of dung beetles."

Rita blanches, face pale.

Her eyes dart around as if looking for help,

But she has no allies in the Auror Office.

Hermione turns her back, and that's the cue for the Alpha Aurors take Rita.

Rita wants to beg, but words fail her.

Rita wants to negotiate, but words fail her.

She knows so many words,

But words fail her now of all times.

She waits for words to form on her mouth,

But they keep her waiting.

=========

Pansy scolds Blaise's elf for serving her cold wine.

"How many times do I have to tell you, you worthless old doxy,

That one simply doesn't drink cold wine? Morgana knows why Blaise hasn't clothed you."

Blaise clucks his tongue. He tells the elf off. The elf retreats, promising to twist his own arms as
"Well?" Pansy demands.

"Can't you just calm down for one minute?" Blaise mutters. "Mother said she could hear you from
the Bronze Room the other day."

"What was that?!" Pansy's voice rockets higher than a Banshee's scream. Blaise flinches.

"I should have hexed your bollocks off for not telling me about the Two-way mirror," Pansy says.
"You dare keep my Draco from me?

And to think you two have been speaking on daily basis! You're lucky I'm Pansy Parkinson. I'm
known for my soft heart and kind soul."

Blaise snorts.

"Well?" Pansy demands again. She's done waiting. She doesn't want to wait anymore.

Blaise fishes a mirror from his robe pocket and passes it to Pansy.

Looking at her reflection, Pansy reapply blood-red lipstick on her lips and smacks her lips several
times.

Blaise tells her she looks like a fish.

Pansy hexes him.

She says "Draco Lucius Malfoy" to the mirror.

Draco appears in the mirror.

Blaise tries to snatch the mirror from Pansy.

Pansy hexes him again.

She clears her throat and exclaims in a sickeningly sweet voice,

"Drakey-poo!"

==========

I'll help you get ready for the Muggle World

If you agree to one condition, Granger said.

I agree.

But I tell her not to make me see Potter.
She agrees, too.

A year from now, I'll send you an owl, Malfoy.
Meet me when I ask you. I'll help you then.
That's my one condition.
That's it? What are you scheming about this time, Granger.
Nothing.
No schemes, promise.

I meet Granger a year after, when she sends me the second owl.
We meet.
Granger smiles.
Malfoy.
Granger.
She casts a *Finite*.
I ask her.
She says she dispelled a Scratching Charm she's placed on her itchy back.
Granger says she got everything ready.
A Muggle flat, a Muggle culinary training programme.
Thank you, Granger.
I'm sorry, Malfoy.
For what.
She doesn't say, "For what Harry did to you."

We'll get you ready for the Muggle World.
It's not that different from the Wizarding World.
They have many gods, like the Hogwarts Founders.

They worship these gods.

They have paper money, you know about that already.

They have iron carriages like the Knight Bus, but no magic.

There are far more discriminations, though.

Skin colour.

Skin colour? Seriously?

Yes, Malfoy. Some Muggles would kill Blaise for having brown skin. It's like Pureblood Supremacy.

They also don't have Alphas and Omegas, so a lot of people hate same-sex couples.

You might want to be careful about that, too.

But that's only some people.

The vast majority doesn't give a shit. So you'll be fine.

You have Blaise and Pansy to contact.

Oh, and here's your wand. I got it from the Auror Office when I left.

And you can contact me too. I'll always make time for you.

Thanks again, Granger.

=========

It's always been about food since day one.


Burgers. Yes. I know now there are all kinds of them now.

Cheeseburgers. Whoopers. Steak burgers.

The Muggles have them in packs and heat them when I order.

I remember Potter said they aren't good for your health.

So I treat myself only every other month.
It's always been about food since day one.

Feast in the Great Hall.

Potter locking his gaze with mine.

I thought he was challenging me.

You're an Alpha, I don't stand a chance, I remember telling myself.

You're Harry Potter. You don't need to make me a rival.

It wasn't a look of rivalry.

Would I have... received him, if I realised it wasn't back then?

It's always been about food since day one,

So I learnt how to cook.

It's like Potions.

Put in exact amount of ingredients,

Adjust the fire in the exact way, exact moment,

And voila!

I cook food in the kitchen.

I turn the fire on without wand.

Muggle contraptions are convenient that way.

I use a knife to slice butter.

I use another knife to slide the butter slice on the pan.

I get oysters from the refrigerator.

The fridge.

The magic box that never fails to remind me of Potter.

Potter.

I feel a tingling sensation.

Right. It's time for the potion.
I fish a vial out and drink today's dose.

The Muggle waiter gets the food and serves it to patrons.

His name's Steve.

He asked me whether I'm bent.

He told me some joke about Adam and Eve, and Adam and Steve.

It's based on this Muggle myth about a girlfriend who's smarter than her boyfriend.

He's shocked I don't know the story.

She ate an apple, Steve told me. I know Muggle fairy tales now.

Steve says it's not a fairy tale.

Steve has a string of glittering beads that he rolls between his fingers.

Steve crosses himself before eating.

I think it's a stupid thing to do.

What's the point of not digging in right away, I wonder.

Steve says he doesn't mind Draco and Steve.

I ignore him.

Steve says he's trying to save money for university.

Yes. The Muggle Hogwarts. I know now.

He's just so young and hopeful and expectant.

There was a time when I was young and hopeful and expectant.

Pansy says I'm still young. You're not even thirty, Draco.

Steve likes to check me out.

The boy thinks I don't know, but I do.

He's still so green and inexperienced.

I just don't see him as a man. He's like a baby.

He spots the bite mark.
"Wow, did a wolf bite you? Are you a werewolf?"

I laugh.

Steve wouldn’t know how close he came to the truth.

No, I'm not a werewolf. But I lived with many wolves before, I tell him.

Steve asks me if I worked in a zoo before.

Yes, I tell him.

What I don’t tell him is that the world is a zoo.

All kinds of different people.

Some people who are no better than animals.

Some animals that are better than some people.

Sometimes, I wonder if there's any difference at all.

Steve asks me about the wolves.

I speak.

This big, shaggy one was called Fenrir.

Fenrir? That's like Norse mythology. The wolf god who devours the world.

He certainly did like to eat many things, I tell Steve.

There was another one, I tell him.

The one that bit me.

His name's Harry. Cute, right?

Steve says he's sorry.

What for?

You look so sad when you talked about that wolf just now, I had no idea Harry died.

Oh, Harry's not dead, I tell him.

Steve curses himself for his stupidity. He's just so desperate to agree with whatever I say.

What happened with Harry?

I don't know, he escaped his cage one day.

There's a well-behaved wolf, his name is Blaise.
That one's well-trained. He's a sweet wolf. I love him so much.

Steve asks to move in with him.
Strictly as flatmates.
He wants to share the rent to save money.
I make him swear not to try anything with me.
He agrees.
We get along.
Sometimes Steve brings girls. Boys, too.
He never lets them sleep, though,
Because it's your flat too, right? He says.
A flash of memory.

*Because it's your name too, you're a Potter*--

They leave after an hour or two fucking in Steve's room.
He's polite that way.

==========

I feel another tingling sensation.
I recheck the remaining drop of potion in the vial.
It's the Bond-dampening Potion, there's no mistake.
Perhaps I caught the flu.
Yes, there's this disease called flu in the Muggle World.
It makes food bland.
You can't smell or taste anything for two or three days.
A week, sometimes.
On those days I ask for sick leave.

Steve rushes into the kitchen.

"Hey, Drake, there's this super hot bloke in the hall right now," he says. He giggles.

"The girls are drooling all over him."

He chuckles when he's dating a girl but he giggles when talking about blokes.

He says he's bi. I figured out that means something like Alphas in Muggle English.

They can fuck both male and female Omegas.

Steve's something like an Alpha.

"Steve, the kitchen's only for the chefs," I say. "Go before you get caught again."

Steve blows his cheeks and goes back to the hall.

Wait. Did I say Steve's something like an Alpha?

That's totally out of context.

There's a tingling sensation.

There's a ringing sound.

It's the Bond.

I haven't heard that ringing sound for more than a year now.

Something's wrong with the potion, perhaps?

Maybe that was the bad vial.

I feel sick.

I need the loo.

I step out to the corner of the hall.

The ringing sound's getting louder.

I'm breaking cold sweat.

I can't see clearly.

And the Bond, the Bond misses Potter so much.
Steve rushes to me.

"Drake! What's going on?"

I try to answer him.

Some of the guests have stopped eating to stare.

Merlin, what have I done.

I'm going to get fired.

"Draco, I'm calling the ambulance," Steve says.

"There's no need for that," someone says.

I know that voice.

He picks me up like I weigh nothing.

I see a pair of green, green eyes.

Oh.

It's not the potion.

It's Potter.

The Bond intensified because Potter was so close.

It's Potter.

He's finally come to see me.

I can't stop the Bond from taking hold of my mind.

The fluctuation's gone, but there's this intense longing for Potter that I can't fight.

"I missed you so much," I feel my lips moving.

"Why didn't you come see me," I feel my voice whiny like a toddler.

"Are you tired of me now?" I'm begging. Salazar, it's humiliating.

"No, no," Potter's voice breaks. "Let's go home first."
"I have a flat," I manage. "I have my own home."

"Yeah, we'll go to your flat," Potter says.

"I don't want to go underwater," I say.

"We won't. We'll go to your flat."

Steve writes our address on a note.

Potter takes it.

Steve asks the question too late,

Although from the exchange he's figured out Potter's not a stranger.

"Who are you?" Steve asks.

"Oh, I'm Harry," Potter says.

Steve's eyes widen.

He looks at me.

I nod. Yeah. This is the mongrel mutt that bit me on the neck.

A kidnapper, a rapist, and an emotionally unstable time-bomb.

Time-bomb. That's Muggle vocabulary.

I'm settling in.

==========

The Bond calms down enough after three hours with Potter.

In my right mind, I'm so embarrassed I whined and pleaded to Potter

In full view of Steve and Muggles.

Potter tries to touch me.
I tell him not to.

His hand stops midair.

He sits on the floor.

We don't have a sofa in the flat.

I ask him whether he would like tea.

Yeah, he says.

It's awkward.

I've got nothing Potter hasn't seen already.

Potter's been inside my bloody arse every night.

I swallowed Potter's come for how many times, I don't know,

I bet it's more than a gallon in total.

But still it's awkward.

==========

I sent you owls.

I know.

You didn't reply.

I didn't.

Why.

Why indeed.

==========

I watched you.

What do you mean.

Hermione cast a spell on you. I watched you for a whole year.

What?
She put a surveillance spell on you the first time you met.

Don't tell me she cast the *Finite Incantatem* for the surveillance spell.

She did. Yeah, when you guys met about the Muggle World.

So that wasn't about some itch on the back. I knew it was odd. You and your lackeys are so full of it, aren't you. How dare you ignore my privacy once again.

==========

I watched you with Zabini.

Excuse me?

I watched you and Zabini on Zabini's bed.

So?

Fuck you.

Yeah, Blaise fucked me. I loved every second of it. He made me come so hard.

I'm gonna--

No, you're not gonna. If you ever harm my friends I'll kill myself for real this time if only to kill you.

==========

So you shacked up with a Muggle?

Yes, I did actually.

Do you let him fuck you?

What do you think?

You should have your own flat. I'll get you one.

I'm not your kept boy. Don't bother.

You like living like this? Cooking for Muggles?

I like living like this, earning money for my efforts.

This is far cry from Malfoy Manor.

What use is the Manor if I don't have my family there?

==========

Did you ask Granger to cast that spell?

No. I planned to raze Palazzo Zabini to the ground after taking you back.

Why did Granger let you watch me?
She said I needed to learn how to respect your boundaries if I'm to have any chance with you.

That scheming Mudblood.

Don't say that about her.

Don't preach at me, you sanctimonious piece of shit. You raped me.

No, I didn't.

What?

I only proved my love. I didn't rape you. You loved it.

Get out. Whatever Granger tried to accomplish, she's failed. Get the fuck out and never return.

No.

Steve's home. He senses the tense air. He says he'll chill in his room. Potter opens an envelope. He gives a thousand pounds to Steve. If Steve can stay the night outside. Steve looks at me. I ignore both of them. I'm annoyed Steve didn't refuse Potter outright. I'm angry Potter tries to buy his way into my flat. Steve take the envelope and leaves. "I'll get dumplings for you on my way back," he says. He knows I like dumplings.

I love you.

No, you don't.

Yes, I do.

If you really loved me, you wouldn't have done, done all the things--

Do you love me?

How am I supposed to answer that?

I'm waiting.

I don't love you. I think I might even hate you. But the Bond, for obvious reasons, love you.

So you'll live on potions, huh, is that what you want?

I plan to live on potions. I've succeeded so far.

But not when I'm near you. Or if you run out.

Then don't come near me. And I'll prepare in advance.

This is getting nowhere.

You can get yourself somewhere else, then.
What about your heat.
What about your rut?

I can't see you going to Zabini for your heat.
As if you haven't fucked other Omegas in your rut.

I didn't.

Don't lie. It's impossible.

It's possible. I could throw off Imperius. If I try real hard I can suppress ruts.

Good for you. It's bloody unfair. You're making me feel miserable every second. Go, Potter.

I didn't take Bond-dampening Potions so far.

I watched you whenever the Bond drove me mad.

I can imitate Zabini a little, if you want.

I'll try to be sweet, like him.

But I'll always want to have you completely.

I'm your Mate. Please, come back to me.

No. I'm really tired. I'm not feeling well. Leave, Potter. Just go.

Potter returns to the restaurant the next evening.

And the next evening.

And the next evening.

He orders the most expensive wine.

He orders the most expensive food.

The owner always keeps the table on reservation for Potter's money.

I don't bother quitting work, because I know Potter will always stalk me.

I ask Potter one day.

You said you watched me. Haven't you learned anything?
I learned, Potter says.

Can I kiss you? He asks.

So you learned to ask.

Yeah. Can I kiss you?

Not in your wildest dreams.

==========

When my heat's looming, I get ready to Apparate to Blaise's.

Potter finds me.

He offers his company.

No, Potter. I have Blaise.

But it will be different with your Alpha, Potter says.

Can I kiss you? He asks.

I ignore him.

==========

I spend the heat week with Blaise.

I find Potter sitting in front of my flat when I return.

You went to Zabini, he says.

Potter looks haggard.

He has a beard.

His hair is oily.

I've been waiting for you, he says, I love you.

He cries.

I feel the Bond prickling my eyes with tears, too.

I ignore it and enter my flat.

Steve says he's considered calling the police,

Because Harry's been sitting there for three days.

I tell him not to.

==========

I rush back out again.
Potter's still there.

He's still waiting.

Potter, come inside.

==========
Thank you all for reading.
I might do a sequel if you prompt me? haha.

I'll see you in "Listen Potter; Look Malfoy" and "Divinity Descent", my other fics.
Cheers!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!